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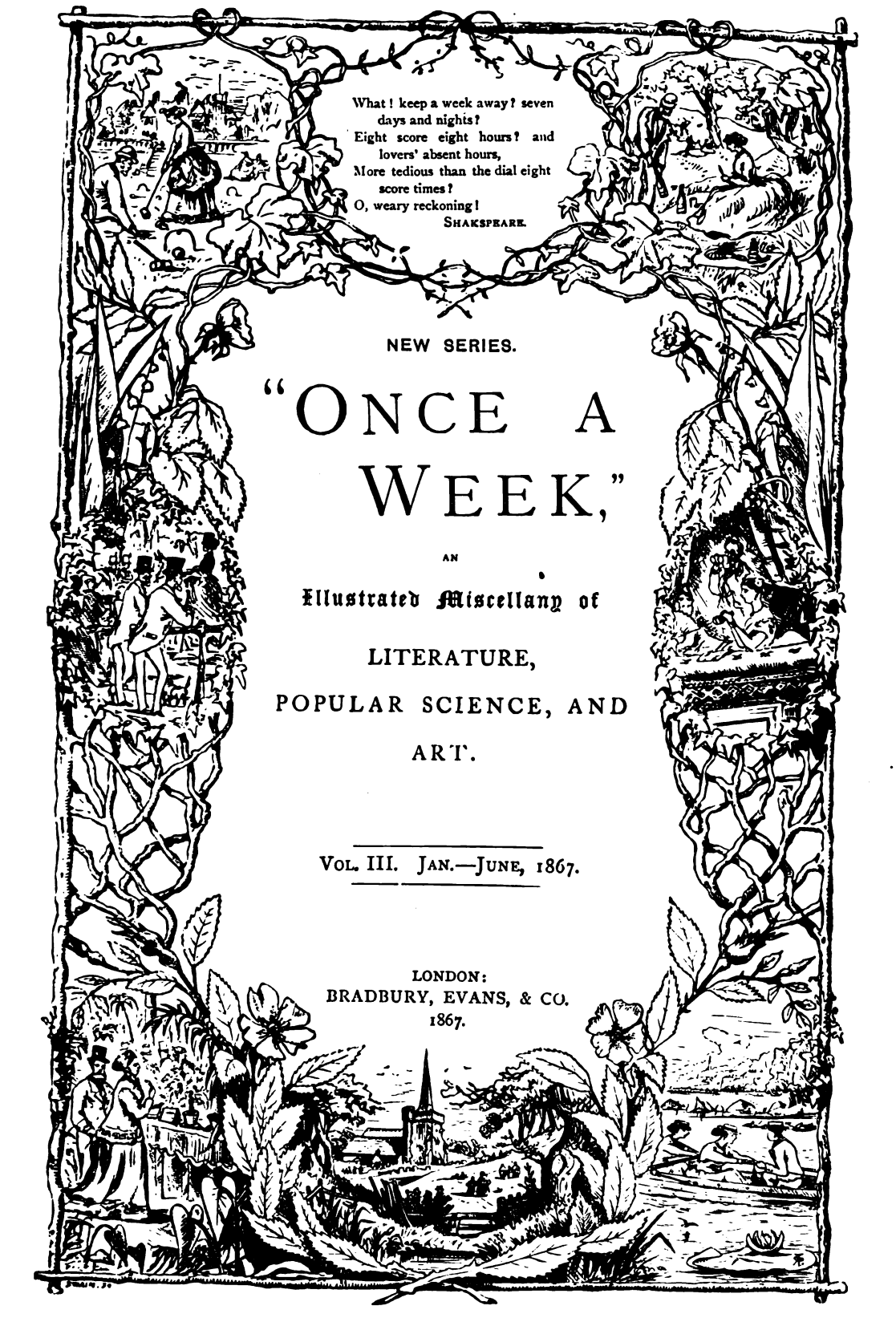
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LORD AYTHAN.—BY J. TENNIEL.



What! keep a week away? seven
days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and
lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight
score times?
O, weary reckoning!
SHAKSPEARE.

NEW SERIES.

"ONCE A WEEK,"

AN

Illustrated Miscellany of
LITERATURE,
POPULAR SCIENCE, AND
ART.

VOL. III. JAN.—JUNE, 1867.

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JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. CARMICHAEL, or rather Mrs. Gresford, had been Mrs. Howell's lodger for many years, and it was in her care that she had left Doris when she went on her sorrowful journey to Craythorpe. Mrs. Howell, too, had nursed her through the illness that came upon her after receiving Mr. Carmichael's letter. In fact, Mrs. Gresford's two friends, each a true friend in her respective sphere, had been Mrs. Chester and Mrs. Howell; so that Doris's first thought in her perplexity and distress was to flee for refuge to her mother's humble friend, who had known her all her life.

It was five years since they had seen each other, for, after Mrs. Gresford removed to another village "for work," as Doris had told Joyce, Mrs. Howell was persuaded by some relatives in the eastern counties to take up her abode nearer to them. And there she had been ever since, her little school flourishing, and herself living in greater comfort than she had been able to do in the south.

Mrs. Howell had been up for some time, and breakfast was on the table. She looked at the clock, and finding that it was half-an-hour beyond her usual breakfast-hour, she went softly upstairs to the best bed-room, a sort of state apartment, where Doris lay fast asleep beneath a canopy of white dimity, pure and spotless as the snow outside. And counterpane and pillows were as white as the

curtains, and so was Doris's pale face, quite white enough to earn the name of the "snow child" that Mr. Chester had given her.

"Poor lamb," said Mrs. Howell, gently disposing the curtain so as to shade her face from the light, "she looks scarce older than she did five years ago. I won't disturb her, better let her sleep on a bit."

And Mrs. Howell descended to her breakfast, and ate it wondering where Doris had come from. And then, still meditating upon the subject, she took up her knitting, and knitted away, every now and then listening if she could hear sounds betokening the appearance of her guest.

At length Doris's footstep was heard on the stairs, and Mrs. Howell bade her good morning. Doris was refreshed and sobered by her night's rest. She had accomplished her flight, she was tolerably safe in her hiding-place, and now what was to be her next step? She had acted so far entirely from impulse, and now she must sit down quietly and consider how far she had been right and how far wrong. And still, though she felt doubtful of the course she had taken, she felt that her impulse was true, that she had fled from something that was in some way false, though she could not understand it. She shrank from the false element, though she could not define it; she knew not what she disbelieved, but she had an intuitive perception that some-

where truth was wanting. She had, however, entire confidence in Mrs. Howell's good sense, so, after breakfast, seating herself, as she had done many a time as a child, at Mrs. Howell's feet, she told her story.

She told her of the last five years; of her mother's death; of her Uncle Carmichael, of Aunt Lotty, of Joyce Dormer, and of the strange revelations of the last few days. And Mrs. Howell listened attentively.

"Child," she said, "are you sure that you have done right in leaving those that are kith and kin to you?"

"I don't know," answered Doris, sadly; "they didn't know me as you do, and you were my mother's friend."

"And they are your mother's relatives."

"Relatives," said Doris: "of what use are such relatives as Uncle Carmichael. How he can be my mother's brother I do not understand, for never were two people more unlike."

"He has taken good care of you since her death."

"And why? Because he has found out about my mother's marriage; and having some spite against Mr. Lynn, he wants to revenge himself by getting the fortune from little Archie Lynn for his sister's child."

"And Mr. Lynn?"

Doris shivered. "I don't feel like a daughter to him," she said, "I can't help thinking of my mother and what she suffered. I never saw Mr. Lynn till a few months since, and people can't get up filial feelings on the spot. I don't believe in it, and I can't go and live at Lynncourt. I should never be happy, I should be thinking all the time that it ought to have been my mother's, and if it had been she wouldn't have died. It would be like dancing upon her grave to go and live there in ease and luxury. No, I could not do it. I'd rather go back to my old life and work for my living as I used to do. Oh, Mrs. Howell! let me stay with you and help you to teach or to do anything. I have been used to work, you know."

Mrs. Howell shook her head.

"I'm afraid that won't do. We must think it over."

"But you won't betray me, Mrs. Howell?" exclaimed Doris, impetuously; "you won't turn me away? you'll let me stay till I've thought it all over, and feel right about it?"

"Turn thee away!" said Mrs. Howell, fondly stroking Doris's hair. "No, dear; stay as long as you like; only, couldn't you send word to them, they must be so anxious about you?"

"I might write to Joyce," said Doris, musingly; "but, then, they would know where I was from the postmark."

"I have a sister in London: she would post the letter from there."

"That will do; and I must write to Mr. Chester also. He will help me, if anyone can."

"Ay, that he will," returned Mrs. Howell; "that's well thought of. Mr. Gabriel is as wise as a judge, and he'll know just what ought to be done."

"Wiser, perhaps," thought Doris. And she wrote her letters: one to Joyce, that told of her safety without disclosing her place of refuge; another, a longer, fuller one, to Mr. Chester, telling him of all that had happened, of her doubts and difficulties, and begging him to come to her; "for, you know, dear old Gabriel," she said, "that my mother made you a sort of guardian, and, as you have plenty of money, and can go where you please, do let it please you to come to the poor 'snow-child,' who has fled out into the snow, and is shivering all alone in the cold world." This latter clause was purely metaphorical, as Doris was sitting comfortably by the fire-side, with Mrs. Howell blandly contemplating her from the opposite corner, and meditating, like Aunt Lotty, on the possibility of a wedding, with Mr. Chester and Doris for bridegroom and bride.

The sun went down early, though he had not done much to fatigue himself during the day; perhaps he found it too cold for him, and his rays might get frozen on their way down—at any rate, he found it stiff and awkward work, and he was by no means on such good terms with the earth as in the jolly summer time, though he was nearer to her now. But some friends are best friends at a distance, and so it might be with the sun and earth—who knows? He might not like her so well when they were more thrown together. And when he sank to rest, the little warmth that had tried to penetrate the cold atmosphere departed, the thermometer fell to freezing-point, and the robins, hiding their heads under their wings, tried to fall asleep without any uncomfortable fears as to the morrow's food. The water in the pools began to harden, and even in some cold rooms ice was found in the jugs, so that, altogether, regular Christmas weather was coming on, for, somehow or other, people seem to think that Christmas is scarcely Christmas without a good hard frost. People would certainly have a seasonable Christmas this year: there was snow on the ground and it was freezing.

Mrs. Howell was decorating the dresser and the mantel-shelf with sprigs of holly, for it was Christmas-Eve. Christmas-Eve! What would they be doing at Green Oake and Lynncourt?

Green Oake and Lynncourt had amalgamated. Aunt Lotty was sitting in her arm-chair listening almost as eagerly as the little Lynns themselves to the stories that Joyce was telling them. The younger child was seated on Joyce's lap, whilst Archie, on a footstool close by, was leaning his elbows on his knees, and gazing earnestly with his large dark eyes into her face. He was as one fascinated. Gradually he edged himself nearer and nearer, and then removing his elbows from his knees he held tight by Joyce's dress, as though he feared she would escape, and his large eyes seemed to grow larger and larger as the interest of the story increased.

And where were the heads of the houses? In the small inn of a remote village in Devonshire, sat Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael; they had just arrived after a hard day's travelling. The two men who had not spoken to each other for more than twenty years. Both were intent now upon the same object—the recovery of a lost relative. Had the old feeling passed away? Had they forgiven each other their trespasses? Had, at last, the daily prayer been uttered aright?

Calm, stern, determined, with his thin lips more compressed than ever, Mr. Carmichael took the lead; whilst his companion, upon whose haggard countenance traces of the emotion of the past night were visible, passively assented to all his arrangements. They had been, after some difficulty, accommodated with a private sitting-room, for the resources of the inn were not great. And hither the landlord was summoned to be cross-questioned as to the events of the week, it being supposed that he would be well up in all village gossip.

"Did he remember Mrs. Carmichael and her daughter?"

"Of course he did; everyone in the place knew and respected them."

"Then he knew Miss Carmichael by sight?"

"Yes."

"Had she been in H—— during the last few days?"

"He thought not, or he should have known of it."

"Was he quite sure that she had not been there?"

"He could not say; he had been a good deal occupied, and had heard nothing of such a thing. It was just possible, he wouldn't say for certain, that she had not been."

Mr. Carmichael hesitated; he looked at the landlord, who was a great overgrown man, with a somewhat stupid but honest countenance. Mr. Carmichael decided to make use of him.

"The gentlemen had come down on a matter of importance. The landlord could

be of use to them. Might they depend upon him?"

The landlord of the small inn suddenly became great in his own eyes. Certainly, they might rest assured that their confidence would not be misplaced. And the landlord, swelling with incipient dignity and curiosity, listened.

"The stout gentleman, in the glossy broad-cloth and massive gold chain was Mrs. Carmichael's brother."

"Like enough; he had always thought she belonged to gentlefolk. And now that he came to look more attentively at Mr. Carmichael, he had a vague recollection of having seen him before. Yes, he remembered now, it must have been at the funeral."

"He, the landlord, might remember that, after Mrs. Carmichael's death, her daughter went to live with some of her mother's relatives?"

"Yes; the landlord had heard it, and he had heard say what a fine thing it was for her, and he hoped she was well and happy, for she was too tender a young lady by far to go on living as she and her mother had been living. They'd had a deal to suffer, they had."

Here Mr. Lynn shrank further back into a corner of the sofa, and pressed his hands to his forehead; and Mr. Carmichael observed, somewhat sternly, that they did not wish to hear anything of that nature. Whereupon the landlord bowed obsequiously, and begged pardon.

"All they wanted was present information. Miss Carmichael had suddenly left her relatives, and it was believed that she had returned to some of her friends in Devonshire."

"They'd no friends of their own sort here," said the landlord; "they'd only been here four or five years, and there was no one about that she'd be likely to come to unless it was Widow Wilson at the Heath Farm; she used to be very kind to them, and it was many a fowl or a new-laid egg Mrs. Carmichael had had from there, to say nothing of new milk."

Mr. Lynn groaned in anguish. And he had been living in such luxury. And again Mr. Carmichael found it necessary to check the landlord's reminiscences.

How far was the Heath Farm?

Not over a quarter of a mile; he would step up himself, if Mr. Carmichael pleased; he should be more likely to find out if the young lady had been there than Mr. Carmichael would, if so be as she had any reason for not wishing him to know.

The force of which argument Mr. Carmichael appreciated, and accepted the landlord's offer accordingly. And the landlord went on his fruitless errand, for no Miss Car-

michael had been there or had been heard of. And inquiries in other directions had been equally unsuccessful. However, Mr. Carmichael determined to see Mrs. Wilson himself the next day; and discovering that she had really spoken the truth on the previous evening, determined to go to the village where his sister had settled on her arrival in England. And so he spent Christmas-Day in vain endeavours to find the lost sheep. Miss Carmichael had neither been heard of nor seen, and so he returned to H—— to rejoin his companion. Mr. Lynn had felt that business matters might be safely entrusted to his brother-in-law, and so had remained behind. His Christmas-Day was spent in wandering through the little village where his wife had lived, in picturing her life, her trials. He had seen the room in which she died, and now he stood beside the humble grave wherein she rested from all her sorrow. Yes, it was all over now,—

All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience?

And he could never tell her what he too had suffered, for the dead hear not. As they left us, so they lie, and the tomb has closed upon their griefs, their wrongs, their agony. None can make reparation to them for injustice done, none can be forgiven by them or forgive in turn. For the battle is over, and the Death Angel, sounding his trumpet over the hard-fought field, proclaims a truce—a truce that ends not until a louder trumpet sounds, and the dead, small and great, are summoned to their last account.

CHAPTER XXVIII. FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

MY story still runs on. I sit in my little porch-room and meditate, with my feet on the fender, and my eyes staring into the fire as if I could see therein, as in a fiery mirror, the scenes that make the chapters in my story: and I feel myself an involuntary authoress to whom incidents are brought by the outside world, which are laid down before me, giving me nothing to do but to write them out fairly in my book, and number the pages. And when I have copied them out, and have read them over, they fit in so neatly that it surprises me to find how well I have arranged them. But I believe all writing to be a sort of inspiration, and people go on and on, and words shape themselves into sentences, and sentences into paragraphs, and they scarce know how it has all come, or what they write until after it is written. Some subtle influence causes the hand to move the pen ere one is fully conscious of thought.

How wonderful is everything connected with thought and intellect, how impossible to define or explain. Marvellous as is our physical structure, especially when taken in connection with the adaptation of the different organs to their different uses! of sight for seeing, of hearing for drinking in sweet sounds and words that thrill to the very heart, of speech for giving utterance to thought and idea; yet, still more wondrous is our mental mechanism, our immaterial organization. How little we understand of ourselves, how little time or attention do we devote to that greatest of all studies,—if we may believe the poet,—Man himself. "Fearfully and wonderfully made." Who shall try to reveal himself to himself and not feel this? Not stand in awe as he strives to comprehend his inner life; his being: the never-ending principle within him; his after life? All that he gets at best, after perhaps an almost life-long pondering, is a momentary flash that ends in darkness. He cannot see far enough,—clouds that he cannot pierce hide from him the revelation of himself.

But why these perplexing thoughts? Why do I not content myself with chaos? Alas! the thoughtful mind cannot be satisfied with chaos, it fain would struggle into order. It seems to me that man, the microcosm, is yet in that chaotic mould in which the world lay when it was "without form and void," and that the Voice has yet to come saying, "Let there be light." Oh, that the Spirit might move on the face of these dark, overwhelming waters, and so regenerate the intellect that, seeing, we might see and understand, and satisfy our intellectual cravings.

Oh! how I ramble off when once I begin these speculations. It is well that Doris is not to peep into my diary just at present, or she would think that quiet Joyce Dormer's senses were taking leave of her. Therefore, I will return to the thread of my discourse and let such digressions alone.

It is a fortnight since Doris went away, but I feel no uneasiness about her now, since the letter I received assures me that she is safe and with a friend. Who can it be? Can Mr. Chester know? It is so strange that I have had no answer to my letter. I ought to have heard from him before now.

Mr. Carmichael is possessed with the idea that I know where Doris is; though I have told him over and over again that I am quite ignorant of it, and have answered all the questions he has thought fit to ask me, with the most perfect equanimity. Yet, still he doubts me. He has not much faith in the truthfulness of others. Perhaps because he is not particularly truthful himself. Possibly this is the reason why truthful people are

oftenest deceived; they judge others by themselves, and believe others (until they find themselves mistaken), to be of their own standard. But people can't go on trusting for ever. Trust and distrust require an exercise of discretion, and blind trust is a weakness productive of much evil in spite of a certain halo of faith that hovers over it. Once upon a time Mr. Carmichael's trust in his neighbours might have been upon a larger scale. And then, *I don't trust him.* But I have grounds, and he has none. He's told me several untruths, and, of course, after that one can't quite go on believing in people. Oh dear! I hope I shall always be truthful; I know I am at present. Still, Mr. Carmichael does not thoroughly believe me, though he pretends to be satisfied at the present time. I showed him Doris's letter. The post-mark was London: but London is a wide place. Mr. Carmichael is there now, and is employing detectives; but, so far, without any result.

I am sure I am as anxious as anyone else can be that she should return, for I perceive that Aunt Lotty is fretting sadly and Mr. Lynn is quite unnerved. Indeed, he is altogether shattered by recent events. I do wish that Doris could see him. She is the person of all others to soften the fearful shock that he has experienced. He finds a ready sympathiser in Aunt Lotty, but that is not like having his own daughter to console him. Mr. Lynn has confided his wife's story to Aunt Lotty, and Aunt Lotty has confided it to me. And it works into my tale like an episode that casts a deeper shade of interest round my heroine. But my heroine is lost, and my hero is abroad.

For Mr. Chester is the hero of my story, and always has been. The hair talisman has had nothing to do with it. He is the horseman in the cloud of dust that I saw in my reveries by the dear old river long and long ago, and I, like sister Anna, have waved the signal, and he is coming to help in the hour of need. Yes, I have a presentiment that through him Doris will be brought back to us, and then of course the nursery legend will be carried out: the horseman is the old lover who comes and marries Fatima, and thus I shall find a legitimate novel ending to my romance.

Aunt Lotty mourns first over her husband's sister, then over Doris, then over Mr. Lynn. Her tender heart is torn, and she goes about with a gentle depressed air. Poor Aunt Lotty! how much capacity there is in her for love and tenderness, and how little it has been drawn forth. The little Lynns have already become quite attached to her, and it is pleasant

to see how quickly she understands them. Truly the evening of her life promises to be its happiest time. She cannot get over the mention of herself as one whom the poor wife could have loved.

"It will make me doubly fond of Doris when she comes back," said she, "and to think, dear, that the poor thing saw me there in the churchyard, and I never to have known it, and she Mr. Carmichael's only sister. We're surrounded by wonders, dear. Never did I think that I should come to be connected with such mysteries. Everything was so straightforward and unromantic in the Dormer family; but one never can tell what one may marry into. Marriage is a lottery!"

Though how Aunt Lotty intended her last remark to apply to the subject under discussion I cannot say. It was one of Aunt Lotty's staple quotations that linked itself on with matrimony, as a word rather than as an abstract idea.

Yes, the Dormers were matter-of-fact and straightforward in all their ways, as Aunt Lotty truly observed. I never heard of anything approaching romance in connection with any of the family. They lived, married, died, and were buried in the most orthodox manner. They were never very rich, nor very poor. They lived in comfortable houses, and some of them kept a carriage, but they never went beyond one horse, and the one horse being of the steadiest description there was no fear of accidents or hair-breadth escapes that are occasionally productive of results bordering on the romantic. They never met with any extraordinary piece of luck, nor, on the other hand, with any very great misfortune. They never broke their arms or legs as other people did, though this was not owing to good fortune in time of danger, but simply to their never being placed in any situation in which such catastrophes were likely to occur. In fact, "to live and die," virtue of course filling up the "space between," was about all that could have been summed up as matter for a biographical sketch of any one of the family.

You may see their graves at Credlington, and will find that they mostly lived to the same age, or if they died young, they generally died before they had attained their fourth year. And it is recorded on all their tombstones that they died "in hope," which most people appear to do, though whether their hopes will be realized is not for us to determine.

In fact, a general sameness pervaded the Dormer family, though at the same time a great deal of quiet happiness reigned in it, which was satisfying as long as one's mind was willing to confine itself within a narrow

circle, and had taken no covert glances into a newer or a larger world.

My own life had partaken largely of the Dormer character as far as outward circumstances and influences were brought to bear; but I was an only child, and left very much to my own devices; so journeying daily in the realms of fiction I discovered in my books that there were other paths not quite so smoothly beaten as those that the Dormers trod—paths leading into wilder, fresher regions; and so, though my outer life flowed peacefully as a summer-stream, my inner life was like a torrent that, escaping from its native mountains, dashed over rocks and precipices, and strove to make its way to the unknown ocean.

Sometimes, when I had paused to consider some passage that had particularly struck me in my reading, my father would say to me,—

“Joyce, child, of what are you dreaming?”

And then my thoughts would travel back from the Utopia that lay outstretched before me, and settle down quietly in Dormer-land, and I used to laugh and answer,—

“I have been far away to a grand castle; but you have knocked it down, and I have to come home to the old home in Credlington.”

And a very happy home it was. And it will be a green spot to look back upon all my life, whatever may befall me. But nothing is likely to befall me, for am I not a Dormer? Here are all kinds of romances happening around me, and I pass unscathed through the midst of them; Aunt Lotty and I, being Dormers, are passive agents, so slightly acted upon that we are after all but mere spectators of the drama played out around us. The Dormer atmosphere effectually acting as a non-conductor.

And so I remain calmly at Green Oake, and the little porch-room sees me day after day noting down the affairs of others in my diary, and so weaving them into a tale that I perversely enough persist in calling “Joyce Dormer's Story.”

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF A TIGER.

BY BARON MUNCHAUSEN THE YOUNGER.

ALTHOUGH I have the honour of bearing Her Majesty's commission afloat, still I inherit, very naturally, some of the proclivities of the illustrious ancestor whose name I bear: so I think I may as well make use of the columns of *ONCE A WEEK* to tell an adventure with a tiger which happened to me the last time I was at Singapore.

That place, as you know, swarms with tigers, and the statistics show that the said tigers are in the habit of devouring about one man and a half a day, which fact offers a

nice little sum for our youthful readers to work out, in order to find out how many men they eat in a year. The tigers are very fine and very large, quite as big as the Royal Bengal tiger, and as a great part of the island is covered with jungle, they have plenty of space to hide in. Well, I and one of my shipmates were quietly riding from the town down to the place where the steamer is anchored, in a thing called a shigram (very much like some of our worst cabs at home), when, as we were just passing by a bit of jungle, there was a sudden spring, and we heard a heavy weight descend on the top of our cab, which, I almost thought, was coming in. The man who was driving us gave a shriek, and jumping down from his seat ran off as fast as his legs could carry him; and the horse, left without a driver, set off at a hard gallop. I had some notion of what had occurred, but was surprised to hear no roar or any other disturbance. The horse, too, when he came to consider, did not seem to see much cause for alarm, and dropped at length into a quiet walk. I then jumped out, brought him to a stand still, and went to see what was the matter. It was a very dark night, and though I could make out there was something on the top of the cab, I could not tell what it was till I got so close to it that I knocked my nose against the paws of an immense tiger.

Luckily the brute was fast asleep, so I had time to consider how I should part company with him. It would have been easy enough to have left him there asleep and walked on, but I was tired; and besides, I did not like to leave the horse for him to make a breakfast off in the morning. So, remembering what a dread these animals are said to have of fire, I tied my handkerchief to the end of my stick, and borrowing my companion's cigar, managed to set fire to one corner of it; and then, moving round cautiously so as to face the beast, as soon as the handkerchief was in a pretty fair blaze, I made a noise in order to wake him, at the same time waving the handkerchief round quickly in a circle close to his nose. He gave one tremendous roar, and sprang with a wonderful leap back into the jungle. I immediately mounted the box, and laying my stick over the horse's back, set him off as fast as ever he could go, and fortunately reached my ship safely. The driver had arrived before us, and told them on board that the tiger had carried us both off into the jungle, so that when we arrived they were just about starting in force to make a search for us, or rather for our mangled remains.

I determined to serve the old gentleman out for frightening us, and therefore, next morn-

ing before breakfast, I started off alone, to see if I could find any traces of him. I had not gone far before I found one of his foot-

marks. Following it up and peering through the thick jungle, I saw my friend of the previous night sleeping as comfortably as possible



(See page 8.)

with one of his fore-paws stretched out, and his head resting on it. I drew back quickly, intending to get some reinforcement and attack him; but the thought struck me that if I could possibly manage him by myself and take him home for breakfast, I should win no end of glory on board H.M.S. —.

However, *how* to kill the beast was the question. I had no arms but an unloaded blunderbuss and a small clasp knife, and I was about to give up the idea, when I remembered that I had with me a packet of strychnine, and my plan was instantly laid. I crept along quietly through the jungle till I got within reach of his tail; opening my clasp-knife, I laid hold of it gently and severed about four inches of it. The brute gave a growl and rose up in a fury; but, after looking all round and seeing nothing, he licked the stump leisurely and contentedly, and again laid himself down to rest. I skinned the piece of tail I had obtained, and then, loading the meaty part of it with sufficient poison to kill half-a-dozen tigers, I took aim with it at his

nose, and hit him just on the muzzle. This roused him up again; and, as I had anticipated, not being able to see any one, he turned his rage on the missile which had hit him, and opening his huge jaws he swallowed it at once. I was so anxious to witness the effect that, in getting a little closer to him, he discovered me. He rose up, fixed his eyes upon me, and was just about to make the fatal spring, when the poison began to act upon him, and, uttering a roar of pain, he fell back in strong convulsions. In another minute all was over.

As I was making my way out of the jungle in order to procure help to carry away the body of the animal, I stepped on what seemed to me to be a long, narrow piece of rock appearing through the mud. The end of this piece of rock flew up with a jerk and upset me backwards into the dirt; when I got up I found the rock was really an enormous crocodile. As I gazed at his massive proportions, the thought struck me that I might save myself a heavy load and make him carry

my dead tiger for me, and I went to work as follows:—

I took off my jacket, and stuffing a quantity of leaves into it, and tying it up into a bundle, I soaked it well in the blood of the tiger. I then cut a long and stout pole from one of the trees and, using it as a lever, managed to roll the body of the tiger on to the back of the crocodile. Next, following the costermongers' dodge with their donkeys on the road to Epsom on Derby day, I tied the ensanguined bundle to the end of the long pole, took my seat on the creature's back, and holding the pole firmly, let the bundle hang about two feet in advance of his nose.

He soon smelt the blood, and began to move forward to seize the morsel; but, of course, as he moved on, so the bait moved on also, and thus I got him into a good trot, for the weight of the tiger and myself were as nothing to him. I cut a rather curious figure journeying thus on the public road, and everybody that I met stared at me with astonishment. However, after a short swim down the river I arrived in triumph alongside of my ship (for the crocodile being amphibious I did not think it worth while to take a boat), and then, willing to keep him quiet, let him get hold of the bundle to munch. The men on deck quickly hoisted up the body of the tiger, and I, jumping on deck, allowed the crocodile to go his way. Then—like the great Tom Thumb after he had killed Rebellion—I went to breakfast. We had the paws carried for dinner,* and gave the rest of the flesh to the natives, who are very fond of it, believing that it will make them courageous and strong, on the same principle, I suppose, on which the Professor of Laputa used to make his scholars swallow paper pills with learned words written thereon.

I made a present of the skin to the lovely and fascinating daughter of a powerful Malay prince, and I can assure you that Miss Zoonia Kuckarwhurrie Dhee has since looked upon me with very favourable eyes; so perhaps, if the course of true love goes smoothly, my parents may one day have the honour of calling her a daughter. MUNCHAUSEN, JR.

MY COLLIERY EXPERIENCES.

GREENWOOD FELL COLLIERY, of which I was for many years the resident viewer, was situate in the midst of as uninviting a tract of country as could well be found in the whole of

Northumberland. There was nothing pleasing to either ear or eye about it for miles round. Behind the viewer's cottage there was, it is true, a small pinewood, but the trees had every appearance of having grown up spontaneously, and had not discovered the great mistake they had committed in coming up at all until they had gone too far to turn back, and so presented a sort of stunted growth—a kind of debateable existence, in fact, between being and not being—that was excessively dispiriting to behold. In front of the house, which was built upon a somewhat steep declivity, and with a masterly disregard to personal comfort and convenience, a narrow, sluggish stream dragged its slow length along—a villanous compound of peaty ooze and the mineral water that had been pumped into it from the collieries along the line of its course. Whatever of green that had once flourished in the place before the pit had been sunk had become encrusted with a universal pall of coal-dust, that gritted beneath the touch, emitted a sickly glitter in the sunbeams, and, under the influence of the slightest wind, or even as it seemed through a pure spirit of mischief, crept into one's eyes, or found its way into the most sensitive membranes of the throat. It was everywhere—in the clothes I wore, in the food I ate, in the books I read, in the air I breathed. The sound of the pit wheels, the stertorous breathings of the engine, the clangour of the signals to hoist or lower, the cries of the banksmen, and the rumbling of the waggons which conveyed the coal from the "heap" to the "steath" never ceased. During the day the regular and never varying risings and fallings of the pumping-beam were almost distracting to witness, while at night the fires at the mouth of the shaft and the flitting hither and thither of strangely draped figures gave to the whole scene a decidedly Pandemonium-like aspect.

Nor, as may be readily supposed, was the society to be found at Greenwood Fell calculated to afford an educated man compensation for the lack of scenery and the presence of the multitudinous sources of irritation I have mentioned. The village was, like most pit villages in the North, comfortless-looking, wretched, and monotonous in its character. It was composed of a few rows of one-storeyed houses, every one of which was so whimsically like its neighbour, even to the rain-tub in front and the miserable patch of cabbage-garden at the back, that it has always been a matter of surprise to me how the inmates were ever able to find the right door without committing a blunder. The only buildings which served to break the monotonous level

* It is well known that the natives of the East, especially the Chinese, will eat tiger, for the reason specified in the text. Medically speaking, we are assured by the Baron's professional friends that it is quite possible that an animal poisoned with strychnine should be fit for food; for that poison acts chiefly on the nervous centres, and is deposited in them and not in the muscular tissues, which would be used for food.—[Ed. O. A. W.]

of chimney tops and the maddening uniformity of aloping roofs of red tiles, were the public-house, the school-room, and the "Methody" chapel, where Geordie, after having experienced the pernicious results of the first, and without having ever received any assistance from the second, was accustomed to occasionally hold forth on Sundays, to the no little astonishment of himself and friends. I do not desire to utter a single word in dispraise of the simple souls who think it one of the greatest privileges in life to have their names upon the "plan," although I have often been amused at their homely illustrations of sacred story, and the evident satisfaction they derived from the talismanic folds of the white neck-cloth. Such instructors speak up and down to the level of average collier intelligence, and were it not for their rough, and frequently uncouth, efforts to disseminate Christian truth, I am afraid that the moral condition of many of the secluded pit villages in Northumberland would be worse than at present, bad as the best undoubtedly is. But the society of a converted coal-heaver, or the conversation of an illuminated putter, is not exactly the kind of society or conversation in which a man of culture usually delights. Certainly I did not; although, by sometimes presiding at the annual *soirées* of their Mechanic's Institute, and occasionally showing my face and best waist-coat at their periodical religious festivals, I endeavoured to gain the good opinion and respect of those among whom it was my lot to sojourn.

"But," quoth Sancho Panza to the Duke, "let them dress me how they will; for, however I go clad, I shall still be Sancho Panza." And so I found it with regard to myself. Do what I would, I could not be otherwise than what I was. Ever ready to assist in promoting whatever I thought was calculated to elevate the social and moral condition of those around me, I did not dissemble, nor attempt to conceal, the loathing with which I looked upon their brutal tastes and pursuits. I laboured for a short period to beget an inclination for reading among the people, and for this purpose promoted the establishment of a news-room and discussion-class; but I soon discovered that the company of dogs, with which the village swarmed, was more to their taste than the society of the learned, and that the fascinations of the "booling" match and of the orgies with which the fortnightly pay was invariably celebrated, were too irresistible to be readily superseded. Hence I retired more and more within the seclusion of my own home, and occupied my leisure with the composition of those astonishing dissertations on the geological formations of the district which

gained me the envied distinction of being elected a member of one of the learned societies of the country; and in the preparation of a more professional series on such subjects as the probable duration of the Northern coal-field, the double-shaft system, and the dip of the coal measures beneath the sea, for which I received in due form the thanks of the Institute of Mining Engineers.

The result of this voluntary isolation was to secure me the ill-will of the men of Greenwood Fell. Some said I was proud, others that I cared nothing for the men, and others, again, that I was much too deeply enamoured of the charming daughter of the principal owner to deal fairly with the toiling masses. I was denounced in I know not how many popular journals as the unconscionable tool of the masters, and was burnt in effigy at sundry out-door demonstrations of the men. I knew not then, what I now know, that much of this ill-feeling had been purposely fomented by the underviewer, a heavy-browed man of the name of Harrison, who never forgave me for the sin of being promoted over his head to the post of resident viewer. So far, however, from the fellow exhibiting any enmity towards me openly, he always seemed to err on the opposite tack, being over-anxious, apparently, to secure my good opinion by the most abject flattery and obedience. It is true, I had not much respect for the man's ability, but I never mistrusted his professions of esteem. The only thing in his character which thoroughly displeased me was a certain intolerance he assumed with regard to the men. He appeared to think that the best way to ingratiate himself into the favour of the employers was to deal harshly towards the employed; to resist all demands on the part of the workmen, whether just or unjust, and to oppose all concessions on the part of the masters, however called for by the circumstances of the case.

Thus matters remained at the end of 18—, when, after I had been about three years at Greenwood Fell, a strike occurred at the colliery. Originally the matter in dispute was an exceedingly simple one, but from the development of a variety of collateral sources of irritation, the strike was destined to produce considerable fermentation throughout the coal districts. The whole amount at issue did not exceed threepence a day—a very small sum to cause the pit to be closed and about four hundred men thrown out of employment, of whom not more than one-half had any immediate interest in the origin of the struggle. If I remember rightly, the contest arose out of a demand made by the hewers for an advance of a penny and two pence in the ton, according to the difficulty of working, throughout the whole

of the colliery. To this the owners would not agree, but I was instructed to promise that an advance of a penny per ton should be given, provided the men would consent to get the coal by "nicking," as it is termed, a process which consists of cutting down one side of the coal before blasting it with powder, as well as cutting it away at the bottom, which alone is done in what is called "shooting fast." These terms, after being discussed by the hewers in public meeting assembled, were peremptorily declined; but with a view, probably, of securing a speedy settlement of the points in dispute, they offered to accept a penny per ton all through the seams, with the exception of the "Morpeth Way," which they alleged was much harder to work. The masters, acting under my advice, refused to accede to these conditions; for, although the coal in the Morpeth Way was, as stated, somewhat more difficult to work, there was a kind of compensation in the superior height of the seam. The men, however, having been promised no end of support from their own and other unions, should they decide upon turning out, refused to listen to the voice of reason, and struck work.

Day after day passed away without any signs of an early readjustment taking place. The coal heaps around the mouth of the shaft became smaller and smaller by degrees; the colliery itself showed no signs of life, with the exception of the pumping engine which went bobbing up and down with its accustomed regularity; while the miners wandered lazily about, arrayed in their bonniest vests and neckerchiefs, at a loss, apparently, what to do with themselves and the time which hung just as heavily upon their hands as their hands rested heavily at the bottom of their pockets.

While things were thus in abeyance, I was called unexpectedly away to "prospect" amid the bleak and heathery wilds of the North Tyne in search of coal. The valley had just been opened out to the advantages of civilisation by means of the "Waveley" railway, and numerous colliery speculators were casting covetous eyes upon the almost virgin territory. But coal mining is a risky business, and capitalists are usually loth to expend their money in digging a large hole in the earth without a reasonable expectation of reaching a profitable seam. Speculators in the black diamonds, therefore, are generally accustomed to consult with the most experienced viewers in the district with respect to the probable extent and dip of the coal strata below before commencing operations on the surface. A few lucky "finds" in this direction had given a filip to my professional reputation, and thus

it was that I was called away for a brief space from the companionship of my books and the dreary routine of Greenwood Fell.

The duration of my scientific expedition did not exceed three weeks. At the end of that time I returned once more to the familiar scenes. It was at the close of a bitter cold day in December that I drew nigh to the colliery, tired by a long ride, shivering with cold and wet, and in an unhappy condition of mind generally. Circumstances had not turned out promising at the Plashetts; I had not heard from the Fell since I left; and the admonitions of an inward monitor told me that all was not well with the small community whither I was returning. The night, though dark, was not far spent, yet an ominous stillness seemed to hang like a presence over the place. The whole village seemed wrapped in total eclipse. Neither the flicker of a candle nor the glimmer of a fire was to be seen throughout the long lines of cottages. What could have happened?

Spurring my already jaded beast into a galvanic kind of trot, I made for home with the utmost despatch. Singularly enough, I found everything in darkness even there. I knocked both long and lustily at the door, but the summons, instead of my old housekeeper, awoke nothing more substantial than echoes. At length, after my patience, like the courage of Bob Acres, had fairly oozed out of my fingers' ends, and I was preparing to take the liberty of entering my own castle in the only way that seemed possible—that is to say, by main force—I heard the sound of hesitating footsteps within. A short interval of silence ensued, as if the owner of the feet were busily engaged in taking an observation under difficulties through the keyhole, and then the voice of old Nanny—but more tremulous than was the wont with the "organ" of that affectionate soul—was heard to demand the name and errand of the disturber of her peace.

"Why, Nanny," I replied, "know you not your master, woman? Open, I beseech you, and let me enter."

Nanny immediately made a vigorous attack upon the fastenings of the door, and they had apparently been all called into requisition. The chain fell down with a rattle; then the bolts were withdrawn with a hoarse shriek; finally, the key turned in the lock, and the portals of my palace flew open.

"Oh! maister—hinney!" exclaimed Nanny, in an irrepressible tone of voice; "I's see glad ta see thoo cum yem agane. Wor lives nut safe. Tha villans 'ill be here ivvery minnit, an' we'll be ah kilt in wor beds."

I pacified the good old creature as well as I was able, and led her quietly into the kitchen,

where a fire was crackling away very pleasantly.

When Nanny had sufficiently collected her wits and recovered the natural tones of her voice, I inquired the cause of her previous alarm, and was presented with a voluminous narrative, brimming over with digression and rhetorical embellishments, the purport of which was, that all had gone wrong at the colliery during my absence; that the masters had answered the obstinacy of the men on strike by peremptorily, and without notice, ejecting them from their houses into the highways and byways; that the men, driven to desperation by the accumulation of misery, had threatened to wreak summary vengeance upon myself as the cause of all their woe; and, finally, that she momentarily expected a band of desperadoes to break into the house and kill and destroy all it contained.

With every disposition in the world to take Nanny's narrative with a liberal discount, I could not help being greatly startled by the news. I saw at once that the masters had made a cardinal mistake in resorting to such violent measures, and that there was no knowing what excesses a mass of houseless, half-famished, and desperate men might commit. The cottages were not required for the accommodation of fresh hands, it being next to impossible, in consequence of the splendid organisation of the pitmen's union, to supply the places of the refractory workmen. The ejection, then, could be considered in no other sense than as an act of retaliation, the only effect of which would be to complicate and aggravate the character of the dispute, and produce a noxious crop of ill-will. Had things only been permitted to go on as I had left them, I felt assured the colliers would eventually have seen the folly of sacrificing some fifty shillings a fortnight for the sake of a possible gain of threepence a day extra. Inwardly cursing the adviser of the infamous policy which had been adopted in my absence, and leaving Nanny to take charge of Dobbin, I forthwith proceeded upon a tour of inspection, taking the precaution to throw a shepherd's plaid over my shoulders the more readily to escape observation. The "raws," as they were familiarly called, were perfectly still and deserted. Here and there a policeman was to be seen wandering round and round the precincts of the empty dwellings; for it was the general impression that men who declined to sell their labour on their masters' terms, were capable of incendiarism and other enormities, and required sharply looking after by the blue-coated myrmidons of the law. All along the road-side temporary hovels had been erected by the ejected pitmen

for the protection of their families and furniture, but which, it is almost needless to remark, were completely successful in neither object. Some households had apparently united their resources, and by means of chests of drawers and bed-linen had constructed a rough kind of tent, under which a man of a vivid imagination might think it possible to exist. For the most part, however, the furniture of the wretched families had no other covering than the sky, nor themselves any other accommodation than such as a four-poled bed afforded, the heads of the establishment sleeping on the top, while the juniors disposed of themselves underneath. The whole scene that presented itself was melancholy in the extreme. The grass under foot was sodden with wet; fires there were none, for with the stoppage of work the usual gratuitous supply of coal had also been stopped; and the flapping of the loose drapery and the wailing of children smote upon the ear of passers-by. In some of the tents the feeble light of a lamp only served to display to greater disadvantage the squalid wretchedness of the interior. But why should I linger over details? Any one with a spark of intelligence in his head, or a touch of humanity in his heart, may easily picture to himself the degree of misery that must ensue when a body of workmen, accustomed to constant employment, reasonably good wages, comfortable homes, and generous living, is suddenly driven into the shelterless highway during the most inclement season of the year.

Leaving the scene which I have endeavoured to describe, I entered the village, without having encountered a single soul with the exception of one or two policemen, who did me the honour of flashing the bull's-eyes of their lanterns into mine, and seemed to be of two opinions, whether to take me into custody as a suspected person or to thrust their unwelcome society upon me. The "raws," as I have already said, were enveloped in complete darkness; but the public-house was more than usually brilliant and animated. A couple of flagstuffs at the door, with their well-known legends, "United we conquer, divided we fall," and "Union is strength," showed that a great demonstration had been held somewhere during the day, with the usual accompaniments in the shape of processions and bands of music; while the cheering and confusion upstairs informed me that, not content with having made a parade of their grievances, the men were engaged in talking them over among themselves in a more sociable way. Stealing cautiously upstairs, I obtruded myself into the room whence the noise proceeded, and immediately became a deeply interested spectator of

what transpired. The room was insalubrious with the reek, and the air dense with the smoke, of tobacco. A large deal table was placed crosswise at the head of the room, at which an old hewer, seated in a chair, was endeavouring to the utmost of his ability to maintain order in the assembly, and to insist upon only one person addressing the meeting at one and the same time. One or two reporters were seated below, trying to derive some kind of connected statement out of the Babel that seethed around them. When I entered, a deputation from some other colliery was speaking. In the broadest vernacular he informed the meeting that public opinion was with them; that the rascally conduct of the masters had done good to the union; that with such a cause as theirs, and with such promises of support as he was authorised to make, that evening, surrender was entirely out of the question. Loud cheering and stamping of feet greeted the conclusion of his address. When the "deputation" had finished, one of our deputy overmen arose and proceeded to address the chair amid general applause. "Ma friends," said he, "awm reet glad to hear that yoe'r nut ganin' to giv' in. (Cheers.) We'er nut ganin' ta let the maisters scrush oot ahl tha bit life o' wor bodies yit. Smash, marrows, ah divent think, after ahl, tha maisters are responsibel for this yare strike. (Symptoms of surprise among the audience.) Yo may glower, marrows, but ma 'pinion is, that had it na been for that dussy lubbert Jones (meaning myself), who has allas been sicifanting toe-wards the maisters, tha maisters wouldn't hae tared us oot o' wor hooes. (Immense applause.) Mister Harrison (cheers), tha real miner's friend, tould me az much, an' ah b'lieve 'im. He's a prood beggar is Jones, an' ah ony wish he may brick his neck for the mizery he haz brout on uz ahl." (Hear, hear, and a voice: "Mebbeys he'll nut hae a yem hissel when he comes back agen;" an expression of opinion which appeared to give lively satisfaction to many in the room.) "Mind, friends," continued the speaker, "ah divent recommend resorting ta violence, ye knaw; but I mun say this, ah hae na sympathy whatsomever for Mister Jones, and that's God's truth." The orator sat down amid tumultuous cheering, in the midst of which I made my escape.

I had heard enough to convince me that some outrage was in contemplation, and I suspected from what had fallen that mischief of some kind was intended to be done to my house. No one had recognised me, and I determined to take advantage of this circumstance. Though naturally indignant to learn, and that, too, seemingly, on the authority of

my underviewer Harrison, that I had recommended the ejection—an act which I reprobated as sternly as any of the speakers I had just heard—I felt that the moment was not the most fitting time for setting myself right in this respect. If a conspiracy had been formed to fire or destroy my residence, under the impression that I had not arrived from the west, I firmly resolved that the reception with which the miscreants should be received should be of a character to convince them of the egregious blunder they had committed.

On being informed of the anticipated outrage, the policemen, four in number and as stalwart fellows as ever drew truncheon on a burglar, very readily agreed to accompany me home; all the more readily, perhaps, as a provoking drizzle had set in, and they felt assured that, whether the attack took place or not, they should be comfortably housed for the night.

Nanny opened the door for us on our arrival, but scarcely so widely, I thought, as her eyes when she perceived the questionable society in which I presented myself. "Business first, pleasure afterwards," was the motto we observed. The doors were securely barred and bolted, the fastenings of the windows seen to, and the whole establishment put into an efficient state of defence. A brief hunt among lumber closets and almost forgotten passages resulted in the capture of a couple of fowling pieces and a brace of travelling pistols, which we set about cleaning and loading with exemplary diligence. Nanny, whose wits seemed to have undergone a polishing process for the occasion by the use of a little unwonted intellectual sandpaper, and who, moreover, could see as far as any of us into the pitchy darkness, was then dispatched upstairs to give notice of the first approach of the enemy, while the rest of us prepared to solace ourselves for the exertions we had already made, and to nerve ourselves for the exciting scenes that awaited us in the immediate future, by something both warm and exhilarating.

The time passed but slowly away; but for the ticking of the clock it might have been supposed that the venerable individual with the hour-glass had fallen asleep, as we should have done presently had the constables not commenced to open their budget of reminiscences. Their conversation turned out very appropriate to the occasion. I have known sportsmen who could remember the ancestry and performances of all the noted racers that had ever run since the beginning of the century. There are farmers, too, I have heard—for agriculture is somewhat out of my way—who can repeat the Herd Book by heart; and there are numbers of old fogeys who

know a great deal more about the history of our county families than they do themselves. In like manner, actuated no doubt by a professional bias, my fellow-watchers appeared to have studied the "Newgate Calendar" to great advantage, besides having the particulars of most of modern crimes at their fingers' ends. Happily for my peace of mind, which was gradually succumbing beneath the weight of horrors that were being perseveringly piled up by the legal artificers, the terrific confabulation was destined to experience a sudden interruption. Just as one of my official friends was approaching the climax of a stupendous adventure, in which he appeared to be everything and the thief, of whom he was in hot pursuit, nothing to speak of, Nanny came creeping downstairs with the startling intelligence that figures were moving about in the pinewood in the back settlements of the premises. And Nanny's eyes, or rather I should perhaps say, Nanny's ears, had not played her false. We had not long taken up our position at an upstairs window before a rustling was distinctly heard among the trees, and this was soon after followed by one, two, three, upwards of a dozen men jumping over the fence and creeping towards the house, the doors and windows of which they proceeded to test preliminarily to using the heavy picks which many of them carried in their hands. Before a blow could be struck, however, I threw open the casement and demanded to know what they wanted. It was apparent to us all that the sound of my voice had caused a temporary panic among the crowd, and that many of them manifested a disposition to take to their heels. At length a rough voice cried out,—

"Viewer Jones, we'er gainin' ta sarve thoo as thoo's sarved us. We mean ta turn thoo adrift. Let him hae it, marrows."

The appeal was responded to by a shower of missiles, and one of them happening to strike me full in the face, the pain was so excessive that I lost control of myself and let fly the contents of one of the fowling-pieces at the crowd, calling upon the police at the same time to turn their lanterns upon the faces of our cowardly assailants. From the howls that followed the report of the gun I learned that the shot, though fired at random, had taken effect upon some one, while the sudden blaze of light that was thrown below enabled me to recognise the majority of the attacking party. The result was electrical, and not a little ludicrous. With a shout of baffled rage the conspirators broke and fled with precipitation, leaving their wounded companion, whom I subsequently discovered was more frightened than hurt, in our hands.

Little more remains to be told. The con-

stables followed rapidly in pursuit of the flying herd, and succeeded in apprehending the major part of them. They were in due course brought, with the usual formalities, before their worships in petty sessions assembled, and then and there charged with a list of offences against the peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen that fairly caused the boldest heart among them to break down. But I had already witnessed the pernicious effects of severe measures, and was determined to try what clemency could accomplish. Having consulted with my employers on the subject, I refused to press for convictions, provided the culprits would promise not to do the like again; which, to do them justice, they most readily did. This conduct had a perceptibly good effect among the men, an effect which I took occasion to improve by inviting them to come and discuss their grievances with me in a friendly way. The ice thus broken, a reconciliation ensued, and the colliery speedily resumed its customary activity. I have since married the charming young lady before alluded to, and have thus an additional interest in preserving harmony at Greenwood Fell.

As for Harrison, he saw it to be much to his interest to depart the day after the attack upon my domicile. Whether he was identified with that affair or not I was never able to learn, but he left on the following morning, and by so doing relieved me of a painful duty.

THE MISTAKEN GHOST.

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER III.

SIX months had rolled away since the events narrated in the last chapter. The summer decked in beauty, and the autumn laden with the fruits of the earth, had come each in their appointed time to bless mankind; but there was one household to whom the season brought no gladness.

The inmates of Westzoy were in trouble. Farmer Coggan had made an unfortunate investment of his nephew's trust money; the young man was now of age, and required a settlement of his affairs; and to crown their misfortunes the farmer's co-trustee had lately died insolvent. Legal disputes had arisen out of this complication, and one thing after another had gone against him, till at length the crisis had arrived, and he was about to be sold up. It is true, Westzoy farm-house and thirty acres of land were his own, but this was mortgaged to its full value, and now there

remained nothing for him, but to realize his farming-stock and the household furniture.

Men in this rank of life, if no longer young, seldom rise to the level of an emergency; misfortune crushes them, robbing them even of their usual judgment and courage. Farmer Coggan had always enjoyed the reputation of being a remarkably shrewd, sensible man—he was now like a helpless child, or, as he said himself, “like one most mazed.” The final arrangements for the sale went on almost unheeded by him; he stood with his hands in his pockets, staring vaguely at the bill of sale which was nailed on the porch, and it seemed to his bewildered mind like the mystic writing on the wall, which he had read about in the Bible.

The next day the sale was to commence, and people kept dropping in, as they went home-wards from Highbridge market, “just to see the things,” though they were not actually on view, for the family were not to leave till early on the following morning. Some people came because they really wanted to see if the bay mare was likely to suit them; others came from mere curiosity, or perhaps to indulge the feeling expressed by Lucretius and Rochefoucauld, and felt though unexpressed by many since their time—that the worst misfortunes of our friends are not altogether unpleasing to us. Some of the neighbours came to offer their services in various ways—the world is not a bad world after all, and folks’ hearts are often kinder than their tongues.

Notwithstanding the influx of visitors, Mrs. Coggan had never thought of her best cap. Truth to say, her head-gear betrayed the desolation of her heart, for the faded ribbons were tied all awry. But, unlike her husband, grief did not make her stand idle; on the contrary, she went fussing about in a nervous, fidgety way, doing over again and again what was unnecessary, and leaving undone what was necessary.

“Folk shall not say they bought our things dirty,” said Mrs. Coggan to herself, as she began dusting and rubbing up the back and sides of the mahogany nursing-chair (marked lot 49), which had always maintained a honoured place near the hearth. As she rubbed away her eyes became dim with tears, and she murmured to herself, “Oh, dear, dear, to think of the times I’ve nursed my babes in this chair, which was my mother’s before me, and now to think what has come over us—it will break my heart, I know it will, I can’t bear it,” and bursting into tears she sat down in the low chair and rocked herself to and fro in her grief.

She cast up her eyes at the oaken beam, on which was carved the old motto, “The Lord is merciful and just unto all those that in Him trust.”

“I think the Lord himself has forsaken us,” muttered the poor woman, shaking her head at the beam; “but there now,” she added, with an effort, “it’s railing against God’s judgments to be sitting here idle, when the furniture has all to be rubbed with bee’s wax afore the sale,” and wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, she set about her work again with a will.

Not only was the auctioneer’s hammer to disperse the old furniture, but the family themselves were to separate. The boys were to be placed about amongst the neighbours; they were strong in health and limb, and for them the hardship was not so great: they would have to work anyhow. Coggan himself had the promise of a situation as bailiff to a gentleman who had lately enclosed land on some of the high parts of Exmoor,—a sad change for him, poor fellow, having lived all his life in that paradise of farmers, the Bridgewater Marsh. Mary—his comely daughter Mary—had engaged herself as a teacher in a tradesman’s house at Bristol, for she would not be chargeable to her parents; but the prospect before her was sad and cheerless.

The young are impatient with sorrow, and well they may be, for it robs them of what can never be redeemed—the loss of happiness in their youth, that precious treasure which memory garners for all after-time.

Behind Westzoy farm, at some little distance from the house, there is an extensive plantation, fringed with firs, but in the centre, forest-trees and underwood enclose an old decoy pond. This forms a picturesque oasis in the level district, where there is little to break the monotony of the scene. The wood is traversed at different angles by footpaths forming short cuts to and from the widely-scattered farm-houses of the neighbourhood. Here Mary Coggan often met her lover William Burrage, for it was half-way between their respective homes.

On this eventful afternoon they had arranged to meet here, at the old spot, for the last time. Before the appointed hour Mary had slipped away from the house; the presence of the people concerned in the forthcoming auction, and the inquisitive intrusion of friends and strangers, were so intolerable to her, that she was glad to get out of it. Never till this very day had Mary realized the miserable truth that all her home-ties were to be broken



(See page 16.)

up; they had talked of it often enough, and sadly enough, but not till she saw her own little work-table ticketed by the auctioneer's clerk, and beheld him arranging all their treasures of china and glass on the dresser—not till then had she felt what it was to part from the objects which had been familiar and endeared to her from childhood. As she passed

through the back-yard, the very animals looked miserably conscious—the dogs skulked about with their tails between their legs, and the bay mare showed the whites of her eyes viciously at the bill-sticker's boy. Looking up she saw a carpet hanging out of her own little bed-room window, for the flower-pots were pushed aside; and above the strange voices in

the kitchen she heard the old clock chime out the hour. She ran hastily down the lane, as if she could run away from her misery, though she knew she was too early, and she could only stop and stand still when she got into the plantation. How often had she skipped along the lane at this hour, when the sun was glinting through the trees just as it did now. But oh, the change!—to-day it was for the last time. She gazed back through her tearful eyes, and saw the familiar scene apparently unchanged; the gable-end of the house rises by the side of the great walnut-tree, and from the distance it looked as it had ever looked; but it was now to be her home no more, and she longed, with an inexpressible longing, to seek the shelter of her lover's breast, and to weep there—her surest place of rest, her only home in all the wide world.

Simple country folk are not more free from worldliness than the fashionable dwellers in Mayfair—the greed of gold is a universal sin before which the hearts of sons and daughters may break. The father of William Burrage was one of those who had resolved his children should make prudent marriages. He was a well-to-do man himself, and worshipped prosperity wherever he met it, believing that Providence had a liking for the rich and a frown for the poor. If people fell into misfortunes, his creed was that it was all their own faults, and served them right. It may well be supposed that the poor Coggans, under their accumulated misfortunes, came in for his bitterest remarks. He reproached his son in no measured terms for his engagement with Mary, and swore a big oath that unless he broke it off, "he might pack up and go, for no daughter of that fellow Coggan should ever darken his doors." Old Burrage declared he had been against the girl from the first; she was poor and pretty, and would never be anything but a burden to any man, "He hated people that were always worsting in their affairs, and this was what the Coggans were always doing." "You don't suppose," he added, "that I married your mother because she was pretty, or because I had any particular fancy for her more than for any other girl? No, I should have been ashamed of myself if I had. I married your mother because she had eight-hundred pounds, and because her people were all well-to-do in the world, and that was the best guarantee that she would make a good wife, and I was right in my bargain, as I always am."

Young William Burrage had other views on the subject of love and matrimony, but he

knew it was like talking to a blind man of colours, to speak to his father about any matter of feeling; however he very positively stated that he would not break off with Mary Coggan because her father had fallen into trouble. A violent scene resulted from this announcement, which ended, as most violent scenes do, with fresh determination on the part of each to follow his own course. The elder Burrage finished the altercation by denouncing poor Mary in the coarsest language; his son heard him with clenched fists, and with white lips pressed tightly together; he did not trust himself to answer his father, and it was well for him that, snatching his hat, he rushed from the house before indignation overcame his better feelings. He literally ran out of the house, he hardly knew whither, and it was not till he had mechanically taken the turning to the plantation that he remembered that this was the very hour at which he was to meet Mary at their old trysting place.

With hurried steps he soon reached the spot, and seating himself on a fallen tree, he covered his face with his hands, and leant his elbows on his knees in a posture of that utter dejection which sometimes, but rarely, overcomes the courage of the strong man. He did not observe the approach of Mary till he felt her hand upon his shoulder. "Mary, my darling," he cried, seizing her arm, "I wish we were married, and far away from father and all of them. I'm almost tired of my life here, for home is no home for me, and I fear worse times are coming." He then told Mary as much as he could tell her of his father's conduct in reference to their engagement. It was not only the opposition to his marriage which had galled him, but it was the growing conviction that his father cared more, fifty times over, for the safe investment of his sordid savings, than he did for his son's happiness, or even for his life.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mary," he added, in conclusion, "I'll not stay home, I can't bear with father any longer; he don't look at things as I do; he has his views, and I have mine, and the sooner I'm free to take my own course the better. My father doesn't care for me, and if it was not that my work was worth more to him, he would grudge the very bread I eat."

"Never mind all this, Willie, darling; we'll have a home of our own, some day. We can both work for that, and wait, too."

"But what makes it so bitter to me," said her lover, drawing her tenderly towards him, "is, that if father had not a heart of stone, he might have said a kind word to you or

yours, or have given you a helping hand, instead of which he would have me act like a scoundrel, and turn from you in your trouble. But it's little I can do, for I am poorer than one of our own labourers, and I suppose I might leave the house to-night with nothing but the clothes that belong to me. It will be a sorry waiting for me to make a home fit for such as you, Mary."

"Wall, Willie, dear, bear up—when things are at the worst they must mend; those who don't do wrong, won't remain always down in the world; God will help us if we help ourselves, as the old saying goes."

"Mary, do you know when I'm at church on Sundays, the last thing I do before I leave my seat is always to thank God that you and I have been brought to love each other. You've led me to think kinder of the world, and you've taught me to know that there is something better than money. Father has been hard with me, and I've never heard but one thing dinned into my ears since I was a boy, and that was how to make the best bargain; if it had not been for you, I should have grown hard and selfish."

"That you never would have done, William," answered Mary, confidently.

"Oh, dear life, it's idle talking this way, when this is the last time I shall see you, perhaps, for weeks or months. I wish I could go to Bristol, or to Australia, and never see the Marsh again; but turn which way I will, there's nothing but waiting, and work, and perhaps disappointment after all; for I have nothing to begin life with but poverty, which father says ends where it begins."

"You are wrong, Willie—you have the best thing a man can set out in life with,—a good character."

"I have nothing else," he rejoined, bitterly.

"But, Mary, darling, I *am* selfish; instead of cheering you, I have brought you all my troubles."

"Bad luck or good luck, sorrow or joy, only let me share everything with you, Willie;" and so saying, the weeping girl nestled her head on his shoulder.

In low, loving whispers they talked on for some time, till twilight began to steal over the wide moors, and to deepen the shadow of the woods. Then they rose and walked slowly homewards, the few words they interchanged were gravely and earnestly spoken, unlike the usual laughing banter, and toying jest; it was as if they had left their youth behind them at the old trysting place, and were now walking sad and sobered as grown up man and woman,

to meet the hard trials of life. Self-dependent they must henceforth bear their own burdens, through the labour and the heat of the day, until that appointed time when there shall be rest at eventide, and when the wicked shall cease from troubling.

A good resolution is like a stirrup-cup before a journey. Something of this feeling invigorated the hearts of William Burrage and Mary, as they approached Westzoy; they had talked themselves into better hope: and delays and difficulties seemed no longer as cruel impossibilities.

"What a noise there is up at the house," said William, listening. "I'm afraid they've got drinking. I heard there were a lot of folks over from Highbridge Market to view the stock. Let us get in, quietly, Mary. It is a sad sight for you, my poor girl."

"Oh, Willie, I'm afraid there's some row. Hark!" At that moment loud and vociferous shouts were distinctly audible. Mary hurried on nervously; she wanted to gain the garden-gate, for she heard people coming down the lane, and at this moment she was in no humour for any bantering. Burrage dropped behind, for he saw she would rather be alone, and she entered the house by the back-kitchen without him. The continuance of the noise had frightened her, and she hurried on till she encountered the servant girl, who screamed out on seeing her, "Do'y come in, Miss Mary, do'y come in, they've been calling for you; the most strangest thing has happened, maister is beside hisself, and missis is beside herself, and the boys is quite rampageous."

"What can be the matter?" ejaculated Mary, pale with terror, following the servant into the kitchen, from whence all the uproar emanated.

The room was full of people who were all talking at once, and everybody in the wildest state of excitement appeared to be shaking hands with everybody else. The central figure in the group was Mr. Chubb, the identical Mr. Chubb who had paid them such a mysterious visit last spring.

"I've a vound her, here's Miss Mary," screamed the servant-girl, dragging her young mistress into the room. Everyone turned round towards the door, but old Burrage—the last person she expected to see under her father's roof—made a dash at Mary, and throwing his great fat arms round her, gave her a kiss like the smack of a whip, exclaiming, "You're to be my son's wife, and here's my blessing, and the promise of the best I can give you."

Mary, utterly astonished, released herself

with difficulty from the old farmer's embrace, and looked round bewildered at the whole proceeding. At the same instant one of her brothers rushed into the room with a handful of torn bills, which he flung about the place, vociferating in the wildest accents, "No sale! no sale! Hurrah! hurrah!"

"My child, the Lord has been merciful to us," cried Farmer Coggan, pressing up to his daughter, and drawing her towards him.

"I shall now be able to pay everyone his due, and hold on at the old place—but it has been well-nigh too much for me," and breaking into sobs, the good man actually hid his face on his daughter's shoulder.

"But what does all this mean?" asked Mary, still bewildered by the tumult around her.

"Let me explain," said Mr. Chubb, glad to escape from old Burrage, who was shaking hands with him as if his arm had been a pump handle. "Let me explain, my dear Miss Coggan, what all this excitement is about. The fact is, I am here to announce the news of your coming into a very handsome little fortune, and as your mother has also a good legacy, enough to set all things square, your family and friends are pressing round you with congratulations. I little thought as I drove along your wearisome straight roads that my news would come like a life-boat in the storm, and that I should have the infinite pleasure of seeing an honest family saved from ruin. I see you have all been in sore trouble, but everything will be smooth and happy now."

"Everything will be smooth and happy now," echoed old Burrage, thumping his stick on the ground.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" cried a score of voices, and then the boisterous but kind-hearted neighbours gathered round Mary to shake hands with her, and those who could not reach her shook hands again with Mr. Chubb.

"But pray tell me," exclaimed Mary, appealing to the lawyer, for she was incredulous about this unlooked for change in her fortunes; "how has this all come to pass?"

"A very proper question, Miss Coggan; never accept any statement without proper and sufficient evidence. The estate, of which I will give you further particulars at another time, has been left to you under the will of Miss Brindsley, of Gurrington House, Devon, spinster, deceased. You have the bulk of the property, thanks to your resemblance to a certain uncle of yours, whom you never saw, and perhaps never heard of; and your mother comes into a handsome legacy, because she

had a brother who, if he had lived, would have been Miss Brindsley's husband: it is a romantic affair, and all turns upon an old love story of forty years ago. In our profession we see strange things sometimes."

William Burrage had been a silent and unobserved spectator of this extraordinary scene; he saw Mary's astonishment and joy, and saw her throw herself into the arms of her mother with a burst of overwrought feeling, but she had never turned to look for him, and a pang of jealousy shot through his heart. She had no need of him now, he thought. At this instant his father bustled up to him, and in a half whisper cried, "Come for'ard like a man, William, and claim her afore all the folk present. I see warrant she'll get her full price, and if you do not look sharp she'll be jilting of you, for she can have the pick of the market now. But don'tee let her off—yours was a regular engagement for to marry, remember that."

"Mary Coggan is free to choose whom she likes; I've no claim over her," replied William, sharply, and turning upon his heel, he moved towards the door. "I don't want a rich wife if she does not want me," he added, in a tone of bitterness.

"Well," cried old Burrage, looking after his son, "I al'ays thought he was a fool, but I never know'd he was sich a fool. Not want a rich wife! why it's what everybody wants."

"Where's Willie; I must tell Willie," said Mary Coggan, rising from her knees by her mother's side, and looking round in vain for her lover.

"We'll find him," cried her brothers, and the boys darted after the young farmer, and seizing him, almost dragged him back. In one moment Mary was by his side, and giving him both her hands, exclaimed, "There'll be no parting now, Willie. You and I are rich, they tell me, and we can help father to make all straight at Westzoy."

William Burrage never looked so shy and awkward as at that moment, though his honest face gleamed with joy; but he drew Mary into the shadow of the settle, and then gave her a hearty kiss, that proved he was ready to take her for better or worse—richer or poorer.

"I tell you what it is," cried one old farmer, "all this here rejoicing has made I very thirsty."

"Most things do make you thirsty, Neighbour Brown," observed his friend.

"Well, if I be'ant thirsty, I'd like to drink Farmer Coggan's health before I go," said the

first speaker; "and his wife and daughter's too."

"And I'm for finishing up with drinking Lawyer Chubb's health," said another; "it isn't often the lawyers bring much good along wi' them—but the devil must have fair change for his money—so let's drink a health to everybody."

Hospitality is the foremost virtue in the old world district of the marsh, and almost like magic a supper-table was spread for the hungry and thirsty guests at Westzoy. The resources of the larder were found quite equal to the occasion, as ample refreshments had been provided, for the intended sale on the morrow.

After the last of their hilarious guests had departed, Mr. Chubb found an opportunity of communicating to the Coggans all the particulars relating to their extraordinary turn of good fortune. The narrative was interrupted by a torrent of questions on the part of Mrs. Coggan, and listened to with silent tears of joy by Mary, who sat by the side of her lover, with her hand fast locked in his. The main circumstances of the story may be briefly summed up thus:—When our old friend Miss Brindsley had found out the character of her cousin George Trevor, she resolved to look elsewhere for an heir to her hard-gathered savings. She then bethought herself of her lover's family; she knew they were poor, and she remembered that he had a sister many years younger than himself, of whom he had been very fond. It was at her request that Mr. Chubb visited Westzoy six months before to discover what he could respecting Mrs. Coggan, whom he had previously identified as the only surviving sister of the late Mr. Kendrick. He was strictly charged to disguise the object of his visit; hence the mystery that attended his first appearance at Westzoy. The remarkable resemblance of Mary Coggan to her uncle, as seen by her photograph, had decided Miss Brindsley in her whim of making this unknown girl the heiress of her little property. The discovery of Trevor's utter worthlessness and his conduct in the absurd but wicked plot to frighten the old lady by a sham ghost, had quite settled his chance of succeeding to the property. In the words of Talleyrand, he had committed something worse than a crime; he had been guilty of a blunder—a thing no ghost can afford to do, especially a ghost who has a character to maintain. Thus it came about that Miss Brindsley, instead of wasting her goods on a notorious gambler, or bequeathing them to the County Hospital, made her will in

favour of a worthy family, and opportunely rescued them from unmerited misfortune.

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Mr. Chubb, who had taken an immense interest in his young favourite Mary, pays an annual visit to Gurrington, where Mr. and Mrs. William Burrage are now comfortably established. Intelligence and capital united have turned the old place into a model farm, a nucleus of agricultural improvement, the pride of its honest, hard-working owner and of its comely mistress.

CORNELIA A. H. CROSSE.

A CHAPTER ON HOLLY.

Of all the evergreens which enliven our shrubberies at this season of the year, the Holly is undoubtedly the greatest favourite, as the red berries contrast so well with the stiff, shining, dark leaves; it is, in short, the most beautiful of all our deciduous shrubs.

The holly, being so intimately associated with the happy time of Christmas, which we have just kept, claims for itself a large share of respect and veneration. There are few plants that can boast of a more glorious history than the holly; it was well known to the ancients. Pliny records the existence of a tree in Rome to which he ascribes an age antecedent to that of the Eternal City itself; and as another proof of its great antiquity, and the length of time the trees retain their vitality, we may also refer to Pliny's records of the selection of the site of the city of Tibur, which he says was near three holly-trees that were still standing 1200 years afterwards. The holly, with us, seldom attains a greater height than twenty feet, and is more frequently a bush than a tree; it grows mostly in the open parts of woods, the shadows or drippings from other trees injuring its growth; it was on this fact that the disciples of Zoroaster founded their superstitious belief that the sun will not cast shadows upon the holly.

A holly tree is mentioned by Loudon as standing at Claremont, which measures 80 feet in height. This, however, in England is quite an exception, though in France and Italy it grows to a very large size. The plant is well adapted for hedges, on account of its very close growth and its dense prickly foliage, which is quite effectual in keeping out cattle, as well as mischievous small boys; besides this recommendation, it bears clipping well, growing quickly and filling up vacant spaces, and forming dense wall-like hedges. The capability of trimming the holly into any

form is exemplified by the curious solid-looking bushes, which appear as if cast in a mould, and which we occasionally still see standing in many parts of the country as relics of the old system of Dutch horticulture once prevalent here. Evelyn, the celebrated author of "Sylva," immortalises a holly-hedge which he had at Says Court in the following words:—"Is there under heaven a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind than such an impregnable hedge, glittering with its armed and varnished leaves, the taller standards at orderly distances blushing with their natural coral?" This hedge, which was four hundred feet long, five feet broad, and nine feet high, was planted at the suggestion of Peter the Great, who resided at Says Court during the period of his employment at Deptford Dockyard.

The prickly leaves of the holly in a great measure protect it from the ravages of cattle, though sheep and deer are very fond of it, and, when hungry, will even devour the leaves, spiny as they are. It is singular, but not an isolated fact among plants, that though the lower leaves are wavy and spiny when the tree is allowed to grow on unmolested, the leaves of the upper branches become flat and more of an ovate form. The plants also berry more freely when left untouched, to which fact Evelyn alludes in the passage just quoted about the "taller standards blushing with their natural coral."

There are many varieties of holly in cultivation, some with yellow instead of red berries, some with variegated foliage, and a variety called *echinata* is literally covered with spines.

The old English name of the holly was "Holm," or "Holm Oak," and in many parts of England it is still known by these names; and Holmsdale, in Surrey, and other villages whose names commence with Holm, have been derived from the abundance of hollies which once grew in their vicinities. It has been thought that the "Greenwood-tree," familiarised in the story of Robin Hood and other old English ballads of forest life, was identical with the holly. It grew in great abundance at Sherwood and other places in the central and northern counties.

The custom of decorating our churches and houses with this evergreen at the festival of Christmas is of very ancient origin. It is said to be derived partly from the fact of the plant being a symbol of immortality, as well as from the old custom amongst the Druids, of decorating their dwellings with evergreens during winter, so "that the sylvan spirits might repair thither and remain unnnipped by frost and cold winds until a milder season had

renewed the foliage of their darling abodes." If the introduction of holly for the decoration of the interiors of sacred edifices and domestic dwellings can be satisfactorily traced to this period, it is certain that the use of other evergreens for a similar purpose originated at a period far antecedent, for we read that in the old Jewish feasts the custom was very common.

With the Romans the holly was in great estimation, from the fact of its being in perfection just at the season of universal rejoicing for the birth of the Saviour. Amongst the Harleian manuscripts is an old carol in praise of the holly, written about the middle of the fifteenth century. It runs as follows:—

Nay, Ivy, nay, It shall not be I wys,
Let Holy hafe the maystry as the manner ys,
Holy stond in the Halle, fayre to behold,
Ivy stond without the dore, she ys full sore acold.

Holy and hys mery men they dawnsyn and they syng;
Ivy and hur maydenys they wepyn and they wryng,
Ivy hath a lybe, she laghtit with the cold
So mot they all hafe that wyth Ivy hold.

Holy hath berys as red as any rose,
They foster the hunters, kepe them from the does;
Ivy hath berys as black as any elo,
Ther com the oule and ete hym as she goo.

Holy hath byrdis, a ful fayre flock,—
The nyghtyngale, the poppyngye, the gayntyt lavyrok,
Good Ivy! what byrdis hast thou?
None but the howlet, that how! how!

Certainly no plant is better suited than the holly to the purposes for which it is so much in request. In evergreen decoration, a sprig of holly can always be made available, while an equal-sized spray of any other evergreen would probably be difficult to arrange with taste; but the time is rapidly passing away in which the indiscriminate heaping of boughs and branches in all sorts of conceivable, as well as inconceivable, places was the order of the day; and if the present system of church decoration is not strictly in accordance with the laws of nature, it has the charm of being in keeping with the architecture of the building. Though the stripping of the leaves one by one from their stems, and stitching them in regular order upon bands of tape, may be an act repulsive to the refined taste of a stickler for natural forms, it is, nevertheless, nice work for young ladies; and after all, if these bands are properly arranged in their proper places, they are very effective: the leaves, however, should always be pointing upwards. Almost any amount of holly can be used in the decoration of a church, but it should not be so used to the exclusion of other evergreens, such as ivy, laurel, bay, &c. Ivy,

indeed, is a necessary adjunct to all Christmas decorations, especially to those of an ecclesiastical character; for upon a wall, or at the base of a column, a few well-selected pieces of trailing ivy, thick and clustered below and becoming gradually thinner above, have not only a perfectly natural appearance, but also a very pleasing one.

Immense quantities of holly, laurel, and other evergreens are cut at this time of the year solely for the purposes of decoration. The wood of the holly, which is close-grained, though hard and somewhat elastic, is much valued for whip-handles, and the larger wood for turnery work, and it has also been used as a substitute for box in wood engraving. It is perhaps the whitest wood known, but in the largest trees the duramen, or heart wood, becomes brownish and very hard. The bark of the holly was some years back brought into notice as a tonic and febrifuge, and Dr. Roussseau, of Paris, who communicated his researches on the subject to the Medico-Botanical Society of London, received the reward of a silver medal for his essay. His impression was that it would prove of greater value than even cinchona; but up to the present time nothing has been discovered which in any degree approaches the efficacy of that great febrifuge. The bark, however, has been so used, and it is said with complete success, though it has no place in the British Pharmacopœia. Its active properties depend upon a peculiar principle called ilicine.

The most common use of the holly-bark is in the manufacture of bird-lime, which is used for entangling birds. The middle bark is preferred for this purpose; it is boiled in water for seven or eight hours, by which time it has become quite soft and tender; it is then removed and piled in heaps in underground pits, and the water drained from it; fermentation ensues, and it subsequently passes into a mucilaginous state; it is then made into a paste by being pounded in a mortar, kneaded and washed till it is quite free from all foreign bodies, after which it is placed in earthen vessels again to ferment and purify; nut oil or goose-fat is mixed with it, and it is ready for use. Bird-lime, however, is not produced wholly from the bark of the holly. It is made of the viscid berries of the mistletoe, the young shoots of the elder, and the barks of many other plants; but the holly furnishes the best kind.

The berries of the holly are of no use, other than for decorating purposes; they have violent emetic and purgative properties; thrushes and blackbirds, however, eat them in winter without any ill effects.

JOHN R. JACKSON.

THE LEGEND OF HEROD AGRIPPA.

I.

White of lip, and darkly wondering what the future
for the dead,
Sate Agrippa, inly shivering with the poplars over-
head,
Something of the greater Herod's spirit bidding him
to hide
Terror's signs from the divining of the soldiers at his
side.
"Lingers then the cursed dotard thus to point his
reddened knife
At the head a crown should garland? Have I mea-
sured out my life?
Rays that bound with freshened brilliance from each
burnished helm and brand,
Where shall I be when your brightness breaks to-
morrow o'er the land?
Drops monotonously tinkling with a music never old,
Where shall I be when the morning tips your topmost
curve with gold?
Years shall see those coarser fingers fling the tale too
quick for ken;
Years shall hear those ruder voices chatter: 'Where
shall I be then?'"
Plashed the fountain without ceasing, blazed the sun
behind the trees,
And the gaming guard around him mocked his anguish
with their ease.
White of lip, and inly shivering with the poplars over-
head,
He sate waiting for the sundering of his threatened
being's thread.
Said a soldier who in boyhood, ere he saw the eagle
sign,
Oft his yellow curls had mingled with the yellow waves
of Rhine:
"Who the prisoner we are watching? Is it death or
gyves he waits?
Tell his name and I will sing the future fixt him by
the fates:
For the queenly womb that bore me gave me wisdom
with my breath,
How to know the lot of life and see the coming doom of
death.
In the swooping of the eagle, in the raven's bitter
croak,
In the waving of the willow, by the berry on the oak,
I can read a writing written that is written not for
thee;
And dread visions grow before me that thine eye can
never see.
What his name?"—"Agrippa Herod."—"What his
crime?"—"An idle word,
Bringing laughter on the Prince's sacred name, and
overheard."
"Hark to me, Agrippa Herod," said the seer, "while
I divine
By the art my mother taught me by the yellow waves
of Rhine:
Hark to me!" And lo above them, in the blinding
noonday light,
On an olive bough descending perched the omened bird
of night.
"Mark yon owl! Thou shalt not perish, thou shalt
live to quit thy den,
And once more to walk superior to the common herd of
men:
He that reigns shall die, and thou that fearest now
shalt one day reign,—

Guards to shield thee, wits to flatter, courtiers bending
in thy train.
When thou drinkest in thy palace, when thou hear'st
the crowd's acclaim,
And thy word can raise or ruin, and men tremble at thy
name,
Think of when thou crouchedst shuddering 'neath the
owl upon the tree,—
Mid the painted cares of kingcraft, Prince Agrippa,
think of me!
But remember when the next time thou behold'st yon
omened bird,
And old memories of thy peril by the sight of it are
stirred,
Then not thrice from rise to setting shall the sun-god's
horses fly,
Ere the proud Agrippa Herod, Lord of Galilee, shall
die."

II.

Round the sanded centre circling thousands sate to
greet the king;
And the cars and horses waited for his sign to orb the
ring;
Gentler through the tinted canvas poured the noon-
sun's fiery blaze,
And a hundred scented fountains spread the rainbow in
his rays;
Maidens wooed the wind with feathers; chiefs and
varlets buzzed the news,
Conned the grace of girls, and wagered gold on gladi-
ators' thews;
What the last despatch from Caesar? Would his purple
favour rest
Longer on the Asmonéans? See how Miriam there
was drest!
Strange that Nazarethian faction! But the king had
pledged his crown
He would purge his faithful realm of them and smite
the dreamers down.
Hush! The silent soldiers wind like thread of steel
before the throne;
Pages' treble laughter follows bearded elders' solemn
frown.
Dames and high estates pace onward,—for a breath-
space all is still;
Seem the pent acclaims in every straining throat to
overflow;
Then Agrippa, silver shining from his coralet and his
crown,
Gems in mazy webs inwoven glittering on his Tyrian
gown,
Flinging smiles and recognitions, passes to his silken
seat,
And his spangled train of courtiers group them noise-
less at his feet.
Light from many-sided jewels shimmered, and the
slanting sun
Limned his likeness on the coralet—like himself at
noon it shone;
Shrank the eyes of dazzled starers, dropped their heads
in sudden fear,
Then a shout rang through the benches, "Lo a living
god is here."
And Agrippa spoke benignant, with a proud Olympian
nod,
And the doubling din of homage rang again, "A god!
A god!"
Slowly round the rings of clamour flattered Herod
ranged his eye,
Higher, higher, till it rested on the narrow rim of sky;

Higher, where the scarlet canvas dyed and dimmed the
dazzling light,
And upon a gilded cable lo there perched the bird of
night!
Then his fancy flashed returning to the day when he
was young,
When athwart his youth Tiberius darkening shades of
ruin hung,
And he thought of how he trembled for the headsman's
threatened sign,—
How the soldier taught the fate-lore of the yellow waves
of Rhine,—
How the owl had flapped her pinions on the olive o'er
his head,—
And he paled and cowered shivering, and no further
word he said;
But a foul and fatal sickness seamed his skin and burnt
his bones,
And his palace courts resounded with dread echoes of
his moans;
And but twice from rise to setting had the sun-god's
horses fled
When accursed Agrippa Herod, Lord of Galilee, was
dead.

BLOMFIELD JACKSON.

FOOT-LIGHTS.

FROM certain lines in Beaumont's poetic
address to Fletcher upon his pastoral play of
the "Faithful Shepherdess," it would appear
that wax lights were employed of old to illumi-
nate the Elizabethan theatres:—

Nor want there those, who, as the boy doth dance
Between the acts, will censure the whole play;
Some like, if the wax lights be new that day;
But multitudes there are whose judgment goes
Headlong according to the actors' clothes.

As, however, the performances commenced at
three o'clock in the afternoon, and the public
theatres of the period were open to the
sky (except over the stage and galleries),
much artificial lighting could not, as a rule,
have been requisite. Malone, in his account
of the English stage prefixed to his edition of
"Shakspeare," describes the stage as formerly
lighted by means of two large branches "of
a form similar to those now hung in churches."
The pattern of these branches may be seen in
the frontispiece to Kirkman's Collection of
Drolls, printed in 1672, representing a view
of a theatrical booth. In time, however, it
was discovered that the branches obstructed
the view of the spectators and were otherwise
inconvenient; they then gave place to small
circular wooden frames furnished with candles,
eight of which were hung on the stage, four
on either side. The frontispiece to the
Dublin edition of Chetwood's "History of the
Stage" (1749), exhibits the stage lighted by
hoops of candles in this way, suspended from
the proscenium, and with no foot-lights be-
tween the actors and the musicians in the
orchestra. It is probable that these candles
were of wax or of tallow, accordingly as the

funds of the theatrical manager permitted. Mr. Pepys in his diary, 12th February, 1667, chronicles a conversation with Killigrew, the manager of the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. "He tells me that the stage is now by his pains a thousand times better and more glorious than ever heretofore. *Now, was candles and many of them: then, not above 3 lbs. of tallow.* Now all things civil: no rudeness anywhere; then as in a bear-garden. Then two or three fiddlers; now nine or ten of the best. Then nothing but rushes* on the ground, and everything else mean; now all otherwise," &c. The body of the house, according to Malone, was formerly lighted "by cressets or large open lanthorns of nearly the same size with those which are fixed in the poop of a ship."

The use of candles involved the employment of candle-snuffers, who came on at certain pauses in the performance to tend and rectify the lighting of the stage. Goldsmith's Strolling-player narrates how he commenced his theatrical career in this humble capacity: "I snuffed the candles; and let me tell you, that without a candle-snuffer the piece would lose half its embellishments." The illness of one of the actors necessitated the pressing of the candle-snuffer into the company of players. "I learnt my part," he continues, "with astonishing rapidity, and bade adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that nature had designed me for more noble employment, and I was resolved to take her when in the humour." But the duties of a candle-snuffer if not very honourable were somewhat arduous. It was the custom of the audience, especially among those frequenting the galleries, to regard him as a butt, with whom to amuse themselves during the pauses between the acts. Something of this habit is yet extant. Even nowadays the appearance of a servant on the stage for the necessary purposes of the performance—to carry chairs on or off—to spread or remove a carpet, &c.—is frequently the signal for cries of derision from the gallery. Of old the audience proceeded to greater extremities: even to hurling missiles of various kinds at the unfortunate candle-snuffer. In Foote's comedy of the "Minor," *Shift*, one of the characters, describes the changing scenes of his life. From a linkboy outside a travelling theatre he was promoted to employment within. "I did the honours of the barn," he says, "by sweeping the stage and clipping the candles. Here my skill and address was so conspicuous, that it procured me the same office the ensuing winter, at Drury Lane, where I acquired in-

trepidity, the crown of all my virtues. . . . For I think, sir, he that dares stand the shot of the gallery in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory with all its customary compliments. . . . But an unlucky crab-apple applied to my right eye by a patriot gingerbread baker from the Borough, who would not suffer three dancers from Switzerland because he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat."

Garriok, in 1765, after his return from Italy, (according to Jackson's "History of the Scottish Stage,") introduced various improvements in the theatre, and amongst them, the employment of a row of footlights in lieu of the old circular chandeliers overhead. The labours of the candle-snuffers in front of the curtain were probably brought to a conclusion soon afterwards when oil-lamps took the place of candles. The snuffer then found his occupation gone. Probably the trimming of the lamps became his next duty; and then as time went on he developed into the "gas-man:" that most indispensable attendant of the modern theatre.

Thackeray, in his novel of "The Virginians," has some very apposite remarks upon the limited state of illumination in which our ancestors were content to dwell. "In speaking of the past," he writes, "I think the night-life of society a hundred years since was rather a dark life. There was not one wax-candle for ten which we now see in a lady's drawing-room: let alone gas and the wondrous new illuminations of clubs. Horrible guttering tallow smoked and stunk in passages. The candle-snuffer was a notorious officer in the theatre. See Hogarth's pictures: how dark they are, and how his feasts are, as it were, begrimed with tallow! In *Marriage à la Mode*, in Lord Viscount Squanderfield's grand saloons, where he and his wife are sitting yawning before the horror-stricken steward when their party is over—there are but eight candles—one on each table and half-a-dozen in a brass chandelier. If Jack Briefless convoked his friends to oysters and beer in his chambers, Pump Court, he would have twice as many. Let us comfort ourselves by thinking that Louis Quatorze in all his glory held his revels in the dark, and bless Mr. Price and other Luciferous benefactors of mankind for abolishing the abominable mutton of our youth."

The first gas-lamp appeared in London in the year 1807; Pall-Mall being the first and for some years the only street so illuminated. Gradually, however, the new mode of lighting made way, and stole from the streets into manufactories and public buildings, and,

* See *ONCE A WEEK*, New Series, No. 45, Vol. II., p. 520.

finally, into private houses. The progress was not very rapid, however; for we find that gas was not introduced into the Mall of St. James's Park until the year 1822. It is difficult to fix the exact date when gas foot-lights appeared upon the stage. But in the year 1828 an explosion took place in Covent Garden Theatre by which two men lost their lives. Great alarm was excited. The public were afraid to re-enter the theatre. The management published an address in which it was stated that the gasfittings would be entirely removed from the interior of the house, and safer methods of illumination resorted to. In order to effect the necessary alterations the theatre was closed for a fortnight, during which the Covent Garden company appeared at the English Opera House, or Lyceum Theatre, and an address was issued on behalf of the widows of the men who had been killed by the explosion. In due time, however, the world grew bolder on the subject, and gas reappeared upon the scene. Some theatres, however, (being probably restricted by the conditions of their leases), were very tardy in adopting the new system of lighting. Mr. Benjamin Webster in his speech in the year 1853 upon his resigning the management of the Haymarket Theatre after a tenancy of fifteen years, mentions, among the improvements he had originated during that period, that he had "introduced gas for the fee of 500*l.* a-year, and the presentation of the centre chandelier to the proprietors."

The employment of gas-lights in theatres was strenuously objected to by many people. In the year 1829 a medical gentleman, writing from Bolton Row, and signing himself *CHIRO-MEDICUS*, addressed to a public journal a remonstrance on the subject. He had met with several fatal cases of apoplexy which had occurred in the theatres, or a few hours after leaving them, and he had been led, with some success, as he alleged, to investigate the cause. It appeared to him "that the strong vivid light evolved from the numerous gas-lamps on the stage so powerfully stimulated the brain through the medium of the optic nerves, as to occasion a preternatural determination of blood to the head, capable of producing headache or giddiness; and if the subject should at the time laugh heartily, the additional influx of blood which takes place, may rupture a vessel, the consequence of which will be, from the effusion of blood within the substance of the brain, or, on its surface, fatal apoplexy." From inquiries he had made among his professional brethren who had been many years in practice in the metropolis, it appeared to him that the votaries

of the drama were by no means so subject to apoplexy or nervous headache *before* the adoption of gas-lights. Some of his medical friends were of opinion that the air of the theatre was very considerably deteriorated by the combustion of gas, and that the consumption of oxygen, and the new products, and the escape of hydrogen, occasioned congestion of the vessels of the head. He thought it probable that this deterioration of the air might act in conjunction with the vivid light in producing either apoplexy or nervous headache. He found, moreover, that the actors were subject not only to headache, but also to weakness of sight and attacks of giddiness, from the action of the powerfully vivid light evolved from the combustion of gas; and he noted that the pupils of the eyes of all actors or actresses, who had been two or three years on the stage, were much dilated, though this, he thought, might be attributable to the injurious pigments they employed to heighten their complexions; common rouge containing either red oxide of lead, or the sulphuret of mercury, and white paint being often composed of carbonate of lead, all of which were capable of acting detrimentally upon the optic nerve.

The statements of *CHIRO-MEDICUS* may seem somewhat overcharged; yet, after allowance has been made for that exaggerated way of putting the case which seems habitual to "the faculty" when it takes up with a theory, a sufficient residuum of fact remains to justify many of the doctor's remarks. That a headache too often follows hard upon a dramatic entertainment must be tolerably plain to anyone who has ever sat in a theatre. Surely, a better state of things must have existed a century ago, when the grandsires and great grandsires of us Londoners were in the habit of frequenting the theatres night after night, almost as punctually as they ate their dinner or sipped their claret or their punch. To look in at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, if only to witness an act or two of the tragedy or comedy of the evening, was a sort of duty with the town gentlemen, wits, and Templars, a hundred years back, when George III. was king. But gas had not then superseded wax and tallow and oil. No constitution could stand a nightly course of the vitiated atmosphere of the theatres as they exist at present. A visit now and then is all we may permit ourselves; and we may deem ourselves fortunate if the merit of the entertainment on such occasions is sufficient compensation for the almost inevitable headache it entails upon us. Modern managers, indeed, have not been properly heedful to make the ventilation of their houses keep pace with the

illumination ; and this has, of late years, been excessive—not merely on the stage, but more inexcusably and unnecessarily in what it seems the fashion to call the “auditorium” portion of the theatre. CHIRO-MEDIOUS did not succeed in his efforts made more than five-and-thirty years ago to “turn off the gas.” But if apoplexy was imminent in those days of comparative darkness, what must it be now when great flare and glitter, and gas-flooded spectacles seem to be indispensable to the stage, and when, moreover, in lieu of the old-fashioned chandeliers diffusing the light, “sun-burners” from above shoot down concentrated rays of fierce light upon the devoted heads of the audience? Reform is very necessary in this matter. Apoplectic seizures may not threaten the spectators so certainly as has been stated, but aching brows and distressed eyes, unavoidable under the existing system, are sufficient afflictions to warrant a demand for improvement. Cannot we come to some compromise with the managers? Let them make their stages as bright as they list if they will but leave the “auditorium” in twilight, and make that twilight as temperate, without draughtiness, as may be.

Beyond increasing the quantity of light, stage management has done little since Garrick's introduction of foot-lights, or “floats,” as they are technically termed, in the way of satisfactorily adjusting the illumination of the stage. The light still comes from the wrong place: from below instead of, naturally, from above. In 1863, Mr. Fechter, at the Lyceum, sunk the floats below the surface of the stage, so that they should not intercept the view of the spectator; and his example has been followed by other managers; and of late years, owing to accidents having occurred to the dresses of the dancers when they approached too near to the foot-lights, these have been carefully fenced and guarded with wire screens and metal bars. But the obvious improvement required still remains to be effected.

George Colman the younger, in his “Random Records,” describes an amateur dramatic performance in the year 1780, at Wynnstay, in North Wales, the seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. The theatre had formerly been the kitchen of the mansion; a large, long, rather low-pitched room. One advantage of these characteristics, according to Mr. Colman, was the fact that the foot-lights or float, could be dispensed with, and the stage was lighted by a row of lamps affixed to a large beam or arch above the heads of the performers,—“on that side of the arch nearest to the stage, so that the audience did not see the lamps, which cast a strong vertical light upon the actors.

This,” says Mr. Colman, “is as we receive light from nature; whereas the operation of the float is exactly upon a reversed principle, and throws all the shades of the actor's countenance the wrong way.” This defect appeared to our author to be irremediable; for, as he argues, “if a beam to hold lamps as at Wynnstay was placed over the proscenium at Drury Lane or Covent Garden Theatre, the goddesses in the upper tiers of boxes, and the two and one shilling gods in the galleries, would be completely intercepted from a view of the stage.” Still, Mr. Colman was not without hope that “in this age of improvement, while theatres are springing up like mushrooms, some ingenious architect may hit upon a remedy; at all events,” he concludes, “it is a grand desideratum.”

Mr. Colman was writing in the year 1830. It is rather curious to find him describing theatres as “springing up like mushrooms,” when it is considered that notwithstanding the enormous extension of London, and the vast increase of its population, but one or two theatres have been added to it during the last thirty years. Meanwhile, the “ingenious architect,” to whom he looks hopefully, to amend the lighting of the stage, is not yet come. But then one does not meet ingenious architects every day. DUTTON COOK.

NURSERY TALES AND TOY BOOKS.

If there were any doubt that the present is an age of colour, a stroll along the streets of the Metropolis as the new year comes upon us, affords a startling proof of the fact. Every bookseller's shop is a grand posy of colour; the old, old stories that we were familiar with as soon as we knew anything are there again, bran new, and more glorious than ever by the aid of another sense. Who says that a love of gorgeous colouring is peculiar to savages? There are half a dozen little ones at home, who tell me I must buy them “Jack the Giant Killer,” and “Blue Beard,” all in beautiful colours, which they have just been gloating over, with noses flattened against the window pane; and I am sure they are not savages! But there are some people who don't believe in anything that is natural, and would reduce all things to sober grey colour, physically and morally.

But what lucky little fellows the children of this generation are! When we were boys, fairy tales were coloured only by the mind's-eye: those who possessed this mental paint-brush no doubt wanted no other; but poor dull children, what could they make out of the ugly woodcuts presented to them? We

declare it is positively distracting to little ones to look into the booksellers' windows just at the present moment. But there are one or two questions about nursery rhymes and fairy tales that bother us exceedingly. Where did they all come from? when did they come? and how is it that they have ceased to come? and why do we feel pretty certain that they never will come again whilst we are upon this earth? Every year children are solicited by writers who fancy they can attract the juvenile mind, but their tales and stories come and go like the summer wind. We question if even the fairy tales of Hans Andersen will survive the present generation.

It seems to us that the old nursery rhyme owes its universal circulation and persistence to the fact that it is transmitted orally by the unlettered nurse. There is nothing of class about it; it is equally the property of the clown and the prince. Every child in the three kingdoms knows "The House that Jack built" and "Little Bo-Peep," and we should say that, not to know "Dickory, dickory, dock" would give a young street Arab an unanswerable claim to admission in a "home" for friendless boys. But to say that the nursery rhyme is indestructible, because it is passed on from generation to generation by the nurse, is not sufficient; there must be some other reason why the old rhymes never die out from among us; and that reason is to be found, we humbly suggest, in the fact that there is something in the rhyme that has a particular aptitude to stick in the memory, just as a bur has a particular aptitude to stick upon our clothes. Let us, for one moment, repeat over to ourselves, "This is the house that Jack built," and we at once see, when the intricacy of the structure of the story is once mastered, how difficult it is to forget it, even if we would. Each ascending "worry," if we may so speak, sticks in the memory, and works its way further in, just as an ear of barley or "creeping grass" works its way up the boy's sleeve. "Dickory, dickory, dock," again, can no more slip out of the mind than a nutmeg grater could slip at its work. "Little Tommy Tucker" possesses the same quality of "sticking;" in fact, there is not a nursery rhyme that does not depend upon its structural roughness, as well as upon its picturesque and grotesque character, for its wonderful vitality.

Nursery rhymes proper are evidently of Teutonic origin, if they be not Anglo-Saxon. There is a matter-of-factness about them, and a sturdy roughness, a giving and taking of blows, which bespeaks the national mind, and which, moreover, addresses itself to one phase of child nature—the love of destruction. Something comes to grief in all the nursery rhymes:

either it is Pussy put into the well, or it is Jack tumbling down and breaking his crown, or the maid in the garden having her nose snipped off, or cock-robin slain, or the babes in the wood perished under the black-berry bushes, or Humpty-Dumpty come to a smash; and it will be observed that the destructive passages seem to excite the curly-headed little darlings more than the sentimental ones. What a pleasant, creepy horror comes over the best-intentioned little maid, when the nasty old wolf gobbles up the grandmother! and what part of "Jack in the Bean-stalk" comes up to the final catastrophe, when Jack cuts away below, and the giant's castle and all comes tumbling about his ears? We must not overlook this destructive tendency in children, if we would write stories to please them. We once saw a little fellow coming out of a house, laying about him with a stick, saying, "I don't care where I goes, nor what I does, nor who I hits;" and he was the type of a boy in sound health, at the unreflective age when it is pleasant to do something, even if that something is the most wanton mischief.

There is a sense of justice and fair play in all the home-grown nursery tales, that contrasts strongly with those of known Eastern origin. In the latter we often find a treacherous cruelty that revolts even the youthful mind: pouring the boiling oil upon the Forty Thieves, for instance, always seemed to us the act of a sneak; and even Blue Beard's cupboard is a horror that would not have suggested itself to an English mind.

We confess, however, to one great want in the literature under notice; we possess no good ghost or goblin stories. Now, as there is no feeling so universal as the ghostly feeling in the child nature, the fact is rather remarkable. We have naturalised a good old fairy in Cinderella, but with this exception we know no nursery tale of universal acceptance and of old renown, that deals with the supernatural. Is it that the native mind cannot rise above a turnip ghost? Whether this be so or not, the fact remains that our nursery rhymes, as a rule, are devoid of the fairies and goblins that gamble and frolic, and are the prime movers in the German nursery lore. We have "Goblin Feasts" and such dainty modern work, but these are clearly exotics intended for a class, and we do not admit that any nursery rhyme can pretend to that name if it belongs to any particular class at all. Puck was not invented for the upper ten thousand; if he had been, we should have cared nothing about him. The nursery rhyme springs from the earth pure and simple like the water spring, and, like that element,

is destined to refresh us all, without distinction of rank. Without doubt the Prince of Wales' little sons are taught "Ding Dong, Bell," as faithfully as the child of meanest hind, and it is this universality which gives half the interest to these rhymes.

The knowledge that for ages we begin life by singing the same doggerel verses, gives them a might that moves us beyond the finest poetry in the language. Imagine a traveller in the interior of Australia suddenly hearing a mother singing "Little Tommy Tucker" to her child, would it not touch the very depths of his nature deeper than the finest thing in Milton, or even Shakespeare himself?

We have been enticed into this little burst of enthusiasm about toy-books and nursery rhymes, by the inspection of a bright little pile of them on our table. Whilst we assert, without fear of contradiction, that we cannot have any more of them, that for some occult reason the age for their production is passed, yet we must admit that they may come to us in a new dress, which gives them an additional interest. The little folk that only appeared to us bright in our imagination, now come forth in all the glory and bravery of colour, not daubs such as we were once foisted off with, but really artistic colour.

There are two firms which appear to have made the desires and applause of children their study in this matter, and we must confess they have succeeded. Messrs. Warne and Messrs. Routledge have striven who shall bring the whole mythology of the nursery once more upon the child's theatre, with the best dresses and appointments. Their toy books and nursery rhymes are the earliest fruit of that new art which is producing such wonderful effects. We allude to colour printing by steam machinery. Without this invention what a multitude of small eyes would not have opened half so wide this Christmas! And when we remember that every picture has to be printed over a dozen times at least with the utmost precision, in order to give all the tints it contains, the price at which these books are produced is truly marvellous. There are, however, two toy-books which have especially attracted our attention as veritable works of art. Messrs. Warne's "John Gilpin" is the perfection of a child's book. The drawing brings before us to the life the individuals in that notable little drama, especially the scene from the balcony of the inn, where Mrs. Gilpin watches the unhappy linendraper flying past. This picture almost deserves to be mounted as a separate drawing, so excellent is the colouring and design. There is another admirable example of both colour and design published

by this firm—the "Nursery Songs," otherwise the gingle verses which form one of the shilling series of "Aunt Louisa's London Toy-books." The method of printing upon a black back-ground throws out the colours with great force; each rhyme has its own charming illustration.

The story of "Cinderella" seems to have drawn out the powers of the artists of both these publishing firms. Messrs. Routledge give us the tale in a mediæval light: the costume is "of the period," whenever that may have been, and the effect is very striking. We might be looking at a design by Leighton, or any of the young artists of genius, who have of late years given us peeps into life as it existed in ages past, so well are the pictures of this fascinating story executed in this shilling toy-book. We do not know that it is necessary that children should care much how the heroes of their tales are dressed, but they cannot suffer harm in any case by finding them *correctly* habited in the picturesque costumes of old.

Messrs. Warne have also produced a "Cinderella," which in an art point of view is almost too good for children. There is one scene, where the young prince and his attendants are walking along a gallery, busy with hawks and hounds, where the tapestry is managed so exquisitely that it forms a picture worthy of Hunt.

Let us notice, last but not least, Messrs. Routledge's "Our Farm Yard," a little volume in which the rural scenes are depicted with all the delicacy of drawing of Birket Foster, and are coloured with a pencil worthy of the drawings.

But there are scores of these books, full of fancy and feeling, that we have not time to mention. Grown people will feel jealous if the little ones are made familiar with art designs that are superior to those they are themselves accustomed to meet with. We must not conclude this paper without referring to one very remarkable child's book, published by Messrs. Warne, which has made more children laugh than any other of modern date—we allude to a "Book of Nonsense," by Edwin Lear. These sketches are drawn as a child would draw upon a slate. This may appear an easy thing to do; but let the reader who thinks so try it, and we will be bound to say that the first child will detect the imposture. Never was a book published that so exactly hit the child's mind as this one; and the fine artist that produced it, is without doubt prouder of the joy these sketches and nonsense rhymes have given to a million of children, than of the powerful pictures with which he has delighted the artistic world. A. W.



PEAL, peal, from the belfry tower,
The bells are ringing at midnight;
The ringers ring a joyous chime,
"A child is born to Father Time,"
And the bells ring out at midnight.

A ship is nearing the harbour bar,
The beacon light flashes at midnight,
And the bells ring merrily over the sea,
"Sailor, a double welcome to thee,
The New Year is born this midnight."

Brave hearts are listening in the town
For the first soft chime at midnight,
And the shout goes up, "Hail, New
Year, hail!
Bring strength and courage that ne'er
shall fail
To carry us through earth's midnight."

As for the angel's step in the pool,
So the watchers watch at midnight,
Loving women waiting to pray
For blessings on those who are far
away,
When the bells ring out at midnight.



The ringers ring with a lusty will,
And the voice goes forth at mid-
night,—
"A brave New Year, a happy year,
To old and young—all people hear—
Bless ye the bells at midnight."

"Bless ye the bells, for angel hands
Have tuned their notes at mid-
night,
That so to every heart their voice
Shall sound, 'The New Year's come,
rejoice,
God's gift to man this midnight.'"
JULIA GODDARD.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCEUR.

CHAPTER XXIX. TWO DAYS LATER; FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.



WAS in the drawing-room alone yesterday afternoon, Aunt Lotty having gone up to Lynncourt. (What a blessing Lynncourt is to her!) I had opened the piano, and my fingers were lazily rambling over the keys. Now I played a bit of one of Mendelssohn's wordless songs, then a mysterious snatch from

Beethoven, and then I strayed into a voluntary of my own, wherein I seemed to hear voices striving to utter their thoughts, but I could not understand them. Now a deep, unexpected chord of wonderful beauty soothed me so inexpressibly that I struck it again and again, now loud and now soft, as though I would make it speak and tell me all its message. But in vain: I could not interpret its meaning. So disappointed, I rushed into a wild melody, wherein, alternately, the treble and the bass took up the strain as though they pleaded against each other; and yet, though seemingly at variance, the cause they pleaded was the same. And still they called to me, and still I listened, and my heart strove to understand, but all in vain! What was their meaning? Portent of joy or sorrow?

Suddenly the door opened, and a gentleman entered. It was too dark for me to see who it was. I thought from the height that it must be Mr. Lynn; but I was soon undeceived when a voice said,—

"You see I have brought my own answer, Miss Dormer."

Then I knew it was Mr. Chester. I was thankful that it was dark so that he could not tell how glad I was to see him, and I tried to steady my voice as I replied,—

"I was afraid that my letter had not reached you."

"It did not reach me as soon as you expected, for I had gone away from Rome for a few days; and when I returned and found it

awaiting me, I thought the best thing I could do was to set off to England immediately, especially as there was a letter from Doris also, begging me to come to her."

How foolish I am! My heart sank down in a moment, and gave no more leaps. It was quiet enough now. It was not *my* letter that had brought him, but Doris's; what could be more natural? I ought to have thought of it. I think I should have done so, only I was so glad to see him that I thought of nothing else.

"Then you know where Doris is?" I asked, after a little pause that I made in order to recover myself.

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

"That is Doris's secret," returned Mr. Chester, with a smile.

And then I was vexed; so I said, in, I am afraid, a little tone of pique,—

"And yours too."

"And mine too," replied Mr. Chester, gravely; then he added, "do you think I ought to betray my trust?"

Just what I had done about the drawing! Mr. Chester would not think me improved. Why will my impulse be ever getting the better of me? All I could do was to say,—

"No." And then I added, "Perhaps I ought not to have asked; but I am very anxious about Doris."

I meant it as a little apology for my hastiness, and he understood it.

"Miss Dormer," he replied, "how long will you continue to think that I am finding fault with you?"

There was such a cordial frankness in his tone, that I could not help being impulsive again.

"As long as I have a conscience, I suppose; for when my conscience accuses me, I feel that people must accuse me also."

And this time impulse succeeded better.

"You need not fear much fault-finding as long as you listen to so good a mentor."

It was pleasant to hear a word of appreciation from him, though I knew he was thinking of Doris all the time; and then for the first time it flashed upon me that possibly he had already seen her; and so I asked him whether this were the case? But he answered,—

"No; I came straight to you, for I wished for your advice."

He had come to Green Oake first! Hush, thou foolish heart! It is only because he is so anxious to do everything for the best for Doris.

"I think Doris should return to us—to her father," I said. "If she knew how much he is suffering, how ill he looks, she could not stay away. It is her duty, too. Her mother appears to have looked forward to it, and to have wished it. And yet, Mr. Chester, there is something I don't quite understand. It seems that, under certain circumstances, the packet would never have been given up. That it was not sent as a last bequest from Mrs. Gresford to her husband, but that his receiving it depended upon some emergency arising in which Doris needed a protector. It is this point that has so startled Doris: and the only way in which I can account for her objection to going to Lynncourt is, that she thinks her mother did not intend her to go if it could be avoided; and so she has determined, as long as she has health and strength, to render Mr. Lynn's assistance unnecessary."

"I partly gather the same idea from her letter," returned Mr. Chester; "but stronger than this feeling seems to be her distrust of Mr. Carmichael and her determination not to take advantage of anything that he has a hand in. She tells me she cannot define this feeling, nor give any reason for it, but that it has weighed upon her mind ever since she came to Green Oake."

"It has, I know," I replied. "The very first night she was here she told me of it."

"And you have had a similar feeling, and so have I," said Mr. Chester. "So I suppose there is something in it, though it seems rather uncharitable, since we've none of us any grounds to go upon."

"Mr. Chester, I think—I believe—"

And there I stopped.

"Well, what do you believe?"

"I don't know—I—perhaps—I—" And again I paused.

"Not very lucid," said Mr. Chester, laughing. "What is it, Miss Dormer, that so perplexes you?"

I laughed, too, and yet I wished I had not begun my sentence, for what right had I to be bringing an accusation against Mr. Carmichael without any proof? And yet in my own mind I was convinced that he had opened Doris's packet.

"I think," I said, "that I ought not to have begun my sentence. Will you consider it unspoken?"

"Certainly, if you really wish it," replied Mr. Chester.

And then I inquired if he had yet opened the packet that Mrs. Gresford had given to him.

"Yes; but it is not for me. The outer envelope was addressed to me, but enclosed I found a letter for Doris, as you see."

And he put his hand into his coat-pocket. He started; the letter was not there.

"I could have been certain that I had it with me, but I suppose I must be mistaken, and that I put it back into my portmanteau. Yes, it must be there," he said, as if trying to assure himself of a fact that he wished to believe.

But I could see that he felt uneasy. At any rate I did, for I felt that on this letter probably depended the happiness of the two involved in this sorrowful affair. Doubtless it was an appeal from the mother to the daughter.

"Oh! it cannot be lost," I exclaimed.

"I trust not," was Mr. Chester's rejoinder. "I think it would, after all, have been safer with you."

"Oh, no; then it would have been certain to——"

What was I thinking of?

"Oh, surely Mr. Chester you will find it—you must find it; everything depends upon that letter." These last words I spoke very earnestly, for suddenly a flood of light poured into my brain, and I was dazzled and confused, and knew nothing plainly but the one idea that stood out clear before me. "The packet must not be lost."

Mr. Chester looked at me in some surprise.

"Miss Dormer, will you not trust me?"

"I have nothing to trust you with."

"Pardon me, there is something."

"Nothing tangible. It is so indefinite. I have no right—I dare not—I ought not to speak."

"For Doris's sake," pleaded Mr. Chester.

But I was firm.

"No, Mr. Chester, not even for Doris's sake at present, though the time may come when I can speak more freely."

I saw by the firelight, for the fire that had been smouldering had suddenly blazed up brightly, that Mr. Chester looked disappointed. But I could not help it. I was determined that he should not draw my thought from me. For it was but a thought, an inspiration, perhaps a revelation; but it was too vague to shape into words just yet.

So I only shook my head when he was going to say something more about it, and then I asked him about his journey, and when he thought of returning.

"Not until I have settled this matter about Doris."

"I am afraid," said I, "that I have not helped you much."

"Yes," he answered, "you have satisfied me that my own view on one point is correct. Doris must be persuaded to return to Craythorpe. Lynncourt of course must be her proper home."

"And her inheritance," said I.

"That need not follow."

He had evidently considered the point. I knew he would not care about the fortune, in spite of what Mr. Carmichael had said. But he did not know how the property was settled.

"It is so willed," I answered, "that the eldest child *must* have it."

"And this is Mr. Carmichael's way of making an heiress of Doris."

"Yes; and I believe she would have been far happier without it. And yet but for this fortune I don't believe that Mr. Carmichael would ever have brought her here."

"I don't, either."

And then we talked on, and our subject naturally was Doris, until quite suddenly he said,—

"Have I found my way into your story yet, Miss Dormer?"

I was by no means prepared for the question; yet I managed to answer it readily.

"You have, Mr. Chester. You and Doris are my hero and heroine at the present crisis."

And if I had been discomposed by the abruptness of the question, I think he was surprised at my reply, for he looked a little confused. He saw that I had discovered his secret. I was glad to let him know that I had.

"You see," I went on, "that Doris's talisman has worked successfully if you still desire to be a hero."

He did not speak at once, but after a little he said,—

"I thought you did not believe in talismans."

"But you see this one is beginning to make me credulous. I suppose Doris is an enchantress, and has fascinated me to do her bidding."

"Are you sure that it is Doris's work?" asked Mr. Chester, eagerly.

No, I was sure of nothing of the kind; but I was not going to tell him so, therefore I replied, evasively, (alas! is my truth going?)—

"Who else could have done it? Did she not insist upon having the hair to twist together, and who knows what spells she may have used?"

"I thought you gave the lock freely."

"So I did; for Doris wanted it, and what

use to me was a lock of hair that could not be fastened on my head again?"

Oh dear! where is my truth ebbing to? Had I not given it because he had asked for it; and I, like a simpleton, had fancied that he wished to have it?

Mr. Chester made no reply; but he opened a large locket that was attached to his chain, and took therefrom the curious knot that Doris had so deftly twined. He carefully untied the fastening that bound the ends of the hair; then, with a skill that surprised me, he separated the dark hair from the light; the dark lock he replaced in the locket, the light one he held towards me.

"I have never felt satisfied about keeping it," said he, "and now I restore it to its rightful owner."

My cheeks burned with mortification; I knew he had never cared for it, he preferred having Doris's alone. Mine was forced upon him, and he could not well have refused it. I took the piece of hair, and was about to fling it into the fire; but he held my hand back.

"No, not that," he said.

But with a great effort I wrenched my hand away, and threw the hair into the flames.

"There," said I, "that is the best place for it."

He sprang forward, but it was too late: the flames had devoured it.

Then I stood silent, all my passion was gone; and I wished that I had said nothing about the talisman. But it could not be helped now. And Mr. Chester turned to go away.

"I will write when I have seen Doris, and I will try to persuade her to come back to Craythorpe."

I asked him if he would not wait to see Aunt Lotty, she would be at home before long; but he said his time was limited, and he must go. Then we shook hands, and said "Good-bye" to one another. But when he reached the door he came back to where I was standing.

"Miss Dormer," he said, "I have been very foolish. Will you pardon me if I have caused you any annoyance?"

"You have not annoyed me," I replied, in a low tone; "it is I who have been wrong."

"No, no," he returned, "you misunderstand; it is I who am to blame. But we must not quarrel," he added; "we have still one interest in common—Doris."

"Yes;" and I felt the subtle imp that I so tried to withstand knocking at the door of my heart. But I shut it fast; it should not enter.

"We part good friends?" and he held out his hand.

"Quite good friends," I replied, giving mine in return.

So we shook hands again, and Mr. Chester went away. And I threw myself on the sofa, and burying my face in the cushions, tried to think over quietly his visit.

I recalled all I had said about the talisman, and thought of the day when Doris had made it; and putting the two together I began to be afraid that Mr. Chester would have reason to think me untruthful as well as hasty.

But what does it matter what Mr. Chester thinks? Probably he never thinks at all about a person he so little cares for. Nevertheless, I felt very miserable. And then Aunt Lotty came in, and seeing me lying down, she thought that I must have a headache.

"And you have been crying too, dear," she said, "and that is the worst thing in the world for a headache, though I could have cried over and over again with one."

But I told her that I had no headache, that I felt a little tired, but that none of us need cry now for I had good news for her. Mr. Chester had been here, and he had had a letter from Doris, and knew where she was, and was going to persuade her to come back to Craythorpe.

"And he'll do it," responded Aunt Lotty; "but she won't stay long at Craythorpe, for that wedding is sure to come about. And Joyce dear, you'll make a very pretty bridesmaid."

CHAPTER XXX.

JOYCE DORMER went to her bed that night repeating Aunt Lotty's words:—"That wedding is sure to come about." Of course it was; had she not been prophesying it to herself ever since Mr. Chester's first appearance; so what need was there for it to cause her so much consideration? She would dismiss it from her thoughts. She ought to be very glad that Mr. Chester was going to marry Doris. She thought she *was* glad, she tried to persuade herself of it, and then she fell asleep.

Mr. Chester travelling in the night-train had also his reflections, and they were as follows:—"She does not care for me, that is plain enough. What a fool I have been to think of such a thing. I will go back to Italy, and stay there until I have forgotten Joyce Dormer."

He rang the changes on these few sentences as he lay back in the carriage endeavouring to go to sleep; but in vain, sleep would not come, or if it vouchsafed its presence for a moment it would not stay, and he woke with a start, muttering,—

"She does not care for me."

As he passed from Shoreditch he saw not the miles of houses any more than Doris had done; neither did he indulge in musings on the city and its inhabitants. It was in comparative darkness as he whirled along; the lights were out in most of the windows, and the street-lamps alone stood as sentinels through the night watches. A mighty shadow had fallen across the city, Midnight had stretched out her wings and reigned in solemn silence; and from her throne crept forth Fear and Murder and Robbery and Wrong, that revelled in the night-time, and hated the light of day. But Midnight was blind and could not see them, so knew not whither they went nor what evil was doing. She heard the startling shriek of agony, the wild cry of terror, the wail of misery, the smothered burst of anguish; but she could give no help, for she was blind, and Midnight wept upon her stately throne; for she felt desolate and powerless. And still she listened, and through the darkness softer sounds struck on her strained ear; the gentle breathings of quiet sleepers; the prayers of those who prayed for others as well as for themselves; the voice of thankfulness that another child was born to earth; the song of angelic triumph that floated upwards as a soul released from all its cares was carried in angelic arms unto the gates of heaven. Then Midnight was comforted, and felt that in her reign good mixed with the evil, and that all was not the blackness of despair. But her rule grew feebler, and the grey dawn told of the approach of a gorgeous Monarch from the East. He was at some distance yet, so Midnight struggled to maintain her seat a little longer on her tottering throne.

And still in darkness, Mr. Chester reached the station, at which Doris had arrived about a fortnight before. He found, as Doris had done, that there were no conveyances to be had; so he walked to the little town near, and there procured a bed for the remainder of the night, and early the next morning drove over to Linton. He made his way to Mrs. Howell's.

The good woman uttered an exclamation of joy on seeing him.

"Oh, sir! but I'm glad you're come; here's Miss Carmichael drooping like a snow-drop, and I can't do anything to raise her spirits, and I don't know where her friends are, so I can't send to them, and we thought the letter could not have got to you, or surely you'd have answered it."

"I've come myself, and that is better, is it not, Mrs. Howell?"

And at that moment Doris, who had caught

the sound of voices, flew down-stairs, crying out,—

"Oh, Gabriel, Gabriel, I am so glad to see you."

"But I'm not glad to see you looking so ill and so very unlike yourself, my poor child," said Mr. Chester, looking compassionately on Doris, who was whiter than ever, and her large, dark eyes seemed unnaturally large and lustrous.

"You'll tell me what to do, Gabriel?" and she clung to his arm. "I cannot go back to Craythorpe; you don't think I need go there, do you?"

"We must talk it all over, Doris," he answered; "and then you will be ready to do what is best."

Doris did not know; she could never feel that it was best to go back to Craythorpe and take poor Archie's property from him, whatever Gabriel might think.

"Perhaps we could arrange that the property may be left as it is."

Her face brightened.

"Could we? Uncle Carmichael said that nothing could be done to prevent my having it."

"I thought," returned Mr. Chester, smiling, "you told me that you did not trust Uncle Carmichael; that you did not believe in him; that you had a feeling that, whatever he said must be false, and now you are turning round and are inclined to doubt me, and to believe in him."

Doris looked up; one of her old smiles came over her face, and she laughed.

"Now, dear old Gabriel, that is just what you used to do, making me turn round against myself, whether I would or not. But I don't think I should ever be happy at Lynncourt, even if I could get rid of the fortune and so disappoint Uncle Carmichael. It's just to spite Mr. Lynn, and not on my own account, that he wants me to have it."

"I have guessed that much myself, Doris. But, nevertheless, Lynncourt is the proper place for you. You ought to be with your father."

"But I can't feel as if he were my father," said Doris. "It is so strange. Besides, my mother was not there, and I feel that I cannot live in a place where she ought to have been."

"But, Doris, this is childish. Consider the circumstances. How could it have been otherwise. And if your mother suffered, Mr. Lynn has suffered also, and still suffers. Think what a terrible revelation this has been to him."

"Is he ill?" asked Doris, abruptly. "Have you seen him?"

"No; but Miss Dormer tells me how changed he is."

"Then you've been to Green Oake and have seen Joyce. What does she say? What does she think?"

"She thinks that you ought to return at once to Craythorpe. We agreed entirely upon that point."

"Then you've been quarrelling about something else?" and Doris looked up inquiringly.

"I hope not," answered Mr. Chester, somewhat evasively.

"But something like it," pursued Doris. "I wish Joyce would learn to like you, Gabriel. I've tried my best to make her."

"You see she does not," he returned, quietly. "I think you had better leave off trying."

"Perhaps, if you liked her a little better," suggested Doris.

"I do not think that would have any effect. But we will not discuss Miss Dormer's likes and dislikes. I want to settle your affairs. What do you say to my taking you back to Craythorpe?"

"I cannot go," said Doris.

"But, Doris—"

"No, I cannot live at Lynncourt. I shall never be happy there, and I don't want to see Mr. Lynn again."

"Nor Miss Dormer, nor Aunt Lotty?"

"I wish you would call her Joyce, Gabriel. It seems to me that you dislike her as much as she dislikes you."

"Joyce, then; don't you wish to see her?"

"Yes, I do. Oh, how I wish that you and I and Joyce could go far away and leave all those people, and live together somewhere. Oh, why did my mother let Uncle Carmichael know anything about Mr. Lynn; she would not have done so had she known how unhappy it would make me."

"Doris," said Mr. Chester, remembering the packet, "I have a letter for you. Your mother gave it to me some years ago to take care of for you. Will you promise to abide by what she tells you to do in that letter?"

Doris sat for a few moments without speaking, with her hands over her eyes.

Then she said, very slowly, "I will."

"It is in my portmanteau," said Mr. Chester. "I ordered the man to drive to the best inn he could find in the village, so I suppose I shall find it there."

Mrs. Howell directed Mr. Chester to the principal inn in the place.

"And what about Miss Carmichael, sir?" she asked, as she followed him to the garden-gate.

"I think she ought to go back to her friends, Mrs. Howell."

"So do I, sir, and I hope you'll persuade her to do it. I don't wonder she feels as she does, poor thing, when she looks back upon her mother's sorrows and hardships. I'm fain almost to side with her in one way, and yet I can't help seeing that the right course is for her to go back to her own kindred." And Mrs. Howell opened the gate.

"I shan't be long before I'm back again," said Mr. Chester. And he went away.
(To be continued.)

FLATH INNIS.

A Legend of Seals.

SAD he sits upon the headland,
Musing o'er the days departed,
And the eyes of Owen linger
Tearful on the dim horizon,
Where the far-off clouds blush warmly
In the purple hues of sunset.

As the old man paused and pondered,
Visions of the days departed
Swam in tears before his eyesight;
And his home rose up before him,
With its joys and tender sorrows,
Ere the hand of God lay heavy
On the eyelids of the sleepers.

Forty Advent moons have risen,
Cold and heedless o'er the hill-side,
Since his boy, his own lost David,
Lifted up his fevered forehead
For his father's kiss, and whispering,
"I am sleepy," slept in Jesus.

She sleeps sound, his fair-haired Gwynneth,
Where beneath the golden sunlight
They have laid her down so gently
In the sweet soft bloom of girlhood,
That the children's voices, floating
Daily o'er her from the chancel,
May bear to her dreams of heaven,
Standing on the heavenly hill-side,
While a still voice calls, "Beloved,
See, the spring-time dawns; the winter
Hath departed, and the singing
Of the summer birds swells louder
For the Resurrection morning."

Not alone she sleeps. The mother
May not leave her loved ones lonely;
They have ever slept beside her,
So beside them now she slumbers.
Wake them not! They rest in Jesus;
Cares and tears press not the pillow
In the grave of the departed.

It is lonely here to ponder
On the days no more returning,
While the evening breeze flings lightly
Round his feet the laughing ripples,
Babbling countless one to other
From the barren fields of ocean.
It is vain to watch the sunlight
Lingering in the clouds of evening
On the distant fair horizon,
And to wonder whether haply
That fair rosy range of cloudland

May be like the hills of heaven.
Vain! for see, the tints are dying,
And before the rising storm-blast,
Sweeping on, with train majestic,
Rolls the cloud across the waters;
While before its skirts the breakers
Rush and roar and foam in fury,
As the ear of Owen faintly
Hears the rush swell loud and louder,—
Hears the hiss of driven billows
Drawing nearer to the headland,
In the veil of drifting darkness.

Nearer still it comes, and nearer
Comes the cloud; three furlongs nearer
It will sweep the shore, when sudden
Lulls the wind; the cloud breaks open,
And from that black womb a vessel
Issues forth, white-sailed, majestic,
Gleaming in the mellow twilight,
As she sways with gentle motion
To the longing feet of Owen.

Solitary, unsaluting,
On the smooth and silent water
Swings her hull: her sails are shifted,
And her helm is held and handled
By an arm unseen, unearthly;
But a voice of many sailors
From her deck swells up in chorus,
Calling him with words of welcome:—
"Friend, arise! our craft awaits thee;
Come on board, we call thee, Owen!
We are bound for our far haven,
In the Isle of the Departed."

Scarce his feet have pressed her gangway
Ere the misty cloud wraps round her,
As she sails full-breasted onward
In the glory of her plumage
O'er the western verge of Ocean.
Seven days gleam dimly round him,
Seven nights close in with shadow:
Many voices float in sweetness,
Sounding distant yet beside him;
Murmurs of the wayward breezes
Pass on either side unheeded,
As he sleeps not—yet unwary,
As he eats not—yet not hungered,
And the eighth day's dawn uprises
On the voyage-week completed.

Then burst forth the pent-up tempest,
O'er the savage waste of waters,
And the roar rose up to Heaven
Round the reeling ship, as darkness
Thickened round her, and a thousand
Voices thundered, "'Tis the Island!
Lo, the Island!" And the billows
Opened wide, and calm before him,
Bathed in everlasting brightness,
Lay the Land of the Departed.

Like the fairy hills of dreamland
Spreads the Isle of the Departed,
Underneath the tranquil daylight;
For the sun sheds not his scorching,
Nor the moon her beams at nightfall,
Where the light nor fades nor faints, on
That blest Isle of the Departed.

Gently sloping glades of greensward,
Fall away, far off, in distance,

To the misty range of mountains,
Whence the sound of falling waters
Murmurs musically; melting
From the clouds which hide the summits
Of the Hills of the Departed.

Through each valley dropping downward
Flows the rill of limpid water
O'er the sands of golden granite,
Ever to the grassy margin
Filling full, nor overflowing
On the glades where groups are lying,
Drinking heaven's own bliss foreshadowed
O'er the Dales of the Departed.

There, amid the fruits and flowerets,
Owen's soul brims o'er with longing,
And the father's arms spread open.
What can stir that soul so weary?
Lo! his son, his own lost David,
Hand in hand in loving converse
With the golden-tressed Gwynneth
Wanders through the cedarn alley.
By their side a form of beauty,
Bright with love, looks fondly on them,
See, she turns with smile of welcome,
And he knows his wife—his Ellen.

As once more he hastes to fold her
In his arms, a sound falls faintly
On the scented air of morning;
Swelling now distinct, sonorous,
On the fitful air, now dying
In the sound of whispering waters.
'Tis the bell; whose voice comes distant,
Borne across the western Ocean
From the shores of Earth; announcing,
Slow and sad, his own departure
To the Land of the Departed.

GERARD MOULTRE.

DISTINGUISHED FORGERS.

FORGERS may be divided into two classes—occasional forgers, who avail themselves of opportunities created by their position or falling casually in their way, and professional forgers, whose constant study and business it is to defraud by this means. In the first class is Dr. Dodd, perhaps the most celebrated of all. His crime is a type of a large class of cases of this kind, the interest in which, apart, as in Dodd's case, from incidents in the forger's history, and so on, depends solely on the fact of a man of position and outward integrity yielding to temptation which presents itself. It is obvious that the career of the professional forger, always at war with the society on which he preys, and having by his ingenuity to create the means which fall naturally within the reach of the occasional forger, will offer much more striking points of view. As a contrast to Dodd we may take the case of another great forger of the eighteenth century, who began his frauds (in this way, at all events,) a few years after him.

Dodd was executed in 1777: some three years later began a series of most remarkable

forgeries on the Bank of England, committed by Charles Price, better known by the name given to him from a conspicuous feature in one of his disguises, as Patch.

The unfortunate circumstance of the demise of Mr. Price at a most critical point in his career, when his exploits had only just begun to be the subject of a judicial investigation, compels us to fall back on less trustworthy sources than the records of courts. We have had recourse to "the fifth edition" of a shilling pamphlet, containing, with numerous additions, "Memoirs which first appeared in the English Chronicle." This biography now lies before us, with a frontispiece contrasting the natural appearance of Mr. Price with his portrait in disguise.

Mr. Price cannot be said, according to the time-honoured formula, to have been "born of poor but honest parents," for Mr. Price, sen., a slop-seller in a street off Seven Dials, though probably poor, was certainly not particularly honest; we have no information about Mrs. Price, save the fact or three facts, that she presented Mr. Price with two sons, Thomas and Charles, both of them sad scoundrels in after years, and one daughter, "who" (says a writer in 1786) "still lives in the same street with credit and reputation."

Charles gave early promise of the qualities destined to raise him in after-life to a bad eminence. To cure him of his evil habits his father apprenticed him, but Charles, found out in fresh tricks, soon ran away from his master, and, being turned out of doors by his father, began the world on his own account. A blank of several years now occurs in his biography. When he next emerges to view it is as a gentleman's servant, in which capacity he made the tour of Europe. On his return to England he turned brewer; became bankrupt; set up as a distiller, and for defrauding the revenue was sent to the King's Bench, whence he was released by an insolvent act. He then turned brewer again, and committed fresh frauds. He was now becoming known, and achieved the honour of a short biography in a "Swindler's Chronicle." We next find him pursuing the profession of lottery-office keeper; then he turned stock-broker, failed, and again opened a lottery-office. His last office was in King Street, Covent Garden, whence he was driven by a run of ill-luck. From this time (about the year 1780) he courted obscurity, and entered on his career as a forger, with what success is shown by an advertisement, issued by the Bank of England on the 5th Dec., 1780. A reward was offered for the apprehension of a man charged with forging two notes for 20*l.* and 40*l.* respectively, and described as follows:—"He ap-

pears about fifty years of age; about five feet six inches high; stout made; very sallow complexion; dark eyes and eye-brows; speaks in general very deliberately, with a foreign accent; has worn a black patch over his left eye, tied with a string round his head; sometimes wears a white wig, and his hat flapped before, and nearly so at the sides, a brown camblet great coat, buttons of the same, with a large cape, which he always wears so as to cover the lower part of his face; appears to have very thick legs, which hang over his shoes, as if swelled; his shoes are very broad at the toes, and little narrow old-fashioned buckles; black stocking breeches; walks with a short crutch stick, with an ivory head; stoops, or affects to stoop very much, and walks slow, as if infirm; he has lately hired many hackney-coaches in different parts of the town, and been frequently set down in or near Portland Place, in which neighbourhood it is supposed he lodges." To this description was added that of a woman supposed to be concerned in the forgeries.

In spite of the utmost efforts of the Bank and of the police, Price continued the career of a successful forger for more than five years after the appearance of this notice, and in fact was only detected, after all, in the prosecution of a new system of fraud. His success was in a great measure due to the fact that he himself carried out every step required by his plan. He made his own paper, with the water-mark, and was his own engraver and negotiator; the woman described in the advertisement, the aunt of Price's wife, assisted him as a spy only. She was aware of his frauds, for the forged bank-notes were fabricated in her house, where Price kept all his engines of warfare; but she took no active part, either in the production or (beyond acting as a spy) in the uttering of the forged notes.

The forgery of bank-notes had not long been in vogue when Price took up the business. The Bank of England had been established for sixty-six years without an attempt at the forgery of its notes, when Richard Vaughan, a linen-draper of Stafford, took it into his head in 1758 to counterfeit the bank paper. Forged notes may, therefore, have been more readily negotiable in Price's day, owing to absence of suspicion; just as, according to Darwin, birds unused before to human enemies will allow themselves to be quietly knocked on the head for two or three generations, till distrust of man has had time to be awakened. It is, however, asserted that Price's forgeries were so beautifully executed that they passed unsuspected even through the hands of the bank authorities, till they

came at last to the department where they were checked against a register of notes actually issued by the Bank.

Having carried the production of his forged notes to this high perfection, Price studied the means of uttering them, and adopted, among others, the disguise described in the advertisement, the nature of which seems, however, to have been partly penetrated by the Bank, for his actual height is given, whereas he is said, by means of high-heeled shoes, to have given himself a height of nearly six feet. His age also is given pretty correctly, though he assumed the manner of a man of sixty or seventy. However this may be, so perfect was this disguise that Price had every reason to trust to it. To test its effect, he would go in his natural character to a coffee-house, and ask for an imaginary person, for whom he would then write a letter, leaving it at the bar. Ten minutes later he would come back, disguised; ask in the imagined name for his own letter, drink his coffee, and depart without creating any suspicion of his disguise.

His plans for negotiating his notes show great care and skill. Previously to the announcement of the lottery for 1780, he put in a paper an advertisement for a servant who had been used to live with a single gentleman; applicants were to send their letters to a coffee-house, the address of which was given. This advertisement was answered by a young man then living with a musical instrument maker in the Strand. At dusk one evening about a week later, a coachman inquired for this young man, and took him to a coach, which he was desired by the occupant to enter. Price was there in his "Patch" disguise, and with his face so muffled up that little could be seen of it; he affected great age and bodily infirmity, coughed, and seemed scarce able to move. Samuel, the applicant for the berth, was informed that Price, who on this occasion called himself Brank, wanted him as a servant to a young nobleman, his ward, then in the country. Everything was arranged, and Samuel was to call on Mr. Brank in Titchfield Street a few days later. At the next interview, Price began to prepare for business; he lamented the extravagance of his ward, who, in spite of all he could do, would persist in squandering his money in lottery tickets. After arranging with Samuel about his livery, Price again dismissed him, telling him to call in the evening of the first day of drawing the lottery. Samuel was punctual in his attendance, and Brank, again lamenting the folly of his ward, gave the new servant two bank-notes, out of one of which, for 20*l.*, he was to pay for an eight-guinea chance; the other note was for

40*l.*, and with it Samuel was to buy another chance at a different office. Having executed his commission, Samuel was to wait for Brank at the door of the Parliament Street Coffee-house. He bought the tickets, and was on his way to the place of appointment when he was met by Brank, who inquired whether all had gone right. Satisfied on this point, he gave Samuel fresh notes, out of which to pay two further chances, the offices being again changed. The servant again got his tickets, and was on his way to the City Coffee-house in Cheapside, according to instructions, when Brank again hailed him from a coach, pretending that he had accidentally met him—the fact being that Mrs. Pounteney, the spy, had followed the young man wherever he went, communicating to the forger in his coach the result of each attempt.

On their way to the city, Brank gave Samuel 400*l.* in notes, with instructions, which were all successfully carried out, and at the end of the day, Price had passed off 1,400*l.* in forged notes. On a subsequent day, notes for nearly 1,200*l.* were passed; and later again, 500*l.* more. In negotiating the last parcel Samuel was asked for his address, and gave his old one in the Strand. So, that when the forgery was discovered the servant was arrested. He proved his innocence, and the police ordered him to stay at his old place, that he might aid in entrapping the forger.

After a few days, Brank wrote to Samuel telling him to meet him at a coffee-house the next morning, at eleven o'clock precisely—in Price's system moments were of importance. Samuel was ordered by the police to keep the appointment, but to go five minutes later than the time mentioned. An officer, disguised as a woman, followed him at a little distance, and another, dressed as a porter, came behind. When Samuel got to the appointed place, he found that a porter had just been inquiring for him; this information was carried by Samuel to the officer, who told him to go back to the coffee-house and wait; but the chance was gone. Price had in some way discovered his danger, and did not appear; a rush was made at the house in Titchfield Street, where, however, it was found Price had not been of late: no one there knew whence he came, nor whither he had gone.

On the occasion of the next lottery, Price tried the same plan with similar success; but this time, as 20*l.* and 40*l.* notes were in ill odour, he substituted others of a higher denomination, the officers again got on his track, and again the wily forger escaped.

For five years did he continue the forgery of notes, to pass which, recourse was had to a

variety of expedients, and during this time he had about fifty different names, with disguises to match. At length, however, Price found that it was necessary to vary his frauds. The loose practice of the Bank of England in changing notes for coin had already struck his observant eye, and now opened a new source to him. It was then the custom for the official who received notes from persons making such exchanges, to give a ticket bearing the amount to be paid in coin by the cashier. Price, hanging about a coffee-house in the city, got a boy to take a 10*l.* note to the Bank for exchange, but gave him instructions to bring back to him the teller's ticket, instead of getting it cashed then and there. Having got his ticket for 10*l.*, Price altered the amount from 10*l.* to 100*l.* sent it to the Bank by another hand, and got his money. On the same day, the 17th December, 1785, it was found that two other tickets had been in the same way altered, one from one to four, and the last from one to five. The frauds were only discovered at night by the cashiers. This new system was his ruin, for one of the notes thus obtained and passed to a pawnbroker was traced back. It was discovered that Price came two or three times a week to this pawnbroker's to pledge plate; but that although he had been frequently followed, his address had never been discovered. An officer was stationed here, and on Price's next appearance he was apprehended. The perfection of his disguises was proved by the fact that his innocent accomplices did not recognise him in his natural character. Mrs. Pounteney was traced, and confessed everything; informed by Price of his situation, she had burnt his disguises; but in and about the house were found the remains of a frame used by the forger for making his paper, and the plates and presses for engraving his notes. Before this, however, Price, who on his arrest had behaved with the greatest audacity, saw that the game was going against him, and one day he was found hanging in his cell.

It is interesting to compare with the exploits of Price the proceedings of more modern forgers. If we except a recent case, in which possession was obtained of a quantity of the actual paper on which genuine bank-notes were to have been printed—a daring and ingenious plan, which met the forger's chief difficulty, imitation of the water-mark—the forgery of bank-notes would seem to have greatly gone out of favour. We learn from official returns that forged notes presented to the Bank in ten years from 1801 amounted, at the nominal value, to more than 100,000*l.*, at the rate, that is, of over 10,000*l.* a year; and in a single year, 1817, the Bank prosecuted 142

persons for forgery and uttering forged notes. But forged notes are rarely seen now-a-days, and the amount presented, we should say, although we have no certain information on the point, cannot at all approach the total of former days. The reason of this is obvious: the forger has adapted himself to the customs of the day. Banking has undergone an enormous development, cheques are in everybody's hands, and in the banks of London alone are tens of millions withdrawable on a single signature only, without even the *absolute* necessity of so much as an engraved form of bill or cheque. The forgery of cheques is, therefore, much more in favour in the present day.

For some years past the banking world has been tolerably free from all but occasional attempts at forgery of this description also, owing to the conviction and consequent dispersion of different gangs, but about ten years ago the attacks on the metropolitan banks were carried on to an enormous extent. One gang alone was said to have defrauded them to the extent of at least 10,000*l.*, while another was believed to have procured by forgeries several thousands a year. At that time it was no very uncommon occurrence to have a temporary addition to a bank's staff of a couple of detectives lodged in the bank "parlour," whence they were prepared to emerge on a signal from the cashiers of the appearance of an expected forgery, a bag of farthings to represent gold being sometimes kept ready to deliver to the agent of the forgers in order to avert suspicion till the chiefs could be seized. A cashier was in one instance surprised to see the presenter of a cheque engaged in a desperate struggle with a stalwart countryman, whose smock-frock disguised a detective; in another case, notes had actually been given for a forged cheque of 800*l.*, when the fraud was discovered, and the forger, scarcely recognisable in a different wig, was apprehended in the Bank of England, whither he had gone to change for others the notes received.

If the mechanical skill required for the successful forgery of cheques be less than that needed in the case of bank-notes, the tact and generalship demanded are proportionately greater. The difficulty of imitating the signature is the least part of the affair. Signatures have first to be procured in order that they may be copied; then engraved cheques are required, to procure which a distinct forgery is sometimes needed; the amounts of the forgeries have to be carefully adjusted to the probable balance of the supposed drawer, at his banker's; and when all this is done there remains the extremely difficult and

hazardous operation of presenting the cheque. The varied knowledge and different steps required render it almost impossible for the cheque forgers to "work" alone, and we accordingly find them pursuing their nefarious trade in gangs.

One of the most notorious of these was that headed by James Townsend Saward (known to his *confrères* as "Jim the Penman") who was a barrister, having been called to the bar by the Society of the Inner Temple in 1840. From his cognomen, it is presumable that Saward actually executed forgeries, but it is certain that it was he who suggested and planned the frauds of his gang. He was, in fact, a widely-recognised agent in all sorts of fraudulent business. It was he who knew how to dispose of the bullion stolen in the famous railway robbery, and to him came, as a matter of course, any blank cheques that might be procured. It was thus that the premises of an ironmonger in Spitalfields having been broken into in 1855, two blank cheques and several cancelled ones came eventually before Saward, who paid a visit to the ironmonger's premises, and decided that the cheques which were to be forged must be small ones, limiting himself to 150*l.* for the united amounts of two forgeries.

On another occasion the pocket of a solicitor having been picked of a pocket-book, containing two blank cheques and a letter, showing to whom the book belonged, the question arose, how to get the solicitor's signature? Saward prepared an I.O.U. in an imaginary name, allotted to one of the gang; another took the document to the solicitor and requested him to write to the debtor. This was done, and the money was at once paid. Saward waited for a few days, thinking that the lawyer would pay the money to his bankers, and, on application for the amount, would draw a cheque; but in this he was disappointed. He was not to be foiled, however, and after a while drew a fresh I.O.U. for a larger amount, and having given it the proper appearance of age, had it placed in the solicitor's hands. This time the plan succeeded; the unsuspecting lawyer paid his client by a cheque, the signature to which was copied and transferred to one of the blank cheques in hand. This gang was broken up in 1857, and Saward himself, at the time of his trial, fifty-eight years of age, and, despite his enormous gains by fraud, in great penury, was transported for life.

Another gang carried on in York Buildings, Adelphi, an ostensible business under the style of "Bateman and Co., Law, Parliamentary, and General Stationers," held forth to the world on as plausible and respectable

window-blinds as were ever executed. The real business consisted in forging bills and cheques, coining, and counterfeiting bill and receipt stamps. One member of this association, a "discount agent," bill discounter, and "bill stealer," was said to live at the rate of 4,000*l.* a year. This gang, some eight or ten in number, carried on their frauds so skilfully that although the police suspected what was going on (some of the gang were old forgers), and watched the premises for more than a year, they were unable to find out who executed the forgeries, or to get sufficient evidence to justify the apprehension of the men; till at last the bearer of a forged cheque was secured, and the whole gang was captured.

As an additional precaution, "Bateman and Co.," when they had committed a successful forgery, used to change the notes for foreign money, which at another foreign banker's they would then change back again into English money. On one occasion a bullion dealer paid them by cheque, and this cheque was by them made the basis of further operations: the signature was carefully copied and laid by till a cheque on the required bank could be laid hold of. By some means or other a blank cheque came into their hands, and the signature was then used.

This gang, luckily for the bankers, did not have a long existence; it is that of which we said above that it was estimated to have defrauded the London banks to the extent of 10,000*l.*, or more. It came to grief in 1859, when Wagner and Bateman, the principals, were condemned to penal servitude for life, the "Co." escaping with ten and twenty years.

The effect produced by the breaking-up of these two gangs has been so great, that since that time bankers—who are always being victimised more or less—have not suffered from the frauds of any extensive association—an immunity all the more grateful as succeeding the heavy losses of previous years. The harvest, however, is large, and it may well be feared that the absence of reapers is only temporary.

ALFRED MARKS.

A CATTLE-DRIVE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A SHORT time after I arrived in British Columbia I went to the "Dalles," having as company a Yankee whom C—— had known a little at Lytton, and, being a butcher, we gave him credit for knowing something about cattle driving; but, as it turned out, he was not more up in it than I was.

We were at the "Dalles" nearly three weeks looking out daily for cattle to suit us. It is a wonderful place. Every night the

steamer came in from Portland with some 200 or 300 miners, this being the route to most of the mines, and a bigger set of blackguards I never came across. At the hotel where I was, which is chiefly patronised by miners, there were some 200 daily. Once or twice, when a Californian steamer came in, I saw at least 500. We all went in to supper together, that is to say, as some finished others made a rush to fill their places; and certainly I never saw beef-steaks and mutton-chops disappear quicker. Some of them were splendid-looking men, with long beards and mustaches. They mostly dress the same, in coloured flannel shirts, coats and waistcoats being few and far between, and have a six-shooter and bowie-knife stuck in their belt, of which they make pretty good use. The "Dalles" itself is an assemblage of wooden houses erected close to the Columbia river, and the railroad cars, with enormous puffing engines, are continually running backwards and forwards through the main street.

The citizens are all either hotel, store, gambling-house, or barkeepers, and consequently, in their endeavours to secure the miner's patronage, are continually running foul of one another. I had not been here two days before I had a sample of how they settle matters here. I heard two shots, and running out of the hotel, found that a neighbour had disagreed with our landlord on account of his having nailed a board or two outside the hotel to improve the light, and seeing him and his wife in the first story window, thought the best way of remonstrating would be by letting off a brace of bullets at him and his better half. Fortunately for them, he was a bad shot. The next shot—he had another pistol—would probably have been more successful, but fortunately he was stopped. I afterwards heard that he had been summoned, but the affair was amicably settled before the case came on.

A day or two afterwards one of the waiters at this same hotel, who had quarrelled the night before with a friend of his, was sweeping in front of the hotel, when his friend came behind him and deliberately shot him in the shoulder. For this offence a short term in the Penitentiary was the punishment.

The following week, a man, rather inebriated, was making a disturbance in the post-office, insisting there must be a letter for him, when the marshal of police walked in and requested him to walk out and be quiet; whereupon our friend pulled out his six-shooter, and telling the officer, with any amount of oaths, that he was not going to be talked to by any of his kind, coolly took a shot at him; but somebody behind knocked his arm up, and

the ball went through the ceiling. When he pulled his pistol out everybody "skedaddled" by the door as fast as their legs would carry them; for my part, I "made tracks" behind the counter. Well, I went to this man's trial the next morning, and they let him off with the absurd fine of twenty-five dollars (\$25.). The best thing of the sort I saw at the "Dalles" was, when I was talking to a French stable-keeper about a horse one day, a friend of his came in, and began harping on some old quarrel, and eventually drawing his shooter; but the Frenchman was too quick for him, and knocked him clean off his legs; and several other like cases happened during the short time I was there.

Great excitement was caused by the news of Lincoln's death; and one unfortunate rascal having been heard to say that he was glad to hear it, was immediately strung up. The people take the law entirely in their own hands about there, and form themselves into "Vigilance Committees," for the better observance of their laws. When I was there a gang of horse and cattle thieves was discovered—about eighty altogether; some of them turned out to be men who were looked upon in the neighbourhood as respectable farmers, but who, it now appeared, had been for some years past laying their hands on everybody's property but their own. A "Vigilance Committee" was formed, and the next day fourteen of the gang were hung, the others managing to get off.

I bought two horses at the "Dalles;" and about the third week in April W—— and I started off for Umatilla, a place 140 miles further up the Columbia. We were three days riding it, keeping the same horses, with our blankets, &c., packed upon them. It was by no means a pleasant ride, and W—— soon began to show what he was. I bought some cattle at Umatilla—about 250—and set to work, looking out for some horses; and, in about a week, I secured seven, making in all nine. The next thing, and the hardest of all, was to get men, and when you succeeded in doing so, you could not be by any means sure that they would not cut your throat on the road and appropriate the cattle. I got two Yankees (one a Missouri man, the other a Webfoot or Oregonian,) and a Spaniard; and I hope I may never have the company of such scoundrels on a like trip again.

W—— was drunk nearly every day while we were at Umatilla, and I would much sooner have been without him. Well, we got off at last, with everything fixed, 300 lbs. of flour, some bacon, salt, tea, soap, and a few other things, and on the 11th of May left Umatilla with a nice little trip before

us of close upon 650 miles. Camping out at first came pretty rough, but after two nights I got used to it. And all went right till we reached Walla-Walla river; but here, through W——'s folly, some three cows and twelve or fifteen calves were drowned. It was by the greatest luck in the world that we did not lose half the herd; as, rushing them all in suddenly, they got mired, and were consequently heaped up one on the top of the other. We of course immediately jumped off our horses, and set to work to do our best to get out those that were stuck. Jumping into the mud, we laid hold of the first part of the first animal we came to, one by a leg, another by the tail, and so on, and in about half an hour had them all out with the exception of nine or ten, which had been hopelessly trodden on by the others. For about two hours afterwards the bank of the river was covered with some forty animals, all more dead than alive, but eventually they all got to their legs except some five or six, which were either drowned or smothered. I never worked so hard in my life, and was literally covered from head to foot with black mud, and as I had unfortunately no other clothes, I had to get it off as I best could. The only thing that at all compensated for the ill-luck was a first rate beef-steak supper cut off one of the drowned animals, and I do not think I ever eat a better supper, as it had been nothing but beans and bacon morning and evening for some days.

The next morning we got the cattle across at a different place, and made a big drive up to Snake river, about twenty miles. The Indians were crossing a band of cattle there, and so we had to wait a week, and a more unpleasant week I never spent. Some fifteen cows had lost their calves at the Walla-Walla river, and for about four days they did nothing but try to get back. So all day long they had to be watched, and at night we had to "carrall" them, by walking round them; otherwise, they would to a certainty have gone back, and as there were several men who knew of the loss of the calves, and were on the watch day and night expecting the cows to get back, it behoved us to be careful. I now found out that there was no rest for me by day or night, as the men were ready to take advantage of my back being turned to get off their horses and lie down and sleep, so I had to keep going round and round in bitterly cold nights, and with the wolves howling dismally all round. And if the cows had not forgotten their calves by the fifth day, and allowed us to get a sleep, I do not think I could have stood it any longer, and I never was so thankful for a night's rest in my life.

My next trouble was losing eight big head by poison, done, I am certain, by the Indians, who skinned the carcasses and jerked the meat for winter use. Crossing Snake river was a long job. We had to take lots of about twenty at a time and rush them into the river, where there were two or three canoes of Indians, who accompanied them across, trying to prevent their returning to the bank we started them from by pelting them with stones. This took a long time, as Snake river is half a mile wide, and we had to lasso the calves, then bind their legs, and send them across in the canoes twelve at a time, four in each canoe. It took the Indians about two hours and a half to go across and come back, the current being so strong, that it took them down a couple of miles before they could land on the other side, and when they did come back they all sat down and smoked for about an hour. We spent a fortnight in getting across, and then followed the Columbia for some fifty miles, until we came to the White Bluffs. One old cow died on the road, but what was far worse the cows were still calving, and as the calves would not travel for a week, I had to shoot them all, so that before we had got to the end of our trip, I had killed some forty, and the cows would always try to go back to where they last saw their calves. We used to lasso and stake out those that were not too wild, but those that were (and they were by far the largest number) we had to watch all night, and I had the pleasure of sitting up half the night, watching them on horseback, as it was dangerous to go among them on foot.

At the White Bluffs, fortunately and yet unfortunately, there was a store; that is to say, a log-hut, belonging to a man who kept such things as flour, sugar, beans, &c. I say fortunately, because we were nearly out of everything; and yet, unfortunately, because here my troubles with W—— really began, owing to his being able to buy some stuff they dignified by the name of whiskey, but which was almost pure alcohol.

Leaving the White Bluffs, we reached the plains, and had 140 miles to travel across them before we again struck the Columbia river. It was by no means pleasant travelling; nothing but sand, covered with scanty bunch grass and sage brush; it was, moreover, exceedingly hot, and the cattle kicked up the sand in clouds, going at the rate of a mile and a half to two miles an hour. There were streams or lakes at intervals of ten or fifteen miles, which we had to make for each day: as we had been informed of this at the White Bluffs, we had no difficulty, as we used to follow the trail until we came

to water. I think the farthest distance from water to water was about twenty miles, which was a long day's drive for the cattle. They could smell the water three or four miles off: the leading cows, who had no calves, used to start off, and the band was strung out for three or four miles with the calves behind.

The first evening after leaving the White Bluffs W—— was the worse for liquor. I had had a row with him in the afternoon about the way he was riding, and in the evening, after supper, he told me before the men that he had had enough of the trip, and was going to leave the next morning, taking one of my horses. He then asked me for some money, which I of course refused to give him, as he was breaking his part of the compact. Mine was, that he was to receive 500 dollars (100£.), and all expenses paid; he had already had some 200 dollars. My refusal put him in a tremendous rage, and drawing his pistol, he swore that he would have every cent in my pocket; so I drew my pistol and told him he had better not try it. He went on black-guarding me in the most disgusting language, as a Yankee only knows how to do, and swore that I should fight him with six-shooters. This I politely declined. The other three men all this time were quietly looking on, Wilson telling them that I would never pay them, and that they had better follow his example, each take a horse and all start the next morning. Two of them came up to me and told me they wanted their wages, and would leave in the morning. They knew I had no money left, and when I told them so, they said they should each take a horse instead. W—— at last, after having put some flour and bacon together for the morning's start, went to bed, which I was not sorry for, and I soon followed his example, after having taken his whiskey-bottles and emptied them on the ground. The next morning, directly after breakfast, I told him he should keep his word and be off, and that he might take a horse, which I could get back easily enough on getting home. Then, drawing my pistol, I went up to the other two, and told them I would shoot the first of them who followed his example, and would not come and get the cattle together. I had quite made up my mind to do it, for I should have been in a nice fix if they had all gone off and left me with these 200 or 300 head of cattle, without the slightest chance of getting anybody else; and we were then in Idaho, a blackguard state, with the worst class of Indians, and not a soul between the White Bluffs (where there was one man) and the place where we again struck the Columbia, a distance of 140 miles. However, to make a long story short, W—— left and the others

stopped; W——, for a week afterwards used to camp with us, abusing me all the time. The truth was, there were some Indians about, and he was afraid to sleep out alone; but when we got within four days of the Columbia, he left us.

This part of the trip was not only disagreeable but worrying, and often I got so disgusted that I hardly knew what to do. Thanks to W——'s advice I had brought no tent, and two or three times we came in for forty-eight hours of most severe rain; a pleasant thing driving all day in a soaking rain, and when we did come into camp, unable to get up a fire to warm ourselves by, as there was nothing but sage brush and no trees. The only thing we could cook there was beans, which we boiled and then eat with raw bacon; bread we could not bake, as it was far too wet.

To make matters pleasanter the Missouri man and the Webfoot were continually fighting; and one day when the latter knocked the former down, the Missouri man would certainly have shot him if I had not held his arm down. He and the Spaniard had a row after that, as we were driving one day. The Spaniard drew his knife, and the other his pistol; however, I managed to pacify him after a bit; but the Missouri man took his oath to me afterwards that he would have shot the Spaniard, only he had but one barrel loaded and dared not risk it. There were some Indians following us here, I think, as one day when I went back after a cow, I came upon ten awfully ugly brutes, all covered with paint; and they always mean mischief when they are without their squaws. When it was getting dark, the dog, which belonged to one of the men, was always growling, and so I used to sleep with the horses, which were turned loose after their work. This was not very comfortable, as they used to wander about all night, and sometimes were three or four miles from camp in the morning. I had to take a blanket and throw it over my shoulders and doze on my knees, following the horses about till it was daylight. We were always up at the first appearance of daylight, had generally done breakfast by three, and then started off driving, which lasted till about eight or nine, when the day's work was sometimes done, but I generally drove again from three in the afternoon until six.

After about a fortnight of this work we got to the Columbia river, where W—— was waiting to settle with me, as he said. Here, however, he saw what a fool he had been, and we settled that he should come back to me again, an agreement I was almost obliged to come to, as I had to leave the cattle and go on to the "Line," where a Mr. B—— lived, a

British Columbia magistrate, who I knew would let me have some money, which I wanted to cross the cattle and get more provisions with. We lost the horses here for two days, but found them on the third, when I started, leaving W—— to cross the cattle in my absence. It was eighty-five miles to the "Line," and after swimming the Columbia, which is half a mile wide there, and very rapid (I was in a canoe, and the horse swam), I left about seven, and after a tremendous long ride of seventy-five miles I reached a lake, which I had to swim. After ten miles farther in a pelting hail-storm, I did the eighty-five miles in thirteen hours, which was pretty good for the mare, as she had had nothing but grass and lots of hard work. I was very tired, hungry, and wet, but after some hot brandy and water, was all right.

Never was I so glad to see a gentleman again; and as there were two other men there, one of whom was a young Irishman, who came out with me, we had a most jolly evening. I had been so utterly miserable in the company of my blackguard drovers, that I was perfectly happy and able to appreciate all their little kindnesses in lending me blankets and things to make me comfortable. After two days I left them, with 200 dollars I had borrowed and a fresh horse I had bought, as mine was about played out. I left in the afternoon, and rode twenty-five miles in soaking rain; then staked my horse out, and made my bed (which was one small saddle blanket) close to her. B—— had told me to look out for the Indians, as they were a bad lot all along the river, which was my road. However, I got on all right, and started before three the next morning, eating my bread and cold bacon going along. I afterwards heard that upon the same night two men prospecting for gold ten miles from where I was, at a place called Rock Creek, were attacked by the Indians, and one of them was murdered.

When I got back to the Columbia river, I was delighted to find all the cattle crossed over, and I had nothing to do but to pay the Indians who had helped with their canoes, and then we started off for the "Line" again, which we reached after about a week's drive. Our next drive was to the head of the Okanagon Lake (90 miles). The scenery was beautiful, but the trail very bad, and the cattle began to get foot-sore, so we gave them a week's rest. After starting them off again, I soon left them to come up here first. I took three days to do the 110 miles, the road lying along the Thompson river; stopping at the grand prairie the second night, and at Kamloops the third, and never was I so glad to strike a place I could call home. K.



"SWEET HOME."

"Sweet Home!" Oh! blissful, holy place,
When perfect love and peace are found
Within it, shedding joy and grace
To make the threshold "hallowed ground."

When heart to heart and hand to hand
Are closely linked by silken chains;
Where each one shares the fears, the cares,
The hopes, the pleasures, and the pains.

Where open deeds and guileless speech
Dissolve all clouds of mean Deceit;
Where honest eyes without disguise
Look straight into the eyes they meet.

Where Manhood, Infancy, and Age,
With simple faith and earnest trust,
In lowly reverence hear the page
In which 'tis written "Be ye just."

Where words that preach "Good will to all,"
And widely herald "peace on earth,"
Are heard in gentle tones to fall
Like music of seraphic birth;

Where the rich flower of Conduct blows
From the pure bud of Christian Thought;
And living practice daily throws
Truth's halo round the precept taught;

Where merry song and harmless jest
At festal tide are heard to blend;
Where "welcome" greets the stranger-guest,
And "loud rejoicing" hails the friend.

"Sweet Home!" Oh! blissful, holy place,
Where "Home" is all that "Home" should be;
And Man, despite his fallen race,
Some trace of Eden still can see.

ELIZA COOK.

HUNTING IN FRANCE.

A DAY WITH THE LATE DUKE OF ORLEANS' STAGHOUNDS.

EACH country has its national sport: England her racing, steeple-chasing, hunting, coursing, shooting, fishing, boating, cricketing, and yachting; France, her "chasse," and racing; Spain has her bull-fights, sanguinary ignoble spectacles, bequeathed by the Moors. In Russia, the arena for sporting exhibitions is the frozen surface of the lakes and rivers, where splendid sledging and graceful skating are seen in their perfection. In Germany they waltz and sledge; in Africa, they hunt the lion; in Bengal, the tiger; in Northern India, particularly at Cabool, horse-racing is a favourite amusement, and the horses for the purpose are generally trained for a fortnight or three weeks preceding; and they require this, for a race there, is not a matter of one or two mile heats, but a continual run for twenty or thirty kos (forty or fifty miles) across the country, sometimes through morasses and rivers. The scene on these occasions is highly animated, as not only the racers, usually about twenty in number, set off, but the whole of the sporting assembly, perhaps five hundred, accompany them at least for the first three or four miles. A judge is sent on in advance, and the competitors seldom return until the next day. The prizes are certainly worth some exertion; and, in one case, when the donor was a man of good substance, they were as follows:—The first was a young maiden generally, a Haryarah or. Chitralli, both famed for their personal attractions; the second, fifty sheep; the third, a horse; the fourth, a camel; the fifth, a cow; and the sixth, a water melon, the winner of which, like him who carries off a wooden spoon at an English archery meeting, becomes an object of ridicule and banter for the rest of the meeting. At the restoration of the Bourbons the hunting establishment of the royal family

was considerably increased. From the 1st of April until the end of July the "chasse," as all sport in France was called, ceased, with the exception of the princes' dedicating their spare time to the destruction of fallow-deer, wild boars, and hinds. May and June having thus run out, the first days of July were devoted to rabbit-shooting at St. Cloud, in which Monsieur and his son, the Duke d'Angoulême, took the greatest delight, and at which they were crack shots. Then the sound of the horn was heard again, the hounds taking their way gaily to Rambouillet, where already were assembled a numerous party of huntsmen, *piqueurs, valets de limier, and valets des chiens, à cheval, et à pied.*

Pass we on to the hunting establishment of the late Duke of Orleans in 1842, which was that of a thorough sportsman, free from the pomp and circumstance of royalty, and well do I remember a day with his royal highness's hounds, which may not be uninteresting to my readers. Leaving Paris at half-past nine one morning, by the Corbeil Railway, I found in the next carriage the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, Count de Cambis, and General Marbeau. At half-past eleven we found ourselves at the rendezvous, La Croix du Grand Veneur. There a small field were assembled: Monsieur Ampère, Monsieur d'Este, and the Baron de la Rochette, being among the number. Understanding from Lambardin, the huntsman, that a stag of ten years old (*cerf dix cors*) was harboured in the wood Des Seigneurs, on the Orleans road, about two leagues from the rendezvous, we proceeded to the scene of action. The hounds were then laid on, and a favourite of the pack, Venus, was heard to challenge in the cover, and in a moment after, a noble stag was seen to enter a small thicket of larch, crossing an open plain in the presence of the field. The welcome "gone away" echoed through the woods, and off they went, men, hounds, and horses at a tremendous pace, over a beautiful open country in the Valley de la Sole. The Nimrods now poured in on all sides, and were pressing the hounds too closely, who had scarcely settled on to their scent. "Hold hard, gentlemen!" exclaimed the noble master; "give them time." The deer then put his head straight for the forest of Ville-Fermoy, the best line of country the hunt has, with the river Seine to cross. Passing the farm of Courbisson, we had a fine gallop over the plain of Sermaige. Here tailing was visible enough, and, in the words of the city article, "settling day was at hand," when, suddenly, the whole affair came to a stand-still. It was in vain the hounds were cast, circle after circle, and we were about to give in, when a sporting farmer

whispered to the huntaman that he had viewed the deer into a small wood. Without losing a moment, bidding him show the way, we followed closely on his horse's heels, and the scent was explained by his telling us that a sheep-dog had crossed the deer into the place he mentioned. After lifting the pack nearly two miles we got on the line again, and hammering our way on, found ourselves near the banks of the Seine. Here a fine sight presented itself; the deer taking the water, followed, at no great distance, by his eager pursuers. They gain on him; at first he seemed inclined to face his enemies; then, not liking the odds of nearly forty to one against him, he

Collects his strength, and, with a sudden bound,
Quits the swift flood, and gains the solid ground.

"And there he goes for Ville-Fermoy, fresh as ever," cried the Duke of Orleans, half-mad with excitement. Down the Rabbit Mound, a short but deep declivity, full of holes and covered with brushwood, up a rise of deep ground, then down the hill, on which were several stumps of felled trees, to cross the river, with its deep and steep banks, closely studded with willows, we rushed; and then came a scene worthy the pen of "Boz" and the pencil of Leech—charging the river. The royal dukes, and a few others, got well over, while the rest were plunging and wading through it, looking like water-rats, and delivering themselves of sundry oaths and execrations at the impracticable river. No sooner had we crossed it than "He's dead beat!" was echoed around; from scent to view was beautiful, and the deer was seen, again looking for water to plunge in. On the nearer approach of his pursuers he again took a small cover, and, as if to show what blood can do, he came rushing through it, thickly matted as it was, with the pack at his heels, and flung himself amongst the horsemen. After wounding one dog severely, and nearly unhorsing one of the *piqueurs*, he was, with some difficulty secured. The run was five hours and a quarter, and only a chosen few were well up at the end. It was seven o'clock, and the royal party found themselves more than six leagues from Fontainebleau, somewhat tired and hungry. Riding up to a small farmhouse, where they were less well treated than the great Henry IV. was at the miller Michaud's, they found nothing but stale rye-bread, a few eggs, and some sour cider. Nevertheless, this little rest was not the least amusing episode of the day. "A moment, gentlemen," said the Duke of Orleans, in a serious tone, to his brother sportmen, as we were about to attack our meagre fare, "forbear, and eat no more," as the love-sick *Orlando*

says, or as his royal highness said, "Before we begin our repast let us see the state of our purses. Each put his hand into his pockets, and upon joining funds, found that the whole resources did not amount to a hundred francs. Thanks to the foresight of the Duke de Nemours, his royal highness pulled out a purse of five napoleons. "Now, gentlemen," said the prince, "we may set to work; we've enough to pay the bill; otherwise, I should have been obliged," continued he, gaily, "to have drawn on the bank of France for funds wherewith to pay for this splendid luncheon."

The sudden and violent death of the Duke of Orleans produced a universal feeling of deep and heartfelt sorrow. The demise of that gallant soldier, then heir-apparent to the throne of France, was looked upon as a calamity which might at some future period prove most portentous to the French empire. How striking was the exclamation of his illustrious mother, the queen:—"What a dreadful misfortune has befallen our family; but how much greater is it to France." But we must carefully avoid all political questions, and merely record that his royal highness was not only a munificent patron of racing in France, which, by his improvement in the breed of horses, he raised to a high point of eminence, but was also a thorough-bred sportsman, delighting in the chase, and keeping hounds at St. Germain, Fontainebleau, and Chantilly. On the very day of his death Mr. Hancock, of the British tavern, Rue Favarte, arrived in Paris with a splendid pack of hounds, purchased in Yorkshire for his royal highness. Of the prince's success on the turf the sporting records of the day have borne ample testimony. The French boast of the antiquity of their races, which commenced at Semur, a small town in the east of France (formerly the place of meeting of the states of parliament of Burgundy), and which have been carried on ever since the reign of Charles V. The races have always come off on the same day—the Thursday after Pentecost. The prizes have undergone no alteration since 1350, and consist of a gold ring, a white scarf, a pair of gloves, trimmed with golden fringe, and a purse, containing forty francs. Century after century have these humble races been always looked forward to at the appointed day by the inhabitants of the surrounding neighbourhood, but several ages elapsed before this love of sport was engrafted into other parts of France. Before we find the annals of any other races, we must leap from 1350 to 1776, from Semur to Paris, from Charles V. to the Count d'Artois and the Duke de Chartres. The Duke de Chartres visited England, where he was much taken

with the English customs and habits, especially their mode of training horses. On returning to France his Anglomania was so violent that he always appeared in public in top-boots and leathers, and either a red coat or a Newmarket one; his whole time and attention were given up to horses, bets, and jockeys; and the young nobles of the court were delighted at finding this wide field of pleasure and excitement thrown open to them. The huge powdered wigs, the red heels, the silk and velvet coats and waistcoats, the lace frills, were thrown aside, and Paris looked like a vast stable-yard.

On the 5th of November, 1776, a match was made between the Duke de Chartres and Major Bankes, but it did not come off. On the following days, however, there was some good running by Barbary and Comus, both belonging to the Count d'Artois; Partner, belonging to the Duke de Chartres; Pilgrim, to the Duke de Lauzan; Nip, to the Marquis de Conflans; and a French horse, called L'Abbé, the property of the Prince de Gueumée, who carried off every prize. Whether L'Abbé was *bond fide* of French or English extraction, we will not pause to inquire. In 1777 we again find L'Abbé beating eight English horses. On the same day the sweepstakes for forty horses came off at Fontainebleau. This was not a bad beginning for noviciates on the turf. But, under this love of sport, was hid a source of considerable public utility; France was centuries behind our native land in the art of improving the breed of horses, and the French, like children, must be amused while they are instructed. Napoleon I., in the midst of his political projects and stupendous undertakings, found time to encourage and foster this growing taste among the nobility. In 1805 he gave prizes to be run for; and in 1806 he regenerated, on a footing of solid magnificence, the haras, or breeding establishments of the old monarchy, in all their pristine splendour, adding to it every horse that was worth having from Mecklenburgh, Hesse, and Baden. Louis XVIII., notwithstanding his embarrassments, founded several prizes. In 1815, during the encampment of the allies in and about Paris, English races, open to all nations, were established on the plains of Neuilly, and the French seemed to take delight in the excellent sport that was furnished. The year 1823 was distinguished by the good running of Nell, the first thorough-bred mare foaled in France. France owes this improvement to the Duc de Guiche, who was brought up in an excellent school, the 10th Hussars, and who so ably superintended these breeding establishments, that, under his auspices,

Truffle, Milton, Tancredi, Rowiston, and Rainbow, were destined to regenerate the bastardised equine race of France. Charles X. was too fond of shooting to care much about horse-racing. The Duke de Guiche, however, induced him to give some prizes; and in 1827, Vittoria by Milton, out of Jeanne, added lustre to the sporting annals of his reign. In 1828 Monsieur Delarogue, a Normandy breeder, ran his famous horse Zephyr, by D.T.O. out of Hebe, and who proved himself a worthy scion of his cup-bearing mother, by carrying off many prizes. In 1829 appeared Monsieur de Bastide's mare Vesta. In September 1826 the late Lord Henry Seymour made his *début* on the French turf. At the change of dynasty in 1830 Louis Philippe appointed Monsieur de Strada to succeed the Duke de Guiche. When Louis Philippe presented the haras to the Duke of Orleans, that ill-fated prince appointed Monsieur de Cambis to be director. Under his auspices the haras attained the highest degree of perfection, as the triumphs of the stud, both in France and England proved.

One word to the memory of the Duke of Orleans. To those who knew his royal highness it would be superfluous to say that he was a prince of most polished manners, a gallant soldier, a friend to literature and learned men, and the illustrious patron of all that refined taste could produce to throw lustre on civilised and polite life. He had a heart feelingly alive to the claims of humanity—a benevolence truly magnificent, and a hand, "open as day to melting charity." The veteran warrior, the painter, the sculptor, the author, all were alike the objects of his bounty and protection, and all acknowledged the liberality of his hand, the graciousness of his manner, and the kindness of his heart. Such was the heir-apparent to the throne of France whose remains lie entombed in the mausoleum of his ancestors, and who received in his premature death a nobler testimony to his virtues than all the honours that funeral pomp scatters on the hearse of royalty—the genuine tribute of public sympathy.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.

WILLIAM P. LENNOX.

AÆRIFORM SEWAGE AND CAPTAIN LIERNUR'S SYSTEM.

OUR modern system of dealing with excreta in towns very closely resembles the practice of our savage ancestors. Ancient towns were very commonly situated on streams and rivers for the convenience of water supply, and also of transit, together with the advantage of fishing. And nothing

would be simpler and easier in dealing with excreta than tumbling them into the stream to be washed away from their doors and consumed by fish. The ancient Lacustrian people were peculiarly happy in this arrangement, and it answered very well so long as the inhabitants were not numerous. Our variation on their practice consists chiefly in making underground holes to convey the sewage to the streams. One of our modern sewage doctors once witnessed the washing out of a mass of dirt from a water reservoir by a stream from the pumping-engine, and after calculating the hours of labour which it would have taken to do it by hand, proclaimed far and near that "Water is your only cheap carrier." He forgot the water had carried the dirt into the reservoir as well as out, and so he urged the increased use of water; and having been told by Smith of Deanston of the wonder-working "foul burn" of Edinburgh and its green crops, he thereupon concocted a theory that all sewage should be diluted to an unlimited extent—the more the better—and that this 100,000th dilution should be flooded on to the land. All the lore of Liebig was pressed into his service, cesspools were denounced, and sewers required to be thoroughly washed out.

And so the river was flooded with sewage, which deposited its solid matters on every shore and bank, to be stirred up and churned by every paddle that passed. So long as the weather was cool, this did not signify much; but with summer's heat, acetous, and then putrid, fermentation set in, with a stench that found out the legislators in their Westminster Palace, and induced them to commit the sewers to the charge of the Board of Works. Now, one advantage in the river arrangement was, that the various gases evolved during the heat rapidly escaped into the upper atmosphere to be neutralised, and when the heat ceased the gases ceased to be produced. But when the Board of Works closed the sewers to the river, and confined the sewage to their large new brick tubes, they provided a perennial summer atmosphere, to keep the fermentation constantly going, and as dirty gas runs up hill while dirty water runs down hill, the streets and houses now get constantly flooded with noxious vapour, which in many cases forces its way with strong pressure through water, and forms a gilded puddle on the surface of the water traps. And so long as this system continues the only existing remedy is to build tall chimneys like those of manufacturing towns at every half-mile along the course of the sewers. And this the Board of Works will put off as long as possible, because it

would be a practical acknowledgment that they had not been foreseeing, and had to amend an error in their programme. The egotism of individuals is bad enough, but the egotism of Boards is insuperable. They would fain appear infallible, and to acknowledge an error, is to proclaim that they also are but men. The truths of nature are to them demonstrable fallacies when their infallibility is called in question.

The present writer has always considered the carriage of sewage in water a fallacy, and has frequently pointed it out. Many common-sense people have arrived at the same conclusion, and one of more than common sense had arrived at the same conviction in ages long past, when he enjoined on every man in the Israelitish camp to have a paddle or spade on the end of his spear. The Reverend Mr. Moule of Dorchester has been advocating the use of earth closets in opposition to water; and he is right so far, though the structure of buildings in this great city is not well adapted for carrying away the mass of refuse. One valuable quality this system has—the prevention of fermentation, which is the great source of nuisance. And this fermentative or putrefactive process carries off a large portion of what is valuable as manure. If fermentation were carried on to exhaustion, the residue would be scarcely of any value.

Sewage is compounded of many substances, animal and vegetable, together with the refuse of living bodies; but none of these are noxious till putrefaction begins, and the great element for inducing putrefaction is water. If the substances be dried no putrefaction takes place, a fact long known to manure manufacturers; and the old cesspits were theoretically better than the modern sewers, inasmuch as they were not supplied artificially with a mass of water, the solid matter sinking to the bottom, and the liquid running away; not a desirable condition of things, because percolation through the earth conveyed poison to the water springs.

Decaying vegetables and the refuse of stable-yards are easily handled, and are carted away because they are of sufficient value to pay for the labour; so are decaying flesh and bones. Were they not of value, there would be one obvious mode of dealing with them—carrying them to the gas-works and burning them under or in the retorts. So also might solid faecal matter be treated, for it would make good gas, as well as animal charcoal—a very valuable product. But how to obtain it solid without considerable cost in preparation is the difficulty.

Every day is brought into this huge city, in addition to permanent materials, fuel and

food, both solid and liquid, for the purposes of consumption, and they are brought chiefly by wheeled vehicles, water carriage being but a small part, save in the case of coal and water. All these things are by the processes of burning and digestion reduced to a very small comparative bulk and weight, save only the water, which remains the same. The ashes remaining from a burned ton of coal are very small, comparatively, both in bulk and weight, and the average solid refuse from human bodies is but one quarter of a pound each average person per day, or 335 tons per day, equal to 547 cubic yards in bulk, for the whole of London. The fluids from the same source average one pound and a half daily, or 2000 tons per day, equal to 562,500 gallons, or 5207 butts, about 3280 cubic yards in bulk.

These two substances, then, are the real source of sewage nuisance, the solid forming in volume a cube of $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and the fluid a cube of about 9 feet per annum each person: total, $10\frac{1}{2}$ cubic feet.

The dry ashes of the coals thoroughly mixed with the drained solids would perfectly neutralise them and render them innocuous, and fit for manuring clay lands and corn land. The coal-ashes in any case must be conveyed away, and the solid faecal matter added to them would not appreciably enhance the cost. The fluids might be run into close reservoirs, and pumped into barrels for transport, and, freed from the bulk of water now used, the cost of conveyance would become a minimum.

In the olden time the practice was to have a cesspool large enough for the accumulation of seven or ten years. In Paris it extended to half a century. During all this time the valuable portions disappeared in gases more or less noxious, whenever the surface temperature was sufficiently high. Now, inasmuch as fermentation does not usually set in till the fourth day after deposit, it follows that, if the deposits were taken away day by day, or night by night, in the same proportions as the fuel and food which are their basis are brought in, there would be no nuisance or waste.

But to do this with the present structure of London dwellings seems almost an impossibility. To have as pleasant and convenient a room as possible to sit in was always considered to be more or less a necessity; something very inferior was considered quite good enough to sleep in; the provision safe and pantry needed something of light, and facile access, and absolute necessity enforced some provision for ventilation. The wine-cellar also was, perforce, dry and tolerably warm, and accessible under lock and key; but the names *dust-hole* and *coal-hole* clearly imply

that any dark cranny was considered good enough for them, the space under the lower stair, even in decent houses, being their locality, ere the invention of cellars under the pavements. The refuse of food, it was thought, might be put away in any dark corner.

It is a maxim with all good housewives to have no dark corners about a house—"slut-holes," as they were anciently termed; and it will be only when every portion of the house, both for the fresh provisions and the consumed provisions, are equally accessible to air and light, and open to examination, that the evil will be remedied. This means the alteration of most of the houses in London. Rich people, who keep carriages and horses, would think it very objectionable to have all their stable manure carried through the hall-door, and so their houses are commonly built back to back, with a mews between them, and nothing can well be neater than the mode in which the refuse litter and stable manure is piled up each day in the open air, ready for carrying away. It is not thought advisable to keep this in a dark hole; and, consequently, being before people's eyes, there is no neglect in carrying it away before it begins to ferment.

These difficulties, having been under the consideration of Captain Liernur, an engineer of Holland, have led him to devise a new system for the conversion of the present water-butts into air-closets. It has long been a practice in various cities on the Continent to empty cesspools by means of a vacuum chamber carried on a waggon. The vacuum is produced, either by an air-pump or by an injection of steam, or by burning spirits in the chamber. A metal pipe, with a stop-cock, leads from the chamber to nearly the bottom of the cesspool, connected by a hose. The vacuum being complete, and the stop-cock opened, the matter rushes up and fills the chamber without any need of hands; but this plan can only be available for a large mass of matter—six or twelve months' collection, with nuisance during the period, unless mixed with earth, or coal-dust, or other absorbent material, which would render it impracticable to empty it by the hose and vacuum, the Captain's plan is to empty every receptacle nightly.

The principle consists in discharging the fluids and solids through a large opening without a bottom, or valve, so that they may fall into a vertical pipe of cast iron, forming a curve, or syphon in the ground, both ends of the pipe being open, the upper one above the house roof and the other in the drain-pipe in the centre of the streets where they intersect each other. At the intersection is placed, under ground, an air-tight wrought-iron vessel, some five feet in diameter and three feet in

height, and this vessel receives four drain-pipes from the streets. A stand pipe from this reaches nearly to the bottom, and rises to the level of the street. The whole system is air-tight. A portable or traction engine is run over the opening of this pipe, and a vacuum is formed by an air-pump worked by the engine. Air-valves are then opened in succession to every house connected with the cistern, and the atmospheric pressure drives both fluids and solids out of the closet pipes into the cistern. From this the exhaust carries it into a close barrel, or tank, on the engine, and it is taken away to a railway station, or wharf, where it is discharged into barrels by a similar process for transport to cultivated lands, the dwellers in the houses knowing nothing of it save that they have no fermented gases, and that the whole of the closets are swept out every night by a strong current of wind, while there is no valve to pay for, or leaky pipes to overflow. The whole of the pipes are of one diameter, about five inches, and there is therefore nothing to stop the free passage of anything that gets into them. The details have all been carefully considered by Captain Lienen, and experience seems to prove that the faecal matter does not induce rust inside the pipes, but rather sheathes them, so that only the outside need special guarding against rust. Captain Liernur, who is a member of the Royal Institution of Engineers of the Netherlands, is now engaged, in conjunction with Mr. Petersen, the City Engineer, in applying this system to a special district of the Hague, where the low level renders any ordinary system of sewage impracticable.

To bring any new system into use, requires the setting of a careful pattern in successful work. Now this plan is especially adapted for division into localities independent of each other. It is, therefore, particularly worthy the attention of builders engaged in new localities erecting squares of buildings, or villas, where main drainage does not exist and even the ordinary water supply depends on wells. For the larger country dwellings of noblemen and gentlemen, where a fixed or portable steam-engine is at hand, every drain may be rendered perfectly free from gases. The whole system is independent of levels.

Towns situated on the seaside cannot possibly be made wholesome by a system of water-closets discharging into the beach or into the sea, and becoming a nuisance to bathers; but upon this system they may be wholly freed from nuisance, and without dealing with the enormous volume of dilution required in the water-closet system.

Captain Liernur's calculation is, that one steam-engine of from 10 to 12 horse-power, such

as are now common in agricultural districts, with three tenders each of 90 cubic feet capacity, with about half a dozen men working from seven to eight hours nightly, could dispose of the excreta of 10,000 inhabitants, say 1,000 houses, in a concrete form, unmixed with water, and weighing about six tons. At this rate it would need 300 steam-engines and a corps of 2,000 labourers to keep all London cleansed, supposing it effective; but it would be really cleansed, and free from gaseous poison. And the manure, of the value of which we have heard so much, and of which we know that in Belgium it exceeds ten shillings per head, is put into a saleable form, which every farmer can recognise and appreciate. But the first thing is to get rid of a nuisance, the next to make a profit of it if we can; though we must not assume that the excreta are of equal value in all cases. Rich manufacturing cities yield more than agricultural towns, and Roman Catholic towns less than Protestant, for the reason that the value of the manure depends on the quality of the food that is eaten, and the surplus which remains.

It is quite clear that the success of the plan must depend on the sufficiency of fluid to keep the pipes clean and prevent their choking by the material. Contact should therefore be prevented except at the ground level, where the fluid lies, as in an ordinary cesspool, with the difference that the cesspool is only five or six inches in diameter and the whole contents are removed nightly. W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

THE VIKING'S SKIN.

ON the 10th April, 1661, Mr. Samuel Pepys chronicles in his Diary a visit to Rochester, where, as he says, he "saw the cathedra which is now fitting for use, and the organ then a-tuning. Then away thence," he continues, "observing the great door of the church, as they say, *covered with the skins of the Danes*; and also had much mirth at a tombe."

Traditions similar to that at Rochester, alluded to by Mr. Pepys, as to the coating of church-doors with human skins, by way, it is conjectured, of barbaric punishment for the sin of sacrilege, appear to have existed in other places in England; notably at Hadstock and Copford in Essex, at Worcester, and at Westminster Abbey. Lord Braybrooke, the editor of the Pepys' Manuscripts, assisted by Mr. Albert Way, the antiquary, has recorded much interesting matter in commenting on Pepys' inspection of the doors of Rochester Cathedral, covered as above stated. It appears that Sir Harry Englefield, in a communication made to the Society of Antiquaries in 1789, called their attention to a curious legend

preserved in the village of Hadstock, Essex, that the door of the church had been covered with the skin of a Danish pirate who had plundered the church. At Copford, in the same county, Sir Harry also stated that an exactly similar tradition existed. Further, it was asserted that the north doors of Worcester Cathedral had been likewise coated with the skin of a sacrilegious depredator, who had robbed the high altar. According to Mr. Albert Way's account, annexed to the latest edition of Pepys' Diary, these doors had been renewed, but the original woodwork remained in the crypt, and portions of skin, at the date of his writing, were yet discernible under the iron-work with which the doors were clamped. The date of the doors appeared to be the latter part of the fourteenth century, the north porch having been built about 1385. Portions of the supposed human skin from each of the places above mentioned had been obtained and submitted to the inspection of a most skillful comparative anatomist, Mr. John Quekett, then curator of the museum of the College of Surgeons, who, with the aid of a powerful microscope, had ascertained beyond question that in each of the three cases the skin was human, and that in the instance of Hadsworth, the skin was that of a fair-haired person—a fact consistent with the legend of its Danish origin. A portion of the Worcester skin was an item in the museum of Worcester curiosities bequeathed by Dr. Prattinton to the Society of Antiquaries.

In Dart's "Westmonasterium: or, the History and Antiquities of the Abbey-church of St. Peter's, Westminster" (1723), a story is related as to a door in Westminster Abbey formerly coated in this portentous way,—one of three doors which closed off a chamber from the south transept—a certain building once known as the chapel of King Henry VIII., and formerly used as a "Revestry." This chamber, according to Dart, "is enclosed with three doors, the inner cancellated, the middle, which is very thick, lined with skins like parchment, and driven full of nails. These skins, they by tradition tell us, were some skins of the Danes, tanned and given here as a memorial of our delivery from them. The doors are very strong, but have been, notwithstanding, broken open lately and the place robbed." Mr. Way was endeavouring, but without success, to find some existing vestige of these curious relics as described by Dart in 1723, when his attention was drawn by Mr. E. W. Cooke to the fact that not far from the south transept a door still existed on which human skin was to be found. Mr. Quekett submitted this skin to his microscope, and also pronounced it to be human. The

door led to a chamber, intended apparently for a treasury, situate on the south side of the passage, originally the approach from the cloisters to the chapter-house. Within this chamber appeared a small depository or cell, probably for safe custody, with a smaller, stronger closet within, all of good masonry, and constructed in a remarkable part of the building of the ancient monastery—being, probably, a portion of the edifice raised in the time of Edward the Confessor. The doorway, however, in which the stout oaken door which bore the skin was hung, and the strong chamber within, Mr. Way conceived to be of later date, possibly not older than the time of Abbot Litlington, about 1375. The oak door, it would seem, however, had been removed to its present position from some other place, since there was evidence of its having been cut to fit the door-case. Still, our antiquary did not think it possible that this could have been the door described by Dart, the position of which was some yards distant. "I imagine," he writes, "that when Litlington, who was a great builder, constructed the west side of the cloisters, and various works adjacent were carried out, this ancient door was removed from some other part of the buildings and cut to fit the new door-case, the approach to a treasury, where the relics of the supposed Dane were preserved in *memoriam et terrorem*. I say Dane, but without evidence, it must be admitted, of any tradition as regards this particular oaken production of very primitive carpentry; still, taken in conjunction with the tradition preserved in regard to another door close by—that, namely, which led from the Abbey-church to the Revestry—the fact, which we owe to Mr. Cooke's keen observation, may well claim attention in reference to the repeated traditions of savage punishment of the sacrilegious Northmen."

Mr. Way adds that the doors of Rochester Cathedral have been so entirely altered that it is vain to seek there now for a confirmation of the tradition recorded in Mr. Pepys' Diary.

DUTTON COOK.

A QUEER STORY ABOUT BANDITTL.

In Two Parts.

PART I.

It is strange that it should never have occurred to any one of our legislators, to move for a return of the aggregate number of our countrymen who live a systematically vagabond life on the continent. A report on their ways and means, their occupations and pursuits, would be valuable in a national point of view, since it would make known how and

by whom our nation is represented, in the different countries of Europe; for, after all, the ambassador, or minister plenipotentiary, is but the mouthpiece of the government at home, to communicate with that of the country to which he is accredited; it is the traveller and the occasional resident on whom devolves the duty of supporting the dignity and upholding the good name of the country to which he belongs; and it is by contact with him that the foreigner can alone form his estimate of national worth and character.

I would not include in this category those who migrate, from time to time, to the banks of the Rhine, the baths of Nassau, or the valleys of Switzerland, in search of health, or for the enjoyment of a month's holiday; nor those, who, for the sake of economy—what a fallacy that is, by the way!—leave a comfortable home, to establish themselves and their families in wretched, half-furnished apartments in Brussels or Frankfurt.

The class of absentees to which I refer is that houseless, homeless bachelor class, men with slender ties, or no ties at all, of kindred, living for themselves alone, and "passing rich" with anything from forty pounds a year to ten times that figure.

They are to be met with at most popular places of resort, and there is inevitably one such, at least, at the table d'hôte dinner of every good hotel. I said so! There, for instance, is our man; you see him beckoning significantly to the head-waiter. He calls him by his Christian name. Did you observe just now, when that quiet and distinguished-looking family party entered the *salle à manger*, and took the places reserved for them at the bottom of the table, the whispered confidential communication made to him by the landlord? Contrive, if you can, to sit next him to-morrow; you will find he is by no means a bad fellow for a neighbour on such occasions. No one knows better than he does the strong points of the *chef*, and you will do well to follow in his wake through the dinner. Before you arrive at the *Charlotte Russe* he will have told you the history of half the people at table; you will have heard what a much better set there was at the Baths last year, as well as who are the most brilliant stars this season. You are not long in discovering that he is on terms of intimacy with your old chum, Tom Calshot of "the Greens"—"one of the nicest fellows he ever knew;" and you are delighted at hearing that he has actually in his pocket a letter, received by that very day's post, from your first cousin, Fitzgoose, of the H.M.

He does not inform you—what would be the good of his doing so?—that these friendships began and ended, may be, the summer

before, at Langen-Schwalbach or Schlangenbad; neither does it appear to him worth while mentioning the subject of your relatives' letter to him, which is nothing more than a polite request that he would secure such and such rooms for him at the "Goldenen Stern." You will find him pleasant company enough, for having little of real interest to occupy his mind, his powers of memory are not overtaxed with the hard facts and absorbing events which make up the sum of a useful, business life, and there is ample room to store up in it a goodly harvest of small talk and table d'hôte anecdotes.

It would be curious to speculate on the various causes which may have driven these wanderers abroad in the first instance. Was it that some were unwilling to submit to the degrading conditions and impertinent inquisitiveness of a forthcoming census? Is it not possible that an insurmountable dislike to the principle of taxation in general, or to the income-tax in particular, may have sent many a one forth in search of more liberal institutions in foreign lands? So light a cause as a quarrel with the landlady at their lodgings may have unsettled some among them, and forced upon them the adoption of a hotel life, which is notoriously more agreeable on the continent than in England.

I should be disposed, however, to think that this migratory love may rather be traced to the noble ambition of being *somebody* at a German spa, instead of *nobody* in London. It is not my business nor yours. There they are: a class, strenuous supporters of the British constitution, constant readers of Galignani, walking editions of Murray's Handbooks, with the useful addendum of a correct index, not only to the best vintages of the most celebrated *vignobles*, but to the very bin in the cellar of the Schwarzen Adler at Scratchenbach, or the Weissen Ross at Tossenspitch, in which its choice produce lies buried.

In the course of my wanderings it has been my good fortune to stumble on many a rich specimen of this "genus homo;" indeed, one of the most eccentric and amusing acquaintances I ever made was with a type of the order I have been describing. Our meeting happened in this way:—

Arriving late one evening by the steamer at Mayence, I joined two or three of my fellow travellers at a *dîner à part*, at one end of the long table in the common room. Dinner over, we sat chatting over a joint-stock bottle of old Marcobrunner (1811). (I cannot help digressing, by the way, to remark how wonderfully well the wine of that year has been preserved, and what a quantity of it must still remain in the hotel cellars of the Rhine; it is

to be seen advertised in every *weinkarte*; and, it is to be presumed, there can be no doubt of its genuineness.) One of our party, who was on his way from a prolonged journey in the south, had been relating an adventure with banditti in Calabria: this had led to another story, and another; and then we got upon railways and steamboats, and camels and Nile-boats; everybody had something of mark to tell, and so cosy were we, and the old Marcoobrunner (1811) so good, that there is no knowing how long we might have gone on capping one another's stories, if the thread of our enjoyment had not been snapped in a somewhat unusual manner.

Whether it was envy of our happiness, or dislike of our exclusiveness, I know not; but something seemed to have stirred up the bile of an otherwise cheery-looking, portly little man, who was seated some chairs distant from our party, at the same table. Before him was a most respectable-looking bottle of Rhine wine, curiously labelled, and he sipped the generous liquor slowly and gratefully from a long-stemmed glass, of colour and form different from any on the board.

I had noticed that the landlord himself had been the bearer of this precious nectar, extracted, probably, from some recondite bin in the cellar. I had seen him carefully uncork the bottle himself, and cautiously pour out the first glass for his guest. The latter, before putting it to his lips, had passed it two or three times under his nose, as if to inhale the rich aroma, and thereby enhance the zest of the first sip—that long, slow, first sip; a nod of approval had dismissed the satisfied host, and the happy proprietor of the long-necked, yellowish-green-bottle had been sipping and musing, and musing and sipping, for some time, to all appearance heeding little what was going on in his neighbourhood, but nevertheless uttering occasionally “Bah!” in a very expressive and rather offensive tone.

Now “Bah!” the monosyllable “Bah!” taken by itself merely as “Bah!” is an innocent, sheepish monosyllable enough; but when it is pronounced in so gruff a tone that there is reason to believe a wolf has assumed the sheep's vocabulary, in the same fashion as he is said sometimes to put on his clothing, you are naturally inclined to look somewhat cautiously and critically at the utterer.

He was a short, plump, sleek, rosy-looking man, whose age might range anywhere between fifty and seventy. His round, turnip-shaped little head, on which the thin remnant of hair was carefully brushed so as to make the most of it, was supported by a stiffly starched neckcloth of blue and white check, studiously tied in a minute bow. A pair of

high, rounded collars, threatening instant annihilation to his ears, out, as it seemed, painfully into his puffy, close shaved cheeks; a scrupulously clean white striped waistcoat, and a blue dress-coat with brass buttons, evidently out and confectioned on the model of one he had affected some thirty years since, adorned the upper portion of his well rounded form. To finish his toilette, I may add what I subsequently had an opportunity of noting, a pair of tight pantaloons of drab cloth, and short gaiters of the same, fitting accurately over a pair of well-blackened shoes with pointed toes. Such was our “*commensal*,” whose name we afterwards discovered in the *Fremden Buch* to be “Percy Ogmores, Rentier, from Kissengen to Aix.”

“Bah!” exclaimed this individual, in a cracked, wheezy voice, as he turned for the first time his head and shoulders towards us, slightly moving, as he did so, his chair in our direction. “Talk of adventures in travelling, indeed!” he continued, drawing his chair still nearer, “what can you young fellows know about adventures, I should like to know? There's no such thing now. Ah!” (with a sigh) “it was very different in *my* young days, before steam and rail turned Paris into a London tea-garden, and Naples—*bella Napoli!*—into another Margate. There was excitement then in travel; when you had, every night before you went to bed, to examine the floor of your room for trap-doors, and never thought of lying down without a brace of loaded pistols at full cock under your pillow!

“There was some fun, some excitement,” he went on, after taking a long breath and indulging in a lengthy sip at his wine; “when you came in sight of your escort, some half-dozen mounted *gend'armes*,” (John Darms he called them,) “huge fellows, armed to the teeth with carbines, swords, and pistols, with boots and breeches to match. When, I say, at a turn of the road between Fondi and Itri—don't I remember that turn?—you saw your escort, which had been ahead ever so long, come to a halt, and waiting, evidently in fierce consultation, the arrival of your carriage—people travelled in their own carriages in those days; and when serious misgivings came across your mind—for such things were talked of—whether these respectable carabinieri, who were lent you by the Government at so much a head, for your protection, were not themselves the very banditti who were going to carry you up into the mountains. If you have no objection, gentlemen,” he added, after stopping a moment to recover his breath, “if you have no objection, I'll join your circle.”

A ready assent being given, he was presently established in our neighbourhood.

"You were talking just now," said he, as soon as he had settled himself comfortably, and disposed his bottle and glass before him to his satisfaction, "of the queer adventures one meets with in travelling. Rail and steam have smoothed all the difficulties and most of the disagreeables now. To be sure, you young fellows may think it very exciting, the running off the rails over an embankment, or being run into by an express train; but I honestly confess, the contemplation of such an incident does not afford me any pleasure whatever. This arises probably from the fact of my habits being formed—I cannot, however, help fancying there must be something very humiliating in being swept up—I mean what remains of one—and being rudely shovelled into a common wheelbarrow with the remnants of other individuals, perhaps very vulgar persons. But there is no accounting for tastes. I should not appreciate it. All is commonplace now, and no one but an Albert Smith or a Charles Mathews—I mean the old Charles Mathews of my day—can succeed in extracting much, either of excitement or entertainment, from the road-side. When I first travelled on the continent, in the year—let me see—but I am boring you."

Our new acquaintance was evidently in a communicative mood; his face, too, was a promising one. It was clear he had something to tell, and not to let him waste time in a preface, we unanimously begged him to go on with his recollections of travel. After some little pressing on our part, and a certain show of unwillingness on his, he proposed to tell us an adventure with banditti, if that would be agreeable to us. Nothing, we assured him, could be more to our taste. So, after emptying his glass, and filling it again, he moved the candles, so as to bring us better within the range of his vision, and began as follows.

Rome, in the year 1817, was unlike the Rome of to-day in many respects. I speak not, of course, of its monuments, which, by the bye, were for the most part buried or half-explored, nor of its associations, which were then, as they must ever be, glorious and soul-stirring. I allude more particularly to the state of society in that capital.

For years the stream of travel had been interrupted, and when after the war, the continent was re-opened, the means of communication were so difficult, the accommodation on the road so indifferent, and lastly, the expense of travelling, or making what was called the grand tour, so great, that none but people of a certain condition ever dreamed of pene-

trating into Italy. The name of an Englishman was a sort of passport into the best old Roman families; houses in which, at this time, the warmest letter of introduction would fail to give him a footing. The Piazza di Spagna was not, as now, one great lodging-house, nor did the Via, Babuino abound in palace hotels.

I passed the winter of 1816-17 at Rome. I was then about twenty years of age, and having been brought up at home, had been sent abroad to finish my education under the charge of a tutor, a most worthy, excellent old gentleman, a fine scholar, but a very babe in simplicity and ignorance of the world. I apprehend it must have been from the habit of contrasting my small stock of worldly wisdom with this good man's utter inexperience, that I had magnified myself into the conceit of being a very knowing fellow. I fear me, however, the taking me at my own valuation in those days would have turned out an indifferent bargain.

I soon had a large acquaintance in the capital. My most intimate associates were the young Marchesino T—— and his cousin the Conte de San G——, two of the most light-hearted, good-humoured, thoughtless young fellows in Rome, both rich, both handsome, well-connected, and well-protected (San G—— was a nephew of the celebrated Cardinal C——). They were the lions of the season, and many a tale of impudent daring and mad adventure was told of them.

We lived a good deal together, and a wild life we led. Ah! gentlemen, I was young in those days. Talk of romance! why I could fill a book with stories of serenades and rope-ladders, of dark-eyed *donzellas* and inconvenient *padres*. I take it for granted you have never helped a nun over a convent wall. Well; my advice to you is "Don't!" There's an ugly prejudice against it in Rome, as I believe there is elsewhere. I *could* tell you—but this has nothing to do with the adventure I promised you. Well, as I was saying, T—— and San G—— and myself became inseparables, and under their auspices, I had the advantage of the *entrée* into the best Roman society.

It was in the month of February of the year 1817, that a series of daring robberies were committed up to the very gates of the city; and the stoppage of the carriage of some personage of high rank, in the neighbourhood of Tivoli, caused immense sensation—the more so from the singular circumstance that the only tribute demanded and taken by the chief of the brigands was a kiss from the lips of the beautiful daughter of the astonished and indignant noble.

This, together with a number of other outrages not quite so eccentric and harmless in their results, had led to the apprehension of some half-dozen individuals, who might or might not have been the guilty parties. Be that as it might, they were of course all executed. If they did not deserve hanging for the particular offence with which they were charged, it did not matter much: they probably did so for some other. Justice was satisfied, the robberies were discontinued, and the roads were considered once more safe.

Naturally enough, as long as these atrocities lasted people talked of nothing else. All sorts of stories were rife of the daring of the band, of travellers carried up into the mountains, of tributes paid and ransoms demanded, of generous forbearance and hospitable treatment at one time, of dreadful tortures and horrible mutilations inflicted at another. There was a halo of romance thrown over the whole thing, and I remember actually feeling a strong desire to have an adventure with banditti. I daresay I often boasted in valiant style of what my line of action would be in such an encounter. People all told me that such a thing as a *rencontre* with the brigands of the Campagna might well happen to me, as the English were at that time popularly supposed to travel about with untold gold and jewels, and every one advised me, if I should be unlucky enough to fall in with them, on no account to offer any resistance, as violence was never resorted to by these magnanimous freebooters unless they were openly attacked, and, moreover, they never failed to retaliate most severely any losses they might sustain by lopping off a hand, for instance, cropping an ear or two, or levelling the nose, according to taste, even if they did not take life. I remember this being told me one day in the presence of my poor frightened Dominie. I fancy I see him now, casting up his eyes, clasping his bony hands, and ejaculating fervently, "God forbid! God forbid!"

I had already passed some months in the Eternal City, and was meditating a move to Naples, when my determination to start was hastened by the loss of the society of my two great allies. The marchese was obliged to leave Rome on pressing matters for his place in the Abruzzi, and he took San G—— with him. So after all the preliminaries of leaving, taking, bill paying, passport visa-ing, and such like preparations, Dr. Syntax and myself, with an Italian servant especially recommended to us by San G——, found ourselves rattling, one fine morning, on the paved streets as rapidly as four stout vetturino horses could take us, in the direction of the Porta San Giovanni.

We had scarcely cleared the city, when I observed the Dominie fidgeting nervously at his pockets, diving anxiously into one after another, and then turning them severally inside out, to make sure of their not containing the object sought. After having, as a last resource, examined all the recesses of the carriage, he announced to me, with a look of extreme vexation, that he had forgotten his drops—some compound or other he was in the constant habit of taking for cold or asthma. Annoying as the delay might be, I at once resolved on sending back Gaetano to fetch it; but on making known our trouble to him, we were delighted at hearing the words—"Ecco! ecco! Eccellenza! Lolengo io! Here it is, sir; I've got it," and at seeing him produce from his pocket the missing bottle of mixture.

The Dominie's mind was set at rest, and in a short time we were rolling cheerily along the Campagna.

For a while my companion, who was as I told you, a fine classical scholar, gave vent to his feelings by expatiating on the glories of old Rome in a sort of recitative, ever and anon breaking forth into sonorous quotations, and again relapsing into the old recitative, or train of thinking aloud. My enthusiasm did not keep pace with his; somehow I could not get the steam up, my thoughts were perpetually wandering from the glories of the past to the pleasant realities of the present, and the still more delightful anticipations of the future. Gradually the Dominie's soliloquy became less energetic; he seemed at times to lose the thread of his subject; his pauses became longer and longer till all was silence. Overcome, I suppose, by the intensity of his feelings, by the time we reached the foot of the hill of Albano he had fallen into a sound sleep.

We had got half-way up the ascent, and I was on the point of stopping the carriage to alight and walk to the top, in order the better to enjoy the exquisite view over the Campagna, when the sharp report of a gun, followed by a cry of terror from the vetturino, made me fear that what I had so ardently desired in theory—a *rencontre* with banditti—was now practically before me. This suspicion was speedily converted into reality by the appearance of two hairy-looking ruffians, wearing black masks, one at each window of the carriage. I do not think "Fra Diavolo" was known then, but I give you my word I never see the "first and second bandit" in that famous piece without a cold shudder. The ample brown cloaks, the tall, steeple-crowned hats, decorated with coloured ribbons, always bring that terrible moment before me.

I gave myself, however, little time for criti-



(See page 56.)

cising their appearance; but making a snatch at my pistols, with a degree of coolness for which at this moment I scarce give myself credit, I deliberately fired one out of each window, which served as a sort of picture frame to an original Salvator Rosa ragamuffin.

To my dismay, though the muzzles of the pistols almost touched their very breasts,

neither of them flinched, and instead of a death-cry, I heard only a very rude, boisterous shout of laughter, accompanied by the words, "Basta! basta, così, signore! Hold hard, signor! that will do."

All this time—would you believe it?—the Dominie remained in a deep sleep; my belief is he was shamming. It is hard to imagine a

fellow could sleep when a brace of pistols were fired off close to his ears.

“Basta così, signore,” said the most ferocious-looking of the pair; “let us have no more of that sort of play. Now then, presto, look sharp!” he continued, and in less time than it takes me to tell it, the door was jerked open, the Dominie, after a vain attempt had been made to rouse him by a good shaking, was lifted out, and I was fairly lugged out of the carriage after him by—what do you think, gentlemen?—the ends of my neckcloth.

I had just time to observe that three of the villains were in attendance upon us; how many more may have been engaged in paying the same delicate attentions to Gaetano and the vetturino, it never occurred to me to examine. I say, I had only time for a glance round me, when suddenly a thick bandage was tied over my eyes, and I was being led away rapidly. I could hear the carriage drive off, and, as the sound of the wheels became less and less audible, all hope of salvation vanished.

Never shall I forget that feeling of utter helplessness, of being abandoned to the will of these ruffians. Every story I had read from my youth up, every account I had so recently heard of their atrocities crowded into my mind; besides, had I not attempted their lives? How ominous that diabolical shout of derision, when I could swear I fired straight at their breasts. Their vengeance would be terrible! How could I have been such a fool—such an ass, as not to take an escort? everybody else did. Why did I boast, simpleton as I was, that I would go unattended? Why should I escape better than anybody else? And then I bethought me of my poor old simple-minded tutor, if he persisted in shamming sleep, these were not the fellows to stand it,—if I could only get speech of him!

All these self-reproaches and uncomfortable reflections were chasing one another in my mind, till it became a perfect chaos, and I walked on mechanically, obeying the directions of my conductor, who was careful to warn me of any inequality of the ground or obstacle in the path. As far as I was able to judge, this must have been a beaten track, and certainly up hill. We might have been going on thus for an hour or more, when I was startled from my apathy by my guide exclaiming,—

“Eccoci qua, 'celenza! Here we are at last. Cammina bene, 'celenza! you are a famous walker. 'Celenza will give himself the trouble to mount this flight of steps. Benissimo! that's well,” he continued, as we came to a halt. “Holà, now then,” he bawled out, lustily; “holà! Pepe! Bestia! the bell cord is broken. Ho, Pepino, Pe—pi—no!”

I felt a little comforted by the tone of this

man's voice. It was a cheery, ringing tenor, in no way corresponding with the gruff, hoarse, trombone, double-bass key of the brigand, as he used to be represented by the talented Mr. O. Smith at the Adelphi Theatre. I cannot help remarking, by the bye, that all the bandits, without exception, and by far the majority of the disreputable characters upon the stage, have deep bass voices.

The sound of a key grating in a lock, and the clatter of a couple of heavy bolts being withdrawn, was followed by the creaking of an obviously massive door upon its hinges, as it opened to admit us into some inclosure, a paved court I took it to be. A long conversation in whispers now ensued between my guide and another man, and then the former addressed himself to me.

“Eccellenza!” said he, “this worthy, Pepino, is to have the honour of taking you under his care” (A delicate way, I thought, of consigning me to my gaoler). “I am sorry to be under the necessity of leaving you for the present, I am required elsewhere. Have the complaisance to follow, in every particular, the directions I have given for your guidance; they are for your own good.”

“But, tell me,” I exclaimed, as I heard him moving off, “tell me——”

“Not a word!”

“But the Signor Dottore——”

“Is in the hands of *galontuomini*, men of honour, and will be well cared for. By the bye, now I think of it, I must beg you not to address any questions whatever to Pepe there, he is forbidden to answer. Pepe! beware!”

“Eccellenza, all'onore di rivederla! Farewell!”

BLUE-STOCKINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF “ONCE A WEEK.”

SIR,—The writer of the article “Blue-Stockings” in a late number of ONCE A WEEK,* while recording Lord Byron's verses published in Leigh Hunt's Journal, fails to mention a later and very amusing poem by Leigh Hunt himself, entitled “Blue-Stocking Revels,” in which the Muses are represented as sitting on inverted flower-pots on Mount Parnassus. The poem was given to a friend of mine by a very near connection of Leigh Hunt's, a clever chemist—but, alas! an opium-eater—living in the Edgeware Road. The names of all the note-worthy authoresses of the day are therein given in alphabetical order, some being mentioned with praise, some touched with droll criticism. Among others is a tribute—under her then maiden name—to one of the present writers in ONCE A WEEK.

Then Montagu Eleanora Louisa,
Was ever name sner from Naples to Pisa!
But not in name only the lady has merit;
Her thoughts have an eye, and the right inward spirit.

I am, sir, yours obediently,

L.

* See Vol. II., New Series, p. 582.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXXI.

JOYCE DORMER had sent up a note to Mr. Lynn to tell him of Doris's safety and of Mr. Chester's visit. And the next morning brought Mr. Lynn to Green Oaks to hear all that Joyce could tell him.

But Joyce could not tell him where Doris was, only that she was with a trusty friend, and that Mr. Chester would bring her home as soon as possible.

"And who is Mr. Chester?"

And Joyce set herself to explain, Aunt Lotty adding notes and comments as she went on, and finally taking up the subject herself.

"Mr. Chester is the most charming person I ever met with," said Aunt Lotty; "and I'm sure you'll like him, and you will not object to him in the least; that is, I'm sure I hope you won't, for he and Doris have set their hearts upon each other, and I should be sorry to see them disappointed. It's a sore thing to disappoint people, you know."

Joyce thought Aunt Lotty premature, as Mr. Lynn was evidently quite unprepared for such a phase of affairs.

To gain and lose a daughter in so short a space of time was what he had not calculated upon. However, he said nothing, either for or against, and Aunt Lotty rambled on, and Mr. Lynn appeared to listen, but his thoughts were far away.

Then the post came, and there was a letter from Mr. Carmichael. He had been harassed and hurried, and worn to death almost, and had failed in all the attempts that had been made to find a clue to Doris. She certainly was not in London, or he should have discovered her, and in what direction to try he knew not. He had inserted an advertisement in the Times, which was not to be withdrawn without notice from him. He did not see what further steps could be taken at present; therefore he intended returning home by that afternoon's train, as he felt quite ill and knocked up.

"And he'll hear news that will make him well again," commented Aunt Lotty.

But Joyce was not so sure of that when taken in connection with Mr. Chester.

And in the afternoon Mr. Carmichael did arrive, and he did look very ill; his complexion was very leaden, and there was a wandering look in his eyes that was by no means natural to them. He was not in the best of tempers, for Mr. Carmichael was not a man who liked to be beaten. He was mortified at having to give up finding Doris. There was something ignominious in being outwitted by a mere girl.

His temper was not improved by Aunt Lotty's burst of information, for Aunt Lotty had scarcely been judicious in her commencement—but, then, she was not a judicious person, and she usually contrived to act unadvisedly with the best of intentions; therefore, she had greeted Mr. Carmichael on his entrance, as follows:—

"Well, I have good news for you. Who do you think has been here?—Mr. Chester! And Mr. Chester knows all about Doris, and where she is, only he would not tell Joyce; but she's all safe, and he's gone away to bring her back."

Now, if there was anything particularly unpleasant to Mr. Carmichael, it was the connecting of Doris's name with Mr. Chester's. So he became irritable at once.

"What business has Mr. Chester to know anything of Doris. Besides, I thought Mr. Chester was in Rome. Doris isn't *there*, I suppose?" and Mr. Carmichael looked at Joyce.

"No," said she; "Doris wrote to him, and he came over to England."

"Oh! Doris wrote to him, did she? And why need Doris have written to a stranger?"

"But Mr. Chester is not a stranger; she has known him all her life," replied Joyce.

"He is neither her father nor her uncle," retorted Mr. Carmichael.

Which facts being so self-evident, Aunt Lotty was emboldened to put in an observation.

"Of course he is not, or he would not wish to marry her."

Mr. Carmichael was exasperated: he turned angrily to his wife.

"If you can't say anything pleasant, don't say anything at all. Mr. Chester will never marry Doris if I can help it."

Joyce thought that Mr. Carmichael could not help it; but being more judicious than

Aunt Lotty, she did not say so. And again Mr. Carmichael addressed her.

"When was Mr. Chester here?"

"Yesterday evening."

"He came to tell you that he had heard from Doris?"

"Yes."

"Had he seen her?"

"No."

"Why did he come here first?"

"To ask what I thought Doris ought to do."

"And what did you advise?"

"That she should come back to us."

"And what might Mr. Chester's opinion be?"

"He said that Lynncourt was the proper place for her."

Mr. Carmichael struck his hand violently upon the table.

"Lynncourt?" he repeated. "Yes, that is it—I knew he was after Lynncourt. I told you how it would be when he came to know that Doris was an heiress. A man does not often come careering home from Italy for nothing."

"But he seemed to think that Doris needn't take the property if she did not wish it."

Mr. Carmichael laughed, sneeringly.

"Oh! and so you believed him? No, no; he's too cunning for that. He's doubtless found out that the property is secured against any romantic sentimentality of that kind."

Joyce felt convinced that Mr. Chester had found out nothing of the sort, and that he, moreover, had never given a thought to the property, and would not care about it; still, Mr. Carmichael would not believe her if she told him so, so she made no answer.

"What else did Mr. Chester say?"

"He said that he had in his possession a letter given to him by Mrs. Gresford many years ago, that he was to keep until Doris was in need of assistance. This letter he intended to give to her now."

Joyce was watching Mr. Carmichael intently, to see what effect her communication would have; but she was not prepared for the change that came over him. His face turned livid, and he stared at her fixedly. She could see that he was greatly agitated, though he endeavoured to control himself. Joyce went on.

"He had not this letter with him: indeed, I am half afraid that he has lost it."

And still she watched Mr. Carmichael attentively. The fixed look in his eyes relaxed, and a momentary gleam of hope shot into them. Still, his hand shook visibly as he rested it upon the table. He leaned back in his chair.

"I am not well," he said, faintly.

Aunt Lotty rose hastily.

"Dear, dear, he has overdone himself in London. Joyce, dear, see! can he have fainted?"

No, he had not fainted; but he was very heavy and languid, and seemed to have very little power left.

"Joyce, ring the bell."

And Mr. Carmichael was conveyed to his room, and a doctor sent for.

Was it anything dangerous? Would he get over it?

He would get over it; they need not be alarmed about this attack, though another might be feared.

Aunt Lotty was indefatigable; she sat up all night watching her husband. In the morning she knocked at Joyce's door.

"He is better, but his mind wanders about some letter that is lost. I did not quite hear what you were saying last night, for I had fallen asleep; not but that I heard a good deal, for I can hear people talking when I'm in a doze; but that just happened to escape me. What was it? But if you would come and speak to him yourself, I think he'd be easier, for he's asked for you once or twice."

So Joyce went into the darkened room.

"It's Joyce," said Aunt Lotty.

Speaking slowly, and with some difficulty, Mr. Carmichael contrived to say,—

"You think the letter is lost?"

"I don't know, but I am afraid Mr. Chester thinks so."

"Thank heaven!" muttered Mr. Carmichael, and he sank back on his pillow.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. CHESTER searched his portmanteau carefully. He took out everything; he examined everything; he opened every package; he scrutinized every letter and paper; he turned out all his pockets: but no letter was to be found. Could he have lost it? He had it before he started from Rome; of that he was certain. He remembered also putting it into the pocket of his coat. And then—and then—No, it was of no use; he had not the slightest recollection of it afterwards. Again he searched the portmanteau, examined the lining, but all to no purpose. He must return and tell Doris that he had lost her mother's letter.

Doris was sitting where he had left her. Her eyes were closed; her mouth firmly set, and her hands clasped. She did not move when she heard Mr. Chester's step; neither did she open her eyes. She was communing so earnestly with herself that she could not be interrupted in her meditations. So Mr.

Chester sat down on the sofa beside her, and did not speak.

Presently, without unclosing her eyes, she said, "Give it to me."

And she sighed, for she felt like a criminal about to receive sentence. She was going to hear a decree from which there was no appeal; indeed, her own promise had rendered it irrevocable.

"Give it me," she repeated, in a tone that was almost inaudible.

"Doris," said Mr. Chester; "I cannot find it. I am afraid that it is lost."

The girl opened her eyes and sat erect with her earnest gaze bent upon him.

"Then I am free. I may do as I please. It seems like some mysterious dispensation to leave me to my own free choice in the matter. This is no accident; I do not believe in accidents; everything is designed for some end or other. If that letter is really lost I shall know that I am right in not returning to Graythorpe."

"But suppose it should be found, Doris?"

She looked perplexed for a moment and then answered,—

"I shall still believe that there was some reason for its being lost. I shall know that my steps are guided by circumstances over which I have no control. I must accept facts as they stand."

"But this is mere fatalism——"

"Perhaps so; but, Gabriel, I am so tired and so bewildered that I am glad even to have fatalism as a guide."

And she looked up at him with such a weary look that Mr. Chester felt he could have stooped down and kissed her, as he had done many a time when she was a little child; but, Doris would be nineteen in a day or two, though he could scarcely believe it. And a feeling of compassion stole into his heart. Poor little Doris, how unhappy she seemed; and he himself was not particularly happy at the present moment. How glad he would be to get away to Italy and not see any of the Green Oake people again. Which Green Oake people he might have reduced to one person, Joyce Dormer, but so he chose to word it. And Doris would be glad to get away too.

"I have decided what I am going to do, Gabriel," said Doris, shaking back her hair, that had escaped from its fastenings, whilst a change came over her face and she suddenly lost the weary look.

"Well?"

"I have a talent for drawing, you know."

"Don't be conceited," replied Mr. Chester.

"I'm not conceited. I know I have a talent; and, besides, you have told me so often and often."

"And you intend to be an artist and paint away at Linton."

"No, I don't. I'm not quite so aspiring as that. I'm going to do wood-cutting. I should succeed well enough, and make quite enough to live upon. Mrs. Howell has a sister in London whose husband does wood-cutting, and wants a pupil. I think, Gabriel, that I am not suited to live without any work after having worked all my life till now. I think I shall miss getting my living as I used to do: it will separate me so from the past."

"And what will Mr. Lynn say to this? Remember, Doris, he is your father. You are not free to act in this matter."

"Surely after so many years he would let me do as I pleased. What can he care for a daughter whom he has never known? He has done nothing for me so far, and I don't wish him to do anything now."

"Has that been his fault? And, Doris, he does care for you; he is grieving over you now. Can you not love him for your mother's sake? Can you not follow her example, and sacrifice your own feelings to spare him?"

Doris hid her face.

And again Gabriel felt the same strange compassion for the girl dart into his mind. And he thought of her words, "If you, and I, and Joyce could live somewhere together." But Joyce was out of the question; besides, he wished to forget her; but he and Doris, they seemed to belong to one another. He took one of her hands.

"Doris," he said, "do you think me worth caring for?"

"Worth caring for?" asked Doris, in amazement; "to be sure I do. I care more for you, Gabriel, than any one in the world. What should I do without you? There is no one who knows so much about me as you do, no one that I have known so long. Of course I care for you."

"You don't quite understand me, Doris. Do you think you care so much for me that you would be willing to leave every one else and go with me to Italy?"

"Oh yes, Gabriel! I should like it above all things, and you could teach me as you used to do. But it would have been pleasanter if you could have liked Joyce and Joyce could have liked you, and then you two could have been married, and I should have been as happy as the day is long with you both."

She did not understand him yet; she had looked upon him so long as her guardian and protector, almost as a second parent. So he said gravely,—

"That is not what I mean. I have no one to care about me now, and I feel rather sad

and lonely sometimes. Will you be my wife, Doris?"

It had never entered into her head. His wife! Gabriel's wife! She would have laughed at the idea if Joyce had suggested it to her. But she did not laugh now, she was so perplexed, so astonished.

"Gabriel!" was all she could say.

"I am in earnest, Doris."

"But what can have made you think of it? I never should have thought of it."

"Can you not think of it now?"

"I don't know, Gabriel."

"Do you love any one else, Doris?"

"No."

"Well then, listen. This is the only way in which I can help you. I am a lonely man in the world. My mother is dead, and I have but few relatives. Those I have are all scattered, and have interests of their own; so there is no one for me to care for but my little snow-child, whom I have known and loved so long, and who links me with the past. And you, Doris, cannot bear to be torn from that past and planted anew in a fresh soil, in a fairer garden it may be, but without any of the old props to cling to. We are both in a manner desolate; can we not make a home far away from all these troubles, and keep the past as a precious memory that will dwell painlessly with us throughout our lives. Remember how your mother begged me to take care of you the last time I saw her. Can I fulfil her wishes better than by being your protector through life?"

Doris sat listening earnestly. There was no flush upon her face; she was considering calmly Mr. Chester's speech. When he had ended, she spoke.

"Do you wish it on my account, Gabriel? Are you thinking of me?"

"I am thinking of myself, Doris," he answered.

"Are you quite sure you wish it? Are you sure you like me better than any one you have ever seen?"

Her eyes met his without flinching.

"I am quite sure that I wish it."

He did not answer her other question.

"I should not have supposed I was the sort of person you would care for, Gabriel," she continued.

"Why not?"

"Because it never entered into my head that you would. That seems a foolish reason, perhaps; but I cannot help thinking that I should have had some sort of idea, some perception in all these years, if I had been the kind of person to suit you. I am afraid it is on my account that you are thinking of this."

"No, I am not, Doris."

"It appears stranger almost to me than everything else," she replied. "I think you must be mistaken, Gabriel. If you really think, if——"

"If what?" said Mr. Chester. "Tell me honestly, Doris, anything you like to say."

"If I were quite sure that I liked you well enough; in that way, I mean—but I'm afraid I don't, Gabriel—I would try. But I never thought about it, and I should not wish you to be unhappy."

"I could not be unhappy, Doris. We used to be happy enough together in days gone by."

"But I was a child then," she returned, seriously. "I am older now—I am a woman, Gabriel. I have grown very old in these last few weeks. I was growing very old before that, Gabriel. For we had such a struggle those last few years. Oh, Gabriel! and poverty makes one feel so old—so very old."

Mr. Chester took both her hands in his and looked sadly at her.

"And you never told me, Doris."

"My mother would not let me. I would have written again and again to you, for it would not have been like charity to be helped by you. But she would not let me. She asked Uncle Carmichael to help her, and he would not—he would not, Gabriel; and do you think I can ever forgive him? I don't, and I never shall. You don't know what I've felt since I've been at Green Oake. Something like a tigress kept in a cage. I've been wanting to spring out all the time and get away. But Joyce was such a gentle keeper that I had not the heart to leave her. If Joyce could only go with us I would go at once, Gabriel; for now I am away it seems to me that she reminds me of my mother, though it never struck me before."

"She bears a strong resemblance to your mother," answered Mr. Chester. "I always wondered that you had not perceived it. It is one of those strange chance likenesses that one does sometimes see between people who are not related."

"Yes, I see it now. Oh, Gabriel! if it had only been Joyce that you had liked instead of me!"

"But then I should have had no claim to help you out of all your difficulties."

"No," said Doris, meditatively.

"But you have not answered my question yet, Doris."

"I do not know how to answer it. Are you quite, quite sure that you are in earnest, Gabriel?"

"Quite sure."

Doris closed her eyes as if to shut out

everything, and once more to commune with herself. She was silent for a time; then she rose, and putting her hand on Mr. Chester's shoulder, she said softly,—

"Gabriel, I have made up my mind. I will go with you."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was a fair and frosty morning. You could feel it the moment you awoke, and you could see it the moment the blind was drawn up and revealed the window panes covered with starry spangles. And you could hear it, too—that is to say, there seemed to be a crisp crackling sound in the air, that comes only on frosty mornings.

The early sun did not melt the tiny icicles that fringed the window-ledges, nor the frozen drops of dew that had turned white on the blades of grass and on the leafless hedges where the spiders had been busy spreading nets to catch the shining diamonds that dropped from the Frost-queen's garments as she passed along. The trees were crusted over with silver, and glittered and sparkled in the sunlight, softening in the distance into the blue haze that gathered around them, and which melted into the rosy sky, whose blues grew ever fainter as the sun rose higher. And man, seeing the black bare woods so transfigured, said, that a hoar-frost had come on, and revelled in its beauty; but nurses told the children that the fairies had been planting sugar forests in the night; and the children believed it, as they believed in the creak of gold that is to be found where the rainbow touches the earth, and as they believed in all other legends and myths believed in in the Wonder-age, that is the fairest age upon earth. For, is not the world an Eden then, and the forbidden fruit untasted?

The robins looked quite comfortable in their brown coats and red vests; they were quite winter-birds, and were singing still, though all the other birds had forgotten their notes. Cheerily through Christmas time had the robins sung their carol, and earned the crumbs that they were bold enough now to beg from door to door; and few were so hard-hearted as to send them away unrewarded.

Within doors the Frost-queen made herself also felt. She seemed to have swept the house out in the night, and made everything look fresh and clean. And as for the fire, though one would think that it must be her natural enemy, she had certainly lent it a helping hand, or why did it blaze and sparkle more brightly than on other days? Also she must have been whispering happy thoughts into the hearts of the dwellers in the houses, or what could make them look so pleasant and cheerful

this morning? Even the poor little boy with the chilblains did not blame the Frost-queen for bringing them—indeed, he never took into account that she had anything to do with them. He looked out of the window, wishing that they were better, so that he might have a slide on the pool with his brothers. He was so afraid that the frost would go before his chilblains were well.

Doris came down to breakfast under the Frost-queen's influence, though Mrs. Howell attributed it entirely to Mr. Chester's coming.

"I knew he'd make everything right, if anyone could; and I'm so glad, Miss Carmichael, that you're going home. Depend upon it, it's the right thing, and just what your mother, poor lady, would have wished."

Yes, Doris was going back to Craythorpe. Mr. Chester's arguments had been successful. He had brought so much to bear upon the subject that had never before occurred to her pre-occupied mind, that he had won his point, and perhaps that very evening she would see Joyce again, and they would have a long chat in the little porch-room. Would Joyce be surprised at all she had to tell her? She was sorry that Joyce did not quite like Mr. Chester. "But she may think better of him now," mused Doris, "for my sake."

The Frost-queen had not been so benign to Mr. Chester as to others, though perhaps he, of all in the little village of Linton, needed her invigorating influence most. He had believed on the previous evening that he should open his eyes on a new world, and that the old world would have passed away. He believed that he could forget one object in the pursuance of another, deeming that new plans, new ideas, action, change, and new interests, would bring forgetfulness. He did not take into account that through the world there runs no Lethe. We may smother our regrets in the whirl of active life, we may drown our sorrows in excitement, we may even keep down remorse for a while, or, we may build up fresh hopes, and try to hang a curtain between us and the past. But the whirl of active life will not go on for ever; a hush must sometime come. And in the silent hour of midnight, or in the ghastly grey of the chill dawn, Regret, like a phantom, will haunt us, and shake a mocking finger at our inability to undo the past. And when the mad torrent of excitement has swept by, old memories and old sorrows will be left high and dry upon a desolate shore, and we shall grieve and grieve until the tide again flows over them. There is no Lethe on this side the dark river.

And Mr. Chester looked graver than he had done the day before.

Aunt Lotty sat by Mr. Carmichael's bedside

and ministered to his wants, filling up the intervals with the endless knitting, and not daring to speak unless spoken to, lest she might irritate the invalid. For Aunt Lotty's perceptions were sharpened in any case of illness, and her sympathetic heart corrected her somewhat defective judgment. It was necessary that he should be kept perfectly quiet, the doctor said, and then all would go on well.

"Letters?" said Mr. Carmichael, in a querulous tone.

It was about the time of the arrival of the Australian mail.

"I thought you were asleep, or I would have given them to you before," answered his wife, bringing several letters to him, amongst which was one with a foreign post-mark.

Mr. Carmichael's eye eagerly noted it, and Mr. Carmichael's trembling fingers closed upon it. The opening was a somewhat difficult task, it dropped from his hand. His wife giving it to him again, asked,—

"Shall I open it?"

"No!" replied the sick man, abruptly, as he once more essayed to tear open the envelope, in which he finally succeeded. Then he steadied his hand to hold it whilst he read, and as he did so he glanced at Aunt Lotty; and Aunt Lotty, perceiving his movements in spite of the knitting, softly moved towards the window, drew the blind half-way up, and seated herself so that Mr. Carmichael could not see her.

And Mr. Carmichael, thus left to his own devices, began to read his letter. He was not very expert in making it out, his eyes rather failed him, and losing his place he several times had to begin again; but by dint of perseverance he at length mastered the contents, and they brought relief to his mind. The writer said,—

"I have made minute inquiries as directed, and find that Henry Bargrave died four years ago, being a man over eighty years of age. His wife is still living, but is infirm and at times loses her memory; she, however, well remembers the loss of the Albatross, with all the passengers on board. Mrs. Gresford and her child were amongst the number, they were both drowned. The child was at that time not a year old, its name was Doris. She remembered nothing especial about it; it was like all other babies, nothing very remarkable. She remembered, too, Mr. Gresford's return after he had been thought dead so long, and his distress and despair on hearing of the loss of his wife and child. He went away, she fancied, to South America, and she felt sure that her husband had once or twice heard from him; but that was long ago; she did not

know now whether Mr. Gresford were living or dead."

The writer had obtained a list of the passengers in the ill-fated vessel, they were all drowned; only four or five of the crew were saved; they contrived, after tossing about in an open boat for three days without food or water, to attract the notice of a vessel bound for Sydney. They had suffered fearfully from hunger and exposure, and had seen their comrades die around them. They reported that the Albatross went down, and that the captain and all on board perished.

Mr. Carmichael's head fell back on the pillow; the effort had been great, and he needed rest after it, but his mind was in a more comfortable state than it had been; still there was a vague fear upon him of which he could not divest himself, and he should have to wait in restless suspense until it was dispelled or realized. He was half afraid that Joyce had a suspicion of his fear. He could not quite make out Joyce, there had been something strange about her of late, as if she suspected something. Perhaps it was only an idea of his own; perhaps he might be unnecessarily harassing himself; nevertheless, his mind was harassed, and he lay in a state of mental unrest, longing that his illness had passed off, and that he could take active measures to assure himself of all he wished to know. Presently he opened his eyes again and listlessly surveyed the letters lying beside him. He stretched out his hand, and took one up, quite by hazard, for he had not particularly noticed it, he merely saw that it was in a handwriting not familiar to him. Some circular, probably; he could not make out the post-mark. He was putting it down again, when one of those irresistible impulses that sometimes come over people prompted him to look at it again, and as he did so he intuitively felt that it contained something of interest, and with some little difficulty he managed to open it. It was but a short note, and the writing was clear and legible; consequently he read it more easily than he had read the Australian letter.

It was from Mr. Chester, written before he left the station-town for Linton. It was merely to inform Mr. Carmichael that he hoped to bring back Doris to Green Oake the following evening.

"That will be to-day," commented Mr. Carmichael. "He had somewhere in his possession a letter from her mother, which he had no doubt would assist him in persuading Doris to return."

Mr. Carmichael gave a half-groan.

"What is it?" asked Aunt Lotty, hastily coming to the bedside.

"Nothing," replied her husband; "go away."

And Aunt Lotty retreated to the window again and went on with her knitting.

Mr. Carmichael reconsidered the passage.

"He had somewhere in his possession: somewhere—it was vague, he had not actually found it; it *might* be lost."

Mr. Carmichael reproached himself for not having thought of the possibility of Mr. Chester's possessing such a document, and for not having contrived to get it into his own possession. Mr. Chester probably had it with him when he was at Green Oake. It had been, as it were, laid at his very feet, and he had not stooped to pick it up; it had been tossed by fortune within reach of his hand, and he had let it go unheeded.

Yet how was he to know that his sister would entrust so valuable a paper to a man who evidently knew so little of her private affairs. Still he might know more than he pretended. This Chester was, doubtless, a designing person. He had found his way to Craythorpe as soon as he heard that Doris was an heiress. But if so—

Mr. Carmichael paused. After all, could Mr. Chester have read the document? No; the letter he thought bore indirect evidence to his not having done so. He looked at it again, and read on.

"After the strange revelation that has been lately made I cannot but see that Lynncourt is now Doris's natural home, and I shall place this before her in the strongest light."

"Of course he will," muttered Mr. Carmichael. "I hate the man."

Why did he hate him? He knew nothing of him, save that he and his mother had befriended Ellen Carmichael when in distress. Perhaps the silent reproach that this carried to him was the secret spring of hatred, though he knew it not. For men cannot bear to have their own self-estimation wounded.

And then he interfered with Mr. Carmichael's designs. Why was a stranger to profit by his efforts to secure to his niece her rightful property?

He almost wished he had left the matter alone altogether. And yet if he had done so, he could not have paid off his old grudge against John Gresford. And now, in paying it off, he should heap benefits on a person whom he equally disliked. And he became more and more irritable and restless.

Aunt Lotty, from her post of observation, wished she had never given him the letters. She was sure they had done him harm. What would the doctor say?

And Mr. Carmichael tossed uneasily from side to side, arguing the matter in his mind,

and wondering whether it would be possible to carry his point without benefiting either the one or the other.

He called to his wife. She was at the bedside in a moment.

He was not a vacillating man, and yet he looked at her half doubtful whether he should not change his mind. However he decided to unbend.

"I've heard from Mr. Chester."

Aunt Lotty, burning to know what Mr. Chester had said, prudently restrained herself from asking.

"He will, perhaps, bring Doris back to-day."

Aunt Lotty uttered an exclamation of joy.

Mr. Carmichael frowned. Then he went on, "Do you suppose that Mr. Chester has any intention of marrying Doris?"

Aunt Lotty felt in a flutter of importance. Mr. Carmichael had asked her opinion upon a serious subject. She was flattered, and flattery we know is calculated to blind the judgment. So poor Aunt Lotty's judiciousness all vanished; her eyes were closed, and her tongue unloosed. She became voluble.

"Certainly he has. I've seen it from the first moment. Though you did not like the idea, I knew it would be so, and I should have said more about it only I was afraid you would not like it. But now that you have mentioned it, I may say that I feel sure he intends it, and of course Doris likes him, and I don't see that Mr. Lynn need make any objection, for Mr. Chester is so very delightful that Mr. Lynn is sure to like him. And I'm so glad you've taken it into consideration, and I'm sure we cannot feel too grateful to Mr. Chester for finding Doris for us, for it's what no one else could do. And you see she told him where she was at once. Of course he will marry her, and it's sure to turn out well, though marriage is a lottery, and——"

Here Aunt Lotty's flood of eloquence was suddenly stopped.

"Silence!" said Mr. Carmichael, in a deep, hoarse voice, his face turning almost purple.

Aunt Lotty was in dismay. What had she done? Mr. Carmichael had asked her opinion, and she had given it.

And like many others whose opinion is asked, she had better not have given it. For, as a general rule, people don't want your opinion, unless it happens to be a confirmation of their own, or unless it is just what they wish it to be; and even then they are apt to think you impertinent for having an opinion at all.

Aunt Lotty, therefore, had committed an egregious blunder, and had made Mr. Carmichael more irritable than ever.

"Of course he intends to marry her. Who wants to be told that?" said he.

Very meekly and in a very tremulous voice Aunt Lotty said she was sorry, that she thought he wanted to know.

But Mr. Carmichael was inconsistent, and replied, "That he did not want to know. Of course Mr. Chester wished for Doris's fortune, but—" here Mr. Carmichael broke off abruptly, then added, "Call Joyce."

And Joyce came, and Mr. Carmichael began, "I have had a letter from Mr. Chester; he may perhaps be here to-night with Doris. He speaks of the document you mentioned. Did he tell you to whom this document was addressed?"

"To Doris—has he found it?"

"He does not say. You may go now."

And Joyce went.

"They will be here to-night," she murmured to herself, as she closed the door of the little porch-room.

But they did not come that night. Aunt Lotty sent to the station to meet each train, but Doris and Mr. Chester did not arrive.

(To be continued.)

GEOMETRICAL PUZZLES.

1. THE accompanying figure (fig. 1) is to be divided into two parts, which may be so put together as to form a perfect circular disc.

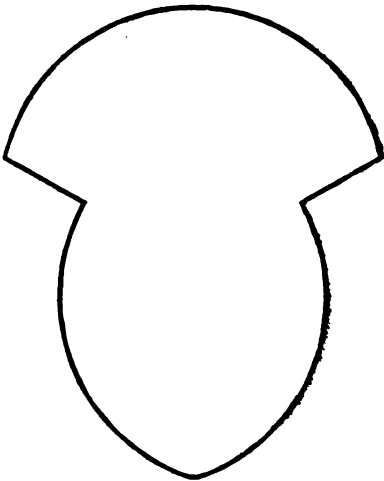


Fig. 1.

2. The figures in the accompanying diagram (fig. 2) may be described as two regular polygonal rings: *a* having five sides or angles, and *b* ten. Two figures of the size and shape of *a* are to be divided into parts (no limitation being made in this case as to the number of

such parts) which may be so reunited as to form one figure of the size and shape of *b*.

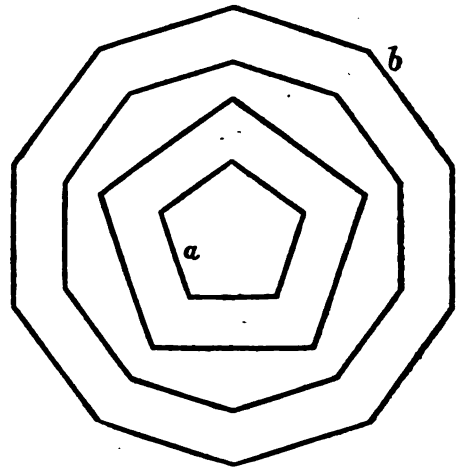


Fig. 2.

3. A circular disc *a* (fig. 3) is placed upon a flat surface *b*, from which rises a peg *c*, passing through a corresponding hole in the disc; and is prevented from turning about *c*.

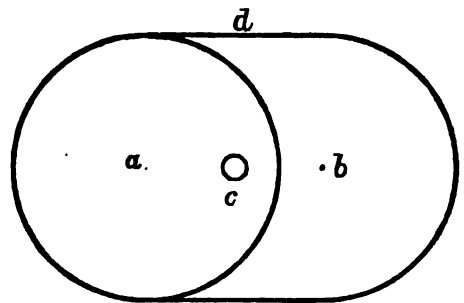


Fig. 3.

by a rim projecting from the surface *b* in the position indicated by the continuous line *dd*. The peg *c* is centrally placed with regard to *dd*.

The disc is required to assume a position similar to that which it now occupies, but in contact with the *opposite* end of the rim *dd*; such a position, in fact, as it might have assumed by simply turning half round on *c* as a centre, were that possible. Now, the required result may be obtained by dividing the disc *a* into two distinct portions; but the condition must be observed, that the disc, during its transit from one position to the other, must *always* remain, in form, a complete and perfect disc, though divided. The

question is, in what manner must the division be made?

It is, of course, understood that no part of *a* is at any time to be raised above, or removed from contact with, the surface *b*.

I shall give the solutions and explanations of these puzzles in a succeeding number.

FRED. R. J. HERVEY.

OUT OF THE WORLD.

A Story in Five Chapters.

BY MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS.

CHAPTER I.—THE FIRST DAY IN PARADISE.

FOR the first time in his life an English painter, by name Harold Gower, declared the world to be worth painting, and himself a happy man.

He was of a cynical turn, or he would never have reached his thirty-seventh birthday without having come to some such conclusion before, and this is true. He had ever been an unlucky man: or rather, he had ever set his heart upon attaining things impossible of attainment, and therefore not necessary or good for his soul in any way, and he had trampled on those wholesome possibilities growing about his feet, instead of drawing from them pith and fibre, such mental and bodily aliment as he needed.

But to-day cynicism was wholly unnecessary. London, with its atmosphere of browns and greys, its den of perverse academicians who won't hang deserving pictures on the line, its greater and lesser injustices towards unknown men of genius, was hundreds, nay, tens of hundreds of miles away. He was beyond reach of English newspapers, English tourists, and the English tongue, except as it was spoken by the beautiful young creature he so proudly called "wife." And to a man, moreover, with some reason in his discontent, if, indeed, inactive discontent were ever reasonable, the smallest circumstance of a life so isolated became a triumph.

Was he not enjoying the beauty of a new world all to himself? Not a painter, not a scatter-brained tourist, but had dog's-eared the pages of that exquisite poem called Italy. Was Greece new? Was the East new? Was anything new under the sun excepting his young wife's eyes and the African heavens from which their transparency seemed borrowed?

Two or three months ago they had left England with a care blacker and heavier than any murdered albatross hanging round the neck of each. And now, having rapidly passed through the regions of foggy winters and snowy springs, they fled southward like the swallows to find a land of perpetual summer and perfect peace. They were in

that part of Africa which needs no extravagance of happy lovers to call Paradise: that verdant, flowery, indescribable land of Algeria, whose story is alike so sorrowful and full of shame. Never pausing, however, to study the half-French, half-Moorish city which rises like a dream from the sea, they had journeyed straight through the plain dividing it from the chain of the lesser Atlas. What a new existence, what new possibilities of thought and feeling seemed opening upon them at every step! Were they really breathing the same atmosphere, made up of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, as learned at school, living under the same milky ways, followed by the same round white moon, as in Europe?

How easy it was to believe in worlds innumerable, others as yet undreamed of, planetary wonders surpassing poets' imaginations, now that they had found a new world not five days' journey from England.

"Don't you think, Harold," asked the young wife, as they rode side by side, "that bright skies and flowery lands cure one of a conscience? I do."

The painter winced and thrust his spurs impatiently into the flanks of his strong-limbed Arab horse.

"My dear Emilia, you say such insupportably simple things. What objection is there to retaining one's conscience?"

"But if it be troublesome, is it not best to throw it overboard, and memory too?"

"You women are so weak; when a man does a thing, he does it for once and for all. But you can never keep from looking back. Remember Lot's wife."

"You men are so selfish; so long as you gain, no matter who loses."

He laughed, a little, self-satisfied, heartless laugh.

"And that's just the reason why we gain," he said; "look upon me as a brute if you like, dearest, and give way to all sorts and degrees of pity for those who have lost, but I will make you happy in spite of yourself."

"I know that," she said, softly.

"If I thought that you stood in need of it, I could build a Babel of arguments in my favour," he went on; "we were wretched, we were leading mean untrue lives, we were falsifying all that is best and brightest in our natures. Who is happier than we are now? Whose lives are truer to each other? Whose humour is gayer than yours, more generous than mine?"

"Then gaiety is a virtue?"

"Who can doubt it, since wicked people are always serious?"

They rode on for some time in silence. At length Emilia said with an arch smile,

"You know, Harold, I never am convinced by anything you say; but so long as I can live contentedly without convictions, what matters? I think I am going to be very happy. What a life this is compared to the interminable days at Trimleigh Hall. No one cared for pictures, or for music, or for George Sand, and we had to wear our best clothes on Sunday and go to church."

"You poor child! And I daresay the eyes at Trimleigh Hall never found out that you looked your prettiest in your Raffaello's blue."

"There were other things to think of besides my prettiness and Raffaello's blue. 'The House' to begin with, then Poor-Law Boards, and Committees on the Cattle Plague, and—"

"Oh! have done, Emmy, for Heaven's sake," said Gower, contemptuously.

"Yet," answered the girl, with a seriousness that was only half assumed, "Trimleigh Hall is goodness incarnate, and we are badness incarnate, and when we die it's all up with us."

"Goodness incarnate, indeed? Is it good to live without a soul? What does that poor fool know of the miracles Heaven works for you and me. The sunsets don't teach him anything, the mountains might as well never have been made, he doesn't go on his knees out of gratitude for the violets and saffrons of the dawn. Pshaw! a man may be a Christian without being an artist, but I'll defy him to know anything of Christianity without being an enthusiast."

"Are you sure that we are such very good Christians?" asked Emilia, satirically; "it seems to me that all the good we do is to enjoy ourselves, whilst the people we laugh at look after the poor, and help in Parliament, and build sanatoria." "

"You cannot be serious, Emilia."

"I am serious, Harold."

He pulled up his horse, and stooping forward put back the long white veil which floated like a cloud about her delicate pink cheeks.

It was a face of wondrous fairness and perfection of feature, and yet one could not call it beautiful. To Harold Gower it was the most beautiful face possible, but then we are not looking through his eyes, eyes cultivated to a proper perception of physical beauty doubtless, and yet blind to the quality of soul. It was just soul that Emilia's beauty needed. Boasting a superb complexion, large lovely grey eyes, just tinted with blue, like pigeon's feathers, full fresh lips, and an intractable mass of sparkling brown hair, who could help thanking her for her prettiness, and, in the first flush of pleasure, wishing it ever in sight? But, after a time, all women, and here and there some men, would grow to miss

something, to criticise, and finally, to despise these rare gifts. And why? Because, however poor all of us may be in regard to that intellectuality which is but a step from moral nature, we cannot brook the need of it in others.

The painter dropped her veil, and spurred on his horse gaily.

"You are no more in earnest than you ever were," he said with a smile.

The lady spurred on her horse gaily too.

"I am in earnest," she said; "but that fact ought to please you. If I played with serious things, you might be certain that one day I should find the playful mood gone, but I treat serious things with proper respect, and then I know they can't turn upon me. In throwing aside everything but my love for you, I have played a wild game; had a wilder one been possible, I would still have played it."

"That is spoken like my brave little Emmy."

"I had need to be brave, since you are such a coward," she said, looking at him with a caressing smile. "Why, in Heaven's name, were women ever called the weaker sex, since we can do wrong and dare the consequences, but you, having done wrong, try to paint it and polish it into a pretence of right?"

"We have a stronger moral consciousness; that is all the difference," answered Gower, complacently; "but now let me cultivate your eye for beauty, and leave these matters to amuse us on a rainy day. Do you see those gigantic reeds waving against the blue sky? Looking up at them as we approach, their arrowy heads have a brown and burnished look like bronze spears; but turn on your saddle and look back from a little distance! The sun gives them the softness of butterflies' wings, and round every one is a halo of amber light. Would not the journey to Africa be well repaid by such a sight as this?"

His pale face flushed with enthusiasm, and Emilia's was childishly sympathetic.

"How pretty! how wonderful!" she cried, "though I should never have noticed it but for you. I am such a stupid little thing. Can't you make me clever, Harold? I should like to feel myself on a level with a clever man like you."

"You absurd child! As if you thought me one whit more clever than yourself." Gower answered, pleased with her remark, nevertheless. Then he went on to talk after thoroughly artistic fashion of the surrounding scenery, for awhile forgetting everything else.

The region through which they were passing was of superb aspect and colour. A glory of wild flowers lay about their feet, a little river laughed and danced between glistening oleanders by their side, before and

behind them rose mountain after mountain, making a rainbow of colour from the deepest, gloomiest green to the faintest, dreamiest violet, and over-head hung the gold and purple canopy of an African sky.

Nothing can express the utter solitude of the place. Now and then a Spahis, clad in scarlet trousers, and armed to the teeth, galloped past, or a little Arab might be heard piping to his herds among the olive thickets close by, or a troop of French cantonniers were mending the road. But for hours they would journey on without encountering a living soul.

At mid-day, Emilia having pouted and declared herself to be starving, the horses were let loose and the saddle-bags were produced. Making a table of the gay turf under foot, they spread a little feast of bread, roast quails, bananas, dates, and wine.

"We may fairly call ourselves, out of the world, at last, Emmy," cried Gower, triumphantly. "If our dark-looking guide yonder were to murder us, who would be the wiser?"

Emilia looked a little aghast.

"Oh, Harold! you don't consider the Arabs a bad set, do you?"

"They do anything when not afraid of its being found out. And though we're not rich, the English are generally supposed to have purses worth picking," answered Gower coolly.

"If there were really any danger, you oughtn't to tell me—and you wouldn't," she said, clinging to him.

"My darling; that Mohammed sitting amongst the horses is just as likely to hurt you as I am, but I only speak indirectly. Such solitary places as these are always a little unsafe—all the more delightful, I say. Could we live in the common matter-of-fact world, you and I?"

"We couldn't if we would, and we wouldn't if we could," she said, half in jest and half in earnest.

"That is just the logic of the matter. If I sell my pictures well, I'll buy a bit of land out here and build a house on it."

"Oh! if you would! I don't want any more of the world, Harold. I am sick of friends and neighbours. I never wish to go to a ball or to dress for the opera again. So long as you are with me I am happy."

He caught her hand passionately to his lips, and then they were content to talk of nothing but each other. On such and such a day they had despaired and wept; on another, they had said to themselves this or that. Now they were "out of the world" together, and could hardly believe in a reality so dream-like.

Their gaiety would have been quite terrible,

but for its sincerity and childlikeness. They ran races; they waded barefoot across the river-bed; they danced the Tarantula, singing; they vied with each other in discovering new follies and fancies. Lastly, she sat at his feet, panting, and he crowned her with wild flowers—the golden marigold, the pale pink asphodel, the crimson and purple vetch, the glorious white iris.

"They're better than any family diamonds," Emilia said, handling the gorgeous blossoms that lay in her lap. "However rich you become, Harold, never buy me jewels."

"As if I should ever become rich!" cried Gower.

"Some painters do."

"Of course, good luck must light upon some one. I shall go on painting to the end of the chapter because I can't help it, but I shall never get money, or reputation, or friends."

"And we don't want them, do we?"

"We want nothing but a handful of dates and an Arab's tent."

"And a bunch of blue ribbons to tie up my bonnie brown hair!"

"Yes, I must insist upon your wearing blue in your hair, the combination of colour is such a treat to the eyes. But now we ought to mount and make haste on our way."

CHAPTER II. SHOWING HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO LIVE LONG "OUT OF THE WORLD."

JUST as the short bright day of the African winter was closing in, the painter and his wife reached the caravansera where they intended to pass the night.

"We are out of the world, with a vengeance, now!" cried Gower, looking to the right and to the left. "Did one ever dream or imagine a scene so solitary?—How I like it!"

And again and again he looked round. Behind stretched the hills through which they had been journeying all day long, now melted and mellowed into one continuous tint of silvery grey. On either side rose gentle undulations, verdant with the tuya, the olive, and the tasseled tamarisk, whilst before them, looking distant as dreams, were the mountains not yet climbed. Belted with flowery turf, having the murmur of the river ever present, and lying in the heart of ever varying scenery, this little caravansera might well appeal to an artist's sympathies.

"I like it, too," said Emilia. "You will paint wonderful pictures: no one can possibly find us here. How happy we shall be!"

They were now at the portal, and having entered, Harold assisted his wife to alight. Naturally, the little community turned out to

gaze on the strangers, for, excepting officers bound into the interior and very rare English travellers, the principal patrons of the caravansera were Arabs, cantonniers, and colonists. A stout, rosy-faced French woman, with three or four children pulling her apron, her somewhat rough-looking husband engaged in salting hyena skins, and an Arab stable-boy, surrounded the pretty young English lady and her companion—not with surprise, but with a certain quiet expression of amusement.

Emilia looked somewhat disconsolately at the small kitchens from which the landlady emerged.

"We musn't be hungry here," she whispered to her husband, with a shrug of the shoulders; "and oh, Harold, I can't lie down in a stable, though I am ever so sleepy!"

They were conducted across the court, which was square and spacious, with stabling all round, and a handsome drinking-fountain in the midst, to one of the corner towers; there they found two not unpleasant rooms, the inner one fitted as a sleeping-apartment and having small windows, like port-holes, all round. Delighted to find a bed, Emilia curled herself up like a kitten, and in ten minutes was sound asleep. Gower unpacked his sketch-books, and sitting on the door-step, began to sketch. For though hardly an artist, in the highest sense of the word, he could never see a gorgeous bit of colour, or a poetic incident, without longing to preserve it. Accordingly, no sooner had a couple of Arabs led up their camels to drink, and stood by wrapped in their white burnouses, like statues, than he rejoiced in the happy suggestion of Eastern life, that appealed so entirely to all artistic sympathies.

By the time Emilia awoke, night and silence, such as we Europeans have no idea of, fell over the little oasis. But neither night nor silence were dreary, for the hostess brought lights in plenty, and the host served a feast of wild boar steaks and roast plovers, with a plentiful garnish of marvellous adventure. Fire, slaughter, and rapine—what outrages had not the Arabs committed only a year or two back. But the French had them now—the *bon Dieu* be thanked for it!

When the good man had withdrawn, and the dinner had come to an end, Harold made Emilia look at his sketch, stroke by stroke. It was preposterous, he said, that an artist's wife should understand nothing of painting, especially as she professed such faith in his genius. Whereupon Emilia yawned in a delightfully childlike way, declared that she loved painting only because "he did it," and finally submitted to a lesson in art-criticism in the prettiest, most provoking humour imaginable.

She was a mere child, this Emilia—more ignorant than a child in some things, and yet so original, so clever, so bewitchingly caustic when the mood seized her, that a woman far more gifted in every way might have lost by comparison. And she was so simply, utterly true to herself, never affecting a humour, much less a thought, she did not feel, never falsifying her opinions, the opinions of others, or her position in the world.

To a man like Harold Gower, who had lived much in the world, especially the world of woman, the study of so fresh a nature could but be enchanting. It was all the more enchanting because he found himself ever learning something new and something wholly unexpected. He had never known any one at all like her before, and for the first time he was really loved. No wonder that his morbid, dissatisfied life broke into blossom under such a spell, and that he grew daily more genial and generous.

Finding the scenery and the solitude of the caravansera so attractive, they rested there for several days. At early dawn the painter was on the hills, eager, as only painters can be eager, to see an effect of mist here, a sunrise there, a cool, grey light upon the mountains, or a breaking shower-cloud upon the plain. A fever of enthusiasm had seized him—a fever that metamorphosed him, bodily as well as mentally, making him young, and gay, and gracious. He criticised the work of others charitably; he viewed his own works with content. He ceased to criticise Nature; not wishing himself in Italy, among the Alps, or on the Nile—happy to be in Africa, and yet not meanly triumphant over the treasure trove of charming scenery he had found there. Certainly, there was something miraculous in the love of a woman, he said to himself again and again. What was I a year ago? A forlorn wretch—contemptuous, and contemptible. What am I now? Some one for the richest and most famous to envy—even if I never do great things, though they seem possible. And Emilia: who can doubt that she was sipping the honey she loved. It was not new to her to be loved, but the passionate concentration and reckless fervour of Harold's love was the realisation of her one dream. To her it seemed a natural, although a terrible thing to have followed him to the end of the world, in spite of an earlier tie. She had done a terrible thing—a thing that frightened her from saying her prayers—that would have made solitude insupportable, and the thought of dying not to be borne. But she was never alone; it was easy to drive away dreary thought, and she would not have undone the deed for worlds.

Her eyes were by no means glamourised as to Gower's character. Swift and straight her womanly understanding had spelled it from the first. She knew that he had not a wholly noble nature, that his love for herself was its chief, nay, its only nobility; but this fact made her only proud and joyful. The other love, the love she had trampled under foot and cast from her, was linked with perfections, subdued by other emotions, subjected to other duties, and therefore she despised it.

They were intensely happy, or rather they cultivated the faculty of enjoyment to the utmost. How could a cloud of *ennui* arise above their horizon when Emilia's moods were more changeable than the clouds, and Harold worshipped every one of them.

Sometimes she would take his rough head between her little palms and shrug her shoulders with an affectation of horror.

"How ugly you are, my darling, and yet I should go mad if you ceased to care for me. What a tawny skin, what a shaggy beard, what heavy, thundering brows. You are ugly, aren't you, Harold?"

Another time she would quarrel with him in this wise:

"Harold, you shouldn't play the by-points and speak as if we two were good people. You know how I hate it."

One day she said:—

"Don't flatter yourself, Harold, that we are to live in a *luxe de miel* all the days of our life. We shall always love each other to the end of the chapter, but as we are not of the angels it is only fair to expect storms and squabbles now and then."

Whereupon Harold answered that he hated storms and squabbles, and that he felt sure it would be a *luxe de miel* all the days of their lives.

"You are such an unreasonable little thing," he added, "you grow discontented at finding yourself so happy."

"No," she said, "it is you who are unreasonable. You get absorbed over your painting, and forget that there is anything else in the world—excepting a foolish little Emilia."

"There is nothing else in my world," he said, attempting to draw her to him.

"Nonsense. Why should we expect to be better treated by Providence than our betters? We cannot always live out of the world, you know, Harold, and we must not expect people to pet us much when they know all."

"Emilia!"

"Harold, listen, murder will out. If we settled ourselves at Timbuctoo, we should find somebody there whose face would preach penitence to us. I know what it is to have a conscience, if you don't."

"But, my dearest, why talk of disagreeable possibilities, impossibilities I might say? We are not going to settle at Timbuctoo, certainly, but we purpose a deliciously vagrant life of travel, and with such, what preachings can interfere?"

He went on to paint a rainbow-coloured future, and she listened much as children listen to fairy tales. When he had done she opened her large wonderful eyes with a mixed expression of joy and incredulity.

"And if we fall in with cross-grained old kites who fly at the poor little birdie, will you drive them off and be very kind?"

"Emmy, tell me in plain words I am a coward, or have done."

"You are not a coward," she said, hiding her flushed cheeks in his breast, "an angel rather, and as you stand by me, I will stand by you till I die. But I cannot forget——"

He forced the pretty head rather rudely from its resting-place, and looked down on it frowning.

"Why do you try me after this fashion?" he muttered, impatiently. She went on with passion:—

"I cannot forget that I was a woman once, and that I am something lower now. Oh! Harold, tell me again and again that you love me better for having so sinned. I never wholly believe it?"

He grew very grave and gentle then, and kneeling beside her poured out as burning a love story as ever lady listened to. Soon Emilia's tears ceased to flow, the flush died away from her cheeks, and she clung to him, caressed and caressing.

"You so seldom take things seriously," he said, "or I should before have proved to you how much better and loftier you have made my life——"

"Loftier. Oh, Harold!"

"Aye, loftier. Till I knew you I doubted and disputed about everything. What I painted was worth nothing, because I held myself to be worth nothing. Now I am doing good work, and if you understood art in the least degree you would be proud to feel how much I owe you."

He was so grave that she felt bound to be gay.

"And now let us run out and play. I hate serious talk, I don't want to be lectured to upon art. If you painted the best pictures ever seen in the world I shouldn't love you one whit more, and perhaps you'd grow conceited and run away."

The artist had spoken truly. Strange as it may seem, the very passion by which his moral nature was abased, elevated and enlarged his artistic faculty. Nothing would

have made him capable of great things; but the consummation of a happy love was developing his capabilities to the utmost. He no longer copied Nature coldly, but he interpreted her, bringing to the work thoughts ever changeful and ever tender, fancies fairer and freer than the dreams of poets. No wonder that he said to the day, "Stay, for thou art fair." No wonder that he took little discredit to himself, rather the reverse, for having done evil that good might come, and harvested his golden sheaves joyfully, never counting how many were left on the field.

On the eve of their departure from the caravansera a little cavalcade arrived from Algiers, bound to the military station of Teniet-el-Haad. The party consisted of an elderly French officer, his pretty young wife, their three children, a French nurse, and an Arab man-servant of all work. There being only two rooms at the disposal of the hostess, she explained that the only alternative was to divide her guests into squadrons, the ladies occupying one, the men the other. Emilia consented to this arrangement with no very good grace; she hated being in the room with babies at night, she said, they were always either hungry, or cutting teeth, or making themselves disagreeable; her ill-humour soon melted, however, under the influence of the little French lady, Madame Challamel. Emilia was one of those women who love pretty eyes, pretty toilettes, and pretty ways in another without any jealousy whatever, and Madame Challamel possessed, in addition to these attractions, a *naïveté* of character perfectly charming. She talked to Emilia as if she had known her for years, descanted pathetically on the lonely life she was about to recommence at Teniet, on the liveliness and society she had left behind at Algiers, and on the discomforts and difficulties of keeping house in Africa. She interested herself in Madame Gower too, was enchanted to hear that she was also bound to the fort, promised to ride with her and walk with her when Monsieur was busy painting, and added, sighing, "But then you will go away, and I shall be even duller than if you had never come."

"We may stay out here some time," Emilia said, "Harold—Monsieur Gower likes solitary places so much, and there are lots of things for him to paint."

"Mon Dieu! yes, and perhaps other English may come down before long; it is not so very unusual during this time of the year."

"But we are not hungering and thirsting for a sight of our country-people," Emilia answered a little impatiently. "It is pleasant to get away from them sometimes."

"Ah! I forgot. You are making your *luze de miel*," answered Madame Challamel; whereupon Emilia coloured, and was silent.

The night brought an infinity of trials to poor Emilia. In the first place Monsieur Charles chose to cry for cakes, and as none were to be had, went on crying. In the second, Mademoiselle Marie had eaten stewed plums to an unjustifiable extent at dinner-time, and was attacked with sickness and spasms. In the third, the baby proved a most insatiable baby, accompanying each meal with a very obstreperous grace indeed. Madame Challamel and the nurse-maid took all these things very much as a matter of course, waking up when wanted, and sleeping profoundly as soon as a lull came; whilst Emilia worked herself into quite a fever of impatience, and rose at sunrise, having never closed her eyes at all.

An hour or two later Harold found her sitting beside a little spring outside the walls of the caravansera, her hair tossed disconsolately about her shoulders, her toilette uncared-for, her cheeks flushed.

"Oh, Harold!" she cried, "I haven't had any sleep, on account of those crying children, and my head aches so. If we have any children, you must sell plenty of pictures and get a big house with a nursery built almost as high as the clouds, or I shall pray for a massacre of the innocents."

He sat down beside her, and in a very short time had soothed away the vexation, of which he was, however, far from guessing the real cause.

THE SNOW QUEEN.

I was a maiden cold as ice,
My heart was cold and hard as a stone,
All day long in a turret high
I sat and watched alone.

From my turret loophole forth I gazed,
Over a world that was white with snow,
I heeded not the dance and song
In the castle hall below.

There were gallant knights and ladies gay
In the lighted castle hall below;
They called me to join their revelry,
Nor recked if I came or no.

In their careless joy they called me down,
It mattered not if I came or no;
My hands were stiff and blue with cold
As I gazed out over the snow.

My true-love came with gentle eyes,
And looked through mine down into my heart;
That gaze was like the soft spring sun,
Which bids the snow depart.

He look'd straight down into my soul
With eyes so pensive, soft, and fair:
He gazed into its deepest depths,
And read my secret there.



He took my unresisting hand,
And led me down the turret stair,
Through the glittering throng in the castle
hall,
To the fire that was blazing there.

He warm'd my frozen hands and feet
By the large hearth-stone with its ruddy blaze,
The frost of my heart began to melt
In the light of his loving gaze.

Beloved ! the wintry world of snow
Is changed to gladdest, brightest green ;
The ice-bound rivers glitter and flow
Through the sunny woodland scene.

Dearest heart ! thy love so true
Has thaw'd this heart of ice and stone ;
This heart to all eternity
Will beat for thee alone.

C. E. C.

JOHN SMITH, ESQUIRE, GENTLEMAN.

IN introducing to my readers so old and well-known an acquaintance, one who may properly be styled "Our Mutual Friend," I propose, without in the slightest degree detracting from his eminently respectable character, to inquire whether he is not (unconsciously, I am aware,) a bit of an impostor, and an assumer of titles to which he has no claim. And although some may fear that it must be a fearfully radical proceeding to analyse a man, and to call him just what he is and no more, thus ignoring the conventionalities of society, I hope, on the contrary, to show that these doctrines are of the highest conservatism. Our friend, John Smith (I cannot call him "Esquire" until I know that he has a right to it), nevertheless claims, or expects to be so addressed when written to, and is also under the firm impression that he is a gentleman. Everybody in these democratic days is a gentleman; and if an angry individual ventures to assert that you are not one, the answer is generally given in the shape of a blow or a still more ignominious kick; forty years ago it would have been an invitation to a brace of pistols. So, if you receive a letter addressed Mr. John Smith, you set down the writer either as an ignorant person who knows no better, or as one who designedly intends to snub you, and you open the letter with a muttered "Confound the fellow!" and a determination not to answer it. Certainly, if the proper definition of the word "gentleman" means one who is perfect in manners, education, feelings, and thoughts, and kind and considerate toward others, whether high or low, it is only a pleasing stretch of fancy to assume that you are addressing one, although it is seldom that such a paragon is found in these days.

But when we have the direct and rather embarrassing question put to us, "Do you mean to assert that I am not a gentleman?" it is as well to know how to deal with it, and, if necessary, show that your opinion was only expressed in a parliamentary sense. Our friend John Smith has, in common with many other friends, a weakness for the aristocracy, and thinks it would be the highest ambition of man, either by realising a large fortune from other people, or by his own brilliant talents, to ascend so far in the social scale as to become a lord. Perchance his ambition may be gratified; but it does not follow that he becomes a gentleman for all that. James I.'s nurse followed him from Edinburgh to London to entreat his majesty to make her son a gentleman. "My good dame," said the king, "I can make him a lord, but it is out of my

power to make him a gentleman." And Selden, in his "Table Talk," goes so far as to say, in the rather irreverent manner in which they talked in his time, that even the Almighty could not make one.

These answers, at all events, show one thing; that the word gentleman was then much better defined than it is now, and that it had certain rights and privileges attached to it, of which it is now utterly divested. Indeed the comical manner in which it is often used is quite enough to prove that people do not know what it means, for not only is everybody who wears a decent coat a gentleman, but the word is applied by every class of society. The porter who lounges in his gigantic chair, and condescends to show you out, is the "gentleman in the hall;" Jeames is the "gentleman in uniform;" while the valet is the "gentleman's gentleman." Again, in the snugger of an inn bar, the appellation is in great request, it being apparently against the etiquette of convivial society to speak of your neighbour as a person; and at an ordinary or a commercial dinner the same punctiliousness is noticed, bagmen, as a rule, being excessively careful of their dignity. Indeed, to descend to the bottom of the scale, I have more than once heard the prisoner in the dock declaring that "he warn't a doin' nuffin' till the genelman kem and tuk him up;" an epithet which has a bland and conciliatory influence on Policeman X 51.

In Germany the barons used to be styled the "noble-born;" but, after a while, the plebeian element began to ascend, and those who got into office were also addressed by their flatterers as "noble-born." The barons took such umbrage at this assumption of title, that they determined to assume that of "high-well-born," leaving the "noble-born" to the "*novi homines*." Presently, even these latter became ashamed of it, and in their turn took the appellation of "well-born," leaving the old distinction to the burghers and shopkeepers, and anybody who chose to be called by it. It is evident, therefore, that the "noble-born" are very much on a par with the "gentlemen" of the present day. What our ancestors thought of the term is sufficiently exemplified by the old motto, "*nobilis fit, nascitur generosus*," and they included a gentleman amongst the nobility of the land. He might be a peer; but it did not therefore follow that a peer was a gentleman. Indeed, M. Ferri de St. Constant, in his work on London (1814), seems to have been very strongly of that opinion; for he writes, "As the chief part of the new peers are monied men, nabobs, merchants, or bankers, who have bought boroughs and seconded the views of the ministry, and

who, instead of shedding their blood for the state, have sucked up its marrow; so the title of baronet, which was formerly confined to military exploits, is now given to army agents and contractors, to shopkeepers and apothecaries."

M. de St. Constant, although writing with a considerable spice of bitterness, was not badly informed, and his sentiments apply in the present day, perhaps even more strongly than they did then. What would he have said, I wonder, to the elevation of our railway contractors and engineers, our bankers, and iron-masters? Indeed, for the matter of that, I fear that it would be found that a good many recent creations would come under the head of the "*nobilis*" rather than the "*generosus*," and that the "lang penny" was at the bottom of most of them. Occasionally, but more rarely, our aristocracy is strengthened by the accession of men famous for deeds of chivalry, for renown in statesmanship or the world of letters, and these are the true gentlemen of England. But there are names to be found in Burke's "Landed Gentry," or in the "County Families," which no amount of elevation could ennoble more than they are already, by their unbroken descent for many generations, or by their ancestral history; and not only "the twenty-third Lord of Hampden," but many a commoner, whose purse is not as long as his pedigree, and whose name, therefore, is not known out of his own county, would scoff at the offer of exchanging his old-established name for that of a new barony. It is curious how much ignorance has been shown as to the true position of a gentleman; for even Dr. Johnson, who was generally as accurate as he was pedantic, defines him to be, "One of good extraction, but *not* noble;" whereas, in all the old heraldic writers and in all proclamations, citations, and visitations, he is included in the rank of nobles.

Camden, who was Clarencieux King at Arms in 1623, wrote:—"Our noblemen are divided into greater and lesser, the lesser are the knights, esquires, and those whom we commonly call gentlemen." And Sir Thomas Smith (not an ancestor of our mutual friend, I fear,) wrote in the previous century:—"Wherefore to speak of the commonwealth of England, it is governed by three sorts of persons: the prince, which is called the king or the queen; the *gentlemen*, which are divided into two parts, the barons or estate of lords, and those which be no lords, as knights, esquires, and simple gentlemen. The third and last sort of persons are named the yeomen, who are not called 'masters,' for that, as I said before, pertaineth to gentlemen, but to their surnames add 'goodman.'" One can scarcely fancy the farming interest of the present day not

being allowed to tack even plain "Mr." before their names. A gentleman, therefore, was one who was known to be noble from blood or race; and an esquire, who took precedence of the gentleman, was one entitled to bear arms (*armiger*). It would seem, however, that notwithstanding the precedence of an esquireship, it was easier to obtain that dignity than to become a gentleman. As in the case of one John Kingston, who was made an esquire by giving him a coat of arms, "not that he was thereby created a gentleman, but that he was received into the state of one." This must have been an embarrassing position for poor John Kingston, who was enabled to claim the rights of a gentleman, and yet was made to understand that he could not be thought as such. However, it was something in those days to get a coat of arms at all; for there were not then the same facilities for obtaining them as there are now, when the Herald's College is so quick at furnishing armorial bearings to the anxious applicant—for a consideration.

Peacham, an author of the 17th century, says:—"Coats of arms are sometimes purchased by stealth, or shuffled into records and monuments by painters, glaziers, and carvers. But so good an order has been lately established by the Earl Marshal, that this sinister dealing is cut off from such mercenary abuses of nobility." The difficulty of imposture was still more enhanced by the periodical visits of the Norroy and Clarencieux Kings at Arms, who had the right of summoning the gentry to the nearest town, and then and there examining their claims to gentility. Woe then to the Smiths who had usurped the title of esquire, for not only were their pretensions disallowed, but the fact was made public by the common crier in the market-place. One can fancy the consternation of the *parvenus* when they heard the heralds were coming, and knew that the time of exposure was drawing nigh, especially as they had not the advantage of numbers, which the mushrooms of the present day can claim. The fact of a man's being a peer did not take away his equally (and in many cases more) honourable title of esquire, as the following dedication shows:—"To the Right Worshipful Maister Robert Sackvill, Esquire, most worthy son and heir apparent to the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Sackvill, Knight, Lord Buckhurst, the rare hope and only expected imp of so noble roots and heir of so antient a family." This singular address shows, moreover, that to be an "imp" in the 16th century was more respectable than it is now.

Sir James Lawrence, the author of a curious work on the nobility of the British gentry,

written about forty years ago, was excessively disgusted at the fashion which was even then becoming common of calling everybody of laudable behaviour a gentleman, and he asks, with grave indignation, why not be satisfied with calling him a worthy, respectable man, and not infer, as we do now, that all the lower classes are rascals? And he quotes with great gusto the story of a German baron who arrived in England and sent for the barber. The journeyman or assistant answered the summons, and assigned as the reason for his coming, that the old gentleman was taken ill. Whereupon the Baron went back to Germany, and declared that the English gentry eked out their means by becoming barbers. Of course Sir James takes advantage of this little story to prove that a man cannot be in trade and be a gentleman, and quotes Sir John Eresby's Travels in 1654 to the effect that in France, "trading both procures and forfeits gentility, as a gentleman born is thought to degrade himself by traffic." But times have greatly changed since Sir John Eresby travelled, and even since Sir James Lawrence wrote; and the opinion is gaining ground, both in France and England, that it is better for a gentleman to soil his fingers in trade than to live solely by his pedigree; which, indeed, in these utilitarian days would be but poor grazing ground. Half our nobility are dependent, directly or indirectly, on commerce, and I must say that it does furnish an apparent excuse for our mutual friend to ask why he is not as good a gentleman, making his money by the dry-saltary business in Thames Street, as Earl Dudley or Earl Granville, who earn theirs by iron and coal mines? But before I close this paper, and finally succeed in making my up-to-this-time friend John Smith a bitter and envenomed enemy, and thus lose the enjoyment of much hospitality at his villa at Clapham, I would point a moral.

Lord Macaulay, the most graphic historian that England ever had, did not disdain to devote an occasional chapter to the manners and customs of the people, deeming it a natural consequence that those manners exercised an enormous, though perhaps unseen, influence on the history of the nation. Some may think that the universal appellation of the term gentleman may be due to an enlightened state of civilisation and an increased courtesy in address. There may be something in this, but I cannot help thinking also that a great deal of it is owing to the hurry for getting rich that is now, unfortunately, so prevalent amongst us. A man is not, now-a-days, content to plod on in a quiet, hopeful manner, but he feels that it is a great race, not only to

live at all, but to live like his equals, or, too often, like his betters. The nation has become luxurious, and cannot possibly do without things at which our forefathers would have shrugged their shoulders. How to live on a little a year is not so much the question as how much show you can make for it. This naturally leads to a false position and a desire to appear of higher rank than is proper, and this desire pervades every class of society, and even that class which is popularly called the Upper Ten Thousand. Men embark in business with a view of doubling their means, or they invest in undertakings which promise a fabulous dividend, solely to push themselves and their families up the ladder of social advancement, and we are now pretty well smarting for our frantic efforts by a crisis in which everybody, from the highest to the lowest, has more or less shared. Our mutual friend has been a large holder in one of the contract corporations and also in the London, Chatham, and Dover, and, I am sorry to say, in the flush of anticipated dividends, was preparing to remove his snug villa from Clapham Common to Eaton Square, giving the ridiculous excuse that his present situation had become too noisy. But, fortunately for him, perhaps, while he was only negotiating, the crash came, and John Smith, Esquire, Gentleman, is worth—nothing. For the future he will rail excessively at the other "gentlemen" who did not think it beneath them to hold forth their ultra-respectable names as inducements for the hasty and unwary to invest their savings in their ultra-respectable undertakings, and perhaps he may give a passing thought to the assumptions of people to titles which do not, in strict propriety, belong to them.

G. PHILLIPS BEVAN.

THORGUNNA'S GHOST.

THE following very curious story is from the Eyrbyggja Saga, one of the oldest and noblest of the Icelandic histories. As it results in an action unique in its way,—a lawsuit brought against a party of ghosts who haunted a house, it well merits attention from all lovers of curiosities.

In the summer of 1000, the year in which Christianity was established in Iceland, a vessel came off coast near Snæfellsness, full of Irish and natives of the Hebrides, with a few Norsemen among them; the ship came from Dublin, and lay alongside of Ríð, waiting a breeze which might waft her into the firth to Dögvertharness. Some people went off in boats from the ness to trade with the vessel. They found on board a Hebride woman called Thorgunna, who, hinted the sailors, had trea-

tures of female attire in her possession, the like of which had never been seen in Iceland. Now when Thurida, the housewife at Frodriver, heard this, she was all excitement to get a glimpse of these treasures, for she was a dashing, showy sort of a woman. She rowed out to the ship, and on meeting Thorgunna, asked her if she had really some first-rate lady's dresses? Of course she had; but she was not going to part with them to any one, was the answer. Then might she see them? humbly asked Thurida. Yes, she might see them. So the boxes were opened, and the Iceland lady examined the foreign apparel. It was good, but not so very remarkable as she had anticipated; on the whole she was a bit disappointed, still she would like to purchase, and she made a bid. Thorgunna at once refused to sell. Thurida then invited the Hebridee lady home on a visit, and the stranger, only too glad to leave the vessel, accepted the invitation with alacrity.

On the arrival of the lady with her boxes at the farm, she asked to see her bed, and was showed a convenient closet in the lower part of the hall. There she unlocked her largest trunk, and drew forth a suit of bed-clothes of the most exquisite workmanship, and she spread over the bed English linen sheets and a silken coverlet. From the box she also extracted tapestry hangings and curtains to surround the couch; and the like of all these things had never been seen in the island before.

Thurida opened her eyes very wide, and asked her guest to share bed-clothes with her.

"Not for all the world," replied the strange lady, with sharpness; "I'm not going to pig it in the straw, for you, ma'am!"

An answer which, the Saga writer assures us, did not particularly gratify the good woman of the house.

Thorgunna was stout and tall, disposed to become fat, with black eyebrows, a thick head of bushy brown hair, and soft eyed. She was not much of a talker, nor very merry, and it was her wont to go to church every day before beginning her daily task. Many people took her to be about sixty years old. She worked at the loom every day except in hay-making time, and then she went forth into the fields and stacked her own hay. The summer that year was wet, and the hay had not been carried on account of the rain, so that at Frodriver farm, by autumn, the crop was only half cut, and the rest was still standing.

One day appeared bright and cloudless, and the farmer, Thorodd, ordered the house to turn out for a general hay-making. The strange lady worked along with the rest tossing hay till the hour of none, when a black cloud

crossed the sky from the north, and by the time that prayers had been said such a darkness had come on that it was almost impossible to see. The hay-makers, at Thorodd's command, raked their hay together into cocks, but Thorgunna, for no assignable reason, left hers spread. It now became so dark that there was no seeing a hand held up before the face, and down came the rain in torrents. It did not last many minutes, and then the sky cleared, and the evening was as bright as had been the morning.

It was observed by the hay-makers on their return to their work, that it had rained blood, for all the grass was stained. They spread it, and it soon dried up; but Thorgunna tried in vain to dry hers, it had been so thoroughly saturated that the sun went down leaving it dripping blood, and all her clothes were discoloured. Thurida asked what could be the meaning of the portent, and Thorgunna answered that it boded ill to the house and its inmates. In the evening, late, the strange woman returned home, and went to her closet and stripped off her the stained clothes. She then lay down in her bed and began to sigh. It was soon ascertained that she was ill, and when food was brought her she would not swallow it.

Next morning the bonder came to her to inquire how she felt, and to learn what turn the sickness was likely to take. The poor lady told him that she feared her end was approaching, and she earnestly besought him to attend to her directions as to the disposal of her property, not changing any particular, as such a change would entail misery on the family. Thorodd declared his readiness to carry out her wishes to the minutest detail.

"This, then," said she, "is my last request. I desire my body to be taken to Skalholt, if I die of this disease, for I have a presentiment that that place will shortly become the most sacred in the island, and that clerks will be there who will chant over me; and do you reimburse yourself for any outlay in carrying this into effect from my chattels. Let your wife, Thurida, have my scarlet gown, lest she be put out at the further distribution of my effects, which I propose. My gold ring I bequeath to the church; but my bed, with its curtains, tapestry, coverlet and sheets, I desire to have burned, so that they go into nobody's possession. This I desire, not because I grudge the use of these handsome articles to anybody, but because I foresee that the possession of them will be the cause of innumerable quarrels and heartburnings."

Thorodd promised solemnly to fulfil to the letter every particular.

The complaint now rapidly gained ground

and before many days Thorgunna was dead. The farmer put her corpse into a coffin; then took all the bed-furniture into the open air, and, raising a pile of wood, flung the clothes on top of it, and was about to fire the pile, when, with a face pale from anxiety and dismay, forth rushed Thurida, to know what in the name of wonder her husband was about to do with those treasures of needlework, the coverlet, sheets and curtains of the strange lady's bed.

"Burn them! according to her dying request," replied Thorodd.

"Burn them?" echoed Thurida, casting up her hands and eyes; "what nonsense! Thorgunna only desired this to be done because she was full of envy lest others should enjoy these incomparable treasures."

"But she threatened all kinds of misfortunes unless I obeyed strictly her injunctions; and I promised to fulfil her intentions," expostulated the worthy man.

"Oh, that is all fancy!" exclaimed the wife; "what misfortune can these articles possibly bring upon us?"

Thorodd still stood out; but in this, as in many another house, the grey mare was the best horse, and what with entreaties, embraces, and tears, he was forced to effect a compromise, and relinquish to his wife the hangings and the coverlet in order that he might secure immunity for burning the pillow and the sheets. Yet neither were satisfied, says the historian.

Next day preparations were made for fitting the corpse to Skalholt, and trustworthy men were secured to accompany it. The body was swathed in linen, but not stitched up, it was then put into the coffin and placed on horse-back. So they started with it over the moor, and nothing particular happened till they reached Valbjarnar plain, where there are many pools and morasses, and the corpse had repeated falls into the mire. Well, after a bit they crossed the Northrar at Eyar-ford, but the water was very deep, for there had been heavy rains.

At nightfall they reached Stafholt, and asked the farmer to take them in. He declined peremptorily, probably disliking the notion of housing a corpse, and he shut the door in their faces. They could go no further that night as the Huita was before them, which is very deep and broad, and could only be traversed in safety by day; so they took the coffin into an outhouse, and after some trouble persuaded the farmer to let them sleep in his hall; but he would not give them any food, so they went supperless to bed. Scarcely, however, was all quiet in the house before a strange clatter was heard in the shed serving

as larder. One of the farm servants, thinking that thieves were breaking in, stole to the door, and on looking in beheld a tall naked woman, with thick brown hair, busily engaged in preparing food. The poor fellow was so frightened that he fled back to his bed, quaking like an aspen leaf. In another moment the nude figure stalked into the hall, bearing victuals in both hands, and these she placed on the table. By the dim light the bearers recognised Thorgunna, and they understood now that she resented the churlishness of the host, and had left her coffin to provide food for them. The farmer and his wife were now speedily brought to terms, and leaving their beds they displayed the utmost alacrity in supplying all the necessities of their guests. A fire was lighted; the wet clothes were taken off the travellers; curd and beer, and a stew of iceland-moss, set before them.

Hist!—a little noise in the out-house! It is only Thorgunna stepping back into her coffin.

Nothing transpired of any moment during the rest of the journey. The bearers had but to narrate the story of the preceding night's events, and they were sure of a ready welcome wherever they halted.

At Skalholt all went well; the clerks accepted the gold ring, and chanted over the body: they buried her deep, and put green turf over her. So, their errand accomplished, the servants of Thorodd returned home.

At Frod-river there was a large hall, with a closed bed-room at one end of it. On either side of the hall were closets; in one of these dried fish were stacked up, and flour was kept in the other. Every evening, about meal-time, a great fire was lighted in the hall, and men used to sit long before it ere they adjourned to supper. The same night that the funeral party returned the men were sitting chatting round the fire, when suddenly they perceived a phosphorescent half-moon grow into brilliancy on the wall of the apartment, and travel slowly round the hall against the sun. This appearance continued all the while that the men sat by the fire, and was visible every evening after. Thorodd asked Thorir Stumpleg, his bailiff, what this portended? and the man replied that it boded death to some one, but to whom he could not say.

Shortly after a shepherd came in, gloomy, and muttering to himself in a strange manner. When addressed he answered wildly, and they thought he must have lost his wits. The man remained in this state for some little while. One night he went to bed as usual, but in the morning, when the men came to wake him, they found him lying dead in his place.

He was buried in the church.

A few nights after strange sounds were heard outside the house; and one night when Thorir Stumpleg went out of the door for some purpose, he saw the shepherd stride past him. Thorir attempted to slip indoors again, but the shepherd grasped him, and after a short tussle cast him in, so that he fell upon the hall floor bruised and severely injured. He succeeded in crawling to his bed, but he never rose from it again. His body was purple and swollen. After a few days he died, and was buried in the churchyard. Immediately after his spectre was seen to walk in company with that of the shepherd.

A servant of Thorir now sickened, and after three days' illness, died. Within a few days five more died. The fast preceding Christmas approached, though in those days the fashion of fasting was not introduced. In the closet containing dried fish, the stack was so big that the door could not be closed, and when fish were wanted, a ladder was placed against the pile and the top fish were taken away for use. In the evening, as men sat over the fire, the stack of dried stock-fish suddenly was upset, and when people went to examine it, they could discover no cause. Just before Yule, also, Thorodd, the bonder, went out in a long-boat with seven men to Ness, after some fish, and they were out all night. The same evening, the fires having been kindled in the hall at Frod-river, a seal's head appeared to rise out of the floor of the apartment. A servant girl, who first saw it, rushed to the door, and catching up a bludgeon which lay beside it, struck at the seal's head. The blow made the head rise higher out of the floor, and it turned its eyes towards the bed-curtains of Thor-gunna. A house-churl now took the stick and beat at the apparition, but he fared no better, for the head rose higher at each stroke till its fore-fins appeared, and the fellow was so frightened that he fainted away. Then up came Kiartan, the bonder's son, a lad of twelve, and snatching up a large iron mallet for beating the fish, he brought it down with a crash on the seal's head. He struck again and again, till he drove it into the floor, much as one might drive a pile; he then beat down the earth over it.

It was noticed by all that on every occasion the lad Kiartan was the only one who had any power over the apparitions.

Next morning it was ascertained that Thorodd and his men had been lost, for the boat was driven ashore near Enni; but the bodies were never recovered.

Thurida, and her son Kiartan, immediately invited all their kindred and neighbours to a funeral feast. They had brewed for Yule, and now they kept the banquet in commemo-

ration of the dead. When all the company had arrived, and had taken their places—the seats of the dead men being, as customary, left vacant—the hall-door was darkened, and the guests beheld Thorodd and his servants enter, dripping with water. All were gratified, for at that time it was considered a token of favourable acceptance with the goddess Rán if the dead men came to the wake; “and,” says the Saga writer, “though we are Christian men, and baptized, we have faith in the same token still.” The spectres walked through the hall without greeting any one, and sat down before the fire. The servants fled in all directions, and the dead men sat silently round the flames till the fire died out, then they left the house as they had entered it. This happened every evening as long as the feast continued, and some deemed that at the conclusion of the festivities the apparition would cease. The wake terminated, and the visitors dispersed. The fire was lighted as usual towards dusk, and in, as before, came Thorodd and his retainers, dripping with water; they sat down before the hearth, and began to wring out their clothes. Next came in the spectres of Thorir Stumpleg and the six who had died in bed after him, and had been buried; they were covered with mould, and they proceeded to shake the mould off their clothes upon Thorodd and his men.

The inmates of the house deserted the room, and remained without light and heat in another apartment. Next day the fire was not lighted in the hall, but in the other room; the farm-people reckoning upon the ghosts keeping to the hall. But no! in came the spectral train, and upon the living men vacating their seats, the ghosts occupied them, and sat grimly looking into the red fire till it died out, whilst the terrified servants spent the evening in the hall.

On the third day two fires were kindled—one in the hall for the ghosts, and another in the small chamber for the living men; and so it had to be done throughout the whole of Yule.

Fresh disturbances now began in the fish closet, and it seemed as though a bull were among the fish, tossing them about; and this went on night and day. A man set the ladder against the stack, and climbed to the top. He observed emerging from the pile of stockfish a tail like that of a cow which has been singed, but soft and covered with hair like that of a seal. The fellow caught the tail and pulled at it, calling lustily for help. Up ran men and women, and all dragged at the tail, but none of them could pull it out; it seemed stiff and dead, yet suddenly it was whisked out of their hands, and rasped the skin of their

palms. The stack was now taken down, but no traces of the tail could be found, only it was discovered that the skin had been peeled off the fish, and at the bottom of the stack not a bit of flesh was left upon them.

Thorgrima, the widow of Thorir Stumpleg, fell ill shortly after this; on the evening of her burial she was seen in company with Thorir and his party. All those who had seen the tail were now attacked, and died—men and women. In the autumn there had been thirty household servants at Frod-river, of these now eighteen were dead, the ghosts had frightened five away, and at the beginning of the month Goa, there remained but seven.

Things had thus come to such a pass as to render ruin imminent, unless some decisive measure were pursued to rid the house of the spectres which haunted it. Kiartan, accordingly, determined on consulting Snorri, the Patriarch, his mother's brother, and one of the shrewdest men Iceland ever produced. Kiartan reached his uncle's house at Helgafell at the same time that a priest arrived from Gizor White, the apostle of Iceland. Snorri advised Kiartan to take the priest with him to Frod-river, to burn all the bed-furniture of Thor-gunna, to hold a court at his door, and bring a formal action at law against the spectres, and then to get the priest to sprinkle the house with holy water, and to shrive the survivors on the farm. Along with him Snorri sent his son Thord Kausi, with six men, that he might summons Kiartan's father, considering that there might be a little delicacy in the son bringing an action against the ghost of his own father.

So it was settled, and Kiartan rode home. On his way he called at neighbours' houses and asked help; so that by the time he reached Frod-river his party was considerably swelled. It was Candlemas-day, and they drew up at the farm door just after the fires had been lighted, and the ghosts had assumed their customary places. Kiartan found his mother in bed, with all the premonitory symptoms of the same complaint which had carried off so many others in the house. The lad passed the spectres, and going up to the bed of Thorgunna, removed the quilt and curtains and every article which had belonged to her. Then he pushed boldly up to the fire past the ghosts, and took a brand from it.

In a few minutes he had made a pile of brushwood, and had thrown the bed-furniture on top. The flames roared up around the luckless articles and consumed them. A court was next constituted at the door, according to proper legal forms, and Kiartan summonsed Thorir Stumpleg, whilst Thord Kausi summonsed Thorodd for entering a gentleman's

house without permission, and bringing mischief and death among his retainers.

Every spectre there present was summonsed by name in due and legal form. The plaintiffs argued their case, and witnesses were called and examined. The defendants were asked what exceptions they had to plead, and upon their remaining silent, sentence was pronounced. Each case was taken separately, and the court sat long. The first action disposed of was that against Thorir. He was ordered to leave the house forthwith. Upon hearing this decree of the court, Stumpleg rose from his chair, and said,—

"I sat whilst sit I might," and hobbled out of the hall by the door opposite to that before which the court was held.

The case of the shepherd was next disposed of. On hearing the sentence he rose,—

"I go; better had I been dismissed before," he vanished through the door.

When Thorgrima was ordered to depart, she followed the others, saying,—

"I remained whilst to remain was lawful."

Each who left said a few words which evinced a disinclination to desert the fire-side for the grave and sea-depths.

The last to go was Thorodd, and he said,—

"There is now no peace for us here: we are fitting one by one."

After this Kiartan went in, and the priest took holy water and sprinkled the walls of the house; then he sang mass, and performed many ceremonies.

So the spectres haunted Frod-river no more, and Thurida got better rapidly; and the prospects of the farm mended speedily.

S. BARING-GOULD.

A QUEER STORY ABOUT BANDITTI.

In Two Parts.

PART II.

My arm was now taken by him who was to be my gaoler, and a dozen or two of paces over a flagged pavement brought us to a door, which he opened. We passed through this, and after proceeding a short distance we stopped, and I was delighted at finding the bandage removed from my eyes.

As soon as I was able to distinguish objects, for the sudden glare of light almost blinded me at first, I discovered that I was in a capacious and lofty chamber, the walls of which were covered with old tapestry representing the most grotesque hunting scenes. An imposing gilt bedstead, with a canopy over it of somewhat faded green damask silk, suspended from the ceiling, occupied but a small space in it; nor did a ponderous, ugly-

shaped cabinet of rare marqueterie work, flanked by a washing-stand, a dressing-table in one of the deep recesses of the windows, and a dozen or thereabout of most respectable looking arm-chairs of white and gold, make the room appear anything like furnished or comfortable according to our ideas. The floor was of brick, and although the hearth, in the vast aperture of the chimney, was piled up with blazing logs, there was a cheerless look about the place. Now, gentlemen, is it not most extraordinary that, although not ten minutes since I had been picturing to myself a robber's stronghold, a Gil Blas sort of cavern, with massive trap-doors, heavy iron gratings, and winding galleries excavated in the rock, I should have allowed any feeling of discontent to come over me on finding myself introduced into a capital bed-room?

My conductor, Pepino, who was a square-built little fellow, presenting, both in dress and appearance, a kind of cross between a tender-hearted brigand and a disreputable valet, had been watching me curiously with a pair of twinkling little eyes, and having given me time to finish my survey of the room, he said, "This is the sleeping chamber of sua 'celenza, and this," pointing to a quantity of wearing apparel laid out on the bed, "*this*,"—and he laid a sort of comic emphasis, I fancied, on the word,—"*this* is sua 'celenza's dress. 'Celenza will have the goodness to put it on, he will find it most pleasant and becoming, it is our custom here," and he held up, article by article, the parts which compose the holiday dress, as it seemed to me, of a peasant of the Campagna. A black velvet jacket with breeches of the same, a crimson waistcoat with gilt filigree buttons, a neckerchief of many colours, and for the *chauseure* some most inexplicable buskins or moccasins, with endless laces.

As my looks expressed, in all probability, the astonishment I felt at this singular proposal, Pepino added, "Eccelenza will find it a most commodious and charming costume. Let him be without apprehension; there may be little difficulties in adapting it to his comely figure at first; but, if he desires it, I can act as his valet, and, perhaps it would be well that sua 'celenza should not lose time; the table will be served as soon as sua 'celenza has finished his toilette."

Overwhelmed with this politeness, which I firmly believed was only assumed for some horrid end, perhaps to make my punishment more terrible by contrast, I obeyed mechanically, and, after a time, with the skilful assistance of my attendant, I got into my clothes, which were rather tight, by the way.

I am not going to tell you the trouble I

had in adapting this costume—which had evidently been made for a gentleman at least a couple of sizes smaller than myself—to my rather stout form; what a work it was the fitting on and fastening the buskins, with all their intricacies of lacing, nor the difficulty we experienced in gathering up enough of my hair to attach a net bag to it. You smile, gentlemen, but, upon my honour, I had a really fine head of hair then. The long and the short of it is, that in the course of half an hour or so, I was pacing up and down the room in a fancy dress, endeavouring in vain to feel myself at home in it, and quite as uncomfortable in every way, mind and body, as if I had been about to make my *first appearance on any boards* before an indulgent public. On looking at the mirror, I perceived myself to be metamorphosed into a rather stout bandit, and it struck me—I don't mind confessing as much to you—I had never set eyes on such a truculent ruffian. This arose most likely from the distortion of the glass—I should be inclined to think it did.

Pepino was giving a finishing touch or two to my dress, when I was startled by the sound of a horn—I say *startled* to a sense of my position. Up to this moment I had given myself up to the contemplation of the requirements of the moment with a reckless *abandon*, as the French call it. All the horrors of my situation were now forced upon my thoughts with stunning violence. I do not know what I should have done if Pepino had not recalled me to myself by speaking.

"Eccelenza," said he, "is curious to know what the sound of the horn signifies. I have to make him aware that it is the signal for going to table, and if he will give himself the trouble to follow me, I will conduct him to the dining-hall."

Without, as it seemed to me, a will of my own, I followed my guide through a long gallery lined with queer old portraits—probably of defunct banditti—who all seemed to regard me with a grim smile as I passed along. You may think it curious that I was able to take notice of anything whatever, but it was not the least remarkable peculiarity of my state, that while I was submitting without resistance, and almost puppet-like, to the will of another, my powers of observation did not appear to be in any degree weakened.

A door at the end of a corridor opened as we approached, and Pepino, stepping aside, made a low bow as he motioned me to enter the room.

Now, although but little time had been allowed me to speculate on the sort of company I was likely to meet at table, I had not been without some very unpleasant misgivings on

the subject. It now became evident to me that the banditti must have possessed themselves of some noble villa, probably after murdering the proprietor. Banditti! why, the very name suggested all that was brutal, and coarse, and ribald!

Imagine, gentlemen, if you can, my surprise. The room in which I found myself was, as most rooms are in Italy, large in dimension and lofty. In the middle of it was a table laid with a smaller number of covers than I could have anticipated, and set out in a style in no way according with the generally received traditions of brigand household arrangements; it was rather such as might have been looked for in an opulent and well-appointed *ménage*. But what took me most aback was a group of five persons standing in conversation near the fire-place. Three were females, elegantly dressed, and though the upper part of their faces was concealed under black silk masks, it was easy to discern at a glance that they were ladies of condition. Two men, also masked, made up the party—they were attired pretty much in the fashion of my costume, but somehow it seemed to set upon them more naturally and becomingly.

The taller of the two advanced to meet me as I entered.

"Evviva, amico mio!"—(this was rather friendly, was it not?)—"Evviva! sia il benvenuto!" exclaimed he, at the same time seizing my hand, giving it a cordial shake, and leading me up to the ladies, to whom he presented me in these words: "Meadames, I have the distinguished honour of presenting to you the Signore Don Perciogmore"—(my name is Ogmores—Percy Ogmores; the fellow had turned it into Italian after reading it, I suppose, on the brass-plate of my desk, when he broke it open)—"the Signor Don Perciogmore, one of ours, or, at least, about to become one; you will observe that his so cheerfully and readily adopting our costume is the most ample pledge of his good faith"—(Holy powers! I, Percy Ogmores—I, one of theirs! I, a bandit! Horrible thought!)

"These ladies," he continued, without noticing my look of dismay, "are the Donna Inesilla, her daughter the Donna Amalia, and this, her niece the Donna Annina. This gentleman is—my lieutenant, Don Rinaldo Malpasso."

I bowed to each of the ladies as he named them, quite as low as my very unpleasantly tight velvets would allow me, and then rather more stiffly to Lieutenant Don Rinaldo Malpasso.

"And now," continued the tall bandit—"now for dinner. If you will offer your arm, signore, to the Donna Inesilla, we will to

table. I ought, by-the-by, to have introduced myself: know me, then, as the Capitano Castronero, at your service. Your appetite, I hope, is good."

I do not know how it was; perhaps it arose from a certain facility, hereditary, I believe, in my family, of adapting oneself to circumstances—especially when these circumstances are agreeable; or, it might have been from the sight of a capital dinner served in first-rate style; but, certain it is, that I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the present moment without the least reserve. The wines, were, if possible, better than the dinner. Such *Lagryma*! By Jove! it makes my mouth water now to think of it. I assure you it has been a matter of much self-reproach to me ever since that I omitted to get the address of my host's wine merchant. The odds are, however, the fellow knew nothing about it. He found it in the cellar, when he took possession of the villa; but I might have got it from the butler.

And there I was, seated next to one of the prettiest—I know she was—one of the prettiest of brunettes, that is, if the upper part of her face corresponded to the lower, which of course it did. What a mouth! what a dear little dimpled chin! what—oh, dear!

The conversation was most animated and agreeable. I really went the length of hazarding a joke or two, and certainly succeeded in making my charming neighbour laugh heartily. I never enjoyed a dinner more, and if an ugly thought did cross my mind as to the probable fate of the owner of the villa, how he might be languishing in a dungeon, in chains, perhaps, it was merely a passing thought. Besides, what business was it of mine? As to my own awkward position and my probable fate, I give you my word it never once occurred to me to speculate on the subject. I remember considering the conduct of the old lady, Inesilla, and her daughter, rather heartless. To be sure, my charming neighbour Annina was the merriest of them all, but then she was only the old lady's niece. The murdered proprietor of the villa—if the villains had murdered him—was after all only a connection of hers, not a relation. Who knows, too, if his death might not be looked upon as a happy release! Most likely it was. The circumstance of the whole party being masked at dinner *was* peculiar; it struck me so at the time. But then, you know, I was a stranger, it would not do to let me recognise their features.

In the meantime there I was—after being foully robbed, (even the very garments I sat in were not my own,) a prisoner, for all I knew, under sentence of death—there I was, I say,

in a state of supreme happiness and enjoyment.

The poor old Dominie's situation occurred to me once, and on my questioning the lieutenant about him, he bid me make my mind easy about him, saying that he was well provided for. Provided for! that might have been a cant word for his being—but no; I could not bring myself to believe that persons who were treating me with such very distinguished hospitality could have been guilty of perpetrating any enormity towards an inoffensive old man. In short, I began to conceive a very good opinion of my entertainers, dropping, one by one, my prejudices against banditti in general, and I had already come to the conclusion that the profession, like its patron, might not, after all, be so black as it is painted.

The conversation was, as I have before observed, lively enough; it would have been bad taste in me to ask any questions about my carriage and servant, to say nothing of my wardrobe and effects; such interrogations would have been indiscreet: for, like all other professional men, thieves must naturally be averse to "talking shop" in society; besides, I took my cue from the ladies, who, in spite of their bereaved position, appeared cheerful and contented. They, the ladies, I mean, paid me a good many pretty compliments on my appearance generally, and the singular becomingness of my dress, while I, in return, made some rather well-turned replies to the sallies of my fascinating neighbour, who received them with evident pleasure.

There was only one drawback to my happiness all this time, trifling perhaps in itself, but which, nevertheless, had the effect of cramping my energies, and curbing that *laissez aller*, as the French term it, that freedom of action and gay abandon of which I felt capable—this was the excessive tightness of my velvets. Whether I leaned backward or forward, or turned to this side or that, it was all the same. I was under the perpetual apprehension that something or other must inevitably go—burst, in fact.

A handsome dessert, "comprising all the delicacies of the season," wound up the dinner. We were served by two tall footmen in very long tailed livery coats, the seams covered with gold lace, while a serious individual, in a sort of black court dress, presided at the side-board as major domo. Of course, these servants formed part of the establishment of the poor gentleman, who, I began by this time to think, could be well spared; nobody seemed to care a bit about him.

After the tall brigand had proposed my health in the most flattering manner, and it had

been drunk with enthusiasm by the whole party, I made a neat speech, and then, on the ladies rising to leave the table, I gave my arm to the pretty Annina, and escorted her to the door, which was reverently opened by the severe major domo. The other cavaliers conducted the elder lady and her daughter.

"Those popguns of yours," said the Captain Castronero, as we reseated ourselves at table, "are but poor tools; your aim was not bad, and we were at rather close quarters, too."

The storm is coming now, thought I; the presence of the ladies has been my safeguard hitherto.

"Gentlemen," I replied, and I really spoke in earnest, for my heart began to warm to them, "had I only known what estimable individuals you are, I give you my word of honour I would rather have cut off my right hand than have shot at you; but you really must pardon me as to the pistols. No, no, I assure you they are perfect—Nock's last make. (Nock was the great man in those days). How you escaped, for the life of me I cannot make out. I rejoice, however, that it did so happen. I suppose in my agitation I must have missed my aim."

"Per Bacco! no, signore!" and then, to my intense surprise, they each produced from their pockets a ball, which bore the marks of having been recently discharged. "Judge for yourself," continued the captain; "look! here, you see, are the two bullets!"

Here was a miracle—no mistake about it—an evident, palpable miracle! I recollected but too well that their jackets were open and their throats bare; there could have been no shirt of mail, no armour. I was dumfounded. I dare say my uneasiness was observed by them, for they good-humouredly enough asseverated that I had behaved like a man, that my *coraggio* had been *maravigliossissimo*, and that I had proved myself to be *degnosissimo* of the *amicizia* and the *benevolenza* of *galantuomini*, like themselves. (I don't happen to know, gentlemen, whether you speak Italian; if you do, you will see the force of the compliment.)

"And now to our better acquaintance!" said the Capitano. So we filled our glasses, and the wine was so good, and the bottle passed so freely, that somehow—I don't know how it happened—I retain only a dim recollection of swearing to join the band, and being assisted by my old friend Pepino to the tapestried room. I have, however, a distinct remembrance of shaking Pepino warmly by the hand and vowing eternal friendship to him.

I no sooner lay down in bed than there was a *shindy* (if I may use the classic word?) such as I shall not readily forget. All the quaint

figures in the tapestry stepped down on the floor, and proceeded to go through a series of the most extraordinary gymnastics. There was one old gentleman who made a great impression upon me; he was mounted upon a huge grey Flanders horse, a regular Barclay and Perkins's drayhorse; he wore an enormous three-cornered hat, and a yellow broad-skirted coat with monstrous cuffs. But his boots—you should have seen his boots! a pair of giant fire-buckets! There was a big brass horn, too, slung over his shoulders, which bumped up and down as he went rollicking and caracolling about the room, chasing the laughing Annina into all the corners.

"Pepino! Pepino!" I called out, for I fancied suddenly the bed was moving uncomfortably about, and a strange, grating sound, as of wheels on the gravel, was perceptible. "Pepino, I say!" Then, stretching out my hand lazily, it came in contact with—*what* do you think? the nose of my old tutor, who was fast asleep; *where*, do you think?—in the carriage!

I need scarcely tell you that I was wide awake now, and there we were in the carriage, precisely as when we left Rome. I looked out of the window—that wretched swamp on either side of the road, those obscene buffalos, that solemn old heron standing on one leg in the pool, it must be the Pontine Marshes!

Was it then all a dream? Impossible! But my dress? the very same in which I left Rome. I tried to awaken the Dominie—hopeless! Was I dreaming still? The carriage, the Dominie, the Pontine Marshes, the buffalos, the heron, the air of heaven, was it all a delusion?

I rubbed my eyes; I pinched myself till I cried out with pain, and having come to the conclusion that I was indeed awake, I called out to the driver to stop instantly. Gaetano stood at the door, hat in hand.

"Cos'è, 'celenza? what is the matter?" he asked.

"Open the door, you scoundrel!" said I; and, jumping out of the carriage, I seized him by the collar.

"Tell me, knave!"—(*birbone* was the word I used)—"tell me, scellerate, villain! as you value your life—where am I? Am I awake? what has happened to me? where is Pepino? where are the banditti?" and, at every successive question, I shook the astonished varlet more violently. "Where did you go yesterday with the carriage? Out with it, man! presto! I am not to be trifled with!"

Having exhausted all my strength as well as breath with the exertion, I let go the trembling wretch, who had been exclaiming in piteous tones, "Ma. 'celenza, che cosa

vuole? what is your desire? Non è mia la colpa, I am not to blame. Sua 'celenza slept so sound, and the Signor Dottore, at Albano, we only stopped an hour and a-half to bait the horses. Sua 'celenza will find a couple of nice roasted chickens and bread, as well as a bottle of the best red wine, in the right-hand pocket of the carriage," he said, in a deprecating tone, as soon as I took my hand from his throat; "I thought sua 'celenza and the Signor Dottore would be hungry before we got to Terracina."

"None of your sciocchezze; don't try to humbug me. I tell you I dined famously."

"Eh, signore, scusa; I beg your pardon—"

"Villain!" I cried, as a brilliant thought occurred to me; "my pistols! quick! give them me from the front pocket."

"Per l'amor di Dio—for God's sake—I am innocent! Pardon, 'celenza; don't shoot me, I am the father of a family!" and the miserable creature threw himself upon his knees in the middle of the road.

"Ass! dolt!" I roared; "the pistols instantly. Presto! I am not going to shoot you, I only want to see if they have been recently discharged."

"Ma 'Celenza! surely your excellency is joking. Oh no; the pistols are exactly as sua 'Celenza placed them this morning;" and in a moment they were in my hands.

"Clean and loaded, by all that is wonderful!" I exclaimed, as I felt the ball with the ramrod. And now for the first time I began to be sensible of having a racking headache; so getting into the carriage, I ordered the driver to proceed. Gaetano closed the door with a look of intense bewilderment, and I shut my eyes and endeavoured to reflect.

Could it be a dream? But all was so real—so palpable—so patent. No dream ever left impression so perfect, so circumstantial. The Dominie was still snoring heavily, and all my efforts to rouse him were vain. Well, thought I, the truth must come out sooner or later, at some time or other. Musing thus, I, too, fell asleep, and was roused from my torpor by Gaetano, informing me we were arrived at Terracina.

I could extract nothing from the stolid, stupid lout of a vetturino, and from the Dominie I could obtain no information to help me. He only complained of the most troublesome dreams, and talked rather incoherently of having been horribly shaken and knocked about, inferring pretty plainly that it was I who had been his tormentor. As to Gaetano, the fellow evidently avoided me, and looked so scared whenever I spoke to him, that I was convinced he thought me mad.



(See page 81.)

It *might* have been a dream. I say, it *might* have been a dream; but there were one or two circumstances which certainly had a very suspicious appearance: one was a grievous rent in the nether garments of my poor tutor, which sadly puzzled him; and my neckcloth I found to be tied in a most mysterious knot. Now I was rather particular about my tie, and I am ready to swear I never made

such a hangman's knot as that was. But the most extraordinary fact is this: I will take my affidavit we left Rome on a Wednesday; we slept only three nights upon the road at Terracina, at Mola di Gaeta and at Santa Agata, and it was Sunday when we got to Naples. You may make your own conclusions about the matter, gentlemen: I have made mine.

I have been several times since at Rome, but have never fallen in with either the Marchesino or his cousin. The former, I learned, had married and settled on his estate on the other side of Italy, and San G—— had been implicated in some political affair, which banished him from Rome.

"And the Donna Annina?" inquired one of our party, giving us a sly look; "did you ever meet with her, or either of the other ladies of your dinner party?"

"I was going to tell you," replied our communicative friend. "Some five or six years after the events I have been recounting to you, I happened to be at one of the carnival balls at Rome. These, you know, are held at one of the theatres, the pit of which is boarded over for the occasion. Alone and unmasked I was leaning against one of the boxes, scanning the different figures as they passed me, in the hope of recognising some of the masks. A plump little female figure in a plain domino, leaning on the arm of a distinguished looking cavalier, passed me several times, looking fixedly at me at each turn. The lady was evidently describing eloquently some amusing incident or other to her companion, who seemed to enjoy it amazingly. Presently they approached me, and to my great surprise the lady addressed herself to me.

"So," said she, with a gay laugh, which it struck me I had heard before, "so the Signor Don Perciognoro no longer wears his adopted costume. Fie! fie!—and it was so very becoming too. Don't be jealous, *caro mio*," addressing her companion; "know that this is not the first time the *signore* and I have been in masquerade together. But you must become friends, and I wish much to improve our old acquaintance. Come to us," she continued to me in a most friendly tone, "the first leisure moment you have, here is my address; my husband and myself will give you a hearty welcome."

Saying these words she put into my hand a richly embossed card. The cavalier expressed his happiness at the prospect of making so pleasant an acquaintance, and the lady, who I am certain was no other than the charming Annina, giving me a friendly *addio*, they were lost in the crowd.

As soon as I recovered from my astonishment, I examined the card, on which was delicately engraved—

"Principessa B——i,
Palazzo B——i."

"Then, of course," inquired I, "you had an opportunity of unravelling the mystery?"

"Not a bit of it," returned he; "it happened most unluckily that the Principessa was from home the next day when I called, and I was

obliged to leave Rome early on the following morning. Seven years after this occurrence I was again at Rome, and on inquiry I found that the poor Principessa was dead, and the Principe married again."

"So then, you never had any clue to the adventure?" I asked.

"Why no, not exactly; that is,—well, I don't mind telling you, but it must go no further; rather an absurd thing that happened to me; it annoyed me a good deal at the time. It only shows how ill-natured stories get about.

"I was dining one day at Torlonias, and there happened to be at table a chattering ass of a baron, who had been telling a number of silly stories, and who appeared to be the "funny man" of the party. My attention was suddenly attracted by his saying, "I had it from the poor Principessa B——i, who was actually staying at the villa at the time, and saw the fun. How she used to laugh, poor dear, whenever she told the story! You know it happened about the time the Marchesino was obliged by the authorities to leave Rome for stopping old Casa Vecchia's carriage, and kissing the contessina. Well, he and San G——, who was up to any wild adventure, went to rusticate at the villa belonging to an aunt of his, at La Riccia. He was a little, fat, conceited fellow, this Meester Progmoro (what a name—Progmoro!) full of *braggadoccio*; and his governor was a stiff-necked old pedant. They drugged the latter with his own medicine, stopped the carriage near Albano, lugged Progmoro out by the hair of his head, and got him up to the Villa, where they dressed him up as Polcinello, made him gloriously drunk, and after he had committed all sorts of extravagances, they administered to him a composing draught, gave him in charge to a clever rascal of San G——'s, whom he had recommended to him as valet on purpose, and started him off early the next morning to Terracina. This fellow Gaetano kept his counsel so well that, *per Bacco*, poor Meester Progmoro does not know to this hour whether it was all a dream or not.

"I thought it wiser to take no notice of this ridiculous story, and did my best to join heartily in the laugh it created.

"And now, gentlemen," said our entertaining friend, as he rose from his chair, "I wish you all a very good night, and hope that all your adventures with banditti may be as pleasant as you must agree mine to have been. I have lived many years on the continent, but it has never fallen to my lot to meet with an adventure which has left so delightful a souvenir behind it as the one I have had the pleasure of relating to you."

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXXIV—FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.



R. CHESTER and Doris did not come as was expected, and Mr. Carmichael passed a restless night. Aunt Lotty thinks it was on account of the disappointment, for he was so eager about the trains, and even insisted on the one that arrived at midnight being met.

My own opinion is that there is something on his mind, and I can't help thinking that he's afraid of what may be in the packet. Something about himself, I suppose; for I am convinced that he opened the one that Doris had, and took therefrom his letter to his sister. And he used Doris's seal to seal it up again. That seal was never lost! Oh dear! how suspicious I am growing, and what a bad opinion I have of people! Can I, too, be growing deceitful and insincere, and so judging others by myself? No; I don't think that I am. Mr. Carmichael has deceived me more than once, therefore I am justified in doubting him. I can put a great amount of faith in people before I find them out, but I can't afterwards. Is that un-Christian, I wonder? I think not, and I do not feel uncharitable when I say, that I believe Mr. Carmichael removed that letter from Doris's packet, or perhaps he did not find it, and fears it is in the one entrusted to Mr. Chester.

N.B. I am writing early in the morning, as it is a miserable day and I cannot go out. The beautiful hoar-frost vanished yesterday, and a thaw set in, and now a drizzling rain, half-sleet, has begun to fall. Well, one can't have unmixed good, either in the weather or in life—

Into each life some rain must fall.

Life would not be life without it; there must be some contrast, some evil, to make the good doubly precious. Rain is as necessary as sunshine to the earth, sorrow as joy to the soul of man. We are always thinking we can settle everything better ourselves than it is settled for us. I wonder if we could, or

whether we should not find ourselves something in the case of Phaeton, if we should have an opportunity of trying the experiment.

I keep looking out of the window to see whether the boy is bringing the letter-bag. I can't settle to anything until the letters come. I'm rather glad the post only comes in once a day at Craythorpe.

The letters have arrived. There is one for Mr. Carmichael from Mr. Chester. One from Doris for myself. A very short note. She will be at Green Oake this evening. She wonders if I shall be surprised at all she has to tell me. No, I shall not. I have looked forward to it for so long that I am quite prepared.

It is the ending of my story. When the wedding is over, and my characters are all disposed of, I shall have to begin a fresh tale, for I don't like a novel carried on after a wedding; it does not seem according to rule. Still there are exceptions.

Mr. Carmichael is decidedly better since he received his letter; the doctor says he may get up for a little towards evening, so he will be able to receive Mr. Chester. I wonder what Mr. Lynn will think of Doris's engagement? How pleased Aunt Lotty will be—and Mr. Carmichael? He won't like it; however he is but a secondary person now. There is Aunt Lotty calling to me. How unsettled I feel this morning; I can do nothing but jot down unconnected sentences in my diary. What can Aunt Lotty want?

It was not Aunt Lotty that wanted me, but Mr. Carmichael.

"What had Doris said to me?"

"Nothing especial. Merely that she would be at home this evening."

"Oh—" a pause; "does she say anything about the lost document?"

"No."

"You can read Mr. Chester's letter, Joyce."

This was an unwonted condescension on Mr. Carmichael's part, and I wondered what undercurrent had brought it about, for I knew there must be some reason for it. So I took Mr. Chester's note.

He had prevailed upon Doris to return. He had had some difficulty at first, but had represented to her strongly that it was the

right thing to do, and would be in accordance with her mother's wishes. Therefore she had consented, and he would bring her to Green Oake to-day. He must start again for Rome almost immediately, and wished to have an interview with Mr. Lynn, so he should stay at Craythorpe until the end of the week.

"I wonder," I said, "that he says nothing of the document; he seemed to think it would be of great importance in impressing Doris with the necessity of returning."

Mr. Carmichael looked at me keenly. Why was he so anxious about this paper? I looked at the letter again.

"Do you think," asked Mr. Carmichael, "that, though he makes no mention of this paper, it has been the means of inducing Doris to return to us?"

Why did he ask my opinion? What was my opinion worth in comparison with that of a man of Mr. Carmichael's acuteness? It must be his illness that had rendered him so nervous and willing to lean upon a weaker judgment. I hesitated what to reply. How could I say "Yes" or "No," though "No" was my own conviction? And Mr. Carmichael still awaited my answer. Suddenly I remembered Doris's letter, there was a message in it for her uncle. I drew it from my pocket and glanced over it. There was nothing to give any clue to this message, but I felt that had there been any additional cause for disliking Mr. Carmichael, Doris would never have written it. Therefore I replied at once,

"No, I think the document is not found."

Mr. Carmichael's countenance, which was already less clouded than it had been, grew positively sunshiny.

"You are a sensible girl, Joyce. I think the document is lost."

Not that it much mattered now what there was in it to Mr. Carmichael's disadvantage, since Doris would not be much longer under his roof. And I wondered if Mr. Carmichael had arrived at another conclusion from his letter. I suppose not, though I could have gathered it from Mr. Chester's letter as easily as I did from Doris's. But then women *do* draw conclusions much more readily and with less evidence than men, as I had even now an opportunity of testifying. And what is more, their perceptions are generally correct, even though the evidence seems against them. They have a sublime illogical way of dispersing surroundings and ambiguities, and walking straight through a mass of plausible arguments and statements, and arriving by a short cut at the truth. I think Mr. Carmichael had wisdom enough to allow this qualification to women in general, though I think

he considered Aunt Lotty as an exception to the rule. At any rate, he seemed quite to rely on my decision, and was altogether in a very good humour. Aunt Lotty was delighted with the improvement in his health and spirits.

"You see, dear, good news is the best medicine after all, and his mind's at rest about Doris now. He has been terribly harassed about her, and no wonder. I shall be more than half inclined to scold her when she comes for causing us all so much anxiety."

But, of course, when Doris did come, all Aunt Lotty's anger vanished, and the prodigal was not welcomed with greater rejoicings than was Doris at Green Oake. Mr. Carmichael was a little constrained in his manner both to Doris and Mr. Chester, but it wore off after he had contrived to edge in the question that was still to a certain extent undecided.

"Did you find the document useful in backing up your arguments?" asked Mr. Carmichael, with apparent carelessness.

But I, being an interested observer, noted the eager look in his eye, and the anxiety with which he awaited Mr. Chester's reply. And I knew that he was determined to know the worst at once, whatever that might be.

"I am sorry to say," returned Mr. Chester, "that the document must have been lost on my journey. If I had not induced Doris to come back to Craythorpe without it, I should never have forgiven myself for being so careless. But, great as is the loss in one point of view, I presume that Mr. Lynn's packet contains the same information. At least, Mrs. Carmichael told me that she was preparing a similar document to place in Doris's own hands."

Mr. Carmichael, in a less constrained tone, answered:—

"Doubtless, and it will be a great comfort to Doris to read her mother's sorrowful story."

For, of course, Doris knew no particulars; she at present was merely acquainted with the fact that, after a separation of more than eighteen years, she was restored to her father through her mother's death.

From time to time I looked at Mr. Chester to see whether he still felt any annoyance at my foolishness when he was at Green Oake the other day. He looked very grave, and when I spoke to him he did not answer as he used to do. There was something very cold and constrained in his manner—no wonder. There was a ring at the hall-door.

"It will be Mr. Lynn," said Aunt Lotty.

It was Mr. Lynn, but he did not come into the drawing-room.

Doris sprang up and seized Mr. Chester by the arm; she was trembling very much.

"My mother's husband! Oh, Gabriel!"

"Your father, Doris."

"It is so strange," she said; "I cannot believe it."

Mr. Lynn had gone into Mr. Carmichael's study; he wished to see Doris alone. And Doris went to him.

When Doris came to the little porch-room, I saw that she had been crying. She sat down by me, and putting her arms round me, leaned her head upon my shoulder, but it was some time before she spoke. Then she said:

"My poor, poor mother!"

She could not get that thought out of her head.

"And your father, Doris?"

"Yes, he is to be pitied, too; he has suffered much. But men cannot suffer as women do; they have more to think of, more to take interest in; they go out into the world, and it is so large a field that they can lose themselves in it, and forget partially, if not wholly, their troubles; but a woman stays quietly at home, within a narrow circle, and cannot so easily withdraw herself from herself. She has to go on patiently bearing her sorrow, until it wears itself out or wears her out. She can do nothing but wait quietly until the end comes. Oh, Joyce, how my mother must have grieved, and I have never comforted her!"

"But you could not, Doris; you did not know her trouble."

"Why did she not tell me? I could, perhaps, have helped her to bear it."

"No, Doris," said I, soothingly, "there are some griefs that each must bear alone. And this was one. Your mother was wiser than you."

"Mr. Lynn—I cannot quite call him father yet, it seems all like a dream—has been asking me so much about her, making me tell him every particular of her life and of her death. He thinks of her just as if he had but parted with her yesterday, although it is almost nineteen years since they said good-bye to one another. He told me all about that parting, Joyce."

"But how was it that he was so long away? How was it that he was supposed to be murdered?"

"He was left for murdered on the shore, but there happened to be a vessel anchoring in the bay from which a boat had been put off to get water. The sailors found Mr. Lynn lying on the beach, still alive, but insensible, so they took him off to the ship. It was some days before he recovered his consciousness

entirely, and then he found himself in a sailing-vessel far away at sea. After many misadventures he at length reached England, where he took the first ship bound for Australia. But he was too late. In the meantime my mother had sailed in the *Albatross*!"

And Doris, shuddering, crept closer to me.

"Joyce, I wonder why these things are permitted. What had my mother done that such a life of suffering should be hers? They say that our lots on earth are tolerably equal, if one thing is balanced against another. I don't believe it; our lots are not equal."

I did not exactly know how to reply; it was scarcely the time to enter into an argument upon the subject; besides I was not quite sure which side I should take myself. Therefore, I only said:

"It is all over now, Doris; she is at peace, her troubles are ended, and the question that you have asked is answered to her now. In the end we shall doubtless know the meaning and the purpose of much that seems mysterious now."

And then we spoke of Mr. Lynn again.

"He is so kind, so thoughtful, Joyce," said Doris; "but I am not going to Lynncourt just yet. I shall go every day and get accustomed to it first; it would be such a sudden change for poor Doris Gresford—I'm glad my name isn't really Carmichael," she put in parenthetically; "such a sudden change—to become all at once mistress of a grand house like Lynncourt! I shall stay with you a little longer, Joyce, till it is all made known that I am Mr. Lynn's daughter."

"And then you will go to Lynncourt and stay until——"

"Until what?" asked Doris, looking up at me.

I looked down at her.

"Tell me," I said.

"Until I marry Gabriel," answered Doris, calmly. "Are you surprised, Joyce?"

"Not in the least; I have always expected it."

"I have not," returned Doris; "I had not the slightest idea that Gabriel cared for me."

"Nor that you cared for him?" I asked, in a half jesting tone, for I was almost afraid of betraying myself.

"No," replied Doris, very seriously, "and I'm not quite sure that I do now."

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHERE men accomplish an object that they have zealously and perseveringly worked for, it often happens that the satisfaction they anticipated is by no means realized when the result is gained.

This depends on several causes; either they find that the object has not been worth the pains bestowed upon it, or they are too worn out with all their watching and waiting thoroughly to enjoy the fruit of their labours, or it may be that the object does not comprehend in its final results all the advantages that at first sight appeared to belong to it.

Mr. Carmichael had accomplished his object, but he experienced little or no satisfaction. The gleam of triumph that had brightened his countenance during its prosecution had faded away and had given place to a restless, anxious look. His eye nervously glanced round as though he thought that everyone was observing him. But fears on that point were wholly superfluous; each one was too much engrossed with his or her own thoughts to bestow much attention upon what might be passing in another's mind.

Mr. Carmichael's niece was an heiress. Lynncourt would come into her possession, and John Gresford's son would lose his inheritance. It would even pass out of John Gresford's own hands, through his, Mr. Carmichael's, niece. Yes, this was all accomplished. Everything had gone smoothly, though once or twice he certainly had been in danger of failing in his plans. And Mr. Carmichael tried to put the thought of his danger far from him. It was over now, and he rubbed his hands feebly, very feebly, for he was still weak; the attack had left him by no means himself, and he started at every sound. There was a vague, uncomfortable sensation in his mind, too, that he could not shake off. Pahaw! he should feel differently when this illness had passed off. If he could get out into the fresh air this restlessness would vanish. Why did people look at him as though they wished to question him? He was not bound to answer. What a coward he was! Of what was he afraid? The proofs were all clear. There was no doubt upon the subject. Mr. Gresford Lynn had owned his daughter,—and his son was disinherited. Mr. Carmichael had accomplished what he sought. He had had his revenge. And what was it worth? Had he benefited himself? No. Had he annoyed Mr. Lynn? No.

Mr. Lynn cared nothing for the property. Mr. Lynn's feeling was one of absorbing thankfulness at having found his daughter: the child of his beloved wife, the solace of her years of supposed widowhood, the consolation of her last anguish-stricken days. The loss of the property was gain to him since he had found his child. He scarce could express his gratitude to Mr. Carmichael, and the old barrier that had existed between the two men for more than twenty years was broken down.

They were brothers-in-law. They had an interest in common. Mr. Lynn had forgotten and forgiven; yes, more than forgiven, he had blessed his enemy. And Mr. Carmichael? No, he had not forgotten, he seemed to have only brought the past nearer to him; it clung to him and would not leave him. And for forgiveness, what had he to forgive? He almost wished that he had kept his sister's secret. He was by no means sure that he was glad of his success. He had benefited Mr. Lynn. He had benefited Mr. Chester. He had not benefited himself.

Mr. Chester was going to marry Doris. Aunt Lotty's prognostications had proved correct. Mr. Lynn was pleased with him, and he had been a friend to his wife. And Mr. Chester was staying at Lynncourt, for Mr. Lynn was eager to obtain as much information as possible concerning his wife's earlier days in the South. Aunt Lotty was in extreme delight, and Joyce was as usual the recipient of her confidences.

"You see, dear," said she, "how wonderfully things turn out for the best. I felt sure that Mr. Lynn would like Mr. Chester if he could only see him; it's just what I always said. Ah! if my poor sister-in-law were alive, how happy she would be! I wonder if people in heaven know what's going on upon earth."

"I don't know," replied Joyce, absently.

"Dear me! no, of course, how should one know?" responded Aunt Lotty, hastily. "I hope it was not an irreverent thought, but one can't help speculating a little sometimes, and wondering if people do know what's going on,—angels I mean, not people, of course; for they're not people, but something else. I don't know if they're even angels," and Aunt Lotty stopped in bewilderment. "But whatever they are," she went on, "one can't help thinking of these things. I remember thinking, when the old rector died, what a comfort it would be to him if he could only see his funeral. All the people in the village attended, and there was not a house but had the shutters closed. But still, perhaps, people mightn't care for these things after death."

And again Joyce replied, "I don't know."

"But why should I be talking of deaths and funerals with this wedding in my head, I can't imagine. They say to dream of a funeral is a sure sign of a wedding, and I suppose I am half dreaming now, or else I shouldn't be thinking of such strange things." And Aunt Lotty opened her eyes wide, as if to assure herself of the fact that she was really awake. "If any one could write a story," she continued, "what a story this would

make! And the wedding would be such a nice ending. Of course, they'll walk to the church, it's so near the house. And the bridesmaids,—but, Joyce dear, I wonder who the others will be;" and, overcome by the difficulty, Aunt Lotty paused abruptly. And Joyce could not help her out of it.

"There's Mr. Carmichael's bell," resumed Aunt Lotty, "I must go. Joyce dear, I'm not quite easy about Mr. Carmichael; he's by no means himself again. All this worry and excitement has been too much for him. I've felt it myself, and what must he have done, as his sister's nearer to him than she is to me? And Doris is his own niece. Not but that he's partial to you, Joyce, and thinks a good deal of your sense, and I'm thankful he does, as you're my niece. It makes things pleasant; and you're a good girl, Joyce, and a great comfort."

And Aunt Lotty went away.

Joyce sat down before a large embroidery frame and tried to work; but after taking one or two stitches, she rose and walked up and down the room; then, stopping at the window, she looked out over the garden from which the snow had half-melted, so that the lawn looked like white and green patchwork. The garden gate swung on its hinges, and Mr. Chester and Doris appeared. And Joyce retreated to the embroidery frame, and was bending over it when Mr. Chester entered the room. She had not seen him alone since the day that he called on his way to Linton.

He went to the fire-place, and stood leaning against it; but he seemed to have no inclination to enter into conversation. Joyce broke the silence by asking:

"Have you been a long walk, Mr. Chester?"

"I have been looking at Doris's favourite view, now that it is white with snow," he returned.

"It must look very different from the sketch you took."

"Very, and I have been looking at it with very different feelings from those that then possessed me, Miss Dormer. It is strange how a few months will work quite a revolution in one's life and actions. How much has passed since, that none of us could expect; or, at least, none excepting Mr. Carmichael. He knew of all this at that time, though why the revelation was not made sooner I cannot imagine."

"Perhaps Mr. Carmichael had not all his proofs then."

"Mr. Carmichael is impenetrable," returned Mr. Chester. "I own he baffles me."

"Yes?" rejoined Joyce, interrogatively.

"Miss Dormer," said Mr. Chester very

gravely, after a short pause, "I asked you a question once, and I am going to ask it again now."

Joyce looked up. "Well?" she said.

"Do you distrust Mr. Carmichael still?"

Joyce hesitated.

"Remember your opinion is as safe with me now as it was then. Have late events inspired you with more confidence?"

"They have not," replied Joyce. "I am sorry to say that I distrust him still. I have perhaps no right to say this, but I cannot help feeling that there is something kept back, something that he fears. I dare scarcely even shape my floating ideas into sober thoughts, much less into words. I hardly know what I think, but I regret deeply that Doris's packet is lost."

"You cannot regret it so much as I do, Miss Dormer. There is however one faint hope of its recovery, but so faint that I don't look forward to it. And now that Doris is quite reconciled to going to Lynncourt, it is not perhaps of so much importance; still I hope it may be found."

"Mr. Carmichael does not."

"Miss Dormer!"

"Mr. Carmichael is greatly relieved by the loss of that packet," continued Joyce. "Perhaps I ought not to mention this, but you are now so intimately concerned in everything affecting Doris, that I do not feel as if I could let you go without telling you of my suspicion, and I am going to ask you something. If this packet should be found, and if, as I believe, it contains anything to Mr. Carmichael's discredit, will you, for my aunt's sake, use your influence that he may be leniently dealt with?"

Mr. Chester had quitted the fire-place, and seated himself by the embroidery frame. As Joyce spoke he drew nearer, and looked at her earnestly and wonderingly.

"What do you suspect, Miss Dormer?"

"That, I dare not hint beyond what I have said," returned Joyce. "But will you promise what I have asked, for my aunt's sake? What would become of poor Aunt Lotty if her belief in Mr. Carmichael were shaken?"

"I do promise you, Miss Dormer. If the packet should be found, Doris will be the first to read it, and I think I may say that you will be the second, and whatever you feel right to advise Doris with regard to its contents I shall take as my guide in the matter."

Then he did not quite despise her after her foolish outbreak. She felt almost grateful to him, as though she wished to thank him for not judging her harshly. However, her wishes did not shape themselves into words; indeed she might have found it difficult to

express her feelings so that he would have understood her, therefore she wisely left the subject alone.

"If you find the packet, will you send it to Lynncourt and not to Green Oake?" she said.

And again Mr. Chester gazed at her inquisitively.

"Certainly; but, Miss Dormer——"

"No," she said, interrupting him, "you must trust me implicitly. Believe, that on Doris's account I will, as I once promised before, act to the best of my ability and my conscience. Will you not trust me?"

And she returned his steady gaze.

"I will," he replied; "but I shall nevertheless ask you one more question, and I give you my word that your answer shall be safe with me. Do you think that Mr. Carmichael removed any paper or papers from Mr. Lynn's packet?"

Joyce did think so, but the question had never been so startlingly brought before her, never made so real, so tangible. She was almost afraid of hearing herself acknowledge it. But Mr. Chester had no intention of being left without an answer.

"Mr. Carmichael is a bold man," said he, "and a skilful one."

"He was," answered Joyce, "but he is altered by this illness; he is by no means the same man."

"No, he is a good deal shaken. My opinion is that he's just the sort of person to go all at once, and I should greatly fear any return of this seizure."

"Poor Aunt Lotty," said Joyce musingly.

Mr. Chester shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you imagine your aunt's life to be a particularly happy one?" he asked.

"I think she has a belief in it," returned Joyce.

"Rather a left-handed way of answering a question," said he.

"I think then that Aunt Lotty does consider it a happy one. She regards Mr. Carmichael as a demigod, and I should be sorry to see him dismounted from the pedestal on which she has placed him. I believe, if anything should happen, that is, if he should die, Aunt Lotty would sincerely mourn for him as an irreparable loss."

"I don't doubt it, Miss Dormer; and, as far as I am concerned, her faith in him shall never be shaken; so you may safely answer my question, especially as I know perfectly what your reply will be."

"What use then will there be in my answering it?"

"A form of speech for my own satisfaction," returned Mr. Chester. "I wish to hear in so

many words that there is at least one point upon which Miss Dormer and I agree."

And Joyce replied, "I do think that Mr. Carmichael abstracted from that packet some paper or papers prejudicial to himself."

"When?"

"Soon after Doris's arrival at Green Oake."

"And this was why you refused to take charge of the packet for me?"

"Yes; but, Mr. Chester, you must ask me no more questions. It is my turn to ask some now."

"I shall be happy to answer them." Mr. Chester spoke listlessly, and leaned back in his chair, with his eyes half-closed. He did not seem to be thinking of what he was saying, but rather to be indulging in a reverie, that had nothing whatever to do with the present.

Joyce perceived this at once, and her courage almost failed her. Mr. Chester evidently took little interest in anything she might have to say. Still she had felt so vexed, so uncomfortable, during the last few days, that she felt she must make an effort, whatever it might cost her, to clear herself from the wrong impression that Mr. Chester must have formed of her. And yet why need she care what he thought of her? Was it of any importance? But she did so wish to be judged rightly.

Judged rightly! Who does not wish to be judged rightly? And who does not signally fail in endeavouring to be so? Few will take a man's evidence of himself, they prefer their own preconceived opinion. Therefore, as a general rule, explanations go for nothing or worse than nothing; one must sit down quietly and patiently bear blame for motives wrongly imputed. True, it is hard to suffer, and perhaps one does not derive a superabundance of consolation from the fact that there are hundreds and thousands suffering in like manner. Still, it is a sort of profit and loss arrangement in moral economics that must suffice to satisfy us.

But Joyce felt it unsatisfying, so she went blundering into what she hoped might turn out a satisfactory explanation of the hair-burning a few nights since.

"I am afraid you think me hasty and passionate, Mr. Chester."

"That is an affirmation, not a question," he replied.

"Then do you think me passionate?"

"Why do you wish to know?" returned Mr. Chester, raising himself a little and looking full at Joyce.

"That is no answer, but a question also," she said. "I must ask again, do you think me passionate?"

"Not very," he answered, quietly.

"I thought so," said Joyce, a little sadly; "but I'm not passionate in one way, Mr. Chester. I don't feel angry. I didn't feel angry the other night."

"When?" asked Mr. Chester.

Joyce thought he might have understood when. "The night you were here on your way to Linton."

"At what particular period, Miss Dormer?"

And again Joyce felt that he might have known without asking.

"After you had untwisted Doris's talisman," said Joyce, still hesitating to come to the point.

"Oh! when you threw the hair into the fire."

"Yes."

"Why did you throw it into the fire if you did not feel angry?" inquired Mr. Chester.

This was what Joyce's explanation brought her to. She could not tell him why, though she knew it well enough. So she parried the attack.

"The questioning is to be on my side, Mr. Chester."

"But how can I answer your questions without obtaining some information on the point?"

"Did you think me angry?"

"Well, Miss Dormer, I must candidly confess that I did."

"I was not."

"How am I to believe it?"

"I don't know," returned Joyce; "there is only my word to rely upon."

"I think, perhaps, I may take your word, that is, if you can assure me that you are perfectly truthful."

"I can; I am," said Joyce, eagerly, her face brightening; then she stopped; a sorrowful shade passed into her eyes; "at least," she added, slowly, "I try to be, but no one is perfect."

"What an old axiom our questioning has ended in. We are none of us perfect! I did not know you set up for perfection, Miss Dormer."

"I think I shall leave off asking questions, or trying to explain anything," said Joyce.

"It is the wisest course you can pursue," replied Mr. Chester, as he leaned back again, and gazed at Joyce through his half-closed eyelids.

Joyce, bending over the embroidery frame, looked up for a moment, and her eyes met not only Mr. Chester's but another pair that looked down from behind Mr. Chester's chair. Doris, unperceived by both, had stolen softly into the room.

"Gabriel," said she, "when will you and Joyce leave off quarrelling? It seems to me

that the more I wish you to like one another the more perverse you grow upon the point."

"We were not quarrelling," responded Mr. Chester, "we were coming to explanations."

"Worse and worse; every one knows the result of explanations."

"But Miss Dormer's explanation has had no result."

"Of course not. Have you lost the talisman, Gabriel?" asked Doris suddenly.

Mr. Chester made no reply, and Joyce began working diligently. Doris looked from one to the other.

"Oh dear," said Doris, "I shall have to give up being superstitious and having faith in charms."

"You see," replied Mr. Chester, "that we are not living in the days of witchcraft." And Joyce was glad that nothing more was said upon the subject.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DORIS was very silent during the evening; she curled herself up in a corner of the sofa, seemingly absorbed in a reverie that was not altogether unpleasing, if one might judge from the half smile that now and then stole over her face.

"Of what are you thinking, Doris?" asked Mr. Chester.

"I am copying Joyce, and making up a little story of my own," returned she. "You can't think how very interesting it is. And I'm a great deal farther advanced than Joyce, for I know the end of it, and I've fixed upon the title. Odin's birds have been with me for the last half hour—one upon each shoulder."

Aunt Lotty looked up. "Birds, my dear; I do not understand."

"Only Odin's birds, Aunt Lotty, they're invisible. You know how people say to children, 'a little bird has been telling me so and so.'"

"And very wrong indeed it is of people," responded Aunt Lotty. "If there's one thing more than another that I object to, it is people telling children anything that is not true—children get to know it fast enough."

"But I think," said Joyce, "that children understand it as a sort of poetic licence, and when they comprehend that it is not literally true they appreciate its figurativeness. Perhaps," she continued, turning to Mr. Chester, "the nursery saying is a corruption of Hugo and Mummin, and so we have the old North superstition lingering among us without our being aware of it. It is curious to think how tradition and legendary lore keep an unconscious hold upon us, and how we are, as it were, but polished chips from the rough,

unhewn blocks of granite of the grand old times."

"Very theoretic," answered Mr. Chester, "and somewhat vague."

"Oh, Joyce always gets a little vague when she sears into the sublime," said Doris. "Who else would have thought of connecting Hugo with the modern birds of nursery celebrity? Really, Joyce, there is something quite poetic about it."

"Ah!" said Aunt Lotty, "I used to like poetry when I was young, but I don't care much about it now; I think, with the exception of Luey —"

Here Mr. Carmichael suddenly roused himself to observe that he objected to Lucy Gray, and was tired of hearing of her. Which was doubtless the case, as he was in the habit of hearing her referred to so constantly; and Mr. Carmichael's illness having made him irritable, he enunciated the sentiment less courteously than he might otherwise have done.

Aunt Lotty was rebuked, and took to her knitting with great diligence. Joyce felt half inclined to laugh; whilst Doris went round to Aunt Lotty's side, and kissing her gently, so that Mr. Carmichael, who had relapsed into his doze, might not hear, whispered:

"I like 'Lucy Gray,' Aunt Lotty; Mrs. Howell used to repeat it to me when I was a little child."

Aunt Lotty felt uncomfortable under the consolation administered, for was it not, to a certain extent, a covert act of rebellion against Mr. Carmichael? Therefore she patted Doris's head, and bade her go and sit down again. So Doris returned to her sofa corner, and again fell into a reverie.

Mr. Chester did not seem inclined to talk; perhaps he had taken his cue from Doris. At least so Joyce thought, and she determined not to interfere with it; she therefore pretended to be deeply absorbed in the mysteries of the embroidery frame, though she could not have told whether the thread in her needle were blue or scarlet. They were a silent party, and the longer the silence continued, the more difficult it seemed to break it.

Joyce, despite her determination, felt that it was becoming painful, and would have given anything to be able to frame one simple unconstrained remark; but it was hopeless, her lips were sealed. Nevertheless, she sat torturing her brain for some topic that might be acceptable to all, and, as is generally the case, the more she sought, the more unavailing was the search, and the more inappropriate the subjects that did present themselves.

Was Mr. Chester similarly occupied? She

could not tell; but she glanced at him from time to time as he continued to gaze steadily into the fire. Once he looked up as she looked towards him, and their eyes met. And somehow a strange feeling stole over her, as if she were guilty of a species of treachery to Doris. She could not analyse it, but it rendered her more hopelessly incapable of making a speech than ever. She cast a furtive glance at Doris, but Doris was leaning back amongst the cushions with half-shut eyes, and a quiet smile upon her lips. Yes, she was perfectly happy!

Mr. Carmichael opened his eyes.

"Why does no one talk?" he asked; "I am well enough now, it does not disturb me."

He spoke in a half-querulous, half-angry tone. He did not like being looked upon as an invalid. His illness was not an agreeable idea to him, he wished to get rid of it, to shake it off.

"I think," answered Joyce, finding her voice with a great effort, "that no one has anything to say."

"That is just what I have been thinking for some time," said Aunt Lotty, meekly, "and it's very surprising, for one ought to have a great many questions to ask. I'm sure enough has happened during the last few weeks. I wonder it did not strike me to ask Doris about the person she stayed with at Linton."

Mr. Carmichael took no notice of his wife's speech, but turned to Mr. Chester.

"When do you start for the continent?"

"Very shortly; I am going into Devonshire first with Mr. Lynn. He is anxious to visit the places where——" Mr. Chester hesitated and looked at Doris, but Doris finished the sentence for him.

"Where my mother lived for so many years, and," she added, in a lower tone, "where she died. He wishes to be alone there for a time. Is not that it, Gabriel?"

"Yes; I shall leave him there, and get off to Rome again as soon as possible."

"And when do you return?"

"I cannot tell. I am painting a picture that I wish to finish on the spot, if possible."

"Oh," and Mr. Carmichael moved restlessly, and then rising from his chair he went towards the fireplace; he took the poker and tried to stir the fire, but his hand trembled a good deal.

"Allow me," said Mr. Chester, and Mr. Carmichael, exhausted, resealed himself.

"I'm weaker than I thought for," he muttered.

Aunt Lotty looked at him anxiously.

"You don't feel worse to-night?" she said.

Joyce also looking at him was startled to

perceive the change that had taken place during the last few days. She had been so much absorbed in other matters that after the first alarm of Mr. Carmichael's illness she had not watched him very observantly, but now as her eyes followed Aunt Lotty's anxious gaze she noticed how much older-looking he had become, and that the lips usually so firmly compressed had a nervous unrest about them, and his eyes were heavy and wandering.

"I am no worse," said Mr. Carmichael, steadying his voice; "I'm better—a great deal better. I don't know what you are thinking of! Is it the way to make a man better to depress his spirits by telling him he's worse? Mr. Chester," said he, turning from Aunt Lotty, "I was going to ask, is there—have you—have you any hope of finding the letter that you lost?"

Mr. Carmichael grasped the arm of his chair, and spoke with some effort.

"Not much, I fear."

"Still there is a chance?"

"A very slight one. I think it must have been lost on my journey."

Mr. Carmichael sighed.

"You will, of course, send it at once if it should turn up?" said he.

"Yes."

Mr. Carmichael made another great effort to speak very steadily and calmly.

"I shall be glad to see the contents of that packet, they may be valuable; though, of course, in the record left by my sister all necessary information is contained. Therefore, in one point of view, we do not suffer much from its loss."

"Certainly not; I see no need of any further evidence. The letter would of course be valuable to Doris as a remembrancer of her mother, and valuable only to her."

"Yes," said Mr. Carmichael, musingly; "yes, Doris would like to have the letter, but it is doubtless lost; we must think no more about it."

And he fervently hoped and trusted that it had found its way to that mighty receptacle from whence lost articles never return.

Joyce was watching Mr. Chester attentively during the conversation, and she saw that he, too, was struck with Mr. Carmichael's eagerness about the lost packet. Once their eyes met, and she knew that he fully shared in her suspicious feelings.

Doris, too, had paused in her reverie, and was narrowly observing Mr. Carmichael. And even guileless Aunt Lotty said in an aside to Joyce,—

"I wish, dear, that that letter was either quite lost or found. Mr. Carmichael will never be himself again until it's settled. Though

why he should be so anxious I can't imagine; he's done everything he could, and has had a great deal of trouble, poor man."

And Aunt Lotty looked at her husband, and Joyce could see a little frightened look come into her face, for Aunt Lotty felt a presentiment of evil—a presentiment that she could not have defined, and that pointed to nothing definite, but which caused the frightened look to come into her face, and a shiver to run through her heart, when she looked at Mr. Carmichael.

But the Dormers were not a superstitious family; they were far too matter-of-fact to believe in supernatural warnings: so Aunt Lotty attributed the shiver to a draught from the door, and drawing her shawl closer round her, believed that a sharp frost was setting in.

(To be continued.)

THE IRISH MULE-DRIVER.

I WENT away once to the wars for a frisk,
Attach'd to the big baggage train, sure,
But what with the toil and starvation and rick,
Faith, I'll not go campaignin' again, sure;
Uphill, and downdale I was dhruvin' of mules
From the top of the morning till night, sir;
Oh! such throuble to take, surely kings must be fools,
When the journey but ends in a fight, sir.

For aatin' and dhriakin' and sleepin' enough
'Tis myself that I always found partial;
But these things were scarce, while the fightin' was
tough,

From the Private up to the Field Marshal.
'Twas only the doethors I found did contrive
In the best of condition to be, sir;
High and low, right and left, 'twas the word "be
alive,"

The minit we saw an M.D., sir.

M.D. was the signal for clearing the road
When the baggage got stuck in some by-way;

M.D. had the best of good quarters allow'd,
And carried all things in his high way;
While others were starving, M.D. had his feed,
While others were thirsty, he drank full.

"Oh," says I, "sure if Providence only decreed
To make me an M.D., I'd be thankful!"

The war being done, we were bid to embark,
The ships full as ever they'd howld, faith;
I made on my thrunk, in big letters, a mark,
And strutted aboard then quite bowld, faith;
The letters I put on the box was M.D.,
The minit the skipper espied it,
"Av coorse, the best cabin for you, sir," says he:
I nodded, and never denied it.

We sail'd in the night and 'twas all right and tight
While darkness and silence surrounded;
But in daylight, with spaakin', while breakfast was
makin',

I fear'd that I might be confounded.
Some officers look'd at me, sour as a lime,
With suspicion, or somethin' akin to it,
But I never open'd my mouth all the time,
Unless 'twas to put something into it.

With the best of good living and jolly good berth
 The days pass'd away to my liking;
 I ate, drank, and smoked, like a lord of the earth,
 Throughout ev'ry bell that was striking;
 With a book in my hand I would nod when they
 spoke,
 As if study, with me, was the main thrick,
 So, at last, through the ship it was pass'd, as a joke,
 That the M.D. was rather eccentric.

But, as bad luck would have it, a fayver broke out,
 And they call'd upon me for to cure it:
 "In fayver," says I, "there is always great doubt,
 And the life of man—who can insure it?
 I'll give up to none in the dhruvin' of mules,
 And they're obstinate bastes, to be sure, sirs,
 But I can't dhruve a fayver,—so don't be such fools
 As be axin' o' me for a cure, sirs!"

"Why, a'nt you a docthor?" they all o' them cried.
 "The dickens a docthor am I, dear."
 "Then why, on your luggage, M.D. have we spied?"—
 "Because they're my right to apply, dear."
 "M.D. manes a docthor!" they join'd in one cry,
 "Or titles are not worth a stiver!"—
 "If M.D. betokens a Docthor," says I,
 "They stand quite as well for Mule Driver!"

SAMUEL LOVER.

WILD-FOWL SHOOTING.

WHAT varied emotions the sight of a well-stocked game-shop calls forth in the minds of the thousands who pass on their way through the crowded streets of a great city!

Now it is some "fat and greasy citizen," who thinks what a delicious "*bonne-bouche*" that plump woodcock would make done to a turn on a nice toast, and washed down with a bumper of good "canary sack." Again, it is some poor and penniless wanderer, a "casual," perchance, drawing invidious comparisons between the bitter and saltless "skilly" of the "house" and the taste of a roasted hare. It may be, too, the sight of these wild creatures recalls the memory of some distant country home, long since forsaken; he sees once more the old cottage near those grand old woodlands, the green fields, and yellow autumn stubbles, with the cock-pheasants, in all the glory of their gorgeous plumage, stalking about in the morning sunlight; a sight, alas! which first tempted him along that downward path he has since trod. To the sportsman—and what Englishman is there who is not more or less a sportsman at heart?—it speaks of many a distant scene on the misty fells, the reedy loch, or those great mud plains skirting the shores of wild and dreary estuaries, and of many a heart-stirring adventure by field and flood. What a variety of wild fowl do these shop-fronts often exhibit!—a rare treat for an ornithologist. There they hang, row above row, thrown into strong relief by the flaring gas jets; here we see

"mallard," teal, widgeon, pochard, and golden-eye ducks, hanging side by side; there again is a gray curlew or two, with their long scythe-like bills, or a bunch of golden plover, or the more soberly-attired knot (*Tringa Canutus*), King Canute's, or Knut's, own bird, said (for so speaks the old legend) to have first made their appearance on our coasts with the old "sea-king," and to have been a favourite dish of that monarch. There again are a cluster of the beautiful crested green plover or peewit, a bunch or two of snipe, and the game-looking little jack snipe, contrasting with those oyster-catchers from the Norfolk coast, with their black and white plumage and bright vermilion bills. The greater portion of the birds thus exhibited for sale are the produce of our own shores; great numbers are, however, brought by packet from other countries. Thousands of willow-grouse, popularly supposed to be ptarmigan, come from Norway; and, thanks to steam and rail, the "canvass-backed duck" from American rivers and swamps, and the "prairie hen" from the far west, are exhibited in a fresh state in our markets. The great bulk of wild-fowl, however, there exposed for sale during the winter months fall to the guns of the fowlers on our coasts; and, collectively, they form no inconsiderable proportion of that great mass of eatables which daily go to please and appease the appetites of Her Majesty's subjects.

Few probably of the many who daily traverse our streets are aware of the amount of human ingenuity and perseverance displayed, and often too the great personal risk incurred, in the pursuit and capture of all these varied birds. Some years since a large proportion of the wild ducks captured in England were taken in decoys; high farming and the enclosures and drainage of the marsh lands will, however, ere long obliterate even the traces of them.

In Lincolnshire, once so famous for its decoys, we know of but one. In this decoy, although of no great size, in the winter of 1863, 1100 ducks were captured in a week or ten days. The favourite feeding-grounds of various species of wild-fowl are the great mud plains skirting the shores of tidal rivers, or wide and shallow estuaries, where the tide frequently recedes for miles, leaving great beds of sea-weed exposed, and hundreds of acres together of the common grass wrack (*Zostera marina*), interspersed with numerous salt-water pools. Here, to use the words of a close observer of nature, "Acres of dark masses are seen, which may be taken for low rocks or scalps, and the line of the sea in the bays contains something which rises and falls,

and seems as if it were about to be cast on shore with every coming swell. To the old sportsman all these signs are familiar, and he knows their meaning; but to one who has for the first time trodden these flat coasts, some distant shot or other alarm first explains everything. The line of the coast is now one dark moving mass; the air seems alive with water-fowl, and is filled with sounds that rise and fall and vary as the troops wheel around, and this continues until they have again settled to their rest; as dusk approaches these sounds are gradually resumed, at first coming from the ground, as warning that it is time to be alert; as the darkness and stillness of night sets in, one large flock after another hastens to its feeding-ground, and the various calls and noise of wings is heard with a clearness which is sufficient to enable the sportsman to mark their kinds and trace his prey to their feeding stations, to make him aware of their approach long before they come within his reach."

The most wholesale way of making a bag is by shooting from a boat; these boats or punts are usually built for the purpose; they are from fourteen to eighteen feet long, nearly flat-bottomed, and drawing only a few inches of water, painted a dull white or grey to resemble the water in which they float. Their armament consists of a long and heavy single-barreled gun, carrying an immense charge, and which is fired from a rest in the bow of the boat. The gunner has usually also a handy but heavy double-barreled shoulder gun to fire into the rising flock, after sweeping the water with his long bow chaser. This canoe is propelled with the aid of paddles, the gunner reclining in the boat. Noiselessly and almost invisibly, in the grey twilight or early dawn, he propels his light craft over the shallow estuary, guided in the direction of his prey by their varied calls and the noise made by their feeding. As he approaches the flock the greatest caution becomes necessary. Now one duck, and now another will look up, as the strange object draws near; perhaps the outside birds rise flying over the heads of their companions, and alight again; but the great mass, so busily are they feeding, take little or no heed of the mysterious movements of the long, low, rakish-looking craft. Suddenly, however, the scene is changed, a flash comes, followed by a cloud of smoke, and the shores echo and re-echo to the roar of the great gun. The flock rise wildly, leaving many of their number hopelessly struggling in the water; the confusion is increased as the gunner discharges both barrels of his heavy shoulder-gun into the fluttering crowd; a dozen or two more birds fall splashing and

screaming into the water; and now, seizing his paddles, he dashes into the scene of slaughter, and proceeds, aided by a retriever, to collect the dead and wounded birds.

Another, but far less destructive, plan is to dig a hole in the mud plains, near to some favourite feeding ground, and there seated, patiently watch for the chance of a shot at the flocks of duck coming up at dusk to feed. The hole is sunk about three feet in the stiff "warp," and the soil thrown out carefully placed round the edge to increase the depth, a portion about eighteen inches deep is left on one side of the little pit as a seat for the gunner; with plenty of dry grass or straw and some matting placed round the sides, these pits may be rendered tolerably comfortable. We have ourselves passed many pleasant hours in them. Let us endeavour to initiate our readers into the delights of this sport, and if the ducks will only fly we shall have excitement enough; but the worst is, we have sometimes to sit night after night without so much as a shot, so uncertain are the birds in their time of arrival.

It is always advisable to have a companion or two in these adventures, stationed in similar holes, about two hundred yards apart, in the usual line of flight; it will be a bad night if one or the other do not bring down a duck or two from some passing flock. About an hour, then, before dusk, properly equipped, we take our seat in one of these holes; when seated, the top of our brown wideawake is nearly level with the surface of the flats. The prospect at present is anything but lively. The wind is moaning and sighing across the dreary plain in a melancholy cadence, and we have only to lift our head above the friendly shelter of the little parapet to know how cold it blows; within all is warm and snug. Look which way we will there is but one colour, and that decidedly a neutral tint. Mud; mud, nothing but mud; mile after mile stretching away on each side, with nothing to break the monotony except a tall post or two set up as landmarks, or some dark mass of stranded weed. Above, the cold gray sky; in front, but fully a mile away, the wide estuary, yet so similar in colour to its muddy shores as to be barely distinguishable. We can hear, however, the hollow murmur of its grey waters. For a time there is nothing to break our reflections. With slow and regular beat of wings a solitary heron, or "great black-backed gull," goes lazily past; and as twilight approaches, flock after flock of "knot" rise from the flats and fly off to their feeding grounds. Thousands pass together, rising and falling in their flight, and stretched out into a long straggling

line, like the dark undulating trail of smoke from a steamboat. Another quarter of an hour passes as we contemplate the blue smoke curling upwards from our pipe, and gradually vanishing into the misty air.

Miles away to the right, low down on the horizon, a bright point of light flashes out; we know it to be the lighthouse on the distant headland, and speculate on how many eyes besides our own have seen it flash out into the night. But hark! There is a sound like the rush of grapeshot, and we have hardly time to turn our head to see a dozen or so of widgeon disappear. They must have passed close to us. A flash, followed by a ringing report, tells us that our companion in the next compartment has been less given to reverie. Half-a-dozen mallards next come over. This time we are ready for them, getting a right and left, and before the smoke drifts away, we have the satisfaction of hearing the "flop, flop," as they pitch headlong on the ooze. A fortunate gunner will thus, in a night, bring down four or five couple of widgeon; and, at the price given by the game-dealers, two shillings per couple, consider himself amply repaid. Some of our readers may, however, consider it is but poor compensation for hours of suspense on a winter's night. In our opinion it falls far short of the excitement and pleasure of a moonlight walk down the streams and drains of marsh-land in quest of the ducks, which, in severe weather, feed during the night in the open waters of inland streams and drains.

To the lover of nature there is a charm in these rambles by moonlight independent of the sport. It is a glorious night for a walk: piercingly cold, for the frost is intense, the moon at full, and the stars sparkling with frost in the cold wintry sky. Low down on the northern horizon rest—how calmly and peacefully!—wool-like masses of cloud, heralding the coming snow-storm, or, to use an expressive provincial phrase, "a blast." Conspicuous in their blackness are the marsh drains, with their pure, unsullied snow setting, curled and twisted into fantastic scrolls and wreaths by the drifting wind and overhanging the inky waters in great crusted-like masses. A snipe rises suddenly from under the bank, its sharp, shrill cry at once betraying it, and its dark "silhouette" distinct against the white plain of the snow-field, almost tempting a shot; but we must reserve our fire for nobler game. We are miles away from any habitation; the silence is intense. Let us stand for a moment and listen. We might almost fancy ourselves on the boundless steppes of Russia, or in the solitude of the frozen Arctic Sea. Ye dwellers in cities, how little can ye under-

stand the depth of such a silence! Stand as we have done, and strain the ear for the slightest wave of sound. How useless the attempt. There is nothing the ear can detect under the deep hush of that midnight scene. Sometimes, perchance, we fancy we catch a far-off murmur, but so faint and indistinct as to be all but inaudible. Possibly so. It is the wash of the sea on the frozen beach. A tremendous commotion in the water and the loud "quack, quack" of the mallards as they rise tell us we have incautiously exposed ourselves when passing that turn in the stream. There they go, some half-dozen fine birds. How provoking! Too far off for a shot. Better luck, however, at the next bend of the "beck." That deep hole close to the old pollards is almost a certain find.

"There is a light cloud by the moon,
'Tis passing, and will pass full soon."

All in the favour of a shot; so let us hurry on. Cautiously we peer over the high bank, and for a time see nothing but the reflection of the stars in the quiet pool. One step forward, and then almost from under our feet there is a flash in the dark stream. "Quack, quack!" Steady!—do not fire too soon—give them time to rise. Another moment, and we see the ducks loom distinctly enough, as they rise from the opposite bank and its fringe of trees and mount in the air. Our readers must imagine they hear the double report, followed by that sound so heart-stirring to the sportsman, the "thud, thud" of the birds as they drop on the frozen snow. Many a wintry night have we thus alone wandered over the marshes, with our favourite retriever; for in this sort of shooting we do not believe in a companion; and fully to enjoy the silence and solitude of midnight, we must go—as Sir Walter Scott advises the wanderer to visit "fair Melrose"—"alone."

JOHN CORDEAUX.

THE TABARD INN, SOUTHWARK.

No part of old London presents more interesting historical reminiscences than the suburb which lies on the southern bank of the river. There can be no doubt that its site was originally a marsh, and some of our modern school of prehistoric archæologists have, I believe, hazarded the opinion that primeval London stood here, and that it consisted of "lake-dwellings." I need hardly say that it is an opinion in which I do not share. When the country nearly all round was marsh, a town would be as well protected, and better situated, on the hill now occupied by the city; and if there had been any British town here at the time of Cæsar's arrival, of which

there is not the slightest evidence, he would hardly have passed it without mention. There is no doubt that the Romans built a suburb

on the south bank of the Thames, and that they laid their foundations on piles, because the remains of the buildings and of the piles



The Catharine Wheel Inn. (See page 101.)

have been found abundantly, and the great Roman road which led into London from the south and south-east crossed the marsh in its approach to the town. In the middle ages fortifications were erected here, which received the name of the South-wark, or southern fort. In old English, the word *wark*, or *work*, was commonly used in the sense of a fortress. Newark, in Nottinghamshire, which was built by Alexander, bishop of Lincoln, early in the reign of King Stephen, means the New Fort, and is, in fact, a name exactly identical with Newcastle. After the Norman Conquest, the great ecclesiastics appear to have become partial to the suburb on this side of the river. The proud Bishop Odo, of Bayeux, had, in the time of the Domesday survey, "one monastery and one harbour" here, which had previously belonged to the Anglo-Saxon kings, and which probably implied that he had a residence here. The abbots of Hyde had a hostel by the side of the High Street, or great road. The prior of Lewes and the abbots of St. Augustine and of Battle had also houses in the same neighbourhood. The bishops of Rochester and Winchester had their palaces on this side the water. I need not repeat how closely connected it became in after times

with the history of English poetry and the drama.

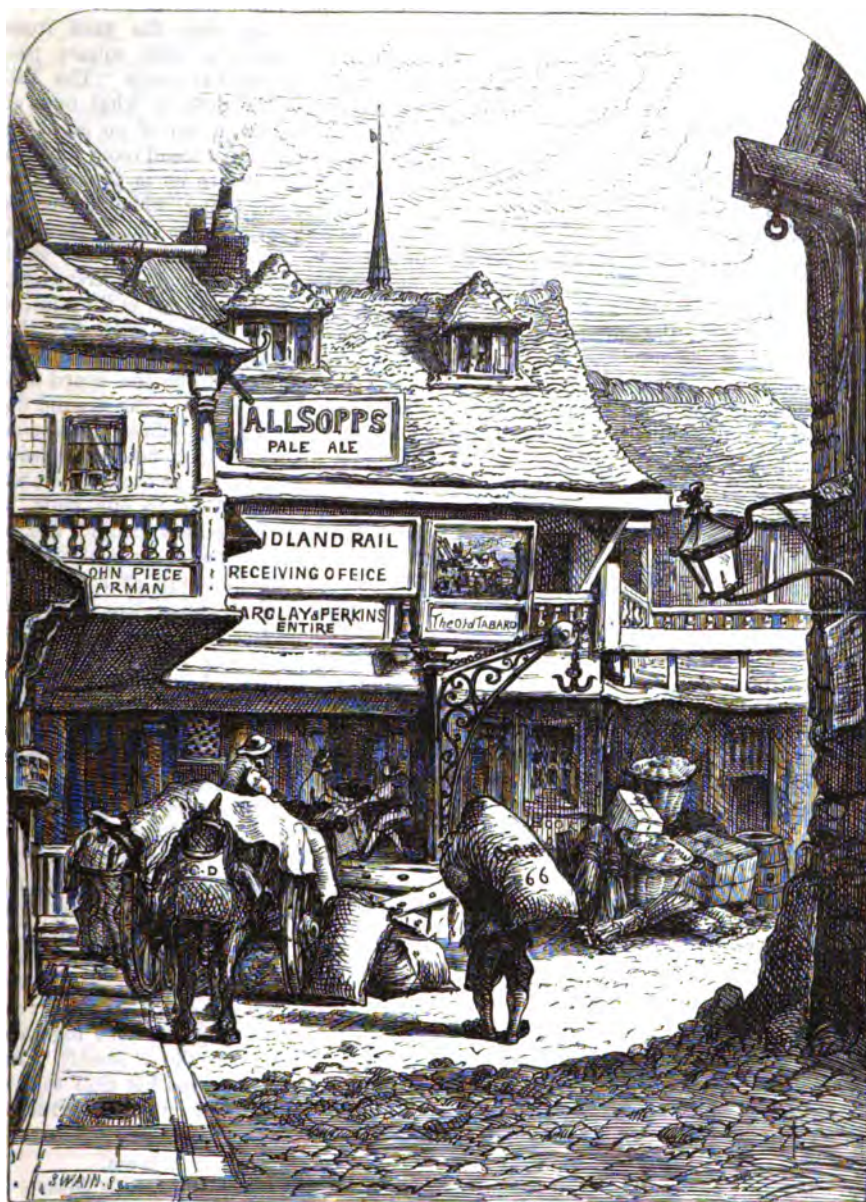
Formerly, when you emerged from London Bridge on the southern side of the river, you saw before you a street, wide for the older ages of street-building, and lined on each side with venerable-looking houses, most of which turned their gables to it. This was the High Street, the ancient road by which London had been approached during so many ages by Roman, and Saxon, and Norman. To the left branched off the street of St. Olave, commonly called Tooley Street, and on the right, close behind the High Street, stood the interesting church originally called the church of St. Mary Overy, a name subsequently changed for that of St. Saviour's, and celebrated as the last resting-place of the poet Gower. In the middle ages, strangers visiting a large city like London, especially if they arrived late in the day, usually took up their lodgings outside the gates, and hence some of the principal inns for the accommodation of travellers were built along the line of approach. On both sides of the High Street of Southwark stood many of these ancient hostelries. Stowe, the early historian of London, tells us that there stood in this locality "many fair inns for

receipt of travellers," among which he enumerates, "by their signs, the Spurr, Christopher, Bull, Queens Head, Tabarde, George, Hart, Kinges Head," and others; and he adds, "amongst the which the most ancient is the Tabard, so called of the sign, which as we now term it is of a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders: a stately garment of old time, commonly worn of noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars; but then (to wit, in the wars) their arms embroidered, or otherwise depict, upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others. But now these tabards are only worn by the heralds, and be called their coats of arms in service." Every reader of our old literature will remember how the poet Chaucer selected the Tabard as the place of assembling of his pilgrims in the "Canterbury Tales." The time was the month of April:—

Byfel that, in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabbard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canturbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come into that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure i-falle,
In felaschipe, and pilgryms were thei alle
That toward Canturbury wolden ryde.
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esud atte beste.

When, more than thirty years ago, it was necessary to make the approaches on the southern side to the new London Bridge, that end of the High Street was destroyed, and it presents at present only a wide open space, stretching on the left to the buildings of the railway station, and bounded on the right by modern warehouses and by the fine old church of St. Saviour's, which now looks upon the road without any intervening screen. But, after we pass St. Saviour's, the street still retains some of its old characteristics; here and there a venerable relic of the street architecture of former days presents itself to the view, and especially most of the old inns remain, many of them still carrying their own signs, but all of them, alas! greatly altered and modernised, and sadly fallen from their original importance. Among them still stands conspicuous the Tabard, though even its original name has been changed. Of the antiquity of this inn there can be no doubt, and its identity may be traced most satisfactorily. The land on which it stood was purchased by the abbot of Hyde, in 1307, and he built upon it a hostel, or town house, for the abbots when they came to London. It may be supposed that the inn for the accommodation of the public was built by the abbots, and that they received their

profits from it. Probably it was built with the view of furnishing accommodation for the numerous pilgrims resorting from all parts of the kingdom to the famous shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, for it stands just between the Pilgrim's Way from the west and south of England and the much better known continuation of the Pilgrim's Way onward to Canterbury, so that it would be exactly the spot where they would be glad to find a halting-place. It is by no means unlikely that the abbot of Hyde built the inn for this purpose very soon after he became possessed of the ground, if there was not one already in existence, but there can be no doubt that when Chaucer lived, that is, in the latter years of the fourteenth century, the Tabard was the usual resort of the pilgrims, or at least that it was the most-frequented hostelry in Southwark, or he would not have introduced it in that character. Yet any one must possess very little knowledge of the literature of the middle ages to suppose that Chaucer's meeting of the pilgrims at the Tabard was intended for the description of a real event, that all the arrangement about the telling of tales was really made, and that each pilgrim told the story here ascribed to him. The book of "The Canterbury Tales" is only one of a class which was very popular in the middle ages, and which came into western Europe directly from the east. No productions of the old literature are better known than the "Arabian Nights," which are purely Oriental, the Latin "Disciplina Clericalis" of Peter Alfonsi, and the "History of the Seven Sages" (the Indian "Sendabad"), both oriental and western, and the later "Decameron" of Boccaccio, which were the models of a whole host of similar productions. Chaucer probably had in his eye the "Seven Sages," and he formed his group of characters just to suit his plan. We might just as well believe the history of the Roman emperor "Deodolicius," and his wife "Helie," their son and his masters, the framework of the "Seven Sages;" or that of the king Shuhur Yâr and his wives, the framework of the Arabian "Thousand and One Nights;" or any of the other histories of the same kind, as that Chaucer went to the Tabard, and there met the twenty-nine pilgrims he describes, and that they all went to Canterbury telling tales, just as he describes them. Any one who, further, knows a little of society in the middle ages, should know that twenty-nine individuals, each of so totally different a character, and belonging to classes so widely separated from each other, could hardly have met together on this footing of social equality. It was a simple invention of the poet for the sake of the stories he intended to introduce.



The Tabard Inn.

Yet we cannot doubt that in Chaucer's time the Tabard was the principal hotel in Southwark, and that it was a usual resort of the pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. As we have already seen, Stowe, who wrote in 1598, mentions the Tabard in Southwark as then still standing; and four years later, Speght, who published

his edition of Chaucer in 1602, informs us that, "Whereas through time it hath been much decayed, it is now by master J. Preston, with the abbot's house thereto adjoined, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much increased for the receipt of many guests." What were the character and extent of Preston's repairs we have no means of forming

a judgment; but perhaps they did not materially change the general appearance of the old edifice. He seems to have added the private house of the abbot to the public buildings of the hostelry. A little more than half a century after this date, the Tabard was exposed to destruction from another cause, and one which must have been much more disastrous, though we have still no means of ascertaining to what extent it suffered. In 1676 Southwark was the scene of a terrible conflagration, second only in its greatness to the well-known fire of London ten years before. About six hundred houses were burnt, or blown up for the purpose of arresting the progress of the fire, and the Tabard must have been almost in the centre of the danger. When it was rebuilt, the old associations of this inn seem to have been so far forgotten popularly, that even the name of the sign was changed, and, in the appropriate language of the well-known antiquary, John Aubrey, "the ignorant landlord, or tenant, instead of the ancient sign of the Tabard, put up the Talbot, or dog." Aubrey tells us further, that before the fire it was an old timber house, "probably coeval with Chaucer's time." It was probably this old part, facing the street, which was burnt. In Urry's edition of Chaucer, published in 1721, there is a view of the Tabard, or Talbot, as it then stood, the yard apparently open to the street, if the drawing be correct. The sign was then suspended to the middle of a beam extending across the street, and supported by a timber post at each end. It appears then to have become a great inn for carriers and for posting, and a well-known place of accommodation for visitors to London from distant parts of the country. When my grandfather visited London towards the close of the reign of George II., as he tells us in his "Autobiography," he and his companion took up their quarters as lodgers at the Talbot in Southwark.

Whether mine host of the Tabard introduced by Chaucer, and to whom he gives the name of "Herry Baillif," were a true or a poetical character, or, in other words, whether he substantially occupied and ruled the old hostelry in Southwark, or only held his place in "The Canterbury Tales," I know not; but his character is well drawn, and presents much the appearance of being true to the life:—

A semely man oure cooste was withalle,
For to han been a marchal in an halle;
A large man was he with eyghen stepe,
A fairere burgeys is ther noon in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wys and wel i-taught,
And of manhede lakkede he right naught.
Eke therto he was right a mery man.

The present Talbot must be much changed from the one with which the poet Chaucer was acquainted. We enter the yard from the High Street under a wide square passage. On our right, with the words "The Talbot" written above the door, is what now chiefly constitutes the inn, a bar of no great dimensions, and adjoining a small room for drinking and smoking. Before us is the view represented in our engraving, which comprises the more ancient parts of the old Tabard, but all in a state of great neglect. A very old-looking balustrade runs round the first story, and against this, in front of us, is the sign, which is so defaced and covered with dirt that its subject can hardly now be distinguished, but which is understood to be the board formerly suspended in the street. The ground floor is now let out as luggage-offices of carmen and railways. On the left, nearly opposite the cart in the front of our picture, an old wooden staircase presents itself to our view, which leads us into the gallery behind the balustrades. This at present is continued round two sides of the building, at right angles to each other, and contains the doors leading into the chambers. All this does not appear to me to present any marks of very remote antiquity; it might belong to the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or even to that of James I. The old chambers have been so much cut up, and divided and subdivided, to turn them into modern bed-rooms, that they present but few features of interest. Those which open upon the gallery to the left, which is at right angles to the gallery facing us, are said to have been formed out of the ancient hall, the room of public entertainment of the hostelry, or, as it is popularly called, "The Pilgrims' Room," because it has been a favorite conjecture (of course a modern one), that this, in its original state, was the room in which Chaucer's pilgrims met together and supped. And here the "semely" host is presumed to have proved his title to the character of "right a mery man," given to him by the poet:—

And after soþer playen he began,
And spak of myrthe among outhur thinges,
Whan that we hadde maad oure rekonynges;

and to have laid out that splendid plot which, alas! the poet lived not long enough to complete.

Outside, looking towards the court, the buildings of the old Tabard are, as will be seen, sadly covered and obscured with modern inventions. Still they strike us by their high steep roof, with its antiquated gable-windows. To the right, the yard extends to some distance, and then turns at right angles into a sort of long back-court, the buildings

on each side of which communicate by a light wooden bridge thrown across it.

Nearly all the ancient inns of Southwark enumerated by Stowe still remain in the High Street, under the same or very slightly altered names, but few of them present any ancient remains of interest. Among some of the more singular of these signs was "The Tumble-down Dick," which occurs in other parts of England, and is usually represented by a drunken man tumbling over. But its original meaning is said to have been a satirical caricature on the second protector, Richard Cromwell, who not only fell rather ignominiously from the lofty position for which he was not qualified, but was said to have had a little leaning to the bottle. The best preserved, in many respects, of these old hostleries, stands on the opposite side of the High Street to the Tabard, and a little farther from the bridge. Its sign is the Catharine Wheel, which was a popular sign in medieval days, because it was the badge of an order of knights created for the protection of pilgrims (the knights of St. Catharine), and because it was, therefore, assumed to imply that, in the inn which bore it, travellers were protected and especially taken care of. There was a celebrated old coaching-house bearing this sign in Bishopsgate Street in London. You enter the Catharine Wheel in High Street, Southwark, by a passage similar to that of the Tabard, but which leads into a square court of rather smaller dimensions. As you enter, it strikes you as singularly picturesque. In face of you is a gallery, and, above another wide passage, the sign of the inn, the Catharine Wheel, inclosing a clock. This wheel, as is well known, was the instrument of torture of St. Catharine. The passage leads into another and larger yard, containing stables and waggon-houses. When I recently visited this hostelry, as I entered the first court, a mass of light was playing upon the inner yard, which, seen through the passage, produced a most remarkably beautiful effect.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

OUT OF THE WORLD.

A Story in Five Chapters.

BY MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS.

CHAPTER III.—RESTING IN THE OASIS.

THE clouds cleared from Emilia's horizon quickly as they had gathered. When they returned to the caravanserai she busied herself, blithe as a bird, with the children, tying on Charles's pinafore, cutting Marie's bread-and-butter, holding baby even whilst Mademoiselle Francine breakfasted. The old colonel, who admired feminine beauty and brightness above everything, looked on admiringly, and

as to his little wife, she grew almost absurdly enthusiastic in her approbation. The children, too, after the manner of children, hung about their new friend caressingly, daubing her pretty cambric dress with their coffee-be-smear'd little fingers, and her cheeks with their sugar-be-smear'd little mouths. But Emilia loved admiration, especially when demonstrated in Harold's presence, and she submitted to the martyrdom with an excellent grace. To Harold the involuntary and invariable fascination his wife exercised was a constant source of marvel. He was eminently unpopular—unpopular with men, with women, with children; and the worst of it was that he did not much concern himself about this unpopularity, except where it had interfered with professional advancement. He liked to see Emilia handle intractable natures as successfully as serpent-tamers, and he triumphed in the thought that her own intractable nature was equally pliable in his hands, but here ambition ended. He did not see the need of popularity as far as personal comfort was concerned, and he thought of it as easy of attainment when convenient.

"It will be a sad bore to us, Emmy," he said, as he helped her to mount, "all this overwhelming friendliness, I mean."

"A great blessing to me when you have got ideas, as you express it, and leave me to amuse myself as best I can," answered Emilia, with humour. Then, touching her little Arab horse somewhat smartly with her whip, she rode on with the colonel, leaving Harold half-pleased and half-angry. He felt with regard to Emilia that, like Cleopatra, "time could not stale her infinite variety," and though her vivacity was wont to be a little teasing at times, it chained him more and more.

All that day, for instance, no lover was more impatient than he for a *titte-à-tit*, and yet she persistently reserved all her pretty talk for the colonel. In vain Harold dismounted to pluck her such flowers as she loved; in vain he feigned a most inquisitorial displeasure; in vain he pretended to find Madame Challamel delightful. Emilia never altered from her wilful mood. The colonel, a plain, homely man, who had risen from the ranks, interested her very little, and she loved Harold with a passionate love, but it suited her humour to try her power now and then.

Harold and his wife, with the colonel and Madame Challamel were excellently mounted, but the children and servants were packed in a heavy open vehicle, which had great ado to keep up to them. After awhile Madame Challamel asked the painter to fall back with her a little.

"The poor children don't like to have us

long out of sight, and, to tell you the truth, I am somewhat tired of such desperate riding."

"Desperate, do you call it?" Gower said, sarcastically.

"We have come fast, haven't we? but I forget what riders you English are. And Madame, too, she has the courage of an Amazon, though such a delicate look."

Harold's face grew a shade paler.

"She is by no means delicate, I assure you," he said; "she has never been ill in her life."

"But you must take care of her," answered Madame Challamel, shaking her head; "she is too *vive* and too easily excited. And how odd it is that she should have taken a dislike to society at her age?"

Harold was silent. The question suddenly arose to his mind whether it would not be wiser to entrust this sympathetic little creature with their secret. As he looked upon the kindly face, and listened to the pleasant voice, again and again it came on his lips. But he reflected that Emilia should at least be consulted before taking such a step, and, on her account, refrained for the present.

He could not forget Madame Challamel's words—"She has such a delicate look;" and though he disbelieved in them utterly, they caused him great pain. When, an hour later, he overtook Emilia at the gates of the little station of Teniet, he forgot to be reproachful, and only looked long and searchingly at her face.

"What is the matter?" she asked, with a slight accession of colour. "I've been very naughty, I know, but I can't be stared into repentance as Francine stares Charles."

"Are you sure that these rough roads are not knocking you up?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, I'm dreadfully tired!" and here the little lady yawned; "and hungry, too. But I enjoy it above everything; so put away dismalities, there's a good Harold; and as soon as ever we get to the inn, ask for some bread-and-butter for me."

The "inn" proved to be a miserable little place, with one saloon for everybody's use and nobody's in particular, and Emilia made a *moue* of disgust at the prospect of spending some weeks there. In the upper end of the saloon were French soldiers and spahis playing billiards, dining, and smoking, whilst the bedroom, which was only accessible by means of an out-door ladder, had no pretensions to cleanliness whatever. The weather, moreover, was intensely cold, for within the last few hours they had climbed to a considerable height above the level of the sea; and all the mountains lying round the little fort were tipped with snow.

Emilia and Harold were not disposed, how-

ever, to make themselves miserable under any circumstances, when once their little quarrel had been settled; and after a plentiful meal of bread-and-butter and hot wine, the little lady looked the very picture of health. Harold called for some cedar logs from below, and made a blazing fire; Emilia put on a pretty light-coloured dress, and flitted about the lumber-heaped bedroom in extravagant spirits; everything called forth her mirth—the row of *sabots* here, the old spinning-wheel there, the pots of quince jam, and the unreadable French novels packed together, the cobwebs and confusion abounding everywhere.

"Oh, Harold, what a dirty, dusty, dingy place for two tidy English people like us to be shut up in! How I wish I had learned to sweep and scrub at school instead of German and those useless things!—then I could have made you comfortable now."

"I'm as comfortable as can be," said Harold, touching up his sketches by the fire, "except when somebody stands in my light."

"Always thinking of your lights and shadows!" she cried, discontentedly.

"But you yourself wish me to paint good pictures and be talked about—"

"Yes—if it could be done without trouble and without so much prating of lights and shadows—"

"Emilia, you are too absurd."

Just then a low tap was heard at the door, and the Colonel entered, beaming with hospitality. Monsieur and Madame Gower must dine with him that very evening, and tomorrow, if Monsieur liked, they would leave the ladies to amuse themselves, and have a little sport. The painter was not much of a sportsman, and said so, adding, graciously, he liked, however, to see sport very much. Then he showed the old officer his sketches made on the way, which were admired in an uncritical but hearty fashion; and after some further talk, the three went off together.

Nothing could be pleasanter and prettier than the phase of French domestic life, which now opened upon the painter and his young wife. From the first day of their arrival at Teniet, Madame Challamel took upon herself as a duty the task of shielding Emilia from *ennui*, whilst the Colonel carried Harold off to hunt the gazelle, or shoot hyænas, and was never easy unless occupied with hospitality. It would be hard to say who were the best amused—the men with their sport, or the ladies with their walks and prattle—but all found the days brief and bright. Of course, Harold grumbled and satirized, and Emilia said some smart things about the Colonel's homeliness and Madame's little vanities; but they liked their host and hostess, neverthe-

less, and testified their liking. It was a wholesome atmosphere for anyone to breathe, and especially wholesome for Harold and Emilia. They had seldom seen such harmony as existed between the Colonel and his wife, though the former was a blunt old soldier, and the latter an accomplished young lady, whom he had brought straight from Paris into the wilds of Africa. He adored her, she revered him; and though she wore exquisite toilettes, and her children played about, sometimes looking the veriest little tatterdemalions imaginable, she managed her *ménage*, on the whole, admirably.

Harold and Emilia had lived so long among the stars that it was good for both to feel realities palpable and near. Love that partakes of the nature of passion is sure to re-act after a time, and they found themselves growing daily more and more sensible to outer influences. They were none the less happy. Harold felt flattered by the liking showed for himself and the admiration bestowed on his beautiful young wife, whilst Emilia liked the novelty of running about with the children, making toilettes for a dinner at the barracks, and accompanying the gentlemen on their rides. Harold meantime did some really good work, and though there was no one at Teniet to appreciate it, he felt elated and happy.

The scenery, too, was like wine to his artistic temperament. The rich eastern colouring of the mountains, the wonderful foliage of the valleys, the vastness and solitariness of the plain, the awful beauty of the cedar forest, awakened in him a fever of enthusiasm which could not be stayed. He was no longer the cold, calculating critic, but the ardent, aspiring creator. Nothing satisfied him but endeavour after the highest and most mysterious beauty. Nothing rejoiced him but work.

"Harold," Emilia said one day, "you won't want a wife much longer, you love your pictures almost as well now."

"I love you so well that I cannot love my art more," he answered.

"But at one time you would not let me be out of your sight for an hour."

"That is true, and yet I never loved you as well as now. Can't you understand it, Emilia? Not a stroke of my pencil but is a tacit homage to you."

She said, frowningly, that she could not understand it. He frowned, too, and never looked up from his sketch-book.

"My darling, you must understand it. Look into your own heart. Are you not sensible of a revolution that has taken place since we knew each other? Do not your

love for me and your sacrifices for me elevate your whole life and character? There is this difference between us, that I am an artist, and the highest moral influences express themselves in my work, whilst you——"

"Whilst I am a woman," she interrupted, with a smile and a shudder, "and don't know much about high moral influences, I think."

"Emilia," he said, dashing on his paint with a gesture of almost desperate impatience, "beautiful as you are, and bewitching as you are, you cannot afford, no woman can afford, to be otherwise than good."

"I'm not really good. How can I be? Though it doesn't matter so long as it's a secret between you and me," she said, dropping her eyelids.

"I own no such secret."

"That is because you still love me foolishly, then."

"Reason out the facts as you may," he answered, "only don't make a pretence of ignoring moral influences any more."

Seeing that he was greatly vexed, Emilia was silent, though she could not forget his words or think of them without uneasiness; "*Beautiful and bewitching as you are, you cannot afford to be otherwise than good*," he had said, and she read the speech as one reads signboards by lightning. She had laid her hand to the plough and would not have looked back for worlds, even were looking back possible, but she could not content herself after the manner of Harold.

Whilst he carried to his work the happy moods induced by an ardent and reciprocated passion, she was thrown upon her own resources more and more. When the first novelty of Madame Challamel's society had worn off, moreover, and she no longer cared to coquet with the Colonel or dress dolls for the children, life at Teniet grew a little less delightful than it had first been. "I think we have lived long enough out of the world, Harold," she would say. "Let us journey back to Algiers and get within reach of a little amusement, and our *semblables*." Whereupon Harold would make a hundred lover-like excuses for having allowed her to be dull, and for a day or two would minister to her pleasure as unremittingly as he had first done.

She rewarded him with a bright face and an irresistible mood of sportiveness, he never guessing that the brightness and sportiveness were affected, and then he imagined her to be a little *ennuyée* or anxious, and suggested that she should make a confidante of Madame Challamel.

"I feel quite sure," he urged, "from all that I know of her, you would but doubly secure her friendship and interest. She knows

the world, and would fully recognise our position."

"But you said the other day that no woman can afford not to be good. And I like Madame Challamel. Supposing that she saw fit to turn her back upon me."

"Pshaw, I know her better."

"You think you know everything," she cried, a little flippantly; "now, I am quite sure that if I took Madame Challamel into my confidence Teniet would hardly be a Paradise."

Gower's brow clouded. He feared that something had happened to disenchant Teniet in Emilia's eyes already. "Only say the word and we will go," he said, "you know my first wish is to make you happy."

She kissed him with an outburst of childish gratitude.

"If you would but go:—if you would but go!"

"We will go the day after to-morrow."

"And why not to-morrow?"

"The Challamels have arranged to go with us to the cedar forest—which you have not yet seen."

"Oh, what is a cedar forest to me? I am no artist."

"My darling, I must beg of you not to be flippant where things so sacred as art and fine scenery are concerned. It is absolutely necessary that you see this, one of the grandest sights of the country."

She would not yield the point, however. At last he asked her reasons with a simple seriousness that was not natural to him. He disliked seriousness, and he was not usually given to straightforward speaking.

But she refused to be questioned, taking refuge in such wilful woman's reasons as these: "But I wish it and so should you;" or, "I want to go because I want, that is all." He felt half inclined to give way, partly because he prided himself on his chivalric devotion to her, partly because he guessed that it was for his own happiness to leave Teniet also. For how could he be happy whilst Emilia vexed him with these caprices? The caprices made her all the more captivating in his eye, but only when she seemed quite happy. A shade of vexation but flitted across her face, and the whole heavens seemed darkened on a sudden.

CHAPTER IV.—THE LAST DAY IN PARADISE.

EARLY next morning all the population of Teniet turned out to see the cavalcade start for the cedar forest. Among the gazers were black-bearded Jews, in the national costume of blue pantaloons and stockings, tasseled turban and embroidered vest, hoary old Moors standing like statues in their white burnouses,

roguish little Arabs, ever ready to joke and jeer at the Roumis, veiled women stealing amongst the crowd like ghosts, Spahis and Turcos soldiers; lastly, the *gamins*, that are sure to crop up wherever the French civilisation takes root. Upon Harold's artistic eye neither the glow nor the character of this little scene were lost. He noticed with delight what a bit of blue, scarlet, or lilac drapery could be, when seen through the medium of an African atmosphere, and went into violent raptures with the wild and varied physiognomies around him. The cavalcade was hardly less picturesque than the crowd. First rode a Spahis, wrapt to the chin in scarlet burnouse, and wearing riding-boots of glorious crimson leather; next followed the ladies, accompanied by their attendant knights, and Madame Challamel, in her character of hostess, leading the way. She looked extremely pretty in her coquettish Amazon dress, and rode with a certain timid grace that contrasted strongly with Emilia's dashing horsemanship. Madame Challamel rode between her husband and a young lieutenant fresh from St. Cyr, both wearing the gay dress of the Hussars. Emilia followed after, and the heart of the painter bounded as he gazed at her. Certainly she looked lovely; a pale green veil shaded her delicately-flushed cheek, and her supple perfect figure never showed to better advantage than when on horse-back. On her left rode another of the Colonel's fellow-officers, a polished, handsome man of forty, quite ready to do homage to the beautiful Englishwoman; whilst, following in the rear, and all excellently mounted, came two or three more ladies and gentlemen, and a couple of Arab servants.

The weather was cold, and though the sky was clear overhead, stray snow-flakes were blown in their faces now and then, and every forward step seemed to bring them into a colder region. After passing under the western gate of the little settlement, they commenced a gradual ascent, and in about two hours found themselves on the verge of the cedar forest.

Here the little party halted for lunch. The ground was covered with rugs and burnouses, the horses were allowed to feed, and the saddle-bags were produced. Whilst the other men made themselves generally useful, Gower brought out his colour-box and sketched the little bivouac, contriving at the same time to have a *tête-à-tête* with his wife.

"How much wiser you women are than we?" he said; "I should have gone on staying here for years without discovering what you have done in a couple of weeks."

"And what is that?"

"Madame Challamel, with all her pretty ways and affected rusticities, is as rigid where conventionalism is concerned, as the veriest old maid in England going."

Emilia, who had been as gay as a butterfly hitherto, turned a shade paler. "You forget that she has children."

"I forget nothing; but what have children to do with the matter? Two people love each other, and because they hold their love as something worthier than the mere favour of the world, they sacrifice a few things, good enough in themselves, but as nothing in comparison to their gains. Can sympathy be too great, can forgiveness be too free, for a crime, so much better than most virtues?"

"Your metaphysics always convince me, Harold; but I must say I'm happiest when we talk about anything else."

"That shows you to be a weak woman, like the rest of your sex. For my part, I never feel so satisfied as when I have cut off the head of an ugly thing calling itself truth."

They then entered into the general gaiety, and Gower handed round his sketch, affecting no little gratification at the praises it received. The scene he had suggested, rather than imitated, was of enchanting loveliness. The brilliant bit of turf they had chosen as a halting-place, the foliage of ilex and wild olive over-arching it, the rugged slope below, the still more rugged heights above, the gaunt and giant cedars, rising like towers of strength here and there, the sober-coloured mountains lying like clouds beyond; here, indeed, were elements of colour and outline to make a painter's heart glow.

And Harold Gower's heart did glow. He never felt touched or taught by beauty; but he welcomed it joyously and accepted it greedily; thus turning himself rather into the merchant of Nature than her minister. Not a graceful line, not a touch of colour, not a harmonious shadow was lost upon him; but the hidden meaning, the inner beauty, the soul, so to speak, of inanimate things, were as nothing.

To Madame Challamel and her party, like Peter Bell, a cedar forest was a cedar forest, and nothing more. They liked making a pic-nic, because the men liked a ride and a flirtation with the ladies, and the ladies liked anything that varied their monotonous life; but the scenery counted for very little in the elements of enjoyment. Accordingly, when Harold Gower proposed a further excursion into the forest, no one volunteered to accompany him. The ladies shrugged their shoulders and feigned a terror of panthers; the men pointed to the woolly clouds gathering from all points of the horizon, and fore-

told a snow-storm. The artist, however, persisted; and at last it was agreed that he and Emilia, accompanied by a guide, should ride to a certain point, and rejoin the others in an hour's time.

"It is much better that we go alone," Harold said, as soon as he was fairly out of ear-shot; "you and I have souls, Emmy, and can appreciate all the beauties Heaven gives us, but those worthy people are quite satisfied with making only one use of their eyes."

"Yet I like them all," Emilia answered, thoughtfully, "especially the Colonel. He would never treat a woman contemptuously, never," she checked a sigh and went on; "but I do think you are teaching me to use my eyes, Harold. I shall be quite your intellectual companion in time."

"You ought to be, seeing that you don't know how to sew on a button or do anything useful."

"Yes, how useless I am! I wonder why I was born!"

"If you only knew how I hate useful women!—women who wear aprons, mend stockings, and look after the maids. I should never have loved you had you been after that pattern."

"But I am stupid as well as useless."

"You don't trouble yourself about politics, you have never written a novel, still you are clever, Emmy. You read character at a glance, you detect faults in my pictures that I should never see, you are a born musician."

"And I have read all the novels under the sun, from 'Pamela' to 'Lady Audley's Secret.'"

"But now you have given me your promise to read a few good books."

"Harold, don't teach me too much. I like to feel at home with subjects you talk of, but I dread reading the good books you mention."

"Absurd child. I read you a passage from 'Modern Painters' the other day, was that so very dreadful?"

She was still serious.

"Let me remain as I am, Harold. It is much best that you keep all the cleverness to yourself."

"But I like others to admire you."

"You forget that we are living in a world of our own, out of the world, in fact."

"Not always. A few minutes ago, for instance, we were as little out of the world as if in Paris."

Emilia fell into a reverie, from which she was aroused by Harold's cry of enthusiasm.

"Look," he cried; "in a scene like this how can we think of ourselves? Did I talk

of Paris! We are farther from Paris than the inhabitants of Saturn."

They had followed a wild track through the mazes of ilex wood, and come now on the verge of a savage ravine. Rising from its dusky depths, and standing solitary against the wintry sky, rose one bare and blackened cedar trunk of fabulous height, whilst on either side were trees of lesser magnitude, their branches driven horizontally across the abyss, as if by the force of some cataclysmal whirlwind. There was, moreover, a look of majestic strength, of mysterious suffering about their stately trunks and plummy branches of deep green, that suggested the idea of some Titanic struggle with a higher power still going on. And added to these impressions of a contest, half God-like, half human, between force and force, was that of final duration. One looked back to the reign of the mastodon and the myalonyx without thinking that the cedar trees had ever been saplings or that they would ever pass away.

Something of these thoughts was passing through the painter's mind. Emilia, too much overcome with child-like awe and bewilderment to think at all, gazed around, wishing herself fairly out of a land of such utter and drear enchantment. The space, the immensity, the solitude, seemed to crush her. She shuddered, and begged of Harold to return.

"The snow is falling fast, and we have already left the others so far behind," she pleaded, almost with tears in her eyes. But he urged her to go on a little further, ten minutes riding would bring them to the spot he wanted to see, he said. What mattered the snow to them?

"This reminds one of Ossian," he went on, too enthusiastic to notice the disconsolateness of his companion. "'Grey mist rests on the hills, the whirlwind is heard through the forest, dark rolls the river through the narrow plain, a tree stands alone on the hill and marks the slumbering Connal, the leaves whirl round with the wind and strew the graves of the dead; at times are seen the ghosts of the departed, when the musing hunter alone stalks slowly over the heath.' Isn't it a ghostly, grandiose scene, Emilia? Are you not glad to have seen it?"

"My veil is heavy with snow," Emilia answered, pettishly, "and the sharp wind cuts my cheeks like a knife, I am not glad to be here."

The snow had now come on apace, and an angry wind surged through the forest with a sound of thunder. As if with magic all the colour and form that had made the cedar

forest so gorgeous disappeared beneath a cloud of mist, the glossy foliage of the ilex, the reds and purples of the rock, the glowing turf and the wild flowers sprinkling it, the mountain pines, every fantastic crag and rugged peak were hidden, and excepting for a giant cedar that rose here and there, as if from the depths of annihilation, all was blank, and cold, and lifeless.

It was a fine sight for a painter, and Gower became for the moment transformed with a passion of genuine enthusiasm. He did not say at every fresh miracle, "This is metal for my mind," but he contented himself with simple adoration only. The storm did indeed work miracles. In one moment came a whirlwind of snow, crushing out of the mighty branches almost a human sob of pain; another, and all was still, and the trees stood erect, bearing their burdens like crowns. The colour, too, was hardly less miraculous, for the cold light of the snow gave a phantasmal transparency to the bare trunks, making what had hitherto looked almost the personification of strength and duration, a shadow, an airy shape, a thing of dreams. And nothing could be more startling than the snow where it lay upon the dark foliage; night and day, death and life, were hardly so opposed as these masses of glittering white and dusky green. On a sudden, just when Emilia's spirits were sinking and Harold's eagerness had reached to its culminating pitch, they came upon a little plateau that lay, smooth as a lake, in the very heart of the forest.

A deserted hut stood on its uttermost boundary, and Harold proposed that they should take possession of it and make a little fire. Emilia caught at the proposition joyfully, and in a minute more all three had dismounted, the horses were tied to a tree close by, and the guide was collecting cedar chips.

The hut was a miserable shelter enough. The snow came in through the broken rafters of the roof, whilst the ground was covered ankle-deep with wet leaves and rubbish. But it was at least shelter, and when a fire had been kindled, and Emilia's blood began to circle in her veins, she brightened a little.

"Oh, Harold!" she cried; "if I could only go to sleep and wake up in our little room at Teniet! Shall we ever find our way back again?"

"When I have finished this sketch we will try," said Harold, coolly.

She held her dainty feet to the crackling blaze one by one, and whilst doing so, reproached him half-playfully, half in earnest, for his zeal.

"How little I can ever be to you in comparison to a snow-storm or a fine sunset? Sometimes I feel as if I used to be more needed at Trimleigh Hall."

"Emilia, you are getting more intractable every day; but now I have done all that is necessary to my drawing, and will chafe your hands if they are still cold."

He left his post by the door, and, sitting down on a log, took her on his knees, chafing her cold little hands, wiping her wet hair, and trying, in a hundred ways, to atone for past neglect. When their prattle had come to an end, Harold looked at his watch, and declared that they must go.

But the guide, a sleepy lad, whose Mahometanism was considerably modified by French influence, had been so intent upon smoking cigarettes, that the horses had strayed ere he was aware. Harold stormed and scolded to little purpose. The horses were nowhere to be seen, and nothing remained but to go in search of them. Harold went one way; the guide another, the former promising Emilia not to go beyond ear-shot.

CHAPTER V.—"THE REST IS SILENCE."

WHEN Emilia found herself alone a passion of fear took possession of her. The storm raged on with renewed violence, and, as she listened to the shrieking wind and crashing boughs, she felt as if all this pent-up indignation of the elements was spent upon herself alone. To her childish and illogical mind it seemed unlikely, nay, impossible, that such a storm should be anything else but a visitation, and who so great a sinner as she?

For some minutes she sat cowering over the half-burned logs, with her face buried in her hands. Why did Harold ever leave her alone? Why did he awaken trouble in her mind by those interminable discussions of their position? Above all, why did he love his art so exclusively? She knew well enough that he loved her with a very passionate love, but he loved something else too, and she hated that something with an envying hatred.

At first she had been extravagantly happy with this man, living on the honey of his words, the worship of his looks, his sweet observances, his devoted tenderness. But she had ceased to be happy of late, and she blamed him unfairly for the change. She never blamed him for having taken her away from an unhappy home and an unloved husband, but she accused him for not keeping up the enchantment by which the sacrifice of womanly duty and wifely honour had seemed as nothing. She did not see that he was only indirectly accountable for a re-action brought about by the force of circumstances; she would not see

that such a re-action was inevitable and retributive.

But it was chiefly one circumstance that had kindled and now fanned into a consuming fire, the flame of her self-reproach. During the last few days the awful probability had presented itself to her mind, that the sin they had committed would not die with them; that, as the sun shines on the just and on the unjust, so the blessing of fruitfulness would be sent as a curse upon their unlawful love.

She was a woman after all. She loved prettiness and helplessness, and the caressing affection of little children. If Heaven sent her a child, how could she love it, how could she hate it!

Her thoughts grew desperate, and to escape from them she rose and peered out.

"Why do I encourage such folly?" she said, and tried to laugh. "After all, Harold and I are as good as other people at heart!"

Then she grew reckless and tried to laugh, to sing, to shout his name, thinking, by the sound of her own voice to drive away the thoughts that haunted her like evil spirits. But a legion of taunting tongues gave back an echo; and, to the unhappy girl's disordered imagination, the winds sported with her sadness, and carried the burden of it hither and thither. Now she seemed to be mocked from the peak of the loftiest mountain, now from the depth of the most impenetrable ravine, and she shuddered as a criminal before his judge, or a guilty man before his accuser. It was strange, and yet perfectly natural, to a mind so constituted that, whilst Emilia trembled before these manifestations of an outraged Nature, no awe of a higher Power, of an almighty Providence, took possession of her. She conceived that the thunder of the winds denounced her, that the roaring of the cedar-boughs condemned her, but her terror or her reverence could not go beyond this. She could comprehend the universe as having an instinct, but not as needing a soul.

As she stood thus on the threshold of the hut nothing could present a more magnificent appearance than the snow-storm doing battle among the cedars. It seemed as if indeed there must be some human thirst for victory in such a contest. In one moment came a volley of blasts, under which the stoutest branches trembled, then the wind would fall back as if exhausted, and the combat ceased for awhile.

Beyond the little plateau the forest opened on either side, showing what had been in the morning a vast panorama of ilex grove, precipitous slopes of living green, and far-stretching mountains, but now a vast ravine, about which hung a mist of snow and a mono-

tony of desolation perfectly horrible. But Emilia only looked in the direction Harold had taken, and tried again and again to utter his name. Just at this juncture a circumstance happened that struck her over-wrought senses with the conviction of a judgment, and drove her out into the storm, scared, reckless, almost without reason.

In one of the severest crises of the storm, a huge and hollow trunk that stood at the back of the hut was driven inwards, and fell, crashing the wretched roof, and scattering the crazy rafters to right and left.

Almost miraculously Emilia had stood on the threshold and taken no harm, but the suddenness and noise of the concussion excited her imagination beyond the limits of control. She saw in this accident no mere natural event, but a doom, averted for the moment, nevertheless inevitable for herself and her lover. They might hide their sinful lives in never so tongueless a wilderness, they might indeed make their home, as he called it, "out of the world," were there not things sterner, more pitiless, more prone to punish even, than human hearts? They might escape the frowns and jeers of men and women; they could never escape the vengeance of an unseen and outraged Power. Whether they travelled by sea or by land, this flaming sword would follow them, causing the waves to cover their heads, the earth to open at their feet, and the slaying lightning to find them out.

Holding her burning beating temples with both hands, she rushed blindly forward in search of Harold. The wind beat upon her, the snow blinded her, the slippery drifts hindered her at every moment; but she still kept on. A bough was driven sharply against her face, scarring the delicate skin in two places, but she did not heed, and hardly felt the pain, and staggered onward, crying, "Harold! Harold!"

At last strength gave way, and she sunk upon a snow-covered log, exhausted with fatigue, trembling in every limb, and wet to the skin.

She tried to call Harold again and again, but voice failed her, and then she cried hysterically. Still her mood can hardly be called that of utter despair. She felt desperately wretched and forlorn, but she was sure of Harold's finding her in time, and the suffering would surely be passed somehow.

At first the pain of intense cold was almost insupportable; she beat with her feet rapidly on the ground, and she moved her arms backwards and forwards as she had seen the English labourers move them in cold weather. She hugged her little knees, and swayed her-

self to and fro. By and by, she attributing the change to these efforts, the sense of acute suffering passed, leaving drowsiness and faintness only. Having no longer any strength to shout after Harold or strive with the storm, she seated herself in the most comfortable attitude that was possible, and waited. As she waited thus, the dread thoughts of a retributive doom, hanging over her head and his, passed one by one. She ceased to think, indeed, and rather dreamed, till something like a smile stole over her lips.

Of what was she dreaming?

Not of the gorgeous African scenery in which she had lived such delicious days with Harold; not of the future he had painted so vividly; not of those latter days, having Harold's love for sun, at all.

The storm ceased to howl about her ears, and she fancied she heard instead the homely sound of village church bells. She did not reason upon the extravagance of such a fancy; she but smiled, and listened and followed whither the sound led.

It led back to Trimleigh, her childhood's home. She saw the pretty parsonage house—her birthplace; the garden where she had played as a child, and the quiet churchyard through which she walked by her father's side every Sunday, the bells sounding gaily in their ears, and the village people flocking to church. Then it led her—this bewitching, bewildering sound—to a later time, when she had changed her home from the rectory to the Hall, and walked to church across the park, the master by her side.

She did not think of him, however, or of the tempter who had come between herself and a husband she could not love; she merely saw his face, as she saw the face of her father, and many another known then reflected as in a mirror. And none reproached, none haunted her. Alike the dead and the living seemed to recognise her, but there was no sternness, no retribution, no abhorrence in their recognition; only an inexpressible calm, past tears and smiles. The bells seemed to grow louder and louder, and the village folks hastened through the elms. There was old John, the gardener, holding pretty little Mary, his grand-daughter, by her hand, dressed in a pink frock; there was old Widow Grice, who was nearly ninety, and who always sat under the pulpit because she was deaf; there was Jim Watts, the tidiest labourer in the parish, Sophia, his wife, bearing her baby on her arm; and behind them, not daring to smile at the baby, was poor Ann Symonds, the girl who, as the country phrase went, "had a misfortune," and never held up her head after.

It seemed to Emilia as if she and this poor

girl were lost in the train of church-goers, and as if they suddenly quickened their steps lest the bell should cease ere the porch was reached. Emilia smiled as she dreamed—"What would the congregation say to see the rector's daughter, nay, the squire's wife, enter with Ann Symonds, who is scouted by all the parish for having gone astray?" But she had been confirmed, and had an indistinct notion that in the eyes of Some-one greater than all, Ann Symonds was as good as other people.

The bell still sounded, though the clergyman was in his desk and the school-mistress had taken her place at the harmonium.

"I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Thee!" This is what the school-mistress played; and just as the children and the congregation began to sing, and Emilia and her companion entered the church, the bell ceased, and the dream was over!

Harold Gower fled from Africa as from an evil dream, and tried to console himself for the loss of Emilia with very little success. When by chance an old acquaintance met him in Constantinople, he wrote home thus:—

"Gower was always a queer dog, as you know; but I don't know what the deuce is the matter with him now. He drinks brandy and soda-water after the manner of Byron, and leads the most extravagant life in the world. And he is quite grey, which is odd, seeing that he is little past thirty. I think there must have been a lady in the case."

A VISIT TO CRONSTADT.

In sailing up the Gulf of Finland a perfect contrast is presented by the opposite shores. To the left the sea is thickly sown with innumerable rocks and islets, green-capped formations of granite, which are for ever changing the fantastic appearance of the prospect; some of them are carefully tilled, others are the noisy home of long-tongued sea-fowl, others are strong fortifications bristling with cannon. But through this intricate maze only lighter vessels and pleasure-boats can thread their way; merchantmen keep rather to the south, where the view of Dago monotonously repeats itself as land after land is sighted—a low bank of hills, darkened by sombre pinewoods, with an occasional clearing for light-houses; once, indeed, relieved by the glittering churches of Revel, and then relapsing into its normal dulness until Cronstadt is approached. This is a long, low island, prettily wooded at its western end, where from time to time a white Asiatic chateau is seen peeping out,

with domes of bright green and gold. To the north, the only passage navigable by larger ships has been obstructed since the war of '54; while on the south the channel hugs the shore of the island, thus passing under the guns of its impregnable fortresses. Nor is this all; rising out of the channel itself are rocks covered with monstrous buildings, not unlike a Lancashire cotton-mill; but every window is a port-hole, and in every port-hole is a gun. However, since the experiment of a simultaneous fire resulted in cracking the solid masonry from top to bottom, the Government has returned to the low-lying batteries of the day.

At Cronstadt there are two docks, one for steamers, the other for sailing ships. The steamer, entering the dock-gates, and passing between the mammoth hulks of ancient three-deckers, moors herself in an open position, where lighters can readily come alongside to transport her cargo to St. Petersburg. But first she has been inspected by the custom-house police, each an officer in the Russian navy, each belonging to one of the thirty grades of nobility, and each demanding his present: like all the navy, they wear a blue round cap, with a preternatural enlargement of the crown made in a white material. Many obsolete formalities are retained with characteristic conservatism; e.g., the number of watchers is registered, firearms are taken, and returned only on special application at St. Petersburg; while those belonging to the ship are tied round the trigger with a string secured in a leaden medal. Moreover, a soldier is sent on board as sentinel, who remains until the day of sailing, and every night the hatches are fastened down with tape and wax seals: in the morning Government sends a number of soldiers; other labourers are hired, and unloading begins in earnest. These men, blackened by the summer suns, ragged and dirty, are incapable of severe work or of much individual action; they work in numbers, and require the perpetual voice of an overseer, shouting "davai, poslushi," to quicken their laziness. Still, they are a good-humoured, laughing set; on meeting one another, they doff their caps and bow with peculiar elegance. They are very devout, beginning nothing without crossing themselves. I saw one stripped for a bath in the dock,—and a peasant who bathes is indeed a black swan,—he crossed himself and dived. Many of them come in knots from beyond Moscow when the ice is melting. A company will rent a stable at Cronstadt, and hire themselves out. They eat nothing but black bread and salt—said to be very nutritious; their drink is water: at night they sleep upon straw in their clothes,

which, perhaps, are never taken off for the season. Thus they earn some 120 roubles,* and return to their native villages for the winter months.

Fires are allowed on board the steamers, but only until the sundown gun is heard. Smoking is strictly prohibited; the reason is, that the docks, being a Government monopoly, contain large quantities of gunpowder; but the sailors escape from this restriction by pulling outside the mole, where they can enjoy a pipe unmolested. At night the hatches are sealed; the silence is only broken by the occasional plash of the oars of some Government boat, its blue and white flag fluttering in the stern; or perhaps a labourer has indulged in the cheap Russian gin called vodka, and, being easily overcome, screams and wrangles like a fishwife; or a Scotch sailor is heard piping on a penny whistle,—

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.

In the sailing-dock no fires at all are permitted; but Government has provided a large cooking-shed, and each cook has his own small boat to bring the sailors' dinner. As there are sometimes over a hundred English ships in the dock, it is necessary to maintain some sort of discipline in the shed. Accordingly, one of the number is elected judge, or boss, who hears all charges of theft, drunkenness, or other misdemeanours, and inflicts all kinds of corporal punishment; if he is himself detected in error, the punishment is doubled. When he sails, a successor is elected, and at each election the new boss is rowed round the ships in state, followed by a long procession of cooks, each in his own boat, who salute the English vessels with a hearty cheer. To an Englishman unacquainted with this custom, the sudden sound of a ringing cheer, rising from an invisible throng among the shipping, is most startling; I can only compare the effect to waking at midnight on the Moscow railway, still half-asleep, and hearing a band at the buffet playing "God save the Queen."

Such are the docks. The town is a straggling collection of broad streets, some large Government buildings, and many miserable cottages; but as lighters carry the cargoes to St. Petersburg, the docks are not surrounded by the huge warehouses so familiar in England. At the landing-stage, in the midst of an open space dotted with half-starved trees, is a statue of "Petru Pristin," Peter the Great, before which the natives are seen to cross themselves most devoutly. There is also a splendid canal of smooth, pink granite, with magnificent approaches; but this, the statue, and the iron factory, are the only interesting sights.

* 15*l.* sterling.

The English church is a plain, white building, where on Sundays there is usually a large congregation of sailors, who endeavour to sing to the droning of an ecclesiastical barrel-organ. But the factory well repays a visit; in the diversity and finish of its machinery, and the airy loftiness of its workshops, it admits no rival. In every room the gilded picture is suspended with a lamp burning before it; once a year a holiday is granted to clean the surface and to celebrate the saint, the English masters wisely cherishing this sentiment of religion. Materials of war are not manufactured here, owing to the inferiority of Finnish iron, which is protected by heavy dues on foreign ore: Government purchases its cannon and iron-clads from abroad. Accidents are very rare; one of the most recent illustrates a fashion of Russian dress,—a pretty check tunic, fastened by a parti-coloured belt, is worn over pantaloons of the same material, which are tucked tightly into high boots. A workman, dressed in this costume, received a stream of molten iron over his leg; the liquid ran down inside the boot, which it was impossible to tug off for some minutes. Such is the severity of the climate in winter, that when the heated atmosphere of the workshops at last compels them, half-stified, to open the upper windows, the stream of frozen air is more insufferable than the former heat.

Every tourist hurries to St. Petersburg. Droskies are seen here in their glory. Imagine a farmer's gig set on the afterpart of a low four-wheel; in front a small box like a diminutive sulky; but the two divisions are so close together that the driver is only two feet from the driven. He smells of Russia leather; he holds the reins wide apart, one in each hand, shaking them vigorously; he screams to every pedestrian who impedes the way; and thus the drosky bounds jolting along over horrible pavements, enough to make an Englishman swear, if the whole thing did not make him laugh. Now you drive through a cloud of dark-feathered pigeons, picking among the refuse of linseed bags; for the pigeon is a sacred bird, for whose winter residence dove-cotes are provided. Next you race a private drosky, very likely cutting it out; then on between two white churches of Grecian architecture, with green and yellow domes, and so out upon the landing-stage for St. Petersburg.

Little more than 150 years have passed since Peter the Great, having expelled the Swedes from Cronstadt, laid the foundation-stone of its first military dock, and watched the rising edifices from his cottage on the opposite shore. Through all the vicissitudes which, varying with the caprices of the reign—

ing sovereign, have chequered the history of Russian civilisation, its essential features have remained changeless, as Peter first established them. It cannot be said of Peter that he gave his people a free and intelligible form of government, or that he anticipated the future of the Russias more distinctly than his predecessors, or that his multifarious designs were original and maturely considered: but the reforms which former Czars had projected in the closet and had endeavoured to execute silently, these Peter himself superintended in public, and made the nation his associates. Born at a peculiarly happy moment of his country's history, his genius, and also his eccentricities, awoke his people to a distinct consciousness of the great destinies that awaited them, so that it became impossible to recede. But war and commerce, not law and justice, engaged the Czar's chief attention. It is in the development of those arts that we see the most enduring record of Peter's greatness. To this day the boat which he built with his own hands is lovingly preserved at St. Petersburg: but the grandest and noblest memorial of the man, that which makes the deepest and truest impression, is found in the existence of St. Petersburg and the trade of its river, to which in the great statue he directs his hand in proud satisfaction. O. O.

GEOMETRICAL PUZZLES.

SOLUTIONS.

1. WHILE I explain the manner of solving the puzzles given in the last number of *ONCE A*

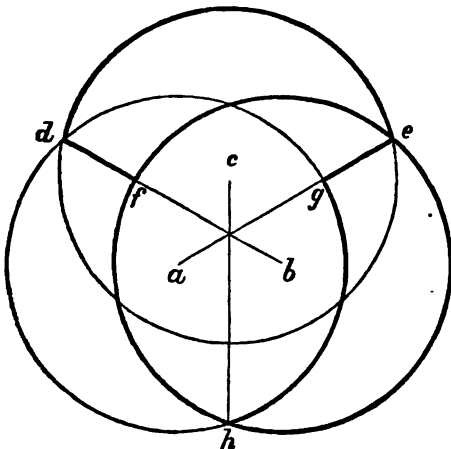


Fig. 1.

WEEK,* I shall give a method of drawing the figure, which will make the correctness of the solution more obvious.

* See page 64.

Take three points (a, b, c , Fig. 1), equidistant from one another; that is, the three corners of an equilateral triangle. (To find these, take two points, and from each as centre, with radius equal to their distance apart, describe an arc of a circle; these arcs will give, by their intersection, the third point required). From each of the three points as centre describe a circle, with radius about two-thirds as long again as the distance a, b ,* and join centres with opposite points of intersection, as in the diagram. The lines which are drawn darker than the rest show the original figure and the manner of dividing it, together with the circle which results when the two portions are properly reunited. It is evident from the symmetrical construction of the entire figure, that the figures (denoted by letters at their angular points) d, e, f , and e, d, g , are precisely similar to one another; so also are e, d, g , and e, h, g ; and therefore also d, e, f , and e, h, g . Of course the arc g, d , would have done for the line of division just as well as f, e , and g, h, d would have been the corresponding circle. It is worth noticing, too, that the original figure of the puzzle, with divisions, &c., may be found in the diagram repeated in two different positions besides that specially indicated.

I have not yet shown how—having only the original figure given—the line of division may actually be found; that is, how from the arc f, h , or g, h , to find the centre of the circle of which it is a part. The following method is applicable to any circular arc. Take any point in the arc and join it to the two extremities by straight lines; bisect each of these lines, and from the points of bisection draw perpendiculars; the point where these cut one another is the required centre. (See Euclid, B. III. Prop. 1, Cor.; also, B. IV. Prop. 5.)

2. The manner of division and reconstruction is shown in fig. 2, and needs no explanation.

The same method of conversion may be applied to several other pairs of regular polygonal rings. A hexagonal ring, if divided as a , and the parts put together as in b , gives the same again; and therefore (in this case) *vice versa*. An equilateral triangular ring also, if divided as a , has parts capable of arrangement in a hexagonal form in the manner of b (the question being only of capability as to shape, which depends on the magnitude of the angles, not of number of parts). In fact, the regular triangular and hexagonal forms are mutually convertible by a different process; for the method of division of a ap-

* The radius may be of any length not less than about three-fifths of a, b ; the proportions of the resulting figure also will be affected, not the principle.

plied to both gives similar parts in inverted positions. The other forms of ring which correspond by division, as in *a* and *b* respectively, are those of 8 and of 4 angles, and of

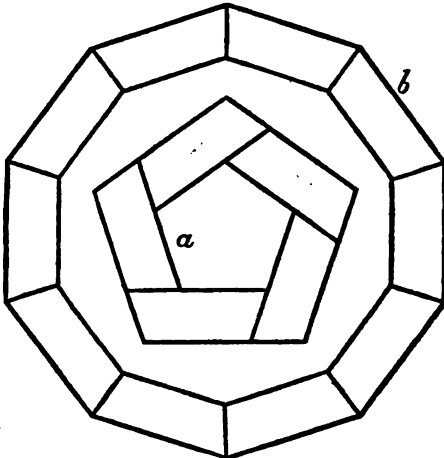


Fig. 2.

12 and 3. But in most of these cases it will be found necessary to limit the width of the ring from its inner to its outer edge. Why this is, will be seen on trial with rings of various width.

3. The division required is a circle, as shown in fig. 3, having its centre midway

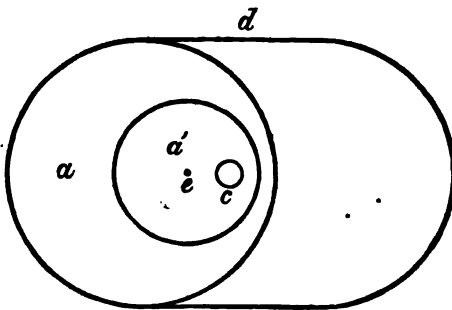


Fig. 3.

between the centres of the peg and disc. Let the two portions so separated (marked *a* and *a'*) be turned round equally in opposite directions. The result will be as follows:—The portion *a'* turning about the peg *c*, every point in *a'*, and therefore its centre *e*, will revolve round the centre of *c*; again, the portion *a* turning about *a'*, the centre of the whole disc (that is, its geometrical centre, not a fixed point on *a'*), will revolve round the centre *e* of *a'*. Hence if a straight line be supposed joining

the centres of *c* and *a'*, and another joining the centre of *a'* with the geometrical centre of the disc, these two equal straight lines will, as the motion is continued, form with each other an ever-varying angle, first becoming more and more acutely inclined, for a moment coinciding, and then opening out again; while (the two motions being equal in degree) the centre of the disc will move in a straight line through the centre of *c*, parallel to the parallel lines *d d*. Thus will the entire disc, moving between the last-named parallels, finally assume the required position.

It is evident that the disc will be caused to move back again, either by continuing or reversing the motion of the two parts.

FRED. R. J. HERVEY.

COMING THROUGH THE FENCE.

I.

AWAY, away, the sun's bright rays
Gild field and stubble corn;
We've waited long, my dogs and I,
For the breaking of the morn—

II.

For the first red flash from behind the hill
Right over the river to sweep,
And to open the eyes of the drowsy birds,
And to waken the flowers from sleep.

III.

They've waited long and they've watched me
long,
Till my gun from the wall I reach;
Their eager looks I can understand
As well as the wisest speech.

IV.

They know my belt and they know my pipe,
And they know my powder-horn,
And they're full as anxious as myself
To be abroad at morn.

V.

No jolly horn, no "view halloo,"
No trampling horses need we;
I want but my gun when a-field we go,
Myself and my pointers three.

VI.

Junco, Pompey, and grave old Prince,
Good sport we've oft had together;
We know every inch of the brushwood wild,
And the common o'ergrown with heather.

VII.

Can dogs not reason? Have dogs no sense?
I know if my aim e'er fails,
They are just as vexed as I am myself,
And down go their ears and tails.

VIII.

They're as proud of the braces of birds I bag,
As ever a man could be;
And I wish for no greater riches on earth
Than my gun and my pointers three.

JULIA GODDARD.



COMING THROUGH THE FENCE.—BY RICHARD ANSDALL, A.R.A.

[See page 112.]

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXXVII. FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.



WAS going across the hall into the little morning-room, thinking I would leave the drawing-room for Doris and Mr. Chester, as they would have so much to talk about and to arrange before he went away.

"Doris is going to marry Mr. Chester," said I to myself, as my hand was on the handle of the door.

I had said it over and over many times during the last few days, as if I wished to familiarise myself with the fact, though of course I had known all along how it would be, and had always looked forward to it as the ending of my story.

Yet now that it had come to pass it somehow seemed stranger to me than I had anticipated, and it did not work quite so smoothly as I expected. Something jarred,

though I could not tell what it was.

It appeared to me that Doris was very unconcerned, and Mr. Chester also; they might have been engaged for years. Yet this was perhaps natural, since they must have had it in constant anticipation. And still repeating the words, I opened the door of the morning-room. There was no one there, for Aunt Lotty was sitting up-stairs with Mr. Carmichael, who was not quite so well to-day.

I was glad to be alone—I could do a little quiet reading; and I took up a book and drew a chair close to the fire. I turned over the pages, but found that I could not fix my attention; my thoughts strayed far enough away, and my eyes wandered to the bright fire that was leaping and flashing in the grate, and I began to trace pictures in the embers, and the flames sparkled up and flickered and nodded at me, until it seemed as though I were holding a conversation with them.

What a companion a fire is! A living, moving, restless element. If I had been a

heathen, I think I should have been a fire worshipper. Yes, what a companion, as it burns so cheerily in the long winter evenings, when one closes the shutters and draws the curtains and shuts out the cold dark night and the howling tempest; whilst the wind goes whistling round the house, and the storm-blast answers it, and a chorus of wild spirit-voices shriek to one another, and one listens and listens to the weird-like strife. Often and often have I half fancied that they were lost spirits wailing frantically in their mad despair, lost! lost! lost! The deep hoarse groan answering the shrill piercing cry or the plaintive, moaning sob, whilst now and then is heard a shriek like to a burst of unearthly mocking laughter, as if the arch-fiend were triumphing amidst his fallen angels. Many and many a night have I listened, until I believed that I heard the voices speaking to one another, only my earthly ears were not sensitive enough to catch their words.

Thus I went on dreaming as I looked into the fire, and then leaning back I drove these thoughts away, and other thoughts came in their place, and prompted me to take inquisitorial proceedings with myself, and to examine into my inmost heart. And the first question I asked was this:

"Self, art thou glad or sorry that this engagement has come to pass?" And I was going to answer "Glad," but that just then conscience gave so sharp a prick that it startled me, and for a moment I could not speak, and whilst I was thus waiting, conscience followed up its advantage and whispered: "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" And I could make no reply, for, in spite of my brave assertions, I still felt the dull gnawing pain, and I knew I could not be quite glad, however much I might wish to be so, until that was gone. So I fenced the question: "I do not envy Doris's happiness; I am glad that she is happy."

"But how about thyself? Is there no wish in thine heart that it might have been otherwise?"

"None. Oh, what am I saying! Let me at least be truthful to myself. The world cannot hear—what matters it. Ah! well, I will confess myself no longer."

And then I thought of good George Herbert's advice, and what a pity men did not

follow it. Truly, if we made a daily examination of our hearts, and kept better accounts with ourselves, there would not be so heavy a balance against us when we come to add up the final sum.

Therefore I went to work honestly once more, and confessed to myself that I could not quite get rid of the pain, but that still I was glad that Doris and Mr. Chester were happy, and that whatever might be the opportunity, nothing would induce me to lift a finger to mar their happiness. But I was not quite happy myself. This was mortifying, for in my story I had been indulging in an imaginative picture of the transcendental frame of mind in which I should find myself when the consummation was achieved, and my hero and heroine were happily united.

But I fell short of this beatific transcendentalism when I came face to face with the reality, and I discovered that I, Joyce Dormer, was but a poor earth-worm after all, that writhed and twisted like other earth-worms when trodden upon.

Then I consoled myself. So it is with all. However mighty are our aspirations,—however exalted our frame in occasional rapt moments,—there is a stern reality in life and its belongings that crushes down this loftiness of spirit, and in humility alone are we permitted to rise. As I reached this point, the door opened, and Mr. Chester and Doris appeared.

"I have been wondering where you were hiding," said Doris, as I bent over the book. She placed her hand upon it to take it away, and as she did so she laughed.

"All a pretence, Joyce, this being so studiously inclined; for see, the book is upside down!"

And so it was, and I had never known it; and I felt the blood rushing into my face, and I could not look up at first, and when I did I met Mr. Chester's eyes fixed upon me; and again the odd uncomfortable feeling of treachery to Doris came over me.

"Gabriel is going away this afternoon," said she.

"So soon?" I answered in surprise, for I thought he would have stayed at Craythorpe for a few days longer. I did not think that the "very soon" would be accomplished so literally.

"The sooner I depart, the sooner I can return," said Mr. Chester.

"And you will be anxious to do so now on Doris's account."

And Doris having vanished, I decided that this was a good time for offering the congratulations to Mr. Chester, which hitherto I had had no opportunity of doing; so I continued,—

"I am glad to be able to offer my best wishes for your happiness, Mr. Chester."

"Thank you," returned Mr. Chester, shortly.

"Doris is very amiable," said I, "everyone must love her. I will take good care of her whilst you are away; though that is scarcely needful now that her father is restored to her."

"I don't know, Miss Dormer; she seems to cling more to you than to anyone."

"That is strange!" said I.

"No, it is not," he answered somewhat abruptly.

I was a little surprised, and perhaps I showed it, for Mr. Chester said more gently,—

"You forget your resemblance to her mother. Mr. Lynn also was struck with it."

"Yes, I had forgotten that."

"Miss Dormer," said Mr. Chester, hesitatingly, "I should like to feel before I go away that there is no unfriendliness between us."

"There is none," I answered warmly; "I shall ever look upon you and Doris as my nearest and best-cared-for friends. If there had been any doubt, it would have been on my side; I must have seemed so strange, so unreasonable sometimes."

"No you did not," he replied; "I was to blame for any annoyance you may have shown or expressed, and I regret it. Will you forget it, and remember me in a friendly spirit when I am gone?"

"Of course I will," I answered eagerly; "doubly so now on Doris's account."

"Then it is only to Doris that I am to owe your friendship?"

"No, Mr. Chester," I said, "not *only* to Doris;" and I looked steadily at him. What he was going to say I never heard, for Doris's return prevented it, but he gave one of his pleasant smiles and held out his hand.

"That is right," said Doris; "I hope you have come to an amicable arrangement at last. Really, Gabriel, if you were to continue on quarrelling terms with Joyce, I think I should have to give up our engagement. Would it break your heart if I did?" she added, laying her hand on his arm, and glancing up laughingly into his face.

"What nonsense you talk, Doris," he answered; "is not a broken heart a delusion—an impossibility—a mere figurative expression?"

"Not altogether," said I, in a low tone, for I was thinking of Doris's mother.

But it did not strike Doris, she was not seriously inclined to-day, and took Mr. Chester's words in a jesting light.

"Don't be afraid, I shall never break your heart, Gabriel," and she laughed; whilst I

wondered how she could be so light-hearted on the eve of Mr. Chester's departure. Certainly he would return; and days and weeks, nay, even months and years fly quickly enough away.

"You look a great deal more solemn than I do, Joyce," said Doris; "but Gabriel and I are used to partings: it's like old times to say 'good-bye' to one another; is it not?" and then I gave my hand to Mr. Chester, and wished him a pleasant journey and a speedy return.

"And don't lose the talisman," said Doris; "for though it has worked slowly it has worked well, and there is no telling what wonders it may yet perform."

I started, and Mr. Chester glanced curiously at me, but he betrayed no embarrassment. However, fearing any further remarks that might lead to a disclosure of what had happened to the talisman, I made my escape and waited in the porch-room until Mr. Chester should go away. Soon I heard the front door close and Doris's footstep on the stairs.

"He has gone," she said, unconcernedly, as she entered the room.

"And are you not sorry?" I asked, somewhat surprised at her manner.

"Well, of course I am not glad," she replied, sitting down beside me; "but he will be here again so soon."

"But if anything should happen to him?"

"No fear of that; Gabriel is able to take care of himself. Joyce," she continued, fixing her large dark eyes full upon me, "you will be my bridesmaid. Is that your story?"

"Yes. Aunt Lotty suggested it, so I wrote it down."

"Aunt Lotty!" echoed Doris.

"Yes, Aunt Lotty."

"Oh," rejoined Doris, drily. "And what did Uncle Carmichael say to the arrangement?"

"He said nothing, as the subject was not mentioned before him. But he thought that Mr. Chester was not good enough for you."

"You know better than that, Joyce, with all your want of appreciation of him," said she, springing up; "Gabriel is a great deal too good for me. No one can tell how good Gabriel is who does not know him as I have done."

I was glad to see that she was not quite so indifferent as I was beginning to think her.

"Uncle Carmichael, indeed!" she exclaimed, "as if he were capable of understanding Gabriel. Night and day, darkness and light, fire and water, are not more unlike in their natures; I did not expect him to appreciate Gabriel, he is not noble enough to do so. Now dear, simple Aunt Lotty under-

stands him by instinct. He is to her a hero, and she worships him accordingly."

The idea of Aunt Lotty in connection with hero-worship had in it something so incongruous that I could not help smiling, neither could Doris avoid smiling in return, though she said, "Nevertheless, Joyce, I wish that you had a little more of Aunt Lotty's spirit."

It seems a hard proposition to set forth, but it appears to me that every one is more or less a hypocrite. So, at least, I felt, when by silence I in a manner assented to Doris's remark. But there are some thoughts in every heart so carefully guarded that one feels a secret satisfaction when people receive a wrong impression. And so it was with me; and I close my diary to-night wondering whether the believers in the possibility of human perfection have ever sat down quietly and made a candid examination of their own hearts, as I have done.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

As he sat in the solitude of his chamber Mr. Carmichael's thoughts reverted to the past. Solitude it was, though Aunt Lotty sat there with her endless knitting, for Aunt Lotty never spoke unless spoken to, so that her presence was no hindrance to the flow of his thoughts. Indeed, her steadily moving pins were rather suggestive of a progressive train of ideas. And Mr. Carmichael, propped up with cushions, pondered over the story of years long past. Strange that those days should come before him now, when his mind was oppressed with other matters; but so it was, those early days rose up before him as it were involuntarily; indeed, so subtly did they insinuate themselves that he scarcely seemed to himself to be thinking of them, but as if some voice whispered to him a tale that he had read in a half-forgotten book ages ago. And thus it began:—

"Far away, quite in the north of England——" Yes, he remembered the place well, a lonesome farmhouse, with a straggling coppice on one side and a badly pruned orchard running to waste on the other. There were several fine pear trees whose fruit grew smaller and smaller every year, and damson trees that every year yielded shorter crops, and apple trees that were capricious in their bearing, sometimes surprising the owner with an unlooked-for supply of ruddy treasure and sometimes disappointing him with a meagre crop of very inferior fruit. Though disappointing is hardly the correct word to use in reference to the matter, since the owner was so utterly broken down and used to disappointment that the meagre supply appeared to him right and in the ordinary course of

events, whilst the bounteous crop seemed a blessing so unlooked-for as well nigh to border upon a miracle. The farm buildings were out of repair and patched up with any old materials that came to hand. The fences were broken, and there were no proper fastenings to the gates. The duck-pond was covered with weeds; the ducks themselves were not so noisy as ducks and geese generally are; and the cock strutting about the yard had a somewhat crest-fallen air, as if he and his family were not cared for so well as they might have been.

The house itself partook of the general look of dilapidation: the shutters hung loosely on their hinges, the windows were patched in many places with brown paper, and the large low rooms were very scantily furnished. There was in the farm kitchen a strong-armed, rosy-cheeked country girl, who was the only house servant. A frail, delicate woman occasionally helped her, and employed the rest of her time in sewing, and in taking care of two boys who played about, heedless of poverty and sorrow, though poverty and sorrow were around them.

This frail, delicate woman was the mistress. An old man lived in one of the out-houses, and did the whole of what farm-work there was to do. He was assisted in his labours by a tall, bent man, who rose early in the mornings, and worked through the day as well as his waning strength and worn-out spirit would allow him.

This was the master, Thomas Carmichael—Hugh Carmichael's father. He had been getting poorer and poorer for many years. At first he had lived somewhat extravagantly, and had been too speculative and experimental, and now people said he understood nothing of farming, and would never make it pay, and that he had better give up the farm and take to something else; but Thomas Carmichael had not energy enough for this, besides his heart clave to the old homestead, and he could not bear to leave it.

So he struggled on; and, as time flew by on rapid wing, the pale, delicate woman grew thinner and paler, and the tall man stooped more than ever. The old serving-man died, and his place was not supplied. Mr. Carmichael could not afford to pay for labour, and now that the lads were growing up they must do the work. So the lads worked and idled about the farm, which prospered neither better nor worse than it had done in former days.

There was an addition to the family within the last four or five years, a little blue-eyed girl, who was playing on the hearth-rug in front of the kitchen fire, for the kitchen was now

the keeping-room, since the furniture in the sitting-rooms had disappeared, and there was no rosy servant-girl to feel that her dominions were invaded by the presence of the family.

One winter night the family had drawn close round the fire; the cold was intense, and the wind whistled round the house and shrieked so piteously in the wide chimney that one scarce liked to think of a human being wandering abroad on such a night.

And yet how many homeless wretches are abroad on nights like this, and how seldom do those whose heads are pillowed on downy couches give one thought to them as they lie listening to the storm! How few thank heaven for the shelter they enjoy, whilst others shiver beneath the open sky, or lie down to die worn out with misery and wretchedness!

The Carmichaels huddled closer round the fire; their garments were somewhat threadbare, and not altogether suitable for such weather. Still there were others worse off than themselves, though it is doubtful whether they thought of this, or whether, if they had done so, it would have added to their warmth and comfort.

There came a feeble tap at the door, and one of the youths rose up to open it. A little boy was there, not more than eight years old. The mistress was surprised; she put down her sewing, and drew the shivering child towards the fire.

"What do you want, Johnny?" said she; "it's late for you to be out on such a night as this. Did your mother send you?"

The child thus appealed to began to cry, very quietly at first, as children do, when they are frightened, but at length his sobs became uncontrollable, and he could do nothing but hide his face on the mistress's shoulder. She quietly let him weep out his fright and sorrow, and then she asked him again, "What is the matter, Johnny?"

And Johnny, half-inclined to burst out afresh, restrained himself. "Mother cannot speak; she is quite cold, and she does not move, and I was frightened; so I came to fetch you."

The mistress looked at her husband. "Will you go, and I'll keep Johnny here."

And Thomas Carmichael and his elder son went to the widow's cottage, and found, as they expected, that Johnny's mother was dead.

"We can't turn the child adrift," said the mistress, "he's no friends, that I ever heard of."

And so John Gresford stayed at the farmhouse. The younger lad, Charles, was kind enough to him, but Hugh, the elder, disliked him from the first, and taking advantage of

the boy's dependent position, tyrannised over him.

Here Mr. Carmichael moved restlessly amidst his cushions, and Aunt Lotty approached to see if he wanted anything.

"No."

So Aunt Lotty went on with her knitting, and Mr. Carmichael listened again to the voice that still went on speaking.

It is not pleasant to remember quarrels and difficulties in which one has always been on the wrong side. Mr. Carmichael felt this, but he did not feel willing to acknowledge it. He tried to wrap his robe of self-exoneration tightly round him, but somehow it was too scanty, and, try as he would, he could not get it to meet.

"The lad was always in my way," he muttered to himself; "always has been—is now." And Mr. Carmichael groaned.

"Oh, dear!" said Aunt Lotty, "I do wish you would not worry yourself over that letter. No one cares about it; you've done all that mortal man could do to get Doris her rights, and you're not to blame if it's lost."

Mr. Carmichael clutched the counterpane, a spasm passed over his face, he spoke thickly and hurriedly.

"I wish you would mind your own affairs: who thinks I care about the letter, I should like to know? What does it matter to me? What makes you talk about it?"

Aunt Lotty was frightened by his manner.

"Does anyone say I care about it?" he demanded.

"No, not anyone," replied Aunt Lotty.

"Of course not, why should they?" asked Mr. Carmichael.

"I don't know; but no one does. No one ever said anything to me about it."

"Then never mention it to me again."

And Aunt Lotty relapsed into silence.

Mr. Carmichael passed over many years in his meditations, and paused at the last episode in his North of England reminiscences. The tall bent man was in his grave. John Gresford and Charles Carmichael had been in Australia for nearly two years, and Hugh and his mother and Nelly were at the farm.

"It's of no use," said he, "there's not capital enough to keep it on; the farm must be sold, and I'll go and join Charley."

"Sell the old place, Hugh?" answered his mother; "it's been a very long time in the family."

"And much good it has done them of late years. We managed to starve upon it during my father's lifetime, but now I'll have done with it; I want to live. You and Nelly may stay if you like, but I've made up my mind to go, James Withers has written and offered me a place there."

"John Gresford's uncle might help you," said Mrs. Carmichael, musingly.

"He's not helped John much, for he's roughing it pretty well out there. Neither he nor Charley has had much luck at present. Besides I don't want to be patronised by a Gresford," he added somewhat sulkily.

"But it would be no patronage, only paying back what we've done for the lad."

"Yes, they let him lie on our hands long enough," he muttered.

"And what harm did it do us, Hugh?" broke in Nelly, a tall fair-haired girl of eighteen; "he earned every bit of bread he ever ate upon the farm, and you didn't sweeten it to him. Why you hated him so I never could tell."

"That's neither here nor there," retorted her brother, "because your eyes were blinded mine were not. If it's true that some of his people are as well off as it is said, they might have found him out, and have taken to him long ago, that's all I say. I know nothing of them, and don't care for them; and as to being indebted to anyone of the name of Gresford, I never will be. You and Nelly can stay on the farm, mother, till I am settled, and then I'll send for you."

Nelly tossed her head.

"I know what you mean," said he; "but if you ever marry John Gresford, I shall look upon you as no sister of mine."

"I shall marry John Gresford," returned the girl, quietly; "it's a promise, and nothing on earth will induce me to break it."

"And when is the marriage to take place?" asked Hugh Carmichael, sneeringly.

"As soon as he has made money enough to marry upon," she returned steadily.

"Be it so," replied her brother, "the choice lies between your brother and your lover. You must give up one or the other. I hate him! he's a mean-spirited——"

"Hush!" exclaimed Nelly, springing up and placing her hand on his mouth; "you shan't speak ill of him; it's enough that you've hated him, and ill-treated him whilst he was here, for no earthly reason except that he was better than you are. But you shan't speak against him now that he's far away; and for aught we know," she continued sadly, "for aught we know, may be lying dead at the present moment!"

"A good thing if he were," said Hugh Carmichael, bitterly; "and as many an idle word comes true, and it may be as you say, I'll not speak evil of the dead; but you shall choose to-day between him and me which you will give up."

"Hugh, you are so unreasonable—so hard," pleaded the girl, her sudden passion leaving

her; "why need I give up either? Why cannot you forget bygones, and let us live peaceably one with another?"

But Hugh Carmichael was implacable.

"No!" said he; "you must choose between us."

"I cannot give up John," said Ellen Carmichael.

And there it ended; and Hugh Carmichael went abroad, and never saw his sister again until she lay upon her death-bed.

Mrs. Carmichael did not live long after her son's departure, and after her death the farm was sold, and Nelly went to live with some friends of her father's.

Hugh Carmichael and John Gresford met in Australia. And the incident recalled by James Withers rose vividly to Mr. Carmichael's memory, together with many other incidents that he would have preferred to forget; incidents that had not softened the enmity that was in his heart, but rather tended to increase it, and the help that he was more than once necessitated to receive, and which the younger man, for Ellen's sake and out of gratitude to the family, was thankful to accord, was ungenerously accepted, and at length the coldness that had always subsisted between them grew into open enmity, and John Gresford and Hugh Carmichael became as strangers to one another.

But Mr. Carmichael was growing weary, very weary. He would not trouble himself with the past any longer. Indeed, the past died away as though a hand had drawn a heavy curtain before it that he was too weak to undraw. Yet, for a moment, feeble and weary as he was, his thoughts dwelt upon the present. Poverty and struggling were so far away that he could not realise them now. The two adventurers, or, rather, workers after fortune, were rich men; the world had prospered with them and brought them in these later days together, and an olive branch was waving over them. They were at peace. The breach was made up at length; trespasses were forgiven and also forgotten. Peace, peace.

"Is it peace?" asked the Voice of Mr. Carmichael.

"Not peace, but revenge."

"Revenge!"

The Voice dwelt lingeringly upon the word, and rang the changes upon it in tones that sounded now sweet, now bitter, triumphant, mocking, palliating, as though Mr. Carmichael should taste of it in all its phases, and having tasted, be satisfied. Like a never-ending peal of bells it rang and rang, until he was almost maddened, for he heard it in doubt and dread. Revenge was not quite ac-

complished even yet. What if at the last moment he should fail? And then Mr. Carmichael, exhausted, sank back into a troubled sleep.

(To be continued.)

SNOW-FLAKES.

Float on, float on,
Ye snow-flakes hovering down—
All that is fair and tender and sweet,
Lap in your pitiless winding-sheet
Under the meadows brown.

'Tis well, 'tis well
Your dreariest wreaths to spread,
Where the flowers have sunk to the earth in sorrow
For the blighted hope of a sunnier morrow,
Over the lovely dead.

Float on, float on,
Under your mantle chill,
Where traitorous hope can dream no more,
Where her mocking phantoms have fled before.
Oh, that this heart were still!

Forbear, forbear,
Dark spirit, thou dost us wrong—
Under our mantle so soft and warm
Is slumbering safe each loveliest form,
Though winter's night be long.

Fear not, fear not,
There are bright, bright buds below—
Thou shalt see them again on the green hill side,
When the silvery mist of summer tide
Is born of the winter's snow.

EDMUND BOGER.

A VISIT TO THE "AULD CLAY BIGGIN."

"THERE is probably not a human being come to years of understanding in all Scotland who has not heard the name of Robert Burns. His poems are found in almost every cottage, on the window-sole of every kitchen or parlour, in the country. And in the town dwellings of the industrious poor, if books belong to the family at all, you are pretty sure to see those of the dear Ayrshire ploughman."

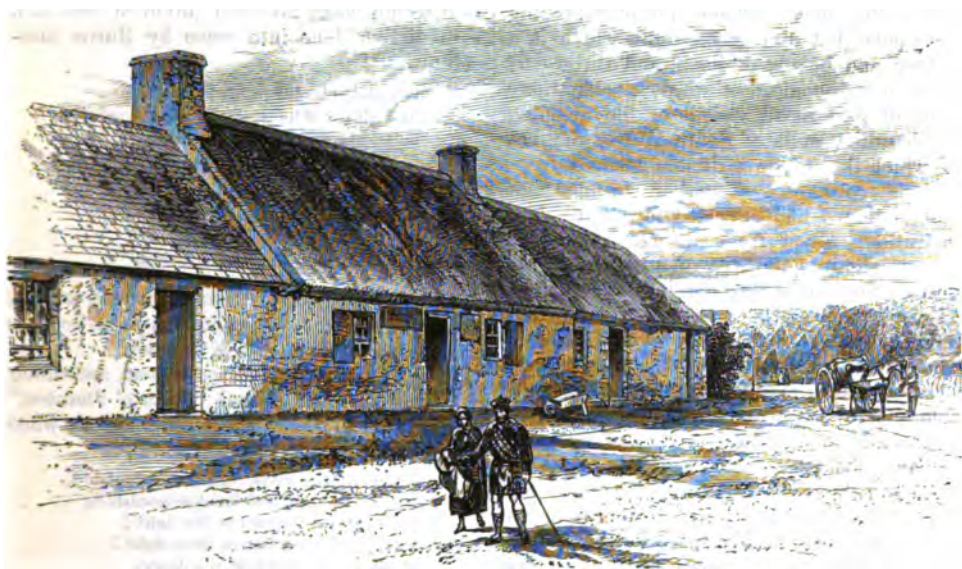
So says "Christopher North," than whom no man knew better the hearts of his countrymen. Every word written by Burns, every scene consecrated by his muse, and every event of his chequered life, is precious to the heart of a Scotchman. The fretful fits of childhood are lulled to rest by his songs, the lover finds in them words to tell his passion, and eyes bleared and blinded by age kindle and weep over the sweet visions called up by the magical words.

Ever since the days when, after reading "Tam o' Shanter," I have rushed headlong through the dim passages and up the school-room stairs, it had been one of the cherished desires of my heart to visit the home and

birthplace of Burns. Yet, as is often the way, year followed year, and childhood had become a dim, far-away vision, before I found myself upon the "Auld Brigg of Ayr," and, looking

along the shiny tide, lighted up by a blazing July sun, met the fair proportions of the new Brigg.

There lay the broad bosom of the beautiful



The Birth-place of Robert Burns.

river down whose glittering stream "feetly danced the fairy train," "at sight of whom our sprites forgot their kindling wrath," and the rival champions of the twa briggs accepted their lesson in silence.

How many a winter had old Ayr been "just one lengthened tumbling sea" since

The simple Bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,

Ae night within the ancient burgh of Ayr,
By whim inspired, or haply prest by care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward route.

The drowsy Dungeon clock had number'd two,
And Wallace Tower had sworn the fact was true;
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore;

All else was hush'd, as Nature's closed e'e,
The silent moon alone high o'er tower and tree;
The chilly frost beneath the silver beam
Crept, gently crusting, o'er the glittering stream.

There ran the river, with its mighty tidal power, breaking in angry wavelets along the worn banks; behind me lay the Wallace Tower, rebuilt since the days it served as a prison for the Scottish patriot; and further off the Dungeon steeple, both of which I visited as shrines upon the road of my pilgrimage.

Excepting its association with Burns, Ayr had little interest in my eyes. It seemed a quiet well-to-do little town, and it is "a braw place," I was told, upon market-days; but as I did not stay to see it in its glory, I cannot endorse the statement.

The village of Alloway, close beside whose ruined kirk stands the "auld clay biggin" in which Burns was born, lies about two miles from Ayr—two miles of the prettiest country it has ever been my good fortune to pass through.

The landscape was in itself perfect, and over all lay the shadow of the great-souled poet, his memory seeming to live again. Not a daisy lifted its "wee modest crimson-tipp'd flower," not a rose-bud blossomed, not a bird sang, but the music that had flowed forth into familiar words from the poet's lips sprang up to greet them. They were not the daisies, roses, or birds of ordinary life, but embodied poetry.

Down from every bosky glen came the rippling song trilled forth by the merry brook, the waving trees taking up the refrain, and from lonelier hill-side, purple with heather and fragrant as a spice-garden, the echo stole upon every sense. At the low-thatched cottage-doors stood short-kirtled barefooted

lasses, their dancing blue eyes and rosy lips showing from whence sprang the inspiration that gave us some of the most passionate love-songs that ever thrilled the heart.

Every step of the way was a new scene of delight;—the hedge-sides gay with wild-flowers, the nooks, where the over-arching trees made that dim green light which is a mystery and beauty of itself, and throws its charm over the meanest weeds, nooks where masses of fern recall visions of the dripping fairy-haunted wells of South Wales, and beside which the wayfarer lingers entranced.

Burns' cottage was neither grander nor humbler than I had expected to see it. The illustration, taken from a photograph by Spencer, shows how bare of all outward attractions the "auld clay biggin" is and was; and yet not a castle in Great Britain has awakened more rapture or received more homage than this humble cot. Every straw in the thatched roof is sacred, and many a noble pilgrim has bent his head as he entered the doorway to stand under the roof-tree. It has for some years been used as a public-house, and the division forming the "but and ben" of Scotch cottages has disappeared, removed, no doubt, to give space for the guests. In other respects, the main features of the house are unaltered, and the landlord points out the very spot where stood the box-bed in which Burns first drew breath, adding a few anecdotes of his own, as to the conduct and opinions of the various visitors who have come to look and learn.

Like most great geniuses, Burns was not permitted to enter this world without some demonstration out of the ordinary course, and the story goes that when Agnes Burns found her time coming, she despatched her gudeman for the "spey wife" or wise woman.

The night was dark and stormy, the country flooded, and the burn crossing the road to Ayr had risen to a roaring torrent. Sitting disconsolate upon the farther bank, William Burns found a wayfaring woman, and most earnestly did she beseech him to carry her across before he went on his way. This William, being a kindly man, and, moreover, just then sorely troubled in the cause of womanhood, consented to do, landing her safely on the other side of the burn, and then retraced his steps.

When he returned to the cottage bringing the necessary help, the first person he saw was the stranger, seated near the fire, by the light of which he recognised her as one of a race not much favoured in Scotland—a fortune-teller or gipsy. Among the poor in these parts, the ingle nook, though especially the gudeman's right, is also the place of hospi-

talities, and there the wanderer and stranger finds rest and welcome. So, after the first surprise, the master thought very little more of the circumstance until the mother's trial was over and the child born, when the woman solemnly blessed it, prophesying that the infant would make Scotland proud to own him, a prediction done into verse by Burns himself:—

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' ahe, "Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart abune them a',
He'll be a credit to us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."

The school where William Murdoch taught, and where Burns spelled out his horn-book, is at the opposite side of the "street."

By the kirk is an ancient moat, ascending which I sat down to read "Tam o' Shanter," and picture to myself the midnight scene when opposite the kirk door:—

His mare Meg stood, right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward to the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance,
Nae cotillon bran new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.

There stood a great hewn stone, on which I could fancy "auld Nick" perched, giving his friends music, whose inspiring melody at last caused "Tam to tint his reason a'thegither," and risk the horrible chase that lost poor Meg her tail.

The kirk has long been in ruins, and even the graveyard was unfenced until William Burns and some neighbours petitioned the Ayr justices for permission to rebuild the wall.

When Francis Grose was collecting materials for his work upon antiquities, he fell in with Burns, and a warm friendship sprang up, so much so that Alloway Kirk is introduced into the work, accompanied by the tale of Tam o' Shanter, in which Burns has threaded together a few of the old superstitions for which the ruin was famous, and which was in truth the bribe which won the kirk a place in such honourable and ancient company.

There is yet another interest attached to this poem, though perhaps not generally known; one, too, which displays the depth and power of the author's genius. Like most literary men, Burns was addicted to driving things off, confidence in his own power leading to procrastination. He had pledged himself to versify the story of Alloway Kirk, but

took little thought of the matter until the last moment, when one forenoon, between breakfast and dinner, he wrote "Tam o' Shanter,"

giving it forth perfect as it now is; thus achieving one of the most remarkable triumphs in verse-making on record.



Alloway Kirk.

One of the wittiest satires among the poet's lays, is that upon Captain Grose's peregrinations through Scotland.

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it,
A chield's among you taking notes,
And faith! he'll prent it.
He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps, and jinglin' jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid,
And parritch-pans, and auld saut-buckets
Afore the Flood.

From the kirk I took my way to the bridge over which Tam had such a narrow escape. It is one-arched, and is referred to in Pitcairn's history of the Kennedy family as existing in 1600. Of late years the march of improvement has necessitated a new bridge, but, much to the credit of the township, the "auld" edifice is carefully preserved.

But the redding sky warned me that I had some miles to walk, and that a moonless night

in a strange country is not conducive to speed or ease. I turned my steps towards Ayr, near unto which I had a taste of a Scotch mist, and thereby roused the tender heart of my comely landlady, by whom (eschewing her best parlour) I was inducted in the high nook, and comforted by an admirable antidote for cold within or without, namely Athol brose, a concoction of honey and whiskey. "Having surely," as the good woman asserted, "caught my death hawering after Robbie Burns."

Looking out of my bed-room window next morning, I had a view of the valley, where, winding among green meadows and woodlands, "Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore."

Ayr, which stirred the very soul of poesy, and gave birth to a dirge which is seldom read without emotion, and which was composed as a farewell, when, broken in heart and conscious of a thousand wrongs, misunderstood and maligned, Burns having made up his mind to emigrate to Jamaica, was at

the point of turning his back for ever not only upon the blundering praise and blame of imprudent friends and rancorous foes, but what sank even deeper in the tender loving heart,—the land, whose every hill and dale, every stream, every bush and brier, were clear as life itself, dearer than aught but honour.

I will make no apology for quoting this outburst of grief, the sketch would be incomplete without it; for no eye can look at the beautiful river without the words rising in his heart:—

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast:
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain.
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early winter's ravage torn.
Across her placid azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly.
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar!
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore!
Though death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no cause to fear.
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced by many a wound,
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her healthy moors, and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves.
Farewell my friends—farewell my foes,
My peace with these, my love with those;
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr.

More than a hundred years have past since the dirge mingled its sobs with the wail of the river; and the sad truth that poets so soar beyond the ken of their own age, that the world must attain to their standard before the mighty spirit can be understood, had been verified. The century has been bridged over, and a few years ago the nation did homage in a centenary festival to the memory of the dear Ayrshire ploughman.

Happening to be in Edinburgh at the time, I was present at a dinner party when Sheriff Gordon read aloud the Hon. Mrs. Norton's beautiful poem upon the "Centenary" festival, a poem which in my opinion far exceeds in pathos and strength anything written upon

the occasion; and from which I cannot refrain from quoting here a few lines, embodying the sad and touching story of the great-hearted poet:—

Dead are thy days of sorrow and of mirth;
Dead, the quick passionate heart whose pulse beat full,

In different measures from the cold and dull;
And dead are all thy faults! The reckless jest,
Born of a baffled hope and sad unrest—
Love's wild delights that fever'd every vein—
Wit's careless words from an excited brain—
Thirst for the laurel-wreath disdain might grudge—
And warm temptations, which the untempted judge,

Who "know not what's resisted"—these are gone;
Bury their memory 'neath his funeral stone;
Let the long summers seal them in repose;
Let the drear winters blot them with their snows;
And own him one of those great Master-minds,
Set in all stations—made of various kinds—
But howsoever made, raised from our ken
Above the level of more common men.
We are blind judges. He shall judge who lends
The various talents for mysterious ends.
What though perverted sight can quick descry
The mote that blurs a brother's kindling eye?
Enough for us to hope, enough to know
The gift of genius is God's gift below:
In what to us seem wavering sparks, may lurk
Fire that yet glows to do the Maker's work:
And minor discords in the Poet's song
May teach a lesson, though we learn it wrong.

But I must return. There lay the Ayr gleaming in the sun; the shortening shadows and the sounds of life reminding me to buckle my knapsack on, and get on my way to Shanter Bay, where I had trysted to meet a "painter lad," as his north-country friends irreverently termed one of their great artist sons.

The bay was once famous as a smuggling haunt, it afforded a rendezvous for the bold smugglers from the Isle of Man, who made many a successful run, and held many a wild carousal upon its pretty shore. I drank a draught from the well into which, tradition sayeth, a tub of rum was wont to be broached whereby to slack the thirst of the dry-throated crew, who drank as long as the water was drowned.

The day was a glorious one, and the caves looked so romantic that the imagination was tempted to people them with the uneasy ghosts of those who had come to a desperate end, following a desperate calling.

The waters of the bay were unusually calm, showing just ripple enough to dance a salmon fly, and reflecting the broad shadows of the great white clouds as they sailed idly across the ethereal blue—the only white water being by the Maiden Rocks, where, according to local lore, the winding sheet of the wrecked souls lying at their feet is always to be seen.

I. D. FENTON.

OUR IRON-CLADS.

THE estimate that our public men and the generality of our scientific societies have formed of our navy seems to be based upon a high standard of excellence. Thus, at the gathering of the members of the British Association held last year, it was stated that "our floating defences are the finest vessels in existence." The public, who perhaps place too implicit confidence in the statements of scientific bodies, have indorsed the above opinion; and thus, as a nation, we are floating down the tide of time in perfect security, well-satisfied with the supposed invulnerability, sea-worthiness, and shot-worthiness of our invincible British Armada.

In contradistinction to this estimate of our floating defences, what says the voice of the practical part of the community? Let not this voice be altogether discarded, nor her utterances entirely ignored. We will endeavour to consider the practical side of the question; for, in the majority of instances, practice is in advance of science. While science contends for theories, practice establishes facts.

A few years ago the Royal Charter, an iron-built British steamer, renowned for her speed and supposed strength, and richly freighted, after a favourable and unprecedentedly quick passage, had sighted her native shores, and waited but for the morrow to enter the port of Liverpool. Happiness reigned supreme: her captain, her passengers, her crew, looked forward with buoyant hopes and happy hearts—such as a long pent-up crew alone can entertain—for the rising of the morrow's sun: husbands anticipated the greeting of home-ties; parents, brothers, and sisters, that of their kith and kin.

But alas! to the great majority of them the longed-for morrow never came. With the setting sun the rage of the storm increased, the vessel was dashed against the wild rocks of the Anglesey coast, and out of a crew of 498 souls, eighty-nine only were saved. How vividly does memory, in connection with this terrible shipwreck, recall the touching lines of the great poet, Dante:—

Let not the people be too swift to judge;
As one who reckons on the blades in field,
Or e'er the crop be ripe. For I have seen
The thorn frown rudely all the winter long,
And after bear the rose upon its top;
And bark, that all her way across the sea
Ran straight and speedy, perish at the last
E'en in the haven's mouth.

Cary's Dante, canto 13, Paradise.

But let us ask, what resistance did the iron-plates of the Royal Charter make to the waves in the hour of trial? None whatever: they were neither sea-worthy nor sound; for

we have it upon record that, as soon as she struck upon the shore, "her iron-plates crumpled up like a band-box."

"This screw-steamer was only a merchant vessel," it may be said; "her plates were very thin, and it is not just to compare them with those of the Navy, which are eight inches thick, and strengthened with a backing of oak or teak."

"The observation is forcible," we reply; "and in the remaining portion of our paper we will confine our remarks to casualties that have befallen the iron-clads of our Navy."

To begin from the beginning. A short time after the introduction of the new system into the Navy, as one of her Majesty's iron-clad ships was floating down the river with the tide, she accidentally ran into a merchant vessel. The collision, to the iron-clad, was most disastrous; the fluke of the merchantman's anchor, which was hanging over her bows, pierced and rent the iron plates, and so extensive were the damages received, that she was obliged to be redocked and repaired. Such a result to an iron-clad took every one by surprise; and evidently, had she come into collision with a foe instead of a friend, her doom had been sealed; her plates were neither sea-worthy nor shot-worthy when she left the dock.

Again, the collision of the iron-clad Amazon last July, with the steam-ship Osprey in the Channel, offered another instance of the vulnerability of our floating defences which ought not to be lightly passed over.

Her Majesty's ship Amazon was what is generally termed a crack ship; all the skill and resources of the Admiralty had been employed to render her a most effective vessel; no expense had been spared in her construction; she was a pattern ship, built with the express purpose of throwing into the shade the naval skill of our Atlantic cousins. Further, she was fitted up with a ram, and designedly strengthened to enable her to run into and sink any hostile ship in case of need. Thus constructed, she started upon her trial voyage, and when steaming in the Channel on the morning of the 10th of last July, she came into collision with the merchant steam-ship Osprey. The result is too well known to require any lengthened account. The force of the collision quickly sank the Osprey, and, incredible to tell, almost as quickly the renowned Amazon also sank. Had she been engaged in action, she must inevitably have been a vast iron coffin to her noble but too-confiding crew.

Were her plates rotten ere she started upon the trial trip? On any other supposition it is almost incredible that a vessel so carefully

constructed should so easily have succumbed to the force of the collision.

To pass, however, from accidental collisions to the stern reality of war; and in this respect British-built iron-clads have not maintained their supposed invincibility, as the late naval action off Lissa too clearly demonstrates. In that engagement the armour-clad *Ré d'Italia* was sunk at the beginning of the action; and of this English-built ship it is necessary that we speak a word or two. The *Ré d'Italia* was considered the most powerful vessel of the Italian navy, and previous to the action off Lissa she had been selected by Admiral Persano for his flag-ship. As a further recommendation she had been built in England, and her iron-plates were of the best description that money and skill could produce. Yea, so high was the estimate formed by the Italians of her irresistible prowess, that a large and aristocratic party were reported to have gone on board to witness the destruction of the Austrian navy. Such expectations, however, were terribly blighted; for, as is too well known, the very first shot shattered her rudder; in an incredibly short time her armour was pierced through and through, and with her living freight she speedily sank to rise no more. Whence came it to pass that this renowned vessel so quickly fell a victim to the onset of the Austrian ships? Were her iron-plates virtually rotten ere she entered into the action, and was she in reality neither sea-worthy nor shot-worthy? That such was the case is most probable, from the circumstance that she had been exposed for a long time to the action of the sea-water ere she was purchased for the Italian navy; and hence, as we shall presently show, for purposes of attack or defence her iron armour was useless.

Once more: so extensive is the injury that our iron ships-of-war sustain from rust, that the estimate for necessary repairs to the *Minotaur* alone, when lying idle on the lists of the steam reserves, amounted to upwards of one thousand pounds;—an item of a most serious character, when considered in connection with our steam reserves in general.

Such are a few facts relating to the seaworthiness and shot-worthiness of our iron-clads. Other instances might if necessary be adduced; but sufficient, we think, have been brought forward to demonstrate that the floating defences of Great Britain, as at present constructed, are not in such a satisfactory condition as the interests and national honour of the kingdom demand.*

To pass now from facts to their causes, which appear to be threefold.

First, a chemical decomposition arises from the action of the sea-water upon the copper and iron plates of our naval defences; by virtue of this decomposition a galvanic current is produced; and the fibre, hardness, tenacity, and durability of the iron are thus seriously affected. The truth of this statement may be seen by the following experiment:—Let a stout wire of copper and another of iron be twisted together, and sunk in the sea for a few months: then let them be taken out and examined, and the deterioration of the iron will be too apparent to admit of dispute. This easy and practical proof of the destructive action of sea-water upon iron, when in contact with copper, has for many years been known to our sailors; and it is strange that so simple a test should, year after year, have been ignored by the constructors of the Royal Navy. As a further instance of the destruction of metallic plates when used for producing electrical currents, we will observe that in a simple voltaic battery, where plates of copper and zinc are used, so quickly are the plates of zinc dissolved, that fresh plates have to be supplied from time to time. So great, also, is the consumption of zinc in electro-magnetic engines, when driven by a galvanic battery, that it amounts to forty-five pounds' weight of zinc per horse-power per day, an expense which probably at present prevents electricity from being brought into competition with steam; but should other less expensive means be devised for the working of these engines, then, doubtless, electricity as a motive power will supersede steam, and its work will be carried on with a delightful noiseless motion. There will also be no fear of those disastrous accidents which so frequently result from explosions of steam.

Secondly, another cause that tends to produce the destruction of the iron is the ill-judged union of iron and oak. Iron and oak, when used in contact, and exposed to the action of the salt water, mutually act upon and mutually destroy each other, as we have before remarked.* This fact has for many years been known to the boat-builders and shipwrights of our maritime towns and villages, and they invariably avoid making use of iron nails for sea-going boats. The deleterious effects arising from the union of iron and wood may further be seen by an inspection of the piers which form the piers and jetties of our seacoasts. In almost every instance the iron nail or bolt will be found to act as a centre of destruction; the fibre of the wood is

* It may not be deemed altogether irrelevant to the subject to suggest in this place the substitution of galvanised iron for common iron in the construction of our church windows, as the bars of common iron, now in use, are found invariably to split and injure the stone-work.

* See Vol. II., New Series, p. 461.

destroyed by the rust of the iron, and in a few years the plank becomes loose and decayed. So widely is this circumstance known, that in a paper published last year by the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society it was shown that "when iron is in contact with oak they mutually act upon each other, producing a rapid destruction of the two materials."

The third cause which hastens and seals the destruction of the iron-plated ships, is the destructive ravages of the sea-worm. The quality of the iron having been seriously injured by the foregoing causes, the sea-worm finishes the work of deterioration.

The destructive powers of the ship-worm (*Teredo navalis*) upon timber have been thus described by the Rev. J. G. Wood, in his work "Homes without Hands." The ravages committed by this creature are very extensive: "Wood of every description is devoured by the ship-worm, whose tunnels are frequently placed so closely together that the partition between them is not thicker than the paper on which this account is printed. As the teredo bores, it lines the tunnel with a thin shell of calcareous matter, thus presenting a remarkable resemblance to the habits of the white ant. When the teredos have taken entire possession of a piece of timber, they destroy it so completely, that if the shelly lining were removed from the wood, and each weighed separately, the mineral substance would equal the vegetable in weight."

That our iron-clad ships are also seriously injured by the ravages of the sea-worm, is evident from the following passage in a letter written from Toulon, and published last year:—

"The steam-ram *Taureau* has just entered the port, to be placed in dry dock and have her bottom cleaned. That operation has been commenced none too soon; after being eight months in commission this vessel had an immense mass of vegetation adhering to her plates, even coral had already acquired there a certain dimension. What is more serious is the holes, of from a third to half an inch in depth, which have been bored by worms just along the water-line, the most vulnerable part of the ship, and which menace to become a serious danger to iron-clad ships, if means are not adopted to protect them."

The facts above mentioned require no comment; they speak for themselves; and surely we are justified in expressing a hope that the present Board of Admiralty will take the matter into serious consideration, and forthwith institute rigid inquiries respecting the condition of the plates of those of our iron-

clads which have been in commission two or three years.

If need be, their plates along the water-line might be tested by a shot from a 68-pounder smooth-bore gun; for it would be better that they should sink in port with their crews on shore, than that they should founder in the deep with all hands aboard.

Should, however, such a method of trial be at variance with the practice of the service, the iron plates of a target similar to the one at Shoeburyness, might be exposed to the action of the sea, ere their powers of resistance were tested by a nine-inch Woolwich rifled gun.

To the foregoing remarks it may be objected, that to censure is easy, but to propose remedial measures is a more difficult task. Granted: yet the rejoinder may be made, that when the interests of a nation are vitally concerned, it is more prudent to censure, as a means of bringing the subject under public consideration, than tacitly to allow matters of such importance to shift for themselves till some great disaster occurs.

Remedial measures from various sources have been suggested and reduced to practice; but whether such measures have engaged the attention of those in authority, is a question we are unable to determine.

Thus, the members of the society before mentioned carried on last year a series of experiments, to ascertain the action of sea-water upon certain metals and alloys. Plates of steel, iron, copper, zinc, lead, and galvanised iron, of forty centimetres square, were immersed in the sea on the western coast for one month; at the expiration of that time they were taken out, carefully dried, and reweighed, in order that the loss which each plate had sustained might be correctly estimated.

The loss was greatest in those of steel and iron, exceeding a hundred grammes; and smallest in that of galvanised iron, being under fifteen grammes.

From these results the members of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society recorded the following conclusion:—"That, as iron is most materially preserved from the action of sea-water when coated with zinc, therefore, in our opinion, it would amply repay ship-builders to use galvanised iron as a substitute for that metal itself."

It was also shown that galvanised iron counteracts the destructive action of oak and iron; for whilst iron and oak mutually destroy each other, little or no action takes place between galvanised iron and wood.

It is somewhat remarkable that, while our

scientific bodies were last year only carrying on a series of experiments to determine the action of sea-water upon certain metals, the beachmen of Great Yarmouth, for five years previous, had been acquainted with, and had practically proved, the superiority of galvanised iron over common iron, by using it for the keels, anchors, chains, bob-stays, pintles, &c., of their boats; thus evidencing that practical knowledge is frequently in advance of science.

I had lately an opportunity of examining at Yarmouth the condition of the galvanised iron after five years' wear and tear; and with the exception of the lower end of the pintles, where the constant friction of the rudder had worn away the zinc, the galvanised iron proved to be nearly as sound as when first cast.

With these facts before us—facts open to all who will observe—let us hope that the subject treated of in this paper may meet with attention from the naval authorities, and that inquiries may be instituted respecting the sea-worthiness and shot-worthiness of our floating defences. H. WRIGHT.

THE LEGEND OF ST. KATHERINE.

(ACCORDING TO THE "GOLDEN LEGEND.")

The Choice.

THEY who have seen the sunlight
Glowing in southern skies,
Tinging the Midland waters
With gold and crimson dyes;—
They who have breath'd the fragrance
Stealing on southern air,
And gazed upon the beauty
Of isles like Eden fair,—
May picture in their fancy
The sky of matchless hue,
The rich, entrancing perfumes,
The sea of deepest blue,
Enshrining Famagosta,
On that fair summer day
When the young Queen of Cyprus
Pass'd on her royal way,
Through streets of regal splendour,
'Neath towers of old renown,
To don in Venus' temple
Her own ancestral crown.

Glorious the fair blue heaven
Above the fragrant earth;
Matchless that fairy island
Where Beauty's self had birth;
But brightest, sweetest, fairest,
Amid the dazzling scene,
Shines forth the maiden beauty
Of Katherine the Queen.
She rides a milk-white palfrey,
And o'er her tiny feet
Fall pure white robes of samite,
Sweeping the honour'd street.
The wreath of sacred myrtle
She will not deign to wear;

A garland of queen lilies
Binds back her raven hair.
A strangely solemn beauty
Rests on her youthful face;
In ev'ry modest gesture
A calm and stately grace.

She enters, with her vassals,
The laughing goddess' fane,
And the priests crown her sov'reign
And bid her gently reign;
"For Aphroditè loveth
A tender, kindly sway,
And only gladsome spirits
Should such fair queen obey."
Then—kneeling with the people—
They cry, "A boon, sweet queen,—
Than whom, more royal lady
Cyprus hath never seen!—
Give us a lordly ruler,
Who, by thy gentle aide,
Shall shield us from the evil
Might female rule betide,
Should sons of the fierce War-god
Invade this sacred isle,
Where bloom the dark green myrtles
'Neath Aphroditè's smile.
Bravest to fight our battles,
Tend'rest to bless thy life;
Add to thy titles, Maiden,
The happy one of wife."

Her pale cheek gather'd slowly
The faint pink of a shell,
And, when they paused, her answer
Like far-off music fell:
"I fain would live unwedded;
But since you deem this hand
Too weak to wield your sceptre
And rule our lovely land;—
Since royal birth constraineth,—
The people's will be done!
Mine only be the sorrow
My father left no son!
But swear first by our goddess
That—yielding to your voice—
You'll urge no other husband
But one who is my choice."
She paused: her dark eyes resting
In stately maiden pride
Upon the priestly suitors
Who kneel'd her throne beside.
And with one voice they answer'd,
"Be it as thou hast said;
To him whom she has chosen,
Be our sweet lady wed!"
She smiled;—like sunrise dawning
O'er her own southern isle,
Stole o'er her matchless features
The light of that rare smile.
"I choose,"—her voice of music
Rose firm and silv'ry clear—
"A warrior never vanquish'd,
Without reproach or fear;
Sinless as purest infant;
Of virgin mother born;
Great as the blest immortals
Whom god-like gifts adorn.
Able to soothe all sorrow,
To wipe away all tears;



Perfect in gentle patience,
 Unchang'd by changing years.
 Do you but find this Great One,
 And, kneeling lowly down,
 I'll lay before his footstool
 Old Cyprus' ancient crown."
 She ceased. Of all the people
 Not one the silence broke;
 Till, in astonish'd accents,
 The royal mother spoke.

"Dreamest thou, foolish maiden :—
 Th' immortal gods alone,
 Who dwell on high Olympus,
 Such wond'rous pow'rs can own.
 And if such man existeth,
 Where may such mother be ?—
 Wildly thou speakest, daughter,
 Of that we may ne'er see !
 Repent thee of thy folly,
 Lest evil thee betide ;

Remember how th' Immortals
Are wont to punish pride!"
The fair Queen answer'd meekly,
"Till I find such a lord,
I claim from my dear people
Fulfilment of their word."

The Dream.

MOONLIGHT is over Cyprus.
Hush'd in a solemn dream
Of strange and awful import
Slumbers the youthful queen.
A vision such as haunteth
An angel-guarded sleep,
Doth Kath'rine's sleeping fancy
In quiet rapture steep.
Standing beside her pillow
She sees a lady bright,
Crown'd with immortal lilies
And robed in purest white.
Fair infant forms around her
With smiling graces wait;
A queen, the vision seemeth,
Of more than mortal state.
"Kath'rine," a soft voice whispers,
"Send over earth and sea,
Till thou hast found the Bridegroom
Thy choice hath won for thee.
Well hast thou said, chaste maiden!
All earthly gifts above,
Is He thy pure soul, chooseth
Instead of human love.
To win His royal favour
Count all things else but loss;
And lay thy crown and sceptre
Beneath His blood-stain'd cross."
The still voice melts in music,
And Kath'rine starts from sleep,
Vowing with holy fervour
Her maiden vow to keep.
And forth she sends her envoys,
North, south, and east and west,
To find the One who maketh
A blood-red cross his crest.

The Martyr.

Oh! cruel sun, that shinest
Alike on weal and woe!
Who hold'st thy heav'nly splendour
Though all be changed below.
Oh! summer wind, that sighest,
Unheeding human groan;
Oh! dancing waves of ocean,
Mocking earth's bitter moan!
Oh! stony-hearted mortals,
That crowd alike to see
Our triumph or our sorrow—
Our joy or misery.
Sun, sea, and air! your lustre,
Your ripple, and your sigh,
Are just as coldly joyous
Whether we live or die!

Again the people gather
With busy, eager feet,
'Neath ev'ry stately archway,
Down every crowded street,

To gaze upon the anguish,
As once upon the pride,
Of Cyprus' royal maiden,
To-day a destin'd bride.
Ay! bound with cruel fetters,
Her pearls and flow'rs cast by,
Captive—alone—and crownless,
Beneath that scorching sky
She stands,—hid in the glory
Of her long raven hair;
Pure as a tender infant—
As fabled goddess fair.
Girt by the Roman soldiers
In helms of glitt'ring steel,
She gazes—all unshaken—
Upon the cruel wheel.
Ay! *there* her wish'd-for bridal
Shall bring the martyr's pain.
She shrinks not; cow'rs not; weeps not;
To suffer thus is gain!
She sees the mighty Bridegroom
Her earnest faith has won,
Waiting her in His glory
Above the dazzling sun.
The ray that on her tresses
Falls like a halo now,
But images the garland
He destines for her brow.
Yes! the great search is ended;
The red-cross warrior found!
The watching and the waiting
With full success are crown'd.
She stands, a Christian maiden,
From idol bondage free;
A calm and steadfast martyr,
Beside that rippling sea.
And there, in bitter torture,
She pass'd to the bright home
Where dwell the palm-crown'd victors,
Slain by imperial Rome;
Leaving to distant ages
A pure and deathless name;
As moving and as mighty
As proudest warrior's fame.
St. Kath'rine! vainly worshipp'd
By man's mistaken zeal!
The symbol of her triumph
A cruel, blood-stain'd wheel!
A symbol and a token
To self-indulgent youth,
How in those far-off ages
Men prized God's holy truth.

LAURA VALENTINE.

A ROMANCE OF THE READING-ROOM.

THERE are few places that I like so well as the reading-room of the British Museum Library. In cold weather it is always warm, and in hot weather cool, which is harder to manage, always light, always quiet. The desks, the chairs, the book-rests are all especially well adapted to their purposes, and there is a general atmosphere of study which predisposes one to work. Civil service officials are not in general noted for their attention to the public, but here ordinary rules are reversed; for, from the sub-librarians downward, every one vies with the rest in kind-

ness, courtesy, and attention. Certainly it is not pleasant, when one is short of time, to wait half-an-hour for one's books, but it is hard to see how this is to be avoided when their great numbers are considered; and such a drawback as this is amply compensated for by the certainty that, whatever one's researches may be, the library contains practically every book that exists on the subject.

But it is not entirely on such grounds that the reading-room is so pleasant to me; it happens to have also been the main scene of the most important event of my life; and this is the story that I have to tell.

I cannot pretend to be a learned man, but I have always been a studious one. Perhaps the very fact that my time is much taken up by business, may make me attach a higher value to study than I should if I could devote myself to it. However that may be, I am always delighted when I can spare time to investigate any of the numerous fields of inquiry that are always presenting themselves. At the date of which I write I was examining some minor matters of Roman domestic economy, which obliged me to make frequent use of dictionaries, and to seat myself by the shelves that contained them. And it so happened that I was employed with one of these books when the chance occurred that altered the course of my life, and converted me, a confirmed misogynist of nearly forty, into the most tractable of Benedicta.

As I put the book down on the desk by which I was standing, some one lifted it up and looked at the back; then there came a sort of sigh of disappointment. I turned round and saw a girl, plainly dressed, who faced me in turning again to the shelves. I do not intend to describe her; descriptions of beautiful women are always failures, and besides, she was not a beautiful woman; but there was something noticeable about her. I was sure I had never seen her before, yet I knew her face as well as if it had been an old friend's. Most people know what this feeling is. I have myself felt it in the case of faces, scenery, and music, but most in music; it is hard to say whether it means a vague recollection, or a dream, or a previously undeveloped idea.

Well, there she was, evidently in grief for want of some book of reference, and as evidently without any knowledge of where to find it. What was I to do? I was quite unused to the ways of girls, and if one of the attendants had been within hail I should have handed her over to him at once. But, as it happened that none of them was near, I nervously offered my services, and was instructed to find a Latin dictionary. Now it will

readily be believed, where more than a hundred people are reading, many of them Latin, that the more portable dictionaries are apt to be appropriated. So it was on this occasion, only the ponderous old fellows being left, to one of which I turned for the word she wanted. She looked at it, more helplessly than ever, for the explanation was also in Latin. So, assuming the fatherly manner to which my years entitled me, I asked her to show me the passage she wanted explained. Her book was one of German stories, each written on a Latin proverb. These, she said, she wished to translate, and sorely they puzzled her, for she knew no word of Latin, and could only guess at their meanings with the help of the dictionary. The result was that she had made a dreadful hash of them, as she willingly confessed when I told her their real meanings. She had only part of her manuscript with her, so I filled up the gaps in that, and arranged to go there the next day and proceed with the task. When that was finished I took to amending her English, which had the continental style commonly used by unpractised translators, and in fact, I employed in her service all the time which passed before my books arrived. We became friendly over our labours, and I had begun quite to look forward to my pleasant half-hour with her as a reward after my day's work, when all at once she disappeared. I had been too much engaged to be at the reading-room for some days before I noticed this, so that she had perhaps had no chance of telling me about it.

A month passed, and then, annoyed half with her for her absence, and half with myself for thinking about it, I resolved to follow her example and go away on my own account, incited thereto by a pressing invitation from some friends—Forester, by name—who lived on their own land in Norfolk. Tom Forester was an old schoolfellow of mine, whom I had lost sight of for nearly twenty years, when I met him at Paris on his return from his wedding-trip. I got on excellently with him and his pretty young wife, and had more than once visited them for a day or two. I now made up my mind to a longer stay.

So next morning I started, confiding myself to the tender mercies of the Great Eastern, got to my port of disembarkation, and walked on across the fields, leaving my portmanteau to follow. To get to the house I had to pass through the garden, where I found all the forces encamped under a large walnut tree—Forester, his wife, and a third person in a light-coloured muslin dress. Mrs. Forester jumped up tumultuously. "So glad to see you! How hot you must be! What will you have to cool you? Tom, dear, is there

any soda-water in ice? Let me introduce you to my cousin Eleanor—why, you don't mean to say you know each other? What fun! Tom, come and help me to make some claret-cup," and so forth; and off she went.

Of course she was my friend of the reading-room, and very pleasant she looked. She received me as an old acquaintance, and by the time the claret-cup was made and consumed we were on the easiest terms possible. From my hostess I learned that her cousin was the only child of a clergyman of high attainments and no influence, who had died after a long illness while the Foresters were abroad after their marriage, leaving his daughter no means of support. She had lived since then with an old bachelor great-uncle, who had a small pension as a retired government clerk, and her translation was intended to supply her with means for dress and other expenses. Mrs. Forester had wished her to live with them; but she refused to leave her great-uncle who had helped her in time of need, and only visited them from time to time. She was a great favourite with Forester and with the "neighbours," as three local folks, the only visitable people about the place, were emphatically called. Great were the mutual visitings among these people, all of whom came to welcome my arrival. The "neighbours" consisted of Mr. Hemsted, the rector, up to the neck in a county history he was writing, and distressingly local; Mrs. Hemsted, over-head and ears in district visiting, school-children, and the other multitudinous cares that so often make the parson's wife more parsonical than the parson; and Mr. Drake, the surgeon, who had a taste for minute anatomy, and was for ever exhibiting some preparation in which every part of some abominable beetle or other was stuck on a separate pin in its exact relative position to the rest, so that it was to a whole beetle what a "Fantoccini" skeleton, which comes to pieces and joins up again, is to a respectable and compact skeleton which has a decent regard for its joints.

With these companions, or by ourselves, we led an exciting life, rather dreamy and vague, but altogether pleasant. In the morning Forester and his wife, who were a busy couple, went about their avocations, planting, house-keeping, gardening, and so on, while Eleanor and I sat opposite to each other, one at each end of the library table, she at her everlasting German, and I getting into shape a lot of old notes which had long been waiting for such a chance, and which did not improve much owing to my constantly falling asleep over them. In the afternoon we rode or walked, dined with or without our neighbours, and were lazy to our hearts' contents. I began to

doubt whether my real vocation in life was not that of a country gentleman, when after about a fortnight my lotos-eating existence was rudely broken into by a letter from my office, which said that an important business connection of mine, who was returning from Egypt, had telegraphed from Marseilles that he wanted to see me in London in a couple of days. "Hang the fellow!" I said to myself, "fidgeting about like that. Pity he couldn't be contented to stop in one place or the other. I didn't care two straws whether I came here or not; but now I am here it is so jolly that I don't want to be dragged away all at once. Forester and his wife are capital people, and there is something by no means disagreeable about Miss —."

How very odd! I had been living in the same house with her, and associating with her from morning to night for a fortnight, and for all that I had never heard what her name was. Tom, in his rather solemn way, called her by her Christian name at full length, carefully pronouncing it as a trisyllable, and his wife used all the diminutives of it that she could lay her hand to, showing much resource and invention therein. Application to the servants was not likely to do any good; the butler, and his wife the housekeeper, the only servants I ever saw, were old family retainers, who had kept house for Forester during the long years of his bachelorhood, and hated his wife, her cousin, and the visitors with strict impartiality. To appeal to them was impossible. Then, on reflection, it seemed to me that I had dropped insensibly into the local habit, and had taken to thinking about her by her Christian name myself. It was plain that this course of action was not the thing for a bachelor in the sear and yellow leaf; so I decided that I must ascertain her name on the first opportunity. But somehow the chance would not come off. I could not well ask Mrs. Forester the name of, as she supposed, an old acquaintance: Forester, who was sharp enough when he was not wanted to be so, would not take a hint, and on my last evening I knew no more than before. Dinner came duly, and with it the neighbours. The rector had a distinct partiality for Forester's '34 port, and we sat late over our wine; but as we went to the drawing-room I resolved on an effort. My good intentions were in vain: the moment I had got my coffee Mr. Drake, who was a most assiduous button-holer, drove me to a corner, and gave me a lecture on popular entomology, while the others all aired their hobbies at once. The room was not large, and the conversation simply bewildering.

"The parish was held as a manor, and four hides, one carucate in demesne, &c."

"No, we sent back the grey gingham, and got some striped purple and black; salvage stock, you know, not hurt by the fire: but,——"

"I need not tell you that the digestive apparatus of the wasp is——"

"Pannage for eleven hundred hogs, two hives."

"Lined with pink flannel, and tied under the chin."

"So that when you apply oil with feather, the insect collapses at once."

Something did collapse at once,—I did. The rector's fourwheeler was announced; the visitors set off, the ladies retired, and Tom and I went to the smoking-room, where he would do nothing but bother about the authorship of the "*De Imitatione*," till he yawned fearfully, and departed without his candle. I expected him to come back; sat up vainly for two hours, overslept myself, and was late for breakfast. The butler gave me my solitary eggs and coffee grudgingly.

"Master's at his rent matters, and so he will be till luncheon; missus is in the house-keeper's room, and Miss Eleanor's at the rectory."

So my last chance seemed bad; but as I smoked my second cigar on the lawn, I saw Mrs. Forester in the drawing-room. Recklessly wasting half a regalia, I went in; determined to do or die.

"Ah!" she said, "down at last? We are very sorry to lose you. Mind you soon come again."

"Most happy, I'm sure; but—a—I was—it's very odd; but I really don't know——"

"It'll do you good, you know. You're looking better already."

"Yes, I know; but would you mind telling me——"

"Sorry to interrupt you; but don't forget to keep me all your foreign postage-stamps."

"No, indeed I won't; but do tell me——"

"Mrs. Hemsted!" said the butler, opening the door.

And that blessed woman talked right on end till luncheon was over, and I had to start. My only hope was that Tom would drive me; but even that was in vain; the gig held only myself and my portmanteau, and I had to say good-bye in public. I was going to say "good-bye, Eleanor," and observe the effect; but Mrs. Hemsted's eye was on me, and I quailed.

Back to town I went in anything but a good temper; and when I tried my chambers again, it took little time to convince me that I was really hard hit. It was no good going to the reading-room just to worry myself, I thought, and I had plenty to do after my

absence, but I could not stop away, and so in a week or so I lounged in, sad and wretched, for I could not help thinking of the difference of our ages, and of the probability that her affections might be engaged already. As I walked to my usual place, all the blood in my body seemed to rush into my head, for there she sat as usual. A few seconds steadied me a little, and I sat down beside her.

"I am so glad you have come," she said; "I am in trouble as usual, and I wanted you by my side."

I could not help it. I said at once, in a voice that sounded like somebody else's; "let me stay by your side now, and for life!"

She bent over her book; her face was turned from me, but I saw the colour rise in her neck, and a sort of little throb come. After a pause, I said,—

"You have not shaken hands with me."

She turned slowly, and put her hand in mine, and a kind of electrical shock—more eloquent than words—filled me with great joy, for I knew that I had won the prize I would have given my life for.

And then I asked her what her name was. Here I am conscious that my story is deficient in dramatic effect, for of course she ought to have been the daughter of the hereditary foe of my house, able to play Juliet to my Romeo. But my house never had a hereditary foe, as far as I know, and the name was quite unknown to me. I need not tell you what it was, as it was exchanged for mine before long.

The good old man with whom she lived gave her to me, not altogether cordially, for he too knew her value, but kindly enough. He was more than seventy when she came to live with him, and these few last years of his were a kind of Indian summer,—perhaps the happiest part of his life. We wished him to live with us, but he would not; he was too old, he said, to change his habits. Poor old fellow! it was very sad to see him drooping, but it was soon over; he died two months after Eleanor left him.

We do not often go to the reading-room now, for we have home cares and home blessings to keep us away. My chambers are exchanged for a country house; and though I keep up my reading, it is often interrupted by the sound of little feet, and by little tongues lisping soft, broken English, sweeter far in my ears than the dead languages. Still we sometimes find time to occupy our old quarters, surrounded by the friendly books of old days, and there we sit side by side, as by God's blessing we shall continue to do until the books of our lives are closed. S.

A FEW MONTHS IN GREEK WATERS.

IN July, 1863, our Minister at Athens telegraphed for the Mediterranean Fleet to proceed to his assistance with all haste. On our arrival at Phalerum Bay, off the Piræus, it was scarcely possible to ascertain what had given rise to the "difficulty." There had been such a mass of rascality amongst the rival politicians, combined with diplomatic intrigue, that it was almost impossible to extract any absolutely true story out of it all; but still the following brief statement may be taken as authentic, as far as it goes.

The revolution, which had terminated in 1862 in the expulsion of King Otho and his Queen, was immediately followed by the formation of a provisional government, which, supported by the whole Greek nation, endeavoured to obtain a successor to the throne in the person of a British prince. For some time the Greeks seem to have expected that their wishes would be gratified, and the knowledge that such would not be the case led to a great deal of dissatisfaction and intrigue for power, which culminated (in June, 1863,) in an attempt on the part of some officers of the regular army, under Colonel Koroneos, to seize the Bank, and with it the reins of government. This attempt was, however, frustrated by the resistance of a few individuals, backed by the representatives of the Great Powers, and in order to support the well-disposed, and to prevent future outbreaks, the British squadron was sent for to Athens. For some time there had been two parties in Greece—the "Mountain" party inclining towards England, the other having Franco-Russian leanings. The more "advanced" Greeks had had enough of Russia from the time of Capo d'Istria (1827) to the upset of Otho; and as France had always gone with Russia against England, they were resolved upon throwing themselves into the hands of England at any price. They are not less inclined to do so now, and their recent experiments in constitution-making show that the "Mountain," or English party, is still in the ascendant, and that they have followed the advice given by our Minister.

When we arrived we found the Bank occupied by a detachment of marines from H.M.S. Queen, and an equal number of sailors from the French and Russian fleets. The three flags were hung over the portico, and their position changed every day, so that no superiority should be affected by any nation in particular. A notorious Greek brigand, with a handful of his followers, had successfully defended the Bank against the military insurgents, and it was then temporarily

placed under the protection of the foreign powers.

Of course whilst here, "doing the police duties of Greece," we availed ourselves of every opportunity of examining the antiquities and visiting all the *lions* of Athens. I shall never forget our first day's ramble on shore. Bent upon seeing everything before night, we procured a guide and a carriage. First we drove to the head of Æolus Street—which the classical scholar when he comes to Athens must learn to pronounce *Æolus*—to examine the octagonal "Tower of the Winds," which served as the old town-clock, being a sun-dial outside and a clepsydra within, a portion of the aqueduct which conveyed the water to the clock being still in existence. Pausanias does not mention it, but there is a description of it in Varro and Vitruvius. Thence we drove to the "Gate of the New Agora," or, as it has been lately called, the "Temple of Athena Archegetis." It is at some distance from the old Agora proper, which occupied the valley between the Pnyx and the Areopagus; but yet it looks more like the Propylæum to which may have been a special or subsidiary Agora, than a temple. Whatever it may have been, the four Doric columns of Pentelic marble that still remain constitute a very interesting relic of the past, which contrasts singularly with the squalid tenements of the modern town in its immediate neighbourhood.

After admiring the Gymnasium of Hadrian, with its colonnade of eight Corinthian columns, each consisting of a single piece of marble twenty-nine feet high, we drove to the scene of some recent excavations on the Piræus road, not far from the Temple of Theseus. The workmen had just exposed a large bull, minus the lower half of the legs, in white marble, and also a bas-relief of a man being trampled beneath the hoofs of a horse with a warrior on his back. It contained an inscription, which I took the trouble to copy, but afterwards lost. Another bas-relief, just exposed, was probably intended to represent a marriage procession.

The Temple of Theseus, the most perfect relic of antiquity, was the object of our next visit. It stands quite detached on a slightly-elevated piece of ground, with this trifling peculiarity—that it is raised on *two* steps only, unlike all the other temples, which have *three*. It has thirteen plain Doric columns on each flank, all of which have been more or less shaken by earthquakes. It was used for some time as a church, dedicated to St. George, but has latterly been turned into the National Museum. Amongst the antiquities it now contains may be seen some curious Egyptian figures, a fine Apollo found at Andros, a

statue of Patroclus (so called) found near Athens, a curious bas-relief of the man who brought the intelligence to Athens of the victory at Marathon, and died from fatigue soon after his arrival (found on the plain of Marathon), one of Socrates taking the cup of poison, with Xanthippe sitting by his side, a small figure of Pan, and many most interesting sepulchral monuments and vases.

Leaving the carriage to go round by the road, we walked up to the Pnyx and Areopagus, which are separated from each other by a small valley, anciently called *Coelè*, "the hollow," where once were shown the tombs of the two Cimon, of Thucydides, and Herodotus.* We mounted the steps of the Pnyx, a kind of esplanade formed on a steep bare rock, and stood on the celebrated *βήμα*, whence Pericles, Alcibiades, and Demosthenes delivered their orations to the citizens assembled below. Thence to Mars' Hill, and we stood on the very spot where St. Paul—the Temple of Mars close by him, that of the Eumenides below him, the Theseum a little further back, and the glorious buildings on the Acropolis facing him above—preached to: "certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics," and boldly declared to them that "the Lord of heaven and earth dwelleth not in TEMPLES made with hands."

Rejoining our carriage we drove round the base of the Acropolis, under the Arch of Hadrian, to the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius. There are now only fifteen columns standing out of 124, one having been blown down in 1852: the materials of this are left just as they fell, and serve to give a faint idea of the immense size and beautiful workmanship of the whole building. At the foot of the slope on which this great ruin stands is the bed of the Ilissus, which we found perfectly dry, with the exception of a single pool of stagnant water immediately underneath the far-famed fountain of Kallirhœ, alas! also quite dry. All our fine poetical associations were completely banished for the time being, when we saw that some washerwoman had been recently on the spot, and that the water consisted of veritable soap-suds!

We next drove past what our guide chose to tell us was the "Lantern of Diogenes," a lantern-shaped building certainly, about twenty-four feet in circumference and a little more than thirty feet high. Babin the Jesuit, in 1672, curiously enough calls this "the Lantern of Demosthenes," which the Capuchin fathers (sent from France) had purchased and then occupied; and Chateaubriand remarks

that in 1669 "there existed another monument at Athens, called the Lantern of Diogenes." The building pointed out to us was in reality the "Monument of Lysicrates," who, as the inscription informed us, "led the chorus when the boys of the tribe of Acamantis were victorious, in the Archonship of Evenetus," B.C. 335. It has Corinthian pillars all round it, the spaces between them being walled up, so that there is now no access to the interior. It is said to be the earliest specimen of Corinthian architecture in existence. Lord Byron's residence when at Athens was pointed out to us close by this monument.

Dismissing our carriage, we proceeded to explore the ruins of the "Theatre of Dionysus," which within the last ten years (when Murray's "Handbook" was written,) have been cleared of all the accumulated rubbish which then prevented all but the two upper rows of seats from being visible. The seats of the lower tier are semi-circular, and very comfortable, looking like so many arm-chairs cut out in the solid marble, the names of those entitled to sit in them being inscribed on the inside of the upper bar. In front of the stage is a mass of scattered fragments of statues and columns, occupying the space where Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides represented their tragedies before crowded audiences. Above, and close under the wall of the Acropolis, are two very exquisite columns of the Temple of Bacchus, of which no mention seems to be made in "Murray." Passing along above the site of the Odeum of Herodes Atticus, and looking down upon its vast ruins, we arrived at the gate leading to the Acropolis. But here the pen of a ready writer is required to attempt anything like an adequate description of the grand old buildings, which still, even in their ruined state, far surpass anything of the kind in the whole world. The Propylæa, which the Greeks themselves admired beyond all their other buildings, almost defies description, and forms a fitting entrance-hall and gateway (as it were) to the wondrous citadel and its various buildings. The little Temple of Nikè Apteros (Wingless Victory), which had been thrown down by the Turks to make room for a battery, is the first thing that attracts attention. It has been most successfully restored in recent times, and contains the lovely bas-relief (slightly mutilated, however) of Victory.

It would take a volume to describe the Eretheum and the immortal Parthenon, that burst upon the astonished gaze of the spectator as he passes up the flight of steps between the columns of the Propylæa. The Parthenon was entire in 1687. It had been used as a church, which the Turks, through

* M. de Chateaubriand, "Travels in Greece," vol. i. p. 218.

jealousy of the Christians, changed in their turn into a mosque. Then came the Venetians and barbarously cannonaded the monuments of Pericles, firing red-hot balls at the Propylæa and the Parthenon, one of which penetrated the roof of the latter, set fire to some barrels of gunpowder, and blew up the whole of the central building, with the adjoining columns of the peristyle. But it is a noble ruin even yet.

The views from the Acropolis in every direction are very striking. Looking north you have the modern town beneath you, with the conical peak, Lycabettus, a little to the eastward. Pentelicus, with its marble quarries, lies north-east; Mount Parnes, and even the lofty summit of Cithæron, are visible to the north-west. The "purpurei colles florentis Hymetti" lie east, that peculiar colour being due to the wild thyme from which the bees still continue to extract the best of honey; whilst to the westward the eye can take in Mount Ægæleus, with the Skalamandra range of hills, the island and bay of Salamis, and in the dim distance, fifty miles away, the Acro-Corinthus itself. To the south-west and south, looking over the Museum Hill with the "prison of Socrates" at its base, and the monument of Philopappus (at his death the rightful heir to the crown of Syria) on its summit, we had a splendid view of the fleets in Phalerum Bay and the Piræus, Ægina (pronounced Ayina), Epidaurus, and the bold coast-line beyond. When we had sufficiently admired all this, to our great gratification we witnessed an Athenian sunset, so admirably described by Lord Byron.

It may perhaps not be out of place here to remark that the visitor to Athens, landing at the Piræus, would do well not to proceed along the main-road, but to follow another which skirts along the vineyards to the westward, crosses the dry bed of the Cephissus, and strikes into the Via Sacra, half-way between the Pass of Daphnè and Athens. The drive then runs through amongst olive trees, which look old and venerable enough to have been in existence in the time of Socrates. The Acropolis stands right before you in its best point of view. Nor must the zealous tourist neglect to visit the Acropolis by moonlight. It is to be hoped, however, that he will be more fortunate in this respect than we were. A party of us walked up one evening for that express purpose, and after taking some little refreshment, sallied out with a young Greek gentleman whom we had brought with us (in H.M.S. St. George) from the college at Malta. Our object was to obtain an order for admission to the Acropolis, from M. Pittakys, the Conservator of Antiquities. After a long

parley with that gentleman, (who, by the way, married the sister of the famous "Maid of Athens,") and a perfectly unintelligible explanation of the reasons which prevented him from giving us a *written* order, he gave us his old penknife, telling us that if we presented that talisman to the sergeant at the gate, he would know the knife and let us in. Accordingly we set off on our errand, with some little misgivings as to our success, and on arrival at the gate knocked and called for a quarter of an hour before we could obtain a hearing. We told our simple story, and showed our authority; but no one knew the knife, and neither entreaties nor explanations as to who we were, nor hints at an ample *honorarium* were of any avail; we had to return without being able to accomplish our purpose. It seems that some English tourists, of the cockney type, had done considerable damage to some of the valuable fragments piled up by the Conservator in the Acropolis, and had taken away sundry specimens as mementos of their visit, and that very stringent regulations with regard to admission by night had been the result, which even the old knife of M. Pittakys failed to cut through.

In the Piræus and its neighbourhood we visited many objects which are of great interest to the scholar and antiquarian. On the promontory to the right, as you enter the main harbour, not far from the lighthouse, is the tomb of Themistocles. Near it is another sepulchre excavated in the rock, on a level with the sea and close to it; and not very far from it are pieces of the shaft and capital of what must have been an immense Ionic column—probably a monument to Themistocles. That his tomb was actually near this spot, the verses of Plato, the comic poet, seem to indicate beyond a doubt.

"Situated in an open place, thy tomb is greeted by the mariner as he enters or leaves the harbour; and in any future naval engagement will be in full sight." Such is the apostrophe addressed to the hero.

There has been some dispute in modern times respecting the harbours of the Piræus and Port Phalerum. In the peninsula there are "three natural harbours," which will answer the description given by Thucydides, called at present Drako, or Porto Leone (the Piræus proper), Stratiotiki (Munychia), and Phanari, which is generally considered to be Port Phalerum. Pausanias, however, says that before the time of Themistocles "the Athenians had but one harbour, at Phalerum, at the spot where the sea is nearest the city;" but that Themistocles considered the Piræus to be more suitable, as it had three ports in-

stead of the one at Phalerum. From this it would seem that Port Phalerum was situated on the opposite side of the bay, probably at the termination of the Phaleric wall. It would hardly be anything more than an open roadstead, and therefore but little "adapted for navigation." Port Phanari would be a snug little harbour for war-galleys. It contained in olden times eighty-two *νεσσοίκοι*, or ship-houses. Some of the slips are still visible. The moles closing up the entrance, so as to allow room for only three triremes to enter abreast, and which were a continuation of the walls of Piræus, are still standing; and traces of the line of fortifications erected by Themistocles all round the peninsula may still be detected here and there, showing how very massive and solid the walls must have been.

Our only amusements whilst we were anchored in Phalerum Bay were to land in Porto Phanari and bathe, the shoal water and bottom of fine sand making it a most eligible place for the purpose; walking up to the Piræus after dinner to listen to the bands of the different ships, which were landed in turns; or occasionally hauling the seine for fish, in which we were generally unsuccessful. On one of these occasions one of our men strayed away into a neighbouring vineyard, as he said, for the purpose of gathering sticks for the fire lighted on the beach to attract the fish, when he was fired at by the owner, and peppered all over his back and arms. When the grapes are ripening, men are stationed on raised platforms to guard them, armed with old flint match-locks, which they do not hesitate to use on the approach of a suspected pilferer.

On the 24th of July the St. George, Captain the Hon. F. Egerton, was ordered down to Nauplia. We ran down past Ægina, Paros, to the southward of Hydra, past Spezzia, and anchored next day at the head of the Argolic Gulf, off Nauplia. On either side of the Gulf are bold ranges of hills, one behind the other, and, as usual, very rugged and barren. At the head of the bay is the magnificent plain of Argos, encircled by a fringe of purple mountains, with Mycenæ lying in its deepest recess, *μυκῆς Ἀργεὺς ἱεροβάροιο*. Soon after our arrival the Austrian Vice-Consul and the commandant of the forces at Nauplia called upon Captain Egerton, the former being particularly anxious to warn us against the troops stationed at Argos, who had been recently sent from Athens in consequence of the disturbance there, and were suspected of harbouring the design of attacking the garrison of Nauplia. They had only been in the captain's cabin a few minutes when Col. Papadiamantopoulos

himself, the commandant at Argos, called to pay his respects, much to the consternation of the other two, who shortly afterwards retired. Col. Papadiamantopoulos had employed the troops under his command at Athens on the side of order, but as it was thought advisable to remove all the soldiers, he was sent down to Argos. We were very much pleased with him, and found him to be a soldier-like and gentlemanly man.

Nauplia had been the seat of government until Otho removed to Athens in 1834. The house formerly tenanted by Capo d'Istria was converted into the royal palace. The town, which by that time had rapidly risen into a thriving seaport, and become a busy, clean, and prosperous city, has again relapsed into a dirty little place. There are two fortresses—one the Acro-Nauplia, on a peninsular rock just above the town, and the other, the famous Palamidi, on a precipitous cliff 720 feet above the sea level. It has been styled the Gibraltar of Greece, and had been deemed impregnable; but it was taken by assault under General Hahn, who commanded the royal troops employed to reduce the insurgent garrison of Nauplia in 1862. On this occasion Col. Koroneos, one of the ringleaders in the insurrection, was wounded and taken prisoner—the same unprincipled soldier who, as has already been mentioned, headed the more recent outbreak at Athens when the bank was attacked. Griva, who had possession of the Palamidi, bombarded the lower castle and the town in the summer of 1827, killing 150 of the inhabitants. The view from the summit is very fine, embracing as it does the Gulf of Nauplia (or Argos), the mountain ranges of Cynuria and Arcadia, the heights of Troezen and Epidaurus, with the plain of Argos, which they encircle. There are two or three forts on it, surrounded by Venetian walls, and several brass guns, stamped with the Lion of St. Mark, and the date 1687. The Lion of St. Mark and the Venetian arms still remain over the gateway leading into the town.

Half-a-mile outside the walls, on the road to Argos, there is a colossal lion sculptured on a rock, as a monument to the Bavarians who fell in the cause of Greece in the War of Independence, probably the most lasting memorial that the Bavarians will leave behind them.

Whilst strolling through the town I fell in with a bookseller, who rejoiced in the (Christian) name of Sophocles, from whom I bought a Thucydides (Tauchnitz), and an edition of Sophocles, published by an Archimandrite of Ægina, with an excellent paraphrase and notes. The text is remarkably good, and the type beautiful. In Athens I

got an *Æschylus* by the same editor, who also published (some twenty-five years ago) the works of *Euripides* and *Pindar*, equally well illustrated.

On Monday the 27th of July, the captain and two or three of us with him landed on the opposite side of the Bay, where we had a party watering at the spring issuing from the *Alcyonian Lake*, which is nothing more than a deep pool (said to be unfathomable) at the foot of the *Lernæan Marsh*, where *Hercules* destroyed the *Hydra*. This pest must have been the marsh fever, which is still very prevalent: *Hercules* was, no doubt, a scientific farmer, far in advance of his compeers, and he destroyed the mythological *Hydra* by draining the marsh. We strolled along from the landing-place nearly to the town of *Argos*—a walk of about five miles along a tolerably good road. As we were returning after sunset I could not help noticing the peculiar croaking of the frogs, which seemed to be keeping holiday in all the ditches on either side of the road. No one who has read the *Frogs* of *Aristophanes* could have failed to detect distinctly in the general chorus the unmistakable *βρεκεκός κός κός* of the comic poet. Whatever may be said of the modern *Argives*, the frogs at least have not forgotten their ancient language.

The next day we walked out to see the *Cyclopiæan ruins* of *Tiryns*. They stand on a small eminence rising out of the *Argolic plain*—some two miles from *Nauplia* on the main road to *Argos*—and look quite venerable even for the date assigned to their building by *Præstus*, nearly 1400 years B.C. From the ruins we looked down upon a country-house of the late king, where a model farm, well-stocked with *English short-horns*, has been established; it is in good working order. We met the manager, *M. Eliopolis*, who took us over the dairy, and through the gardens, and treated us to a drink of genuine and refreshing *English milk*.

On the 30th a party of thirteen started from the ship for a ride to *Mycenæ*. We landed at the head of the bay, where we found horses from *Argos*, kindly sent for us by the commandant. With the exception of the colonel's horse, provided for the accommodation of *Captain Egerton*, the rest of the animals were sorry nags enough, and certainly were not calculated to keep up the ancient fame of *Argos* in the matter of steeds. We galloped across the dusty plain to *Argos*, and were glad to accept the offer by the hospitable colonel of dessert and wine—grapes, melons, and two kinds of country wine—for *Argos* is still *ωλοθύτων* in every sense of the term.

After an hour's rest we took our departure,

escorted by the colonel's aide-de-camp, and led by a trooper who knew the way to *Mycenæ*. After riding six or seven miles, we came to a little village, *Charvati*, built on the first rising ground, crossed a heath along a narrow path, and in a few minutes dismounted before the "tomb of *Agamemnon*." A trench, or approach, twenty feet broad, leads to the door. The edifice is a subterraneous one, of a circular form, surmounted by a dome, the height and diameter of which are each about fifty feet. There is an inner door leading to a side chamber, twenty feet square, excavated in the rock. It is most probable that the building was the treasury of *Atræus*, in which was stored the wealth of "golden *Mycenæ*." The holes for the bolts and hinges of the door are still visible; and all over the inside, up to the very apex, may be seen brass nails, or the holes from which they have been wrenched, the points of many of them still remaining. *Colonel Leake* is of opinion that there were brazen plates nailed to the stones throughout the interior surface, and it is the more credible, as ancient authorities show that it was customary among the Greeks in early times to finish their constructions in this manner; there seems no other mode of explaining the brazen chambers, of which we find mention in the poetry and early history of Greece, particularly that in which *Danaë* was confined at *Argos* by *Acrisius*, and which, according to the sacred guides of that city, was in a subterraneous building still existing in the time of *Pausanias*, and described by him almost in the same words which he applies to the treasures at *Mycenæ*.

Not far from the Gate of *Lions* is another building of the same kind, and lower down two more, which are probably some of the tombs mentioned by *Pausanias*. He reckons up five at *Mycenæ*, viz., those of *Atræus*, *Agamemnon*, *Eurymedon*, *Teledamus* and *Pelops*, and *Electra*. He adds that *Clytemnestra* and *Ægisthus* were interred without the walls. The building above described was opened out by *Lord Elgin*, who caused the earth with which the interior was filled to be cleared away, and probably took away the pilasters of bluish marble, with which the door was formerly adorned; at any rate, they are gone. By the time we had thoroughly examined the chamber, which was lit up for us by torches and a fire of brushwood, the sun was getting very low, and we had but just time to glance at the celebrated Gate of *Lions* when it set behind the hills. The masonry of the gate is of the *Cyclopiæan order*, and evidently belongs to the heroic ages. Over the gateway, which is about ten feet high, and nearly the same in width, is a triangular block of

Ere limestone, ten feet high, on the face of which are represented *in relief* two colossal lions, standing on their hind paws, on either side of a round pillar or column, on the pediment of which their fore-paws rest. Unfortunately they are slightly mutilated, one or both (if I mistake not) having lost their heads. We had no time to examine the ruins of the citadel, which are all that is left of what Homer styled "Mycenæ the well-built city." We rode back to our landing-place by moonlight, highly pleased with our excursion, for which we were indebted to the kindness of the commandant at Argos.

J. MILNER.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—Having read your account of the Valley of the Ryburne,* in which you mention the village of Sowerby, I dare say you will allow me, as having recently visited Sowerby, to supplement the mention made of Dr. Tillotson with a few remarks of my own.

There is a monument erected to the memory of the Archbishop in Sowerby Church, situated on a height above the village of Sowerby. This must not be confounded with the more important town of Sowerby-Bridge, which lies in the vale, and has a weird and deserted look. All the old houses and walls in this part of Yorkshire are very dark, almost black. With one or two exceptions this is the case with Sowerby. A new house in such a village appears to belong to a different era of architecture. The church of Sowerby, which is a fine structure with a square, massive tower, looks as black as the rest of the town. As you enter the porch, the statue of the Archbishop, of the size of life, is before you, in white marble. It stands in a niche in the wall, and is protected by an iron railing. The whole figure is seen, for no pulpit appears, though the attitude is that of preaching, with the fingers of the left hand between the leaves of a book, resting on a marble pedestal beside him. The Archbishop is in lawn. The artist, no doubt, intended to represent him in the act and attitude of delivering one of those eloquent discourses at St. Lawrence, Jewry, that produced so much impression at the time, and which, at the present day, constitute the basis of his fame, as a learned divine and accomplished pulpit orator. The face is what some would style "common," as that of a working-man possessed of plain good sense and earnest purpose. There is something in it which reminded us both of Mr. Bright and of Lord Brougham. The end of the nose is decidedly Brougham-shaped; and without the lawn sleeves, no one would have taken Tillotson for a bishop. But this was the man selected by William and Mary to fill the see of Canterbury, vacated by the resignation of Archbishop Sancroft. The following is the inscription on his monument:—

THE MOST REVEREND

JOHN TILLOTSON, D.D.,

BORN AT HAUGHEND, IN THIS TOWNSHIP,
1630.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

IN THE REIGN OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

DIED NOVEMBER 22ND, 1694,

IN THE 65TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

* See Vol. II., New Series, pp. 666, 667.

I may add that he died poor—which can be said of very few bishops or archbishops of that age—leaving his widow, a niece of Cromwell, without any provision but the copyright of his works; which, however, it is said, produced 2500*l.* But the king granted her a pension of 400*l.* a year, which was afterwards increased to 600*l.*, and this she received till her death in 1702.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

VIATOR.

THE DANCING MANIA OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE scenes of bloodshed and horror which accompanied the outbreak of the French Revolution, did not in the least abate that love for dancing which is one of the characteristics of the French nation; on the contrary, it seemed to increase under those terrible circumstances. Whilst the guillotine was doing its work, there were constantly balls at Trianon, at the Hermitage, and in all parts of Paris. At Meudon they were even dancing whilst the unfortunate prisoners from Orleans were murdered at the foot of the staircase of the orange-house; their cries might be heard during the pauses in the music, but the ball nevertheless continued.

Towards the middle of the year 1793 this mania came gradually to an end, and in 1794, when the fatal cart brought every day an uncounted number of victims to the guillotine, the taste for dancing had so far declined that dancers could only be procured "by order of the authorities." These official balls were consequently as sad and dismal as the Dance of Death on the mediæval churchyard walls. The dancers for the most part were youths and maidens whose parents had been arrested, or were suspected, in prison, or guillotined, which after all were only so many different words for the same thing. If they dared to decline an invitation to the national balls, they were sure next day to be lodged in the prisons of La Force, the Madelonnettes, or Saint Lazare, which was only a station on the road to the Place de la Revolution and the guillotine. Refractory dancers were treated in the most off-hand manner. One day the Parisians were celebrating the victory of Fleurus with dances on the site of the Bastille: a quadrille had been formed, in which there was a partner short. One of the Masters of the Ceremonies addressed a young man who stood looking on in the crowd, and requested him to act as *vis-à-vis*.

"I cannot dance," was the answer.

"That is to say you *won't*."

"I tell you I *can't*."

"That is nonsense, you can dance well enough if you like."

"I can do nothing of the kind."

"Then you must be a cursed aristocrat who despises the amusements of the people, and is vexed at our victories. You must follow me at once to the *Section* (a kind of police court), and I shall know who you are."

With these words he took hold of the young man, and with the assistance of the rabble, dragged him to the *Section*, where, unless his antecedents were of the very best, in a republican point of view, they no doubt made very short work of him.

But after the fall of Robespierre, and the changes connected with that event, there was again a violent reaction. Balls were organised in every part of Paris; everywhere the joyous sound of the cornet, the fiddle, and the clarinet, invited those who had survived the Reign of Terror to join in the "mazy dance," and they willingly answered the call. The splendid garden of M. Boutin, a *fermier-général* who had been guillotined for selling damp tobacco, was opened to the public under the name of Tivoli, and this was the first public ball. Next a similar establishment was got up in the Champs Elysées. It was called the Gardens of Marbeuf, and probably few of the dancers remembered that the delightful spots in which they were tripping it "on the light fantastic toe," had cost the life of their owner, the Marchioness of Marbeuf, who had been guillotined for no other crime but that she refused to metamorphose her beautiful gardens into potato-fields for the benefit of the "sovereign people."

Innumerable other public balls were opened one after the other. There was one in the Elysée National, the palace which the present Emperor of France occupied before 1853, whilst he was still President of the Republic. There were Ranelagh and Vauxhall, so named in imitation of our famous London resorts, and there were Frascati, and the Pavillon d'Hanovre, which two last ones were patronised by those members of the upper classes who still remained in Paris and had escaped the guillotine. Then there was the Prado, where also "mewing concerts" (*concerts miauliques*) were given.

These concerts were a cruelty worthy of that horrible period. A score of cats were placed in a row on a kind of piano, their bodies were in a box from which their heads alone projected. Each of the touches of the instrument corresponded with the tail of one of the cats, and when the touch was struck, a sharp blade penetrated into that tail, and of course the cat uttered a cry. Although the voices had been selected with due regard to the different notes of the scale, yet there was no control over the expression of their anger

and pain, nor of its duration, so that this ingenious and novel instrument did not prove a success.*

Another public ball was actually instituted in the ancient cemetery of Saint Sulpice. The gate to it was adorned with a pink transparency, on which were written the words, "*Bal des Zéphyr*;" but that same gate also bore the emblems of the former destination of the place. There were still distinctly visible on it, carved in stone, a skull with bat's wings, a pair of cross-bones, and an empty hour-glass, and underneath it in large letters:—

HIC REQUIESCENT BEATAM SPEM EXPECTANTES.

The tombstones had not even been removed, and the amorous couples sat on the monuments, not "smiling at grief," but at their own giddy raptures. This certainly was a dance of death with a vengeance, and the contrast was more striking than any of the sombre creations of the old painters. Yet this enormity actually continued until the time of the consulate, when Napoleon ordered it to be closed.

The garden belonging to the ancient convent of the Carmelite nuns was also transformed into a dancing place, which, from the quantity of lime-trees growing in these grounds, was called *le Bal Champêtre des Tilleuls*. The orchestra was placed against a little door, through which scarcely two years before the unfortunate nuns had been brought forth one after the other, to be executed, and the stone steps still bore indelible traces of the stains of blood. But the summer of 1794 was magnificent, the sky was cloudless, and the sun shone bright; and when in the evening the pale moon rose in the sky, and peeped over the dark lime-trees, when the orchestra sent forth its merry strains, and gauze and muslins, ribbons and fair tresses fluttered in the evening air, nobody thought of the "pensive nuns" who whilom wandered under the shade of those same trees,—

Devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train.

In fact, the *Dansomania* had taken hold of all classes of society, and the majority of those *bals champêtres* were a complete success.

One of the sequels of the events of the ninth

* There is really "nothing new under the sun." A similar kind of concert had taken place in England more than a century before:—"I have heard of parson Philpot, that hee would have a concert of hogges, and whenne hee would have them sing hee kept them hungry, and set their treebles and bases in their severall ranks and orders." Rev. John Ward's Diary, from 1648 to 1670.

of Thermidor, was that the goods of all those who had been guillotined, which had been confiscated by the Convention, were restored to the surviving heirs. Even the arrears which the nation had received since the time of the confiscation were paid back. This unexpected stroke of good fortune turned the heads of those to whose share it fell. After having lived for a length of time in utter poverty, the heirs of those who had been executed all at once found themselves opulent, and, naturally enough, not a few excesses were committed. This event just happened when the rage for dancing was at its greatest paroxysm. It was natural, therefore, that dancing should occupy a prominent place in the round of amusements in which those newly enriched people indulged.

But as the persons thus favoured by fortune mostly belonged to the highest aristocracy of Paris, they refused to dance with the profane vulgar, nor did they even condescend to dance like them. They wished to organise a dancing club, something after the style of our Almack's, to which the vulgar could not be admitted. To make nobility and rank openly the title of admittance would have been unsafe in those times, but they made another rule by which the same object was obtained. The majority of the persons who had been guillotined were nobles and people of rank, and consequently they determined that nobody could become a subscriber unless he had lost his father, mother, brother, or sister, or at the least an uncle or an aunt, by the guillotine. Hence this dancing club obtained the name of the Ball of the Victims.

These balls were held during the winter of 1794 on the first floor of the Hôtel de Richelieu. The dancers were all to be dressed in the deepest mourning, the hangings were entirely black, and black crape was attached to the instruments of the band, to the chandeliers, and to the furniture. Not satisfied with these indecent jokes, they also invented a bow *à la victime*. This consisted in a motion of the head which imitated that of the person who, lying under the guillotine, bends his neck in order to pass his head through the hole above which the fatal knife is suspended. And these unparalleled acts of levity were actually perpetrated by the children and relatives of those who had died that fearful death.

The Terrorists, however, were determined not to yield in heartless sportiveness to the Victims, so they instituted a rival ball, called the Ball of the Executioners, which was held on the second floor of the same hotel, and to which no member was admitted that could not

prove his active share in the deeds of the Reign of Terror.

The dancers were all dressed in red, the hangings were red, and red silk ribbons were attached to the instruments of the band, to the chandeliers, and to the furniture. Perhaps it may be imagined that when the members of the opposite balls encountered, blood flowed. Quite the contrary took place, however, their bows were low and formal, and compliments were exchanged in the loftiest style of revolutionary fraternity.

As there were at the Ball of the Victims numerous younger sons and daughters who, thanks to the guillotine, had become heads of families; as the company was entirely composed of people who in a few days had arrived from poverty and danger to opulence and security, so the ball, notwithstanding its funereal appearance, was exceedingly gay.

One incident, almost equally ludicrous and horrible, which occurred at this ball, is related by Sir Joshua Reynolds in his Memoirs. During the Reign of Terror, if the person intended for the guillotine was not to be found, some prisoner whose name was similar in sound, or who was related to him, was sacrificed in his place, and then the name of the proscribed was erased from the fatal list, and his death published. This was the case with two sisters; both had evaded their persecutors; but the names of both were on the list of the guillotined, and each, therefore, considered herself the only one saved. Their screams of horror and astonishment when they met at this ball may be imagined. However, when they were convinced that neither was a ghost, they embraced, and each congratulated the other on her happy preservation. While they were thus fondly locked in each other's arms, a Master of the Ceremonies approached them. As the death of the *other* was the title on which *each* had received her ticket of admission, he addressed the elder sister, and informed her that now her title to admission was faulty unless she could name some other relation who had perished during the Reign of Terror. The lady hesitated for a moment, and then answered, "she was sorry to say she did not think she could." The same question being put to the younger sister, she also replied in the negative.

"Then, mesdames," said he of the ceremonies, "it is my painful duty to inform you that you are no longer members of this ball."

The two ladies stared in silent astonishment and chagrin.

"It is delightful to have found a sister," at last cried the elder, taking her younger

sister by the hand; "but it is a sad thing to lose one's right of admission to these balls."

One other benefit of the reaction which followed the events of Thermidor was the resurrection of the toilet; for in the dark days of the Terror, to be properly dressed was equivalent to wearing a royalist badge. But after the fall of Robespierre the ladies strove with each other to make up for lost time, and by profuse indulgence to forget the horrible times when they were deprived of silks, satins, velvets, and jewellery. Hence luxury became most extravagant. But good taste did not preside over the choice of the garments. It became the fashion to appear at the balls, at the theatres, and even in the streets, dressed,—or shall we say undressed?—according to ancient Greek and Roman patterns, and she who nearest approached to the toilet of the Venus de' Medici was reckoned to display most taste. These fashions originated in a great measure at the Balls of the Victims, and for those ghastly meetings every part of female attire was generally curtailed a few inches more of its already too scanty proportions.

Not only were these Greek and Roman dresses introduced by this club, but also a style of head-dress, which continued for more than twenty years after; this fashion was called *à la Titus*. Some of the members, not considering the bow *à la victime* sufficiently expressive, introduced an article into the rules of the club that nobody should be admitted whose hair was not cut close to the neck, in the same manner as the executioner cuts that of the victims when he prepares them for the guillotine. This *coiffure* was at once adopted by all the members, and, as may be imagined, the shaven necks of the beaux and belles gave a new grace to their bows *à la victime* of the day. From this club the fashion spread through the whole nation, and nobody who had the least pretension to dress well could appear in public without having his hair cropped *à la victime*. Decency, however, changed its name into that of *à la Titus*, in order to obliterate its repulsive origin. General as this fashion was, it became nobody; well-favoured ladies looked plain with it, and ugly ones utterly hideous. Another fashion of the same period, also originated by the members of the Ball of Victims, was a red shawl, such a one as the executioner had thrown over the shoulders of Charlotte Corday and the ladies de Sainte-Amaranthe on their way to the guillotine. This levity and heartless sportiveness, this utter disregard of decency in all parties, is, perhaps, one of the most curious and characteristic features of the French Revolution.

A. SADLER.

THE FARM-HOUSE NEAR THE SEA.

I.

NEAR the beetling cliffs of Scotland
Where the pine and fir-tree grow,
Stood a weather-beaten farm-house
In the old time, long ago.
Now the farmer, hard and grasping,
Was a surly, selfish man,
Like the gudewife whom he courted
When his thirtieth year began.

II.

And one night they heard a tempest,
Raging o'er the darksome plain,—
Loudly howling blew the night-wind,
Plashing came the pouring rain.
And a beggar-woman wandering,
Homeless, o'er the dreary waste,
Spied afar the ancient farm-house,
Hurried on with eager haste.

III.

Closely drew her cloak around her;
Strained her weary, aching sight,
Lest she miss the welcome beacon—
Lest she lose its guiding light.
Half exhausted ere she reached it,
Knocked she at the close-shut door;
But no answer bade her enter,
And she feebly knocked once more.

IV.

Then she struggled to the window,
And she tapped against the pane,
"Give me shelter," faintly prayed she,
"Shelter from the cruel rain."
Then the farmer's wife rose quickly
From her straight-backed oaken chair,—
Heeded not the beggar's suffering,
Heeded not the beggar's prayer.

V.

With a curse she closed the shutter;
And the beggar, in despair,
Crept beneath an aged oak-tree,—
Muttered forth her dying prayer.
"Just that kindness which has bid them
Let me perish at their door,—
Just that mercy which they showed me
Show to them, and show no more.

VI.

"Let my curses light upon them
From this time for evermore,
On their field and on their vineyard,
On their basket, and their store.
Let them have no child to love them;
Let the common high-road run
Through their kitchen,—o'er their hearth-
stone—
Let them weep, as I have done!"

VII.

In the morning she was lying
Dead, beneath the old oak-tree;
But her curse has clung for ever
To the farm-house near the sea.
Now a tangled mass of ivy
Marks the spot where it has been;
And the two end walls are standing—
But the high-road runs between.

T.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXXIX.



IT was some days before Mr. Carmichael had sufficiently recovered to leave his room, and it would apparently be some weeks before he could leave the house. And to a man of Mr. Carmichael's temperament this close confinement was inexpressibly irksome, and also it placed him in a dependent position. Aunt Lotty was a devoted nurse; and a man less selfish than Mr. Carmichael would have been touched by her untiring zeal. But he, like all selfish men, was intent upon himself alone, and if he noticed her attention at all, it was

merely when the accidental withdrawal of it made him sensible that it was essential to him. She still cherished the idea that the lost letter was preying upon his mind, though she dared not hint at such a supposition in his presence. But to Joyce she confided her opinions.

"I wish, dear, that we could hear from Mr. Chester, for Mr. Carmichael will never be himself again until that letter is either lost or found."

Little did she anticipate all that was to happen before Doris' packet would ultimately be recovered. Fate had not decreed its recovery at present, and when Mr. Chester wrote from Rome, he mentioned that, having searched everywhere for it without success, he had given it up as hopeless. Whereupon Mr. Carmichael professed due regret; but Joyce, watching him carefully, had small faith in his professions. He rubbed his hands feebly, and was less irritable during the day. Aunt Lotty thought she perceived a favourable change altogether.

"He walks more steadily," said she, "and his appetite has been better; he ate a slice of fowl and drank a glass of sherry immediately after reading the letter, and he took it with a relish that he's not had for his food for a good while. He'll be all right now that it's settled. There's nothing so wearing as suspense, wondering and wondering, and worry-

ing, and thinking, and never coming to any conclusion. He'll be all right now."

But Joyce knew better, for the doctor had called her aside a few days after Mr. Chester's departure.

"Miss Dormer," he said, "I shall be glad of a few minutes' conversation with you."

"Yes."

"My dear young lady," he went on, "I fear that Mr. Carmichael is in a very doubtful state of health."

Joyce was startled: she was not quite prepared for such an announcement.

"Do you mean," she asked, "that there is any immediate danger?"

"I won't say positive danger at present," replied Dr. Bennett; "but I have very serious apprehensions for the future. I think it not unlikely that Mr. Carmichael may never get over this illness; mind, I won't say positively, —it never does to speak too decidedly on any matter; therefore I will not give a positive opinion. But any agitation may cause a relapse, and then the worst is to be feared."

"Does my aunt know this?"

"No; and from what I have seen of your aunt it is not desirable that she should know it. It would do no good, and would probably incapacitate her, and she might unwittingly produce the effect so much to be dreaded."

"Poor Aunt Lotty!"

The doctor made no answer. He had attended Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael ever since they had been married, and knew something of domestic life at Green Oake.

"I may depend upon you to send for me at once if you see the slightest change in Mr. Carmichael."

"Certainly. But, Dr. Bennett, do you fear anything immediate?" asked Joyce. "Do you think that he will—die?" she hesitated when she came to the last word, it seemed so awful, so sudden, so unexpected. "You don't think he will die. He is not an old man—surely he will not die?"

But Dr. Bennett was a doctor, and consequently would not commit himself to anything decided. He chose to be vague, and yet by his vagueness he perhaps produced the impression that he intended to produce. And not only was he a doctor, but a country doctor; and the country doctor, though of the same genus as the town doctor, is a different

species, the difference lying in a great measure in the definite and indefinite article. The doctor in the town being a doctor, one of many—the doctor in the country being *the* doctor, complete in himself. Hence the importance, the fussiness, the diplomacy, the mysteriousness of the country doctor. The people are in his hands, there is no appeal from him; he cannot be lightly dismissed and another take his place. However, if the country doctor, despite his village acquired importance, be a kind-hearted, conscientious man, all works well; but if, on the contrary, he be one with whose temper and crotchets the parish has to make painful acquaintance, the result is anything but agreeable.

Dr. Bennett was of the former type, but still he could not wholly divest his mind of the fact that he was the doctor, and that there was no other within ten miles of Craythorpe. Therefore he was a little peremptory in his manner, though he covered it tolerably with a garb of suavity.

His wife was a briak, active little woman, with a strong belief in the infallibility of her husband, whose dogmas she allowed no one but herself to contradict.

The doctor and his wife did not live in Craythorpe, but in the next parish, where Dr. Bennett's principal practice lay. The practice was on the whole more extensive than profitable, but as he and his wife had no family it was sufficient for their moderate requirements.

Joyce had never seen Mrs. Bennett, the intercourse between Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Carmichael being limited to two state morning visits in the course of the year. Thus far had their acquaintance progressed, and no farther, or rather, here it had remained stationary.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Bennett looked upon Mrs. Carmichael as one of her circle of friends, and spoke of Green Oake as though she were in constant communication with it. Not from any desire to misrepresent facts, but simply that owing to the doctor's being frequently there, she heard all that was going on, and identifying herself with him, she felt that, as the doctor's wife, she had a share of the doctor's importance and intimacy with people. She crept beneath the folds of his professional mantle, believing that it was as much hers as his, for in the country there is much simplicity of faith and primitiveness of mind and feeling.

Truly in the country does one recognise Carlyle's quaint proposition that "the Fraction of Life can be increased in value, not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator."

Mrs. Bennett and Aunt Lotty demonstrated this theorem without being aware of it; for the simple mind is unconsciously philosophic, philosophy being after all but a striving after the nearest approach to primitive happiness—the happiness felt before wants are known, the happiness felt when wants have been found to fall short of satisfying the mind, when illusions having been dispelled and difficulties and disappointments battled through, the philosopher lessens the Denominator in his Fraction of Life and sits down contented.

The simple-minded are, however, instinctively philosophers, and Mrs. Bennett and Aunt Lotty, having made their "claim to wages a Zero," had the world under their feet. Certainly they did not make their claim in the way that higher souls would make it, neither in so true and noble a sense had they the world beneath their tread. Not through self-renunciation attained to through death-throes and tears of agony, but passively, through ignorance of there being more to desire than they possessed.

Yet thus do the simple and the wise meet through different experiences at the same conclusion; for truth is ever true, and the paths leading up to it must always end in light. Nevertheless, we would give the palm to the wise, and acknowledge that greater are they who having groped in darkness, have won through bitter strife the boon of light, than they upon whom the light has been for ever shining.

But to return. Mrs. Bennett took a lively interest in Joyce and Doris, though she had only seen Doris once and Joyce not at all. But the doctor had told her so much about them that she felt as if she and they were well acquainted.

"A great blessing it must be for poor Mrs. Carmichael to have her nieces with her. A dull enough life she has had these many years," observed Mrs. Bennett; "if you had been such a formal, solemn person as Mr. Carmichael, I should have died long ago. It's a sad thing for a woman to be so afraid of her husband."

"I don't know," responded the doctor, "a little due deference——"

"Due deference, indeed!" interrupted his wife. "It's undue deference, and nothing better! Is a woman never to say a word in her own defence, I should like to know? And that's what Mrs. Carmichael never does. I'm sure one feels all the better for speaking out sometimes. A little tiff now and then does no harm;—it gives one an impetus. But poor Mrs. Carmichael, I don't suppose she ever had a tiff in all her life. Well,

well, some women are meek beyond meekness; but I'm not one of them."

"No, my dear," said the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye.

Mrs. Bennett looked up quickly, and then a twinkle stole into hers also, and she smiled.

"Well, if I've a little spirit sometimes it soon blows over, and no one is the worse for it. But poor Mrs. Carmichael has no spirit, and I dare say now that Mr. Carmichael is ill he's a greater tyrant than ever."

Dr. Bennett looked grave. "He'll not tyrannise very much longer over any one, Martha."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Bennett hastily. "Is Mr. Carmichael so ill as that?"

"There will be a death in that house before many months are over," responded the doctor, oracularly.

"Poor thing—poor thing!" said Mrs. Bennett, veering round on a fresh tack. "She'll miss him greatly. She's wrapped up in that husband of hers, and I believe thinks as much of him as I do of you."

"Very likely, Martha; we all see with the eyes we bring with us to see, and I'm sure it's a great mercy, or heaven knows what would become of a good many."

"Does *she* know it?"

"No; but I have hinted it to Miss Dormer."

"Ah! a good sensible girl that Miss Dormer seems to be. If it weren't too early to be thinking of such things I should say she would make Mr. Lynn a very good wife."

"Mr. Lynn!" echoed Dr. Bennett, aghast. "Why he is so depressed and in such a nervous state that if he'd not gone away for a change I should have had him on my hands as well. No, no; don't trouble yourself upon that head. Mr. Lynn will never marry again."

"I don't know that," returned Mrs. Bennett, unwilling to be shaken in her theory. "To be sure it's Miss Carmichael that's for ever backwards and forwards at Lynncourt, and the children they say are almost as fond of her as they were of their mother; but then she's engaged. I don't understand it. I should like to know about this mysterious business that has led to such an intimacy between Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael, when they've hated each other for the last seven years; though why they should have taken such an unaccountable dislike to one another at first sight I cannot imagine."

"It may not have been at first sight, Martha," suggested the doctor; "they may not have been strangers as we supposed."

"True," returned his wife; "I never

thought of that. But," said she, reverting to Mr. Carmichael's illness, "it's a lonely thing for those three helpless creatures to be with a dying man. Mrs. Carmichael's as inexperienced as a child."

"I don't think Miss Dormer is helpless," said Dr. Bennett.

"Perhaps not; still I think the next time you go over to Green Oake I'll drive with you. It's out of the time for visits, but I'm sure Mrs. Carmichael wouldn't take it amiss, and her husband need never know of it; and I might be of some use to them when their day of trouble comes."

CHAPTER XL.

WHEN the day of trouble comes! It was nearer than even Dr. Bennett anticipated. If we were so spiritually organised as to be able to open our eyes on the invisible world, we should see close beside each human being a dark figure with outstretched hand, just ready to lay upon its victim's shoulder.

Trouble is very near us in this world, though oftentimes by a wise dispensation we know not how near. Happy for us that its footfall is so light we cannot hear it until it is close upon us! Happy for us that its voice is so low and indistinct that it has not strength to breathe into our ears the secrets of to-morrow! Happy for us that until we are writhing in its iron grasp the outstretched hand is invisible.

True, with some over-sensitive natures there are occasionally dark forebodings, as though the shadow of the future had fallen upon their hearts. Men laugh at presentiments; but are men wise in doing so? Because other natures are more susceptible than their own, is it a reason for disbelief? Nay, let it rather be a matter of thankfulness that there are so few that hear the far-off flutter of the gloomy figure's wings, or else how sad the world would be. And men would walk in sombre garments, grieving hopelessly over the untried future.

Aunt Lotty, as she placidly tended Mr. Carmichael, had no apprehension of the dark presence that silently and all unseen accompanied her from room to room. The Dormer nature was too strong to allow of supernatural impressions, else she might have heard a voice saying, "Before many days are over thou shalt stand face to face with the Death-Angel." But Aunt Lotty was saved from this, and it was well, for trouble, however long ward off, comes ever too soon.

But Joyce, with keener sense, and with fears awakened by Dr. Bennett's speech, sat waiting and dreading every moment what might happen in the next. So when Aunt

Lotty announced that Mr. Carmichael was much better to-day, well enough to leave his room, she experienced no throb of hope, for she felt that the words that had fallen from Dr. Bennett's lips admitted of no appeal.

Doris had gone to Lynnesourt to see her little brothers, and Joyce sat wondering why she was so long away, just when she wanted her, for she felt that it would be a relief to her to have some one to speak to, some one that she need not try to command her feelings with, for she scarcely dare trust herself to talk to Aunt Lotty, who was willing enough to chat on the improved state of her husband's health. She looked at her watch. One o'clock! Surely Doris could not be away much longer, she had already been more than two hours at Lynnesourt. She went to the window, but Doris was not in sight.

There was a little bustle on the stair-case. It was Mr. Carmichael going down very slowly, very heavily, Empeon assisting him, and Aunt Lotty following. She would go and see him when he was settled in the drawing room. She did not know how many times she might see him again. He was a doomed man, and no one in the house knew it but herself. The knowledge was growing quite painful to her; she felt as though she must tell someone. Why had Mr. Bennett made her so wretched when what was going to happen might be months off? Was she to drag through weary weeks of watching for evil? It would have been different, she argued, if she had held a different opinion of Mr. Carmichael, if she could understand his life better, if she could get rid of the undefined feeling of dislike and distrust with which she regarded him,—above all, if she could divest herself of the suspicion that he was even now guilty of some wrong deed that he feared to have discovered.

Doris, entering the little porch-room, found her pale and careworn.

"What is the matter, Joyce?"

Joyce started up.

"When is Mr. Lynn coming home?" she asked, pursuing her own train of ideas, without taking any notice of Doris's question.

"Mr. Lynn! what can he have to do with your looking so wretched?"

"Nothing. Do I look wretched?"

"Miserable; as pale as a ghost! Just as I ought to look, I suppose; for if you were in my place, I should say you were fretting after Gabriel."

If Joyce had been pale before, she had colour enough now, for the blood flushed up in her face till it was burning crimson.

"No, I am not," she answered, quickly.

Doris half-smiled.

"Well, you are not pale now, certainly;

and ready enough, too, to free yourself from such an accusation. Poor Gabriel! No one frets after him much. Do you know, Joyce, I feel quite happy now that he is away. Quite as happy upon the whole as when he is here. Is not that strange?"

"I wish he were here," said Joyce, involuntarily.

Doris stared at her. "You are the strangest person, Joyce."

But Joyce heeded not her remark. She said, abruptly, "Do you remember saying it would be a good thing if Mr. Carmichael were to die, Doris?"

"Ah! did I? I had forgotten it," replied Doris, carelessly: "one speaks without thinking sometimes."

"Do you wish it now?" asked Joyce, in a slow, measured tone.

"Joyce!"

But Joyce repeated her question, even more deliberately than before.

"Wish it? of course I don't. I shouldn't have said it if I had taken into account the real meaning of it."

"I am glad to hear it."

Doris took a long look at her companion, whose pallid face seemed struggling to preserve a semblance of composure very much at variance with some hidden emotion that was agitating her. And as she looked, an undefined feeling of awe took possession of her, as though heart had spoken to heart, though no word had been uttered; as though Joyce's heart were in some way dimly reflected in her own; as, in the rippled water, the face below tremulously answers to the over-bending face above.

"There is something the matter, Joyce," she said; "will you tell me what it is?"

"You don't wish *that* now, Doris; you are quite sure?"

"Wish it? No, Joyce; how can you think that I ever could have wished it seriously. It would be almost murder to wish a thing so deliberately as you appear to think I wished that—"

"It would."

"You are not well, Joyce; you've never looked yourself since my foolish flight. I can't imagine what is the matter with you. If it is any satisfaction to you to hear it, Mr. Carmichael may live to the age of Methuselah for all I care, and I hope he will find happiness in it."

"I don't think there would be much happiness in that," sighed Joyce; "but he will not live, Doris. Dr. Bennett thinks he will never get over this illness."

Joyce had spoken Dr. Bennett's thoughts rather than his words; but she had done so

unconsciously, her mind having been impressed by his manner rather than by anything however decided that he might have said.

"Mr. Carmichael dying!" exclaimed Doris, with a shudder.

"Hush, Doris! no one knows. Dr. Bennett would not let Aunt Lotty be told; he said it would do no good. Besides, it may not be yet. Another attack may not come on for some time. But I can't get rid of a weight that is weighing me down. I believe that Dr. Bennett knows it is nearer than he likes to say."

The two girls drew closer together.

"Poor Aunt Lotty!"

"Joyce," said Doris, "I shall send for Mr. Lynn, for my father; he ought to be here."

And on, and on, came the dark shadow, but Aunt Lotty did not perceive that the dusk was setting in—that the grey evening time was creeping near—the twilight deepening before the night closed in. Slowly but surely the Death-angel approached; the hours were measured out; there was no need for him to hurry on his journey, he should arrive in time; for Hugh Carmichael had yet some days to live.

Joyce, with a sickening at her heart, awaited his advent. Already she felt the chilling influence he spread around; and ever in her ears sounded the words that Hugh Carmichael had heard so often, and the response he had so many times repeated—"From sudden death, *Good Lord, deliver us!*" So many times repeated without giving it a serious thought. He had never contemplated sudden death in connection with himself. Few men do; they take it for granted that their own will be an ordinary death with due warning. Yet death was near!—he must die!—die with the burden that was heavy on his soul!—die with his evil feelings still unrepented of, his sins unforgiven. Ah! who was she that should thus map out his iniquities and judge him? Who was she that she should condemn?—and yet she could not help it, for stronger than her charity rose up conviction.

Her opinion of Mr. Carmichael was unchanged; and he was dying, and he knew it not! And if she told him the shock might be too much for him. What should she do? Backwards and forwards she paced the narrow limits of the little porch-room, trying to calm herself and decide what best was to be done.

Suddenly a bell rang; and she heard the servants moving to and fro. She opened the door and listened. Some one ascended the

stairs. It was Sarah coming to tell her something that she knew already. No need for her to see the white face or hear the words—

"The master is worse, Miss."

"Yes, Sarah. Send off for Dr. Bennett."

Then she descended quietly to the drawing-room. In a moment all her agitation was calmed. Suspense was over!—the worst had come! She must act now. And she gave directions about Mr. Carmichael, and soothed Aunt Lotty, who was as helpless almost as a child.

"And he was so much better this morning," moaned Aunt Lotty; "and now he's worse than he's ever been. I'm afraid he's very ill indeed."

Mr. Carmichael was very ill, and Dr. Bennett held out but little hope. Towards midnight he rallied slightly, and soon after fell into a heavy sleep. And the Death-angel watching by Mr. Carmichael's pillow stayed his hand, for the time was not yet come.

(To be continued.)

A CHAPTER ON MUSSELS AND MUSSEL-FARMING.

How very little we really know about the three-fourths of the world that lies buried beneath the sea.

As we wander along the sandy beach, or recline perchance under the craggy cliffs, to watch dreamily the quaint medley of living wonders cast by the restless waves at our very feet, do we not at such times more often regard the ocean as a kind of huge aquarium, stocked with an endless variety of curious living things that we contemplate simply for their beauty, or grotesqueness of outline, rather than as a vast farm of submarine acres that sustain a goodly host of food-yielding creatures? We fail to bring the important fact home to our minds, that the produce of this deep-sea farm is indispensable to mankind, whether civilised or savage. Is it a mere matter of chance that directs huge oil-bearing sea-beasts to visit the icy regions of the north, living ships we may truthfully style them, freighted with food and fuel best fitted to supply the requirements of the dwellers in that inhospitable land? Is it chance that directs tens of thousands of salmon to annually find their way into North-American rivers, turning off by brigades to ascend every tributary; and, perseveringly working their onward course to the very mountain burns, thus convert the tiniest streams into water-ways for the transport of food, forwarded without aid of wind or steam, for the supply of inland savages, who, but for this providential help, must perish during the nipping winters, starved by cold and hunger? Is it by chance

that tropical seas swarm with minute forms of life, food for other creatures destined in their turn to be fed on? Or is it by mere accident that delicate organisms, clad in flinty armour, though fragile as a frost crystal, repose safely at incredible depths, coating all the irregularities of the sea bottom, as snow covers the ground in winter? No, the living world is one great system of mutual dependence.

Why, the mightiest in the land are dependent on the fisherman for their turbot, soles, and salmon; and the fisher, in his turn, is dependent on Him who rules the winds and waves. We are all dependent on birds, and other destroyers of caterpillars, grubs, and snails, for our garden and field crops. Ladies are dependent on a tiny worm for their silks and satins; and men depend on the produce, not only of the silk-worm, but the lac insect into the bargain, for the production of the much-abused stove-pipe hat.

We are pretty safe in asserting that most persons know a mussel when they see it; you may contemplate them in huge heaps at any time, by taking the trouble to elbow your way through Billingsgate market. Should you be curious to become more familiar with the dweller in the house of shells, just sever the hinge and open the valves or shells at the smaller end (the umbo or beak); as you endeavour to force them asunder, you will find your efforts are frustrated by a short strong elastic rope or band, which firmly fastens the shells together near their larger ends. Its use is to close them; a duty it accomplishes with such power that if living mussels are thrown into boiling water, the sudden contraction of this ligament frequently breaks the shells into fragments. To cut this fastening rope the purveyor of shell-fish passes his knife betwixt the valves, and then makes a kind of circular cut round the lower third of the shell; as a street fish-seller explained it to me, "You see, govner, if we only cuts his main standard, why, he aint got no kind of a chance." The act of opening the valves is accomplished by the *hinge*, a tough elastic material that extends a trifle over a third of the length of the shells, commencing near the apex. This hinge is always acting in direct antagonism to the closing rope. When the rope is severed, the hinge, no longer opposed, exerts its contractile power, and the valves are pulled asunder. If you investigate a heap of empty mussel shells you will observe they all gape.

Having forced the house open, we survey the occupant, and observe it has a brown-looking foot, with a little tuft of hair-like material hanging from it, the *bysus* or beard, "the bit of pisen-weed," as the shell-fish sellers style it, and which, by the way, they maintain is

the cause of the disagreeable symptoms which sometimes accrue from eating these mollusks. A person is said to be "musselled" when thus affected.

The orange-coloured membrane lining the interior of both valves is the mantle. If we choose to watch a batch of mussels moored by their beards to the sides of a rock-pool, the greater number will be seen to have the shells partly open, displaying the bright golden-looking mantle, and the breathing organs, which are fringed with minute cirri, or bristle-like affairs; these by constantly and rapidly vibrating cause a current of water to flow over the delicate gills; this stream, so to speak, serves a two-fold purpose: it conveys food and air to the mussel, the water, after being robbed of all it contained useful to the mussel's necessities, is discharged through an exit channel provided for the purpose.

It is not so much with the exquisite anatomical structure of the mussel that we have now to do; its enemies, habits, and mercantile value are matters demanding our more immediate attention. Oyster dredgers hate the mussel, and brand it as a destroyer of oysters—an accusation more fancied than real. We do not say the mussel is entirely guiltless; and we are ready to admit that a *native* is now and then killed by mussels. It happens in this wise:—The oyster, feeding and fattening in indolent enjoyment, offers to the baby mussels, drifting about mere waifs in the sea, a tempting resting-place, and so they make fast their beards, and settle down for life. The oyster, unconscious or heedless of the growing evils on its shell, continues to enjoy life according to the most approved fashion in oysterdom. The mussel's strength lies in its hair, as did Samson's aforetime; the beards grow and gradually extend until they cross the edges of the oyster's shells. Too late to remedy the evil, the stupid "native" contents itself by sucking in a living through an aperture, which day by day grows less. At last the mussel shuts the oyster's mouth altogether; and unable either to eat, drink, or "whistle," it dies; the murderer dredged up perchance in the very act, the whole mussel family are stigmatised unfairly as oyster-killers.

The dog-whelk (*nassa reticulata*), the *purpura lapillus*, from which a purple dye was at one time procured, and the stony-winkle (*murex erinaceus*), are alike terrible enemies to mussels. Provided with an efficient boring apparatus, these burglars prowl over the mussel banks. The mussels wisely shut their doors and refuse to admit their enemies. "What do we care?" say they; "if he will not open the door, why we can bore a hole through the panel." So the robbers set to work, drill their way through

one of the valves, and then suck the mussel's substance through it. Star-fish, or "five-fingers," take a large toll from off the mussel banks; wrapping their sucker-clad fingers or arms round the helpless shell-fish, they bring the central disk or mouth against the edges of the mussel's shells, and by some process not easy of explanation, entirely abstract the contents. Then sea-birds eat them, crows eat them, fish eat them, and man not only eats them, but employs them for bait.

No one will for a moment deny the commercial importance of mussels in these days of dear provisions; not that these shell-fish constitute in themselves so important an article of food that their dearth or dearness would prove any very material inconvenience to anybody; but their value lies in the fact that no other kind of bait is found to be so useful and effective as the mussel for the capture of deep-sea fishes fitted for human food.

It is well known that the supply of mussels hitherto derived from our own sea-coasts is rapidly diminishing; year after year, spots, regarded as prolific mussel banks yielding inexhaustible supplies, are rendered now mere barren wastes by the constant and growing demand for mussels. The old mussels are picked off and carried away, and no persons appear to deem it necessary to rear and provide growing stock to replace them. What should we predict of a farmer who went on and on killing his stock of breeding animals, without ever bestowing a thought about rearing others to fill the vacancies? Nevertheless this is precisely what our fishermen are doing, in regard to mussels, and, as a matter of course, they are rapidly exhausting their bait-farms. The following statements will give the reader some idea of the consumption of mussels, although at best it is but a remote approximation to the actual numbers used for bait and consumed as food each year in the United Kingdom:—

A bushel measure will contain, at a rough estimate, 2,000 mussels, and, in London only, 50,400 bushels are consumed annually as food for the "million." "One million quarts, sold in the streets by costermongers at one penny per quart, would give a return of 4,000*l.* per annum." The consumption in Edinburgh and Leith, Dr. Knapp tells us, is ten bushels per week; in all, 400 bushels per year. But even this is a mere nothing when we consider the supply required for deep-sea fishing. We will select Newhaven as one example:—

"There are four large deep-sea fishing boats, which generally go out three times a week thirty weeks in the year; each boat carries a crew of eight men, and eight fishing lines, each line 800 yards in length; to bait each

one of these long lines, 1,200 mussels are required. Add to the four deep-sea fishing boats sixteen lesser craft that go fishing every day, wind and weather permitting (Sundays excepted), for the annual supply of which 3,456,000 mussels are needed for baiting the lines, and the number of these shell-fish consumed each year in Newhaven only will be seen to be something enormous." Quite as many, if not more, are used at Musselburgh, Buckhaven, Elie, Anstruther, and elsewhere in Scotland.

The French have set us good examples: firstly, in the cultivation of the oyster; and secondly, in "mussel-farming," a system our own fishermen will have to adopt if they continue to require and employ mussels as bait. The system now extensively carried on at many places along the coast of France for the rearing and fattening mussels is simple in the extreme, and could be easily and cheaply carried out at any locality on our own seaboard suited to the habits of the mussel. The "spat" of the mussel, or, in other words, the baby mussels, after quitting the shell of the mother, float about in the sea until some fitting object is reached to which they are able to affix themselves by the slender beards previously described. To catch these ocean waifs, the mussel-farmer drives in a row of large stakes some distance beyond low-water mark; on these posts the tiny mussels, when so minute as to be hardly visible to the unassisted eye, fix themselves in myriads. Their growth appears to be somewhat rapid, for in five months after they "stick" they attain to the size of a horse-bean. When thus far grown they are scraped off the outer posts or stakes, and carried to other posts nearer in-shore; and the plan the collector adopts to transfer them is most simple and effective. He places about twenty or more mussels in a bag made of old fishing-net; the bag and its contents are then nailed to the stake; the mussels soon fasten their beards firmly to the wood through the meshes of the net, the net rots and leaves its former tenants securely moored and swinging by their own cables. The batches of mussels clinging to the stakes are regularly thinned, the larger mussels are transferred to fitting feeding grounds, and the cleared spaces refilled with bags of mussels scraped from off the outside posts.

A writer in "Chambers's Journal" gives an interesting account of one of these mussel-farms at Aiguillon, which he tells us owes its existence in some measure to an accident. "An Irish vessel, laden with sheep, having been wrecked in the bay so long ago as 1235, only one out of all the crew was saved; this man's name was Walton, and he became

the founder of the present industry by means of the 'bouchot' system of cultivation."

To save himself from starvation, Walton set traps to catch sea-birds; these tidal traps were simply nets fastened to stakes driven into the mud between tide-marks. The sailor soon observed that the stakes to which his nets were fastened became rapidly coated over with a cluster of mussels. This discovery he very wisely turned to a practical account in the manner before described, that of employing a succession of stakes from deep water shoreward.

This ingenious man also constructed a queer kind of canoe (*pirogue*) for the purpose of travelling over the extensive mud-plots exposed at low-tide at Aiguillon. The man, wishing to cross the mud, kneels in his little wooden vessel with one leg, the other, being encased in a great boot, is fixed deep in the mud; a lift of the little canoe with both hands, and a simultaneous shove with the mud-engulfed leg, and lo! a progress of many inches is achieved. It may be a very useful, but assuredly it cannot be an enjoyable, mode of progression.

If this story has fact for its foundation, mussel-farming is no novel discovery.

The mussel-farm at Aiguillon, it is stated, returns an annual revenue "of about a million and a quarter of francs, or, to speak roundly, upwards of fifty-two thousand pounds a-year."

It is well known to our own fishermen that mussels, like sheep and cattle, improve in condition if transferred from poor to richer feeding-ground. Pennant tells of the toothsome and much-esteemed Hambledon Hookers, mussels that were fattened in the river Weir. Newhaven mussels are said to be of a finer quality and richer flavour if gathered north of the pier. Along the Fifeshire coast, it is a common practice to make "mussel gardens,"—small enclosures, in other words, made by building stone walls about a foot in height, between high and low water marks. These "gardens" are filled with mussels in readiness to be devoured as required.

Unless something is done to protect or to reproduce the rapidly-vanishing but valuable mussel—important commercially alike to the rich and poor—we shall surely enact the old fable over again of the goose and her golden egg, as we have already done to our cost with salmon and oysters.

J. K. LORD.

ST. VALENTINE AS A SATIRIST.

PREPOSTEROUS as it now seems to me, I did once think this person the sweetest, mildest, most amiable saint in the calendar. I fancy I always had a private misgiving that he was a little deficient intellectually; he

seemed so much given to doggerel poetry, and generally evinced such a low taste in matters of pictorial art. But I believed him to be well-meaning, though lackadaisical; oh yes, so well meaning. That was before I found out he could jerk his thumb over his left shoulder with an adroitness there is not another saint can pretend to; I had not then caught him with his tongue unmistakably thrust in his cheek, making a grimace; it was previous to my hearing him jibe at people's personal appearance, scoff at their style of dress, speak slightly of their occupations, jeer at their manners. I was younger then than I am now, and every little eccentricity I noticed in his behaviour I set down to a rollicking spirit of fun. Fun, eh? What do you say on this score, old people—you, I mean, who are over five-and-twenty? Valentine a saint! He is no more fit for the post than I am. I suspect his moral principles; I don't believe, for all his talk about it, that he is sound on the question of marriage. If he were, is it likely that he would so invariably represent all of us who have been to church as fools? He brings ridicule upon us as parents, picturing us burdened with twins in our arms, and describes us in all kinds of absurd domestic situations. The ladies, especially, should remember this. I myself believe that Valentine, if the order of saintship had not existed, would still never have been a marrying man.

But it is not only on this ground I have a quarrel with him; I prefer a score of accusations against him. To hear some individuals talk, it might be thought he confined himself to enlivening dull love affairs a little, and that the worst thing he was guilty of was the causing slight mystifications of youthful hearts. It is not so. He sets up for a universal censor, he meddles with everything, and the mischief he makes is frightful. The truth is, if adult folks would but have the courage to admit it, his "Day" is more dreaded by the bulk of us than even the quarter-days are. Oh, the meanness we mature people show in this matter! At the barest mention of this scapegrace saint's name everybody, even at thirty, forty, and fifty years old, summons up a painful smile, as if it were wished to be thought that all of us went on, after the twentieth birthday as before it, receiving nothing per post at the end of the first fortnight in February but pretty plates with a couple of hearts transfixed by a barbed skewer, suspended within a floral border over a pair of lovers seated in an arbour, and a peaceful rustic church, with temptingly open door, showing in the mild perspective. I don't think it is quite so in the case of every-

body, and if not, somebody else, as well as St. Valentine, is playing the deceiver. On the contrary, I believe that some of us, enlightened by painful experience, are dolefully expecting to receive that morning ruthless and abominable communications, for bringing which we shall feel a private wish to kick the unfeeling postman. It is, in a word, an awful time to many; and more bad language will be used that day than for a month previously. But I will go a little into detail.

It is an uncomfortable fact, but it has to be admitted,—we are not all models of symmetry and beauty; and, thanks to St. Valentine, most of us are reminded of it at least once a year. Any one whose nose is an inch or so longer than it need to have been, or which turns up a trifle, or hooks down a bit; or who has hair out of the ordinary colour, or whose eyes are not quite perfect specimens of the organs of vision; or who has any peculiarity of gait or carriage,—all these persons, for some days past, have been growing more and more alive to the fact. If by some accident, they could forget it, on the morning of the hateful Fourteenth they will be made fully aware of it on opening the letters. I have recently examined in a stationer's shop as fine a collection of spiteful exaggerations in the way of personal caricature as can well be conceived; and each and all were awaiting circulation under the sanction of the amiable saint. Innocent pictures of cooing doves, eh? By no manner of means. The malice of the serpent peeps out in every line and curve of them. Their direct purpose is to destroy your peace of mind, and break down all sense of self-respect. How can it be otherwise? If you are conscious that your mouth, for instance, is a little awry, and you receive a representation showing it twitched up to the ear, how do you know that that is not more like how it appears to others than you have been thinking? Or, suppose that your hatter has a slight difficulty in accurately fitting you, is it reassuring to get on sweet Valentine's morning the pictorial counterfeit of a person *all* head, and whose hat-brims project over his shoulders? Your legs cannot depart in the faintest degree from utter perpendicularity without its being suggested that they resemble bows. It is just the same with any specialty you may display in dress. Suppose that you have a fancy for wearing plaids; very well, that day's post will bring you the ridiculous image of a person the pattern of whose attire is on the scale of five-barred gates. You are not safe in selecting your neck-ties, nor even your gloves; the one, it will perhaps be pictorially suggested have ends a quarter of a yard long, and the others

will possibly be represented to be of a blood-red!

But it is not only that your mental tranquillity is disturbed by these indecent sarcasms founded on personal appearance, your profession, your occupation, your trade, is certain to be set in some ridiculous light. Amiable Valentine always sketches you at the worst moment. Say you are a barrister. Well, here is a finely-drawn portrait of a personage, in an unearthly gown and wig, who is standing preposterously on tip-toe, with the indignant forefinger of one raised hand levelled at an imaginary jury, at whom he is glaring with an expression of wrath suggestive of an immediate assault. You recognise the truthfulness of it, of course? Is it not scandalous that just the half-second in which you close your final appeal should have been selected as giving an average specimen of your usual forensic manner? Some innocent people may really believe that that is how you always address juries,—always standing on tip-toe, always one finger pointed, always glaring. Take a still more critical illustration. Saint though he be, dear Valentine will not even respect the pulpit. It indicates what his principles must be;—he is no more religious than he is moral, and I understood that, although saints have been known to be lacking in the latter qualification, the absence of the former was not to be tolerated. In the collection of artistic representations I have alluded to, I came upon several in which—if you belong to that profession which ought not to be brought into contempt, either by yourselves or Valentine—you are shown as if, excited by your own eloquence, you were in the very act of tearing your surplice; or else in the attitude of pantomimically embracing the whole congregation over the desk top; or of flourishing a handkerchief, suggestive of your having lost your manuscript, and being engaged in consequence making signals of distress. It is the same all the way round. If your occupation makes it necessary to turn up your coat-cuffs, be assured the saint will represent you stripped to your shirt-sleeves; if for one instant in the day you have anything to do which makes you look ludicrous, that is the *pose* in which you are permanently fixed.

However, if the saint is unfair, I won't be so, not even to one who has done me such—but never mind that. For once, I'll set a saint a better example. I admit that, in certain cases, his satire does good, and is highly convenient. On that one day in the year hints can be conveyed with a facility and effect which are impossible on any other. You have a neighbour who will persist in

playing on the piano till two o'clock in the morning? Valentine will come to your aid there. Striking drawings are available of frantic performers, with streaming hair, rolling their eyes, and going mad before the instrument; while underneath the portraits charming mottoes are placed, conveying by allusions to caterwauling and other such-like sounds of the solemn night, your opinion of the merits of the music. I have known even "an oblique grand" piano silenced for a whole week by the dispatch of one of these missives. Then, there are cases of persons who, owing to some peculiarity of character, appear to remain perfectly oblivious to the progress of time over their heads, and who at thirty-eight adhere to the dress, as well as imitate the manners, of eighteen. Portraits in which the wrinkles are picturesquely exaggerated into furrows of an inch or so deep, have before this been known to suggest to a lady the propriety of ceasing to wear feathered hats, and for the future confining herself to more concealing bonnets. By means of other well-selected sketches it is possible for one dear lady-friend anonymously to suggest to another, that the imitation on the cheeks of the departed bloom of youth is attempted a little too boldly, or that the luxuriance of adorning tresses reflects great credit on the previous owner of them.

The other sex is made to profit in a similar way. Subsequently to the 14th, men have been observed to wear their dress not so strikingly contrasting with their fading complexions, and generally to restrain the tailor in his style. Young fellows who have a fancy for wearing unnecessary eye-glasses, or for whirling sticks about as they walk, or for indulging in a little too much dignity of strut, have been known to moderate all these peculiarities after the arrival of St. Valentine's postman.

Hints of a still more private, and indeed, very domestic nature are also not infrequently conveyed through the saint's instrumentality. Husbands who are too uxorious, or who attend to household affairs a little too much in detail, can be reminded of it by representations of marital heroes in a score of undignified situations; and, in the same way, ladies who are not quite sufficiently domesticated in their habits can at this season be made aware of it. The opportunity can be taken advantage of by all ranks. If the mistress of the house is over strict, on one day of the year the servants can take a safe revenge, by transmitting the likeness of a female jailer, and by insinuating that there is prison-fare in the kitchen. So it goes on in every circle, and one peculiarity of the business is, that the most effective of the communications are

thought to come from the sweetest and closest friends.

Ladies, get your pocket handkerchiefs ready; and, gentlemen, don't swear any more than you can help. St. Valentine is a ruthless fellow; he only laughs at tears, and I doubt he is not much shocked by oaths. All the little foibles of life and the necessary common-places of existence will be satirised. The only persons in any way favoured will be the very young, the single thing not made quite contemptible will be first love. Even here, I have already given warning for believing that the saint is more than a bit of a rake. It is all very well to stick churches about in his landscapes, with white-sleeved parsons at the doors inviting youthful pairs to step in and listen to the marriage service. I, of course, think that that is the very best thing they can do; but then they ought to know that if they are once tempted to quit the shaded alley and pass within the sacred door, St. Valentine, the deceiver, has certainly done with them in any favourable sense. It is odds that next year the gallant swain is drawn afresh in the act of laboriously urging on a fully occupied perambulator; and the fair damsel, now so bewitching in muslin, and lace, and flowers, will not unlikely be pictured quite *en déshabille*. Oh dear! his vagaries are very hard to bear when you are over five-and-twenty, or are married; but, after all, the roguish saint is such a favourite among the young, and is such a sentimentalist on that one charming topic of love's first dream, that we must not part with him in anger.

Good-bye, Valentine, you are a shocking satirist, and an awful rogue; but you are, also, an indispensable fellow. The young folks would never manage without you, though I could do so very—. Ah, well! I won't finish my sentence. I want to part friendly, and I hope you'll long keep up your annual visits, St. Valentine. W. CYPLES.

WORKMEN AND THEIR TOOLS.

"A bad shearer never got a good hook."
Scotch Proverb.

THAT "bad workmen find fault with their tools" is one of the most pithy of proverbs. These wise saws are often superficial, flippant, partial in their application, but the homely language of this one expresses so profound and universal a truth that we meet with examples every day of our lives; we illustrated it ourselves probably this morning, and shall do so again before we go to bed. "Excuse this scrawl," pleads the bad and careless writer at the end of a blotted epistle, to comprehend which his correspondent should have been

taught to read, write, and decipher, "but I have got the most abominable pen." As if, having a bad pen, he could not cut it; or as though it were not his duty, if his work really depended so much upon his tool, to invest in a gold one, and always carry it in his waistcoat pocket.

But it is a fact that I have seen a good writer take a quill stump with gaping nib and plastered with the clotted ink of months, out of a coffee-room inkstand, and with it fill a sheet with characters which might be taken for copper-plate. I also possess some chapters of the Alcoran written in the most delicate and legible hand (only it is Hindustani, or some other language with which I am unacquainted) upon slips of dried grass about as broad as a moderate bonnet ribbon, with an instrument exactly like a small butcher's steel.

"How is one to carve with such a knife as this?" asks the hacker, who helps you to the mutilated pinion of a chicken instead of a wing, and who will not go down to the bone of a leg of mutton, but chips little slices out of the surface, leaving the delicious meat around the "pope's-eye" an unexplored and ragged mass, fit only to be wasted in a hash—"There is no difference between the back and the edge!"

Bad plain cooks are terrible examples; they are always wanting some strange instrument for steaming potatoes, or a larger fish-kettle, or a new range, the absence of which causes them to spoil your dinners; but oh, what delicious repasts I have partaken of, prepared by a real artist in a mountain hut, under most disadvantageous circumstances!

It is not the bowling or the fielding that overthrows the cricketer who scores a round O, but his bat; easterly winds and bright waters invariably account for the non-success of fishermen who will not learn that though they are anxious to see the trout, the trout by no means reciprocates that desire. The timid rider always has an obstinate horse, who insists upon refusing his fences; and the bad shot never gets a gun that shoots straight. I myself entertain a private conviction that I should play a very fair game at billiards if I could only get a cue to suit me. I never do now-a-days, and believe that the art of making them is lost, like glass-staining. My younger antagonists think, I know, that my eyesight is defective and my hand not quite so steady as it once was; but oh, I would soon prove to them that they are mistaken if I could only get hold of a good cue.

I am not one of those persons who take a dyspeptic pleasure in depreciating the skill, courage, and talent of the present age; for

while I yield to no one in the honour I bear to departed heroes in arms, arts, and song, I have a firm faith in another homely saying, that "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it;" but it is impossible to help acknowledging that improved mechanical contrivances are not the aids to success that one would expect, and modern results are not equivalent to modern appliances. An inspection of the latest improvements in warlike engines, for example, would lead us to expect an immense increase of carnage in warfare, with fewer and more decisive battles in the course of a campaign. A body of troops coming within range of such artillery as we have now, ought apparently to be shelled out of existence in five minutes. Two hostile battalions, armed with the newest things in rifles, and approaching within three hundred yards of each other, should be mutually swept away at about the third volley. Any ship attempting an entrance into an enemy's harbour, ought inevitably to be blown out of the water by torpedos; and yet the damage done is not much greater than in the days of "Brown Bess," spherical shot, and vertical shells exploded by fuses. The wounds caused by conical bullets are, indeed, more dangerous, and more subject when healed to inflict neuralgic agonies upon the patient; but this effect, however desirable in itself from a philanthropic point of view, has no influence whatever on the issue of a battle or a campaign. Fewer Greeks recover to fight again; fewer Trojans also. And after all, if an increased mortality amongst the wounded is an advantage, the poisoned arrow of the savage does its work more thoroughly.

Of course this maintenance of the old equilibrium between modern hostile armies is owing to the equal improvement of the slaughter tools on either side (though the New Zealanders in their paks, armed with double-barreled fowling pieces, gave our picked troops a deal of trouble); but whatever may be the cause, the fact remains.

The utmost we could hope from any admiral of a fleet of Black Princes and Coles' cupolas would be, that he should rival the results obtained by Drake, Nelson, Collingwood, with their obsolete old tubs; nay, even their battles were eclipsed, as far, I mean, as results are concerned, by one which was once fought with clumsy galleys, before gunpowder was invented—for the only sea-fight which ever decided the fate of an empire was the battle of Actium; though the destruction of the Spanish Armada was certainly of importance to Queen Bess and her subjects.

The same failure in promised effect meets

us when we inquire into the practical use of a weapon invented rather for the protection of the individual—the ingenious and deadly revolver. A traveller armed with it might be supposed to carry, like an old English archer, by-the-by, six men's lives in his belt. But it seems doubtful whether the six-shooter is in reality so valuable a weapon as the old smooth-bored pistol, for it sends its small bullet clean through the body of an assailant, killing him eventually, which is not the object of the man attacked, but failing to disable him at the moment, which is; while a heavy round bullet knocks a man over even if it does not wound him in a vital part. A talented and enthusiastic "gunner" who has happened to take up the last folios of this MS., tells me that the reason why modern arms of precision have not as yet had the practical effect which theoretically seems inevitable, is the smoke. When gun-cotton or some such smokeless substitute for gunpowder is in general use, the slaughter will be of a most satisfactory nature; he tells me, battles will be over in a very short time, or else rival the famous combat between the Kilkenny cats. We doubt it; armies will manoeuvre to turn each other's flanks at a greater distance, that will be all. However, if we live long enough we shall see.

In the matter of discovery it really seems as if elaborate preparations and favourable circumstances were incompatible with success. I am almost ashamed to mention Columbus; the details of his wonderful voyage, and even the tonnage of the little vessel in which he made it are so very familiar to the reader, but his case is such a strong one in point that I cannot help alluding to it, and expressing an opinion that if he had been *Med* and well treated by his sovereign and a few learned societies, if the public and the press had grown enthusiastic about his expedition, if he had sailed in an A 1 vessel, provided with every arrangement for comfort and safety, and manned by an intelligent and well-disciplined crew, he would never have been heard of again, and the discovery of America would have been reserved for an explorer starting in a more happy-go-lucky manner, with some laughing at him, others croaking, none encouraging.

Who discovered the source of the Nile? Not a professional geographer who had spent years in the study of barbaric languages before starting; not one who had become naturalised amongst the Abyssinians, lived upon ghee, endured unlimited woe, and worn nothing but a pat of butter placed on his head every morning, for half a lifetime, with the sole purpose of unriddling the great

secret; but a young officer who was very fond of shooting, and desirous of penetrating Africa for the purpose of completing a fine collection of stuffed animals in England.

Take again the North-west passage by land, which will certainly be followed by most important results; how simple were the plans, how scanty the outfit of Lord Milton and Dr. Oheadle, how little fuss they made about their tremendous undertaking, and how completely they succeeded!

How sadly often improved life-boats and patent davits seem to fail the shipwrecked sailor at the crisis, while the crews of sinking vessels destitute of such aids make for themselves rafts, and escape. Can it be that elaborate contrivances paralyse men's energies in the hour of danger? Or do they inspire a fatal confidence which leads them to neglect the means of safety till it is too late?

It would be an absurd effort of special pleading to attempt to underrate the wonders of modern engineering, or the effects which railways, ocean steamers, and electric telegraphs have upon the world at large. But that is not the question I am considering, which is whether the successes of nations or individuals are *proportionate* to the means at their disposal, and I do not think that they often are, or, if so, that it is inversely. It is singular that an immense improvement in facility of communication with our Indian possessions was followed so closely by the mutiny. This, of course, may have been a mere coincidence, but surely it is doubtful whether railways have yet had anything like the effect of the old Roman roads upon Europe.

The works accomplished by French and English engineers with the aid of modern science are great, but those of the Assyrians and Egyptians without it rival them. That a tubular bridge should be raised to such a height above the Menai Straits by hydraulic engines is wonderful, but how did a rude people who had no such appliances manage to get those top transverse stones on Salisbury Plain into their places?

In fact, engineers are an exceptional race, it always has been their province to astonish the world by the accomplishment of impossibilities, and they certainly have not degenerated. They are wonderful workmen and make a wonderful use of their wonderful tools. If, therefore, you have a talent for mechanical contrivance, employ it upon instruments for tunnelling under mountains or lifting the beds of rivers, and you may see a satisfactory use made of your invention. Do not waste your time upon telegraphy, which is not half so useful as it ought to be, and is terribly

given to delays, mistakes, and Delphic utterances. Really the savage king of Dahomey, who has messages conveyed to him by a line of men stationed just within call of one another for very considerable distances with almost incredible rapidity, might put to shame some of our electric telegraph companies.

The soldiers of science are conquering fresh worlds every day; but, with the exception of the microscope, their new and ingenious weapons do not seem to afford them the aid which might be expected. When a man is gifted with the genius which enables him to pierce into the mysteries of nature, he can invent his own instruments, with which to test the truth of his theories; such very skilful workmen are greatly independent of exterior aid. If ever you go to Cambridge pay a visit to Trinity College library and see Newton's tools. It is in art, however, that the inefficacy of mechanical aids and appliances is most apparent. The more an architect's work is smoothed out for him the less successful he seems to be; if labour is scarce, stone difficult to get, carriage precarious, funds withheld, the engines for raising the blocks to their places rude and clumsy, there arises a palace which looks royal all over, or a cathedral which impresses the beholder with a sense of inspirations. Give the architect all he asks for, and you generally get a heavy, vulgar block, a tasteless jumble, or a tawdry sham. Pharaoh knew what he was about when he obliged his workmen to make bricks without straw, you may depend upon it, and desired to throw a salutary impediment in the way of his builder, as well as to harass the Israelites.

Why do the English get worse statues and have to wait longer for them than other nations, but because they pay better and are more careful to supply the sculptors they employ with all they want?

I do not know that modern painters have any peculiar advantages in the way of mechanical aids which were not possessed by the old masters, and will not therefore allude to them further than to call attention to those beautiful missals, which were illuminated by monks, who certainly laboured under very great difficulties.

No musician has been inspired by the magnificent organs we now possess, with a music to be for one moment compared with that which Handel composed under the influence of an inferior instrument, which no village church at the present day would accept as a gift; while as if to render this instance all the more striking, modern music has been composed by the violin, an instrument which,

being perfect, has undergone no change equal to any of its class.

To leap down from the realms of art to a very low example, did you ever hear of an escape from prison which was not effected by the most simple means? Shut a man up in an ordinarily strong room, with a box of tools to amuse himself with and as many yards of rope as he pleases, and so long as his jailers were moderately vigilant he would lie there till he died or was released. But bar him up in a dungeon elaborately contrived, with as many outer coats to it as an onion, load his limbs with chains, and the muskets of his numerous sentries with ball cartridge, and if he can only get hold of a rusty nail, a bit of watchspring which he can chip into a file, and an old shirt to be twisted into a rope, he will be out in a twinkling.

Here this paper was to have ended, but while it lay in my desk waiting for revision—the editor, Mr. Rhadamanthus, having a weakness in favour of intelligible sentences and correct spelling—I happened to turn into the museum of the provincial town where I am staying. There was only one other visitor at the time, a working-man, who was absorbed in contemplation of a glass case containing specimens of manufacture from the South Sea Islands.

"Very fair work for savages, is it not?" I observed.

"I believe you, sir!" he replied, with enthusiasm. "Look at the figures and network on that 'ere bone spoon. Just cast a eye on that waddy, and the carving of that paddle, all done with flints and eister shells. Why, it's first-class. I'm a carver and turner myself, and I ought to know. Why, there ain't a hand in our shop could beat it with the best tools, not if he hadn't a pattern afore him, not one."

I suppose the real truth of the matter is that a good workman will do better with bad or improvised tools, than a bad workman with the best, and that, when head, hand and instrument are all of superior quality, the result is the most satisfactory of all, and perhaps you think that I have taken rather a circuitous route to arrive at a truism.

L. HOUGH.

KANGAROOS AND OPOSSUMS.

I HAVE lately passed a few days in the agreeable society of a well-informed and intelligent gentleman, the proprietor of a large estate in what is called Gipps's Land, and another in the Western District, two of the most productive in the colony of Victoria. In the extensive provinces of this district,

bounded on one side by a river, his numerous herds of cattle depasture, and become fat in a very short space of time. Their grass was, however, much diminished by the quantities of kangaroos, which also fed on the productive grass. To give some idea of their extraordinary number, I may mention that one gentleman, a squatter, shipped to England in the year 1863 no fewer than 30,000 skins taken from those animals killed on his run, but which, it is to be regretted, were of but little value in this country. Extraordinary, however, as it may appear, after this large quantity had been destroyed, their number did not seem perceptibly diminished. My informant said, that in driving along the roads he had seen them as thick together as a flock of sheep. In order to show the injury they do to the cattle browses, it may be mentioned that they feed on the best part of the native grasses, where it is the shortest and sweetest. Their increased numbers may be accounted for by the destruction, by poison, of the native dogs which formerly killed many of the kangaroos, and also by the blacks being at present so few in number that they do not procure them for food as formerly was the case when they were more numerous.

The English settlers do not prize the flesh of the animal, except the tail, which is made into soups, and considered as good as ox-tail soup, although rather more glutinous.

The kangaroo is hunted by dogs which are a cross between the deer or stag-hound and the English greyhound, for it requires a very fast dog to overtake them in the chase; in fact, speed with strength. One dog by himself is no match for an old kangaroo, for it will take one of these large dogs up in his forearms and run away with him with the greatest possible ease. The claws on the hind legs of the kangaroo are formidable weapons: with them they can rip up a dog, and even a man, if he happens to come in too close contact with it. The supposition that they spring from their tail is quite a mistake: they only use the tail in order to balance themselves, and also as a rudder. While running at full speed, a fence four feet six inches in height will not stop them: they will clear it with as much ease as a horse could, or perhaps with more ease than a horse.

The kangaroo, like the opossum, has an abdominal pouch. This singular animal was discovered by that great navigator, Captain Cook, in the year 1770, in New Holland, as it was then termed. Its principal progress when in motion is by leaps, and these have been ascertained to exceed twenty feet at a time; and thus it will elude the swiftness of the fleetest greyhound. The kangaroo is now

known to feed standing on its fore feet, like other quadrupeds. The female has two breasts in the pouch, on each of which are two teats; and yet, strange to say, she has generally but one young one at a time. It is then excluded from her uterus and placed in the pouch, but by what process has, I believe, never yet been satisfactorily ascertained. It then scarcely exceeds an inch in length, and weighs about twenty grains. At this time, according to some naturalists, its mouth is only a round hole, only large enough to receive the nipple. It has been supposed that in the first instance it is attached to the teat by a glutinous substance which is found in the uterus. At this time, fable as it may appear, (I quote from Philosophical Transactions), the forepaws are comparatively large and strong, and the claws extremely distinct, in order to facilitate the motion of the little animal during its residence in the large pouch; while the hind legs, which are afterwards to become very long and stout, are now both shorter and smaller than the others. The young one continues to reside in the pouch till it has attained its full maturity, occasionally running out for exercise or amusement; and even after it has quitted this maternal retreat, it often runs into it for shelter on the least appearance of danger.

I have been assured by an eye-witness of the fact, that when a female kangaroo, with a young one in its pouch, has been hard pressed by dogs, she has been seen to take the young with her fore feet and throw it as far as she was able on one side, so as to lighten her own burthen and thus to facilitate her escape. It has been supposed from this fact that she has but little regard for her young; but such probably is not the case, but more likely that, having evaded the pursuit of the dogs, she returns to seek her young one.

Kangaroos live entirely on vegetable substances. In their native state they are said to feed in herds of thirty or forty together, and one is generally observed to be stationed, apparently on the watch, to give alarm of approaching danger, at a distance from the rest, similarly to what gregarious birds are known to do. One writer (Laba-trardière) has been of opinion that they live in burrows which they form in the ground, but I am not aware that there is any authority for this supposition. There is a smaller species of kangaroo in New Holland, about the size of a badger, which certainly burrows in the ground. Not so the larger one, which frequently is found to be as tall as a man.

The hair of the kangaroo is of a greyish-brown colour, similar to that of our wild rabbit. It is thick and long when the animal

is old, but it is late in growing, and when only begun to grow is like ashy down.

The teeth of the kangaroo are so singular, that, according to the celebrated naturalist,

John Hunter, it is impossible from them to say to what tribe they belong. They are not ruminating animals.

The opossum is another extraordinary



animal, with a pouch for the reception of its young. Mr. Hunter tells us that he was so fortunate as to ascertain the size and weight of several embryos immediately after their exclusion from the uterus. One of them only weighed a grain. The weight of the six other young ones was but little more than this. The young opossums, unformed and perfectly without sight as they are at this period, find their way to the teats by an invariable instinct. They continue about fifty days in the pouch, when they attain the size of a common mouse; then they begin to leave the teats occasionally, but return to them again

till they are about the size of rats. Their eyes open about the end of fifty days from their first reception in the pouch. The animal attains its full growth in about five months.

The opossum is distinct from all other animals, for there is not one that it can be immediately classed with, except it is a second degree from the monkey. It is supposed that they pair. They eat fruits of all kinds. It is about the size of a small cat, and when on the ground it appears to be very helpless, but it is able to ascend trees with great facility. It hunts after birds and marmots, and is

destructive to poultry. It will put on a semblance of death when in danger. They are very tenacious of life: there is an old saying, "If a cat has nine lives the opossum has nineteen." Their flesh is white and well tasted, and is by some preferred to pork.

There is something in the mode of propagation in this animal that deviates from all others. It is known to be extraordinary, but the investigation has never been completed. Mr. Hunter tells us that he has endeavoured to breed them in this country, having brought a great many, and had friends who assisted him by bringing them or sending them alive, yet he never could get them to breed.

As the female opossum has a false belly, it may be supposed that she does not make any nest for her young, but carries them from place to place. The male opossum has a small tendency to a pouch on the belly.

It is to be regretted that we have not more decisive knowledge of the animals of New South Wales; as they are, upon the whole, like no others that we are acquainted with. They occupied much of Mr. Hunter's attention, but he evidently failed in classing them to his satisfaction.

EDWARD JESSE.

THE LAST OF THE LINE.

FAIRLEIGH HALL was a long, lone, richly-mullioned edifice, dating, according to old family records, from the earlier part of the reign of Elizabeth—the *beau-ideal* of a commoner's family mansion.

The Fairleights, though as a family not quite as venerable as the house in which they lived, were yet of a very good stock. The first Sir Walter was made a baronet by George I., and it was he who had inherited the hall through his marriage with a daughter of Lord Minsterleigh. Himself an artist, and a noted connoisseur, he devoted the whole of his life, and the greater part of his fortune, to the quest and purchase of the rarer works of art. He raised a long, lofty picture-gallery for the reception of his treasures, and left to his successor a collection inferior to none in the kingdom. The second baronet inherited his father's taste, and from that time until the title failed, the passion for art was the hereditary boast of the race. But their resources were not such as easily to sustain the continual burdens which were laid upon them. Mortgage after mortgage was effected on the estates: every here and there a corner of land was sold off as though by stealth from the ancient patrimony, so that the sixth baronet, on his accession to the title, had found himself heir of little else than the debts and liabilities of his ancestors. In fact, with a collection of

treasures whose value could only be appreciated by a few, but which had cost their possessors little short of a quarter of a million, Sir Walter Fairleigh was on the brink of ruin and disgrace. Fifty thousand pounds would retrieve him; but he well knew that even if he could persuade himself to part with the accumulations of his fathers, the sacrifice of a forced sale would be almost as difficult to endure as the extremities of a life of poverty.

When Sir Walter was twenty-five, an old aunt of his father's, who had gathered up in her life the threads of various little patrimonies and legacies, and had never done a particle of good with her money to any living thing, died; but left her will behind her. Now Sir Walter had more than once been on a visit to his aunt, and had been treated by her with less capricious severity than was the fate of most who approached her. The fate, for instance, of Mrs. Needleham's companion, Lucy Travers, who consulted for that lady's comfort, performed that lady's behests, and suffered that lady's outrageous tyranny, for a remuneration of eighty pounds a year.

Lucy Travers was a slight, dark-haired, delicate girl, with a love-me-or-leave-me sort of look in her eyes, and a fascinating saucy defiance of manner, that took Walter by storm at their very first meeting. She was the orphan of a clergyman, who had died and left her utterly penniless. So she came to Mrs. Needleham, like a good girl as she was, determined to earn the bread she ate, and make herself a home on the earth. And, I suppose because she *was* good, and because Walter made his partiality for her a little too manifest, it ended in her being sent away with bitter words and acts, with thirteen pounds six shillings and eightpence in her pocket, as the due proportion of her "second quarter's wages up to the day of dismissal." But the precaution was vain. Walter discovered the girl, now a governess in a select London school, and their affection ripened quickly into love.

So, as I said before, Mrs. Needleham presently died, and left her will behind her. By this precious instrument, the last and worst sting of a malicious mind, Walter became the possessor of a hundred thousand pounds, on this one and simple condition, that he should never marry; "and I farther require" (so ran the will), "that the said sum of one hundred thousand pounds shall at once be made over and secured to my said grand-nephew, Walter Basil Fairleigh, on his giving bond and fit security for the return of the same to my executors as hereinafter named, in the event of any marriage which may be contracted by my said grand-nephew, Walter Basil Fairleigh."

Here was a piece of concentrated venom

which probably none but an utterly warped and perverted mind was capable of administering! Mrs. Needleham knew very well that nothing but her money could stand between her nephew and the ruin of his house; and she felt confident enough that the fairest face of the loveliest girl in England would not be able to make Walter forget the peril of his father's honour and good name. "And if the girl really and truly loves him, as some fools will love a man,"—a gleam of cold hate and revenge shone in the old woman's eye, for she hated Lucy Travers, and was determined on revenge,—*"I know how these things have ended before her time!—I know my sex;—I shall have my revenge, though I am rotting in the grave!"* And with the complacent murmurs of approving conscience, she died an easy and respectable death.

Six months had passed. Fairleigh Hall was free—mortgages redeemed, old loans paid off, all engagements liquidated. The rent-roll was once more unencumbered, and Sir Walter was a wealthy man.

Lucy Travers knew nothing of the stipulation in Mrs. Needleham's will. Walter, who had wooed her so successfully before his aunt's death, had not the heart, or the courage, to tell her such fatal news. He could not bear the idea of losing her; and though he never actually realised in his mind the one, and only possible issue of things, if allowed to proceed as they were, he went on drinking deeper and deeper the intoxicating draughts of love. Lucy's passion engrossed and metamorphosed her soul; she lived in it and for it alone. It was more than life was worth, thought Walter, to resign so precious a prize. Had he not sold her for a hundred thousand pounds and the redeemed honour of his ancestors?

But the time was come when the terrible fact might no longer be concealed. It was natural that during the six months which followed the death of his aunt, little or no mention should be made by either of the lovers of the subject of their marriage. Probably Lucy thought of it, as girls must perforce think now and then of so great a change in their life and condition; but it was the happiness of the closer union, the more undisturbed possession of her lover, not any increase or enlargement of her personal comfort or consideration, which on these occasions occupied her mind. All this Walter knew only too well, and bitterly did he curse his own madness, and the cruelty of the old woman in her grave, which were to strike so ruthless a blow at the faithful heart of the girl.

Lucy Travers was living at this time as companion to the Honourable Mrs. Inglis, the widow of a wealthy Scotch laird, and the

daughter of an English peer. She owed the position to the secretly exerted influence of Sir Walter, who was a connection of Mrs. Inglis; and it would scarcely be possible to imagine a life which could so effectually unite the dignity of an independent livelihood with the comforts and amenities of home. Mrs. Inglis treated her exactly as a friend and visitor of her own, and with such consummate generosity and kindness, that it was hard for Lucy to realise her true condition.

Mrs. Inglis had on a certain night got together, after her wont, an assemblage of fashionable folk; a judicious admixture of the upper ten and the lower twenty; and amongst these Sir Walter found his place. Lucy Travers was very popular, and mixed freely with the guests of her hostess.

It was on this fatal night, and thus brought together, that the lovers first realised to one another the full effect of Mrs. Needleham's will. When Lucy heard at last of the provision which barred her out so effectually from the fairest hopes and promises of life, and knew moreover from his own lips that Walter had received his wealth as the price of her love, she felt for a while neither anger nor shame. A dull senseless apathy took possession of her soul; she let her hands lie on in her lover's clasp, and gazed from her wild wide-open eyes into his, as though wondering to find herself alive. Presently her consciousness began to dawn slowly; her eyes filled with tears; she stroked his hands softly, and murmured, "Poor Walter!" Her first thought was of pity for the sad alternative which had been presented to him, and for the great sorrow which she knew he must have experienced; not one touch of scorn even for the deception which he had practised upon her. But, as her mind began to clear itself, and she saw now not only with the eyes of love and devotion, but of every-day prudence and foresight, she could not but be affected by what she knew would be the judgment and verdict of the world; she drew her hands gently from his clasp, and her fingers instinctively sought out the ring which he had given her. She would have drawn it off, but he fell on his knees and prevented her. They were alone in a small breakfast-room, opening by a door into the conservatory, into which they had escaped from the heat and press of the company. What could Walter do? What would not any impassioned lover do and say in such a position? He poured forth all the eloquence and persuasive tenderness of which he was capable, pleaded his great love, his utter powerlessness to give her up, his utter necessity to accept the legacy.

"You are right!" cried Lucy "you are

right! It could not have been otherwise. But it must end now, Walter! It must!"

"What must end?" said Walter, hoarsely; "your love?"

"Ah, no! that *cannot* end!" She rose proudly from her seat. There was a smile upon her face, though her heart was bleeding. "I thank God for my own love, and God bless you, Walter, for yours; but you must leave me now, and for ever."

"Lucy! Lucy!" cried he, springing to his feet, and standing before her; "what madness—what horrible resolve is this? Leave you? May God leave me when I resign your love!"

"Oh, hush! It cannot, cannot be. Could you even restore the legacy if you would?"

"Cruel! to bring my treachery to mind. Oh, Lucy, my love, my angel, have pity!"

"What pity do you ask? Oh, Walter! Walter! Walter! for the love of God and all good things, do *you* have pity on my soul! There! I am strong again! Now I can say good-bye!"

She held out her hand, with such a winning smile of supplication and sympathy as utterly unmanned him. He grasped her wrist, and whispered entreatingly in her ear—

"My Lucy—my own life—you will not—cannot forsake me! Be mine, still; oh! though the world may scorn, though—"

"Sir!" Her scorn, mingled with such a bitter, despairing grief, as she plucked her arm from his clasp, cut Walter to the very soul. He flung himself on the sofa beside him, and buried his face in his hands.

Lucy had turned to leave the room; but when she heard his cry, she paused for an instant at the door, and looked softly and sadly on her lover. That one impulse of womanly weakness was the crisis of her fate. She stood a short while, gazing with wonder on the abandonment of his sorrow; then, suddenly melting with an irresistible flow of love, she sprang to his side, and laid her glowing cheek by his own.

"Walter, my love, I am here! I cannot go away from you. Ask what proof you will of my love; it is yours before you ask it."

She had yielded. It was impossible to draw back; now and for ever. She knew that to be his wife was impossible, and yet she had consented to be *his*. As the world judged her then, so I suppose we must judge her now; yet it does not appear that she ever really repented—as we gauge repentance—of the error she had committed. Walter was kinder and more generous in his love than ninety-nine husbands out of a hundred; she lived with him, scorned and scouted by the world, but she was happy, and bore him a

son, on whom Sir Walter settled every farthing of his property.

Thus terribly then was Mrs. Needleham's curse fulfilled, the ancient line dying out in dishonour and disgrace, Lucy and her son enjoying the spoils! Nor was the curse complete, for the sequel is yet to come.

A generation had passed away, since the birth of Walter's son. The mother, after three years of comparative peace and happiness—the price for which she had sold name, and reputation, and the friendship of the world; with a blessing for her hapless son, and a last faithful kiss for the father—died. A slab in the family burial-place, engraved with but a single word, perpetuates her name; but the memory of her great devotion lay buried in his heart.

Sir Walter was not gifted with an abundance of worldly wisdom. Prematurely old and feeble, he wrapped himself up in his pictures, as so many of his ancestors had done before him, with an exaggeration of all their extravagant peculiarities. He would travel a hundred miles, and spend a thousand pounds, for a thing of whose value he knew little more than this, that its possession was envied by the connoisseurs. In consequence he had one of the richest collections and one of the poorest estates in the country.

Walter the younger was "a pickle" from his youth up. His father never had any authority over him; nor indeed had any one else. He spent as much of his father's money as he could get hold of, and as much more as he could persuade the world to fancy him possessed of. He was, by common consent, a *ne'er-do-well*, a *bête-noir*, a *scape-grace*, and what not; and in addition to his own share of obloquy, he of course inherited most of what was by right his father's.

Now the latter, in one of his continental wanderings in search of a particularly valuable and much-envied cameo, which he finally traced down to the possession of the Great Duke Ishmahoff, at St. Petersburg, had lighted on a certain Russian Roumiewski, a connoisseur of art in all its many branches—or so he managed to persuade Sir Walter. He was of great assistance to the baronet in obtaining the prize for which he sought, and made himself in many ways so useful and agreeable to his new patron, that the latter offered him the post of curator to his private collection in England, with a very respectable salary. It happened that Walter Fairleigh the younger took a great fancy to Roumiewski; and as the latter was of a free and easy turn of mind, a good shot and a politic man, the two fell together a great deal more than the baronet approved.

A generation, then, had passed, since the birth of Walter's son. Young Walter was twenty-five years old, when, in the year eighteen hundred and odd, towards the end of the month of August, he returned from one of his objectless and bootless wanderings, to Fairleigh Hall. He was in debt again—never out of it; but this time deeper than ever. He tried to persuade the baronet to meet certain bills of his, to the value of nearly four thousand pounds; and when the indignant Sir Walter declared that he had not so much unemployed capital in the world, the heartless son bade him realise the amount on certain jewels and valuables which were preserved about the place. The baronet would rather have parted with a finger than begin to sell, even for this spoiled son of an idolised mother, the treasures which he had amassed at such a sacrifice. High words arose between father and son, which Roumiewski and several of the servants overheard.

About three weeks after that conversation, late on Sunday afternoon, the bell in the baronet's study was heard ringing very violently, and a servant going to answer it was commanded to fetch M. Roumiewski from his room. That gentleman was smoking and drinking with Walter the younger, when the message reached him; he shrugged his shoulders, saying—"Morning, noon, and night! One needs be ever ready." Then came a lull for about a quarter of an hour, and then the bell again; and Walter was summoned to his father's presence.

He found the baronet livid with rage. Valuables of various kinds, precious stones, works of art in small compass, which would fetch almost fabulous prices, were missing from the gallery. More than fifty thousand pounds' worth of realisable property had disappeared. The manner in which the baronet had discovered his loss was remarkable. He had that very afternoon received a letter from one of the most respectable art-brokers in London, with whom he had many confidential dealings, informing him that a certain miniature portrait of Anne of Cleves, richly set with jewels, had just come into his hands by an indirect course, and under slightly suspicious circumstances. Was it possible, asked the broker, that the article had been removed from Sir Walter's possession without his knowledge, and so come to him by one of those safe processes of repeated exchange which thieves can effect with so much address? So then Sir Walter had gone immediately to pass his treasures in review; and found in the course of an hour so many deficiencies, that his rage was wrought up to a pitch of madness, and he summoned his curator to his presence.

The faithful Roumiewski displayed sorrow and anger, greater even than those of his patron.

"The gems of so great value, with so persevering care together amassed and assembled, with so much increasing love by his noble benefactor, and him the faithful but unworthy disciple, revered and esteemed! Were they indeed lost, and with profane hands despoiled, rifled, carried off! Then was the joy of his life extinguished; his heart chilled—broken—broken! Better had the unhappy wanderer never returned to his father's roof, than thus to bring trouble and misfortune at his back!"

"Do you then dare to suspect my own son of such a heartless, shameful crime?" exclaimed the baronet.

Nay, how could suspicion possibly attach to him? He was pressed for money, and the temptation might be strong; but is it natural that a son should so easily plunder his father?

Whereupon the bell was once more violently rung, and Walter the younger was called into the presence of his offended father. He heard of the loss with amazement, but when he found that the old man's suspicious rage was actually settling down upon himself as the thief, he could not contain his indignation. The breach between father and son grew every moment wider: and the attempts of Roumiewski to throw oil upon the waters ended only in increasing the tumult. Sir Walter, even, so far forgot himself as to strike his boy fiercely in the face, so that the blood ran freely from the wound; and it was all the young man could do to remember who it was that struck him.

"It is enough!" he cried. "Your madness and injustice could go no farther! There is but one thing to do. To-night I quit your roof for ever!"

"Go, wretched, ungovernable boy. Be content with what you have already had; henceforth expect no aid at my hands. I cast you forth a beggar on the world. You shall not plunder me of a penny more!"

And thus Sir Walter took his last leave of the son whom Lucy had loved and cherished. For, before the next day, Sir Walter Fairleigh, the last true representative of his name and race, was found in his bed, with a deep wound gaping open from his breast, and death in his fixed and glassy eyes.

The murder of course created a vast amount of interest throughout the country, the more so when circumstance after circumstance contributed to narrow the guilt of the deed to one dreadful conclusion—parricide!

First and foremost of the facts arrayed in evidence against Walter Fairleigh was that of

his mysterious disappearance on the very night of the murder. He had not slept in his bed, and he had been heard moving about in his room within two hours of the time when the horrid deed must have been committed.

Next came the fact, reluctantly adduced by M. Roumiewski, of the liquidation of Walter's more pressing debts, a few days previous to the murder, as proved by a letter and signed receipt from the young man's agent in London, which he had received the morning before; and, with marvellous carelessness, left behind him. To say the least of it, this circumstance threw suspicion of the robbery, and thence of the murder itself, upon the victim's son. Nor was this the only evidence connecting Walter with that crime. A certain large writing-desk of his, discovered and examined by the detective (who had to break open a number of ingeniously contrived secret drawers, one within another), was found to contain in its innermost recess, the identical cameo which Roumiewski had assisted his employer in obtaining.

But one discovery was made, scarcely an hour before the inquest, which was more damning for Walter than all the rest. A knife belonging to him, which had been seen in his possession by M. Roumiewski on the afternoon of the murder, and with which (the medical man said) the murder had most probably been committed, was discovered, stained with blood, in a certain corner of the shrubbery; which corner, as it happened, could not have been reached by a missile from any window except that opening from Walter's room.

Couple these circumstances with the fact, testified to by several of the domestics, of the stormy words and sharp, threatening recriminations which had lately been so frequent between the father and son, and here was a pretty case of circumstantial evidence for Inspector Sniffem to work up. And nobly too it was worked: with such a chain of minor details, and such a legal mist of dust-in-the-eyes wrapt round about it, that the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Walter Fairleigh; who, therefore, was to be sent up—if Inspector Sniffem aforementioned could discover his whereabouts—to take his trial at the next Gloucester assizes.

But Walter was too much for the Inspector. Week after week passed away, and not a trace of him was found. Meanwhile the late baronet's will had been put into execution. His valuable property,—Fairleigh Hall, the surrounding acres, and the numerous works of art which were contained in the mansion,—was left in trust for the infant son of Sir Walter's next of kin, the widow of a distant cousin, whom the baronet had scarcely

ever owned. He desired that the child should take his name, and contrived that he should have no power to dispose of, or even disarrange the collection, until he had attained the age of twenty-five. Meanwhile a legacy of 300*l.* a year, during the next twenty years was bequeathed to M. Roumiewski, in order to retain his services as curator of the museum, the said legacy to be paid yearly only so long as M. Roumiewski should continue to devote his care (under certain definite stipulations), to the charge which he had undertaken. To the widow and her child this was a change from poverty to wealth; for the estate itself, apart from the collection, was worth more than a thousand a year; and no one was found to cavil against the provisions of such a reasonable will. So M. Roumiewski made himself comfortable in his old quarters, and all went smoothly with him, until five years had slipped away, and the Fairleigh murder was a legend of the past.

It happened one morning, in the February of 18—, that the hamlet of Fairleigh was thrown into sudden terror and amazement by the sight of Fairleigh Hall wrapt in a sheet of flame. It seemed to have burst almost instantaneously into one gigantic bonfire. The good people were awake before the cock-crowing by such a glare of light and heat as the oldest amongst them had never seen before. The terrified domestics hardly escaped with their lives. Aid, however, was immediately at hand, including that of the parish fire-engine.

Among those who were most energetic in the removal of the valuable property, were two men whom it behoves us to notice with more particular attention. The first—eager, upright, everywhere at once, always urging on his companions to the work, was Inspector Sniffem himself; he was there by a remarkable chance. A week before he had been hastily summoned by M. Roumiewski, from his lurking den in Scotland Yard, to investigate a most alarming and extensive burglary which had been committed upon the premises. A quantity of plate, jewels, gems of the highest value had been carried off by a clever (supposed) gang of thieves, who had effected an entrance into the museum. Sniffem had come down without a moment's delay; examined, cogitated, and shaken his head. "He thought he had a clue,—he thought he was on their track; but he must go slowly and cautiously to work." For the present he thought it advisable to remain a day or two on the spot, in case anything more definite might turn up. And meanwhile, if M. Roumiewski would just look through his catalogue, and mark the

articles which were lost, it might materially assist him in his search. The curator readily concurred, but ere the request could be complied with the fire broke in upon them.

But still more active and energetic than the Inspector was a strange man, tall, dark, and silent, who came unobserved upon the scene and threw himself heart and soul into the work. Perhaps he was not much noticed for a time, or the great excitement chained the attention of every man to the fire itself; else he could not have remained unrecognised so long. It was not until the ancient building had succumbed to the flames, and the bystanders had somewhat recovered from the shock, that the Inspector and the stranger were brought face to face with each other.

Sniffem stared for a moment in speechless amazement, but presently, as the actual state of the case forced itself home to his mind, he stepped forward and said,—

"In the Queen's name I arrest you, Walter Fairleigh, for the murder of Sir Walter Fairleigh, of Fairleigh!"

The stranger started back with grief and wonder in his face.

"May God help me!" he cried. "To this moment I never knew that my father was in his grave!"

"Now, my good sir," said the Inspector, courteously and with a persuasive smile, such as one would use to a child, or an idiot, given to his charge, "pray don't speak another word; it'll be used against you—it will indeed!"

"You may use it or not, as you please. He who accuses me of so foul a murder is a base liar, before God!"

Now M. Roumiewski, who, as soon as he had recognised his old friend, had turned pale and trembled like a shadow, but had quickly shaken off his terror and regained his presence of mind, stepped forward as Walter made his protestation, and confronted the murderer of his patron and friend.

"Ah, serpent!" he began, "whom he, with so much love and fostering care in his bosom nurtured, supported, cherished! Who with so black ingratitude roundabout didst turn, and with malicious hate, destroy, murder, plunder! can I with these filial, and all-unworthy eyes calmly behold, and not at once pursue, rend, dismember thee!"

So great was the faithful Curator's rage against the guilty son, that he would have actually fallen upon him there and then, but for the restraining hands of the Inspector. Walter answered him never a word; but went away quietly by the side of his capturer without a single question or demur. And the ruins flared up fiercer than before; and the accumulated stores of the generations of the

Fairleighs were burnt to ashes in the midst; and the Nemesis of the fallen race was gloating in its fall.

Walter's first step after voluntarily accompanying Inspector Sniffem to the County Gaol, was to secure the assistance of an acute and skilful lawyer; who, after a brief consultation with his client, entered heartily into his cause. There was a month's delay before the case came on, and this was made use of in collecting materials for the defence.

All the old interest which had formerly gathered round the tragedy revived. Few indeed were found who could believe in the innocence of the prisoner, or in his chance of escape; but these few, cheered by the energy and confidence of Serjeant Masham, predicted a triumphant acquittal. The court on the day of trial was crowded to excess. The Attorney-General himself prosecuted, and all the witnesses who gave evidence at the original inquest on the body were brought forward to repeat their assertions. Many members of the oldest county families were there, who, whatever had been their esteem and respect for the baronet himself, had but little love or sympathy for the son. The Sergeant, however, thought it of very little use to bring forward the usual testimony of friends to the peaceful disposition of the prisoner; the evidence of Roumiewski and the domestics as to the aggravated ill-will subsisting between father and son immediately before the murder would set aside any good impression which such a course might produce.

And first of all came the prosecutor for the crown, whose duty in theory was to bring justice to light, but in practice to prosecute merely. Sir Coke's oration consisted, firstly, of an exordium on the dignity and responsibility of Justice—to clear the innocent, to punish the guilty, without prejudice (here Serjeant Masham took a suggestive pinch of snuff), and without respect of persons; next, an ornamental effusion on the peculiar interest and importance of the case before us; touching upon the nature of the filial relations, the injury wrought upon society by any outrageous contempt of the same, and the salutary influence of legal retribution, with much more to a similar effect; and then followed a detailed account of the circumstances attending the crime itself, and of the many weighty reasons which made it only too probable—and in this opinion he thought an enlightened jury must, however reluctantly, concur—that the prisoner was the actual doer of the deed.

"The witnesses," Sir Coke Smith continued, "shall presently tell you the story in their own words. Meanwhile let me once more impress upon you, gentlemen, the salient points on which the strength of my accusation

rests,—the frequent and unrestrained quarrels of the prisoner with his father; the previous loose vagabond life and reckless habits of the unhappy youth; his great and pressing necessity for money; the disappearance of the gems, and the simultaneous settlement of the prisoner's debts, which brings home to him the suspicion of the theft, and provides a more cogent motive for the murder itself; the flight of the prisoner, effected, as it shall be proved, almost immediately after the committal of the atrocious deed; the discovery of the knife under the prisoner's window; and the careful evasion of justice during the last five years. This, gentlemen, is a chain of evidence which I fear it will be vain for my learned brother to endeavour to refute, and which I think can scarcely fail to compel you to the conclusion that the prisoner is indeed guilty of the crime imputed to his charge."

Such were the principal points in the Attorney-General's speech, and when, after an eloquent and impressive oration of more than three hours and a half, he at last resumed his seat, the Court held its breath for a minute in unmistakable horror.

The examination of the witnesses educed nothing further of much moment one way or another, until M. Roumiewski had, with considerable emotion and a good deal of indignant ejaculation—which was immediately smothered by the dignified junior—given in the evidence to which I have alluded above, and which, indeed, furnished the chief points in the case for the prosecution. At this juncture up jumped the learned counsel for the defence, who having settled his wig and fixed his little gimlet eyes upon M. Roumiewski's face, the following dialogue passed between them:—

Mr. Masham.—"You have furnished the Court, M. Roumiewski, with a statement to the effect that the prisoner had settled his liabilities to his more pressing creditors a day or two before the Sunday on which this murder was committed: and in support of your statement the agent's receipt has been produced, bearing the date of Saturday, the 23rd. Is this so?"—"It is."

Mr. Masham.—"And will you tell the Court how you discovered the fact?"—"I found the receipt among the prisoner's papers, on the Monday morning."

Mr. Masham.—"And this was the first occasion on which you knew that the prisoner had paid, or was intending to pay, his debts?"—"It was."

Mr. Masham.—"Now, I hold in my hand the business diary of Mr. Whinstone, the agent to whom these three thousand seven hundred pounds were paid; and in it he names, as received that day in part payment

of the account, in a registered letter from Fairleigh, a draft on Messrs. Coutts and Co. for three thousand pounds. I ask you simply, *did you draw that draft?*"

Sir Coke Smith.—"Now, really, my lud—really."

Mr. Masham (having produced a desired effect).—"My learned friend objects to the question. I won't press it. Now come, sir. Do you know this writing? Look at this paper, sir, and tell me."

The witness turned ghastly white, and seemed as though he would choke. He took the letter in his hands, stared at it, and looked ready to tear it to atoms.

Mr. Masham.—"Come, sir. Is that writing yours?"—*Witness (defiantly).*—"It is!"

Mr. Masham.—"With the permission of the Court I will read this letter."

Sir Coke Smith interrupted again; but the Serjeant handed in his letter to the Bench, and it was decided that he should read it.

Mr. Masham (reads).—"Sir,—I am desired by my friend, Mr. Walter Fairleigh, to forward to you, in payment of your account against him, the enclosed draft for three thousand pounds on Messrs. Coutts and Co., together with (&c. &c.), amounting in all to three thousand seven hundred pounds. Mr. Fairleigh will trouble you for a receipt by return of post, made out to him.—I am, your obedient servant, HENRY WILKINSON."

The Court was in commotion. The excitable witness was in a fit, and it was necessary to remove him from the box. As for Serjeant Masham, he sat down calmly in his place, and never rose again until it was his turn to open the case for the defence.

His task, he thought, would not be a difficult one. He hoped it had been proved to the satisfaction of the jury that the witness Roumiewski had, for some ulterior purpose of his own, paid the debts of the prisoner to Mr. Whinstone, and had then, by the production of the receipt, fixed upon the former the suspicion of the theft which had been committed on the late baronet's property. Improbable as this might have seemed, it was proved by the Russian's own admission; and we could, therefore, scarcely wonder at the unusual method employed in the transmission of the money by post. He (the learned counsel) was, moreover, in a position to assert, and he would presently prove his statement out of the mouth of a witness—he hoped with sufficient directness to prevail upon the mind of the jury—that the prisoner had informed Roumiewski of his intention to quit his father's roof on a long journey the Thursday before the murder was committed: that he had done this chiefly with the view of escaping from his

creditors: that he had immediately left England without so much as hearing of his father's death: that he had travelled abroad for nearly five years, and had not heard of the tragedy till the night of the fire. The witness whom it was intended to summon in support of these statements was a gentleman who had been prisoner's companion during the whole of his travels, and to whom he had confided the exact position of his affairs. . . . It was not for him (the learned Serjeant) to waste the valuable time of the Court by any untimely suggestions; but for this one thing he would contend—that much of the alleged motive for the crime on the prisoner's part was removed by what had transpired; and he thought it would be impossible for any jury to convict the prisoner of murder on the strength of such evidence as remained.

It would be useless for me to prolong my narrative. The reader must already anticipate the end. Walter Fairleigh was acquitted. The wretched Roumiewski, finding that the slow but sure hand of justice was overtaking him at last, put an end to his own life before the law had fixed its final grasp upon him. He died without confession, but no ingenuity is needed to fill in the outline of his career. He had carried on his plunder of the baronet's estate from the first moment to the last. The money he had amassed was an immense fortune; and though it legally reverted to the Crown—for it was invested in his name, and there was no direct proof of its having been unfairly come by—it was eventually made over to the heirs of the late Sir Walter. There is no doubt that on the baronet's discovery of his first loss, Roumiewski had conceived the plan of throwing the suspicion on Walter, and had made a bold and all-but-successful stroke to rid himself at once of both the Fairleighs, and so make himself—as he contrived to do—the temporary master of the property.

Walter's own assertion goes to show that he had himself seen the knife with which the bloody deed was perpetrated in Roumiewski's own room on the evening of the last day of his father's life, and it would of course be as easy for Roumiewski as for himself to throw it out of the window of his room.

Whether the will by which the widow and her son came into the property, to the unnatural exclusion of Lucy's son, was genuine or not, we can never certainly know. Walter, however, cheerfully abided by it. He worked steadily and honestly for his livelihood, and is now a man of some influence in the county. There is not a suspicion breathed against him, although he was justified, even as he was accused, on circumstantial evidence. The old line has passed away; but Walter has founded

a house for himself, and there are Fairleighs now living and working amongst us, who may ere long add wealth and honour to the ancient name.

It is the firm belief of Inspector Sniffem that if he had not been prevented by the fire, he should have brought home the guilt of the burglary which preceded it to its proper source. His suspicions were roused from the first, and he thinks that the crafty Russian knew it. "And do you suppose that he was one to hesitate at a bold stroke? If Mr. Fairleigh had not returned in the very nick of time, he would have been out of the country with one of the largest and most cleverly-obtained fortunes that ever a thief was blessed with!"

LEWIS SERGEANT.

. "THE SENIOR WRANGLER."

THIS title, as probably most readers of *ONCE A WEEK* are aware, is borne by the student who stands first in the annual mathematical examination for honours in the University of Cambridge. It is the "blue riband" of the Schools, and its adjudication is one of the most interesting ceremonies of the academic year. In the month of January the candidates for mathematical distinction present themselves for three days in the Senate House, the building wherein examinations are held, degrees conferred, and business transacted in the University. Six hours a day for three days they are examined in the lower branches of their study, by four examiners appointed by the University from among her most distinguished mathematicians. Eight days afterwards a list is published, containing the names of all who are considered qualified to compete for honours in mathematics. On the following Monday they enter for the second and more important competition; they are required to discuss the merits of quantics, determinants, and bordered Hessians; are dazzled with light reflected from eccentric mirrors, or refracted through lenses of every shape; are called upon to explain the vagaries of the moon, or the wanderings of the planets; to dabble in fluids, to observe the demeanour of rigid bodies, to remark on the deportment of osculating surfaces, and to cover reams of paper with symbols that the most advanced professors of mediæval "black art" would have shrunk from abashed. Then comes a pause; for a week the examiners are closeted with the papers, and on a Friday the result is declared.

Let us slip in at a side door and mount to the gallery that runs round the building. It wants a few minutes to the stroke of eight; the floor below is being rapidly blotted out by the living stream that is pouring through the

main entrance. There is a fair sprinkling of dignitaries and graduates in the gallery, and a goodly show of bonnets. The examiners are conspicuous with their white-lined hoods, and they hold in their hands a bundle of lists, the contents of which are known only to themselves. As the minute hand of St. Mary's clock approaches the hour, the buzz below subsides; one or two feeble attempts at "chaff" are essayed by the bolder spirits; but undergraduate wit is rather flat before breakfast on a cold morning, and there are too many palpitating hearts to make jocularly congenial. Pale faces and anxious eyes are turned to the senior examiner (moderator, in university parlance), who, having chosen the most central position in the gallery, stands waiting as impassively as the marble statues below. The silence is for a moment almost oppressive; then the quarters ring out through the frosty air; bang, goes the first stroke of eight, followed by a clear voice slowly pronouncing the expected words, Senior—Wrangler—Niven—Trinity. The spell is off, and a roaring cheer seems to shake the windows; name after name is then read out, and the first few generally evoke fresh bursts of enthusiasm from their partisans. The lists are then flung forth from the gallery, and flutter down into the crowd, which instantly breaks into as many struggling masses as there are examiners above. Each of these bands clutches frantically at the descending papers, looking from above like an ever-changing kaleidoscope of eager faces and hands. In a few minutes the paper shower ceases; some give or receive congratulations; others hurry off to convey the news to anxious friends; and the first act of the saturnalia is over.

Turn we now to act the second. Time, 10 a.m., Saturday. The building is again filled; but now the order of the occupants is reversed, and three of the galleries are filled by a dense mass of undergraduates; below are dons and dignitaries, budding bachelors of arts, and their admiring friends. The "gods" above delight in noise: now taking a political line in hurras for some popular member of the government, or in groans for an unpopular character; now devoting themselves to domestic matters, and cheering or groaning by turns the various university functionaries on their entrance. Woe to the unlucky wight who forgets to take off his cap or hat. "Cap, cap! hat, hat!" is shouted, till the majesty of the law is vindicated; and as, by custom, certain officials always remain covered on this occasion, there is generally noise enough until the undergraduate mind distinguishes between the rightful and wrongful wearers. Now comes the Vice-Chancellor,

preceded by two Masters of Arts, carrying silver maces. He retires to an ante-room, robes himself in scarlet, and takes his place on the throne at the upper end of the room. Some formal business is then transacted; after which one of the mace-bearers comes down for the hero of the day. The crowd parts down the middle, leaving a narrow lane. Preceded by the mace-bearer, and led by the "father" * of his college, the victor in the games of Mathesis advances to receive his crown, welcomed by resounding cheers, which seem to say in every echo, "Palmarum qui meruit ferat." The statesman feels a joy when the garter is buckled on his knee, the soldier when thanked by his country, the priest when offered a bishopric; but perhaps their pleasure is not so keen and unalloyed as that of the young "bachelor" when these grateful plaudits ring in his ears.

Watching him kneeling to receive his degree, our thoughts run back to those who have already knelt there under the same circumstances. The present century has seen five who have risen to the highest order in the church, four eminent in the law, and at least seven conspicuous in their pursuit of mathematical science. Some, too, there are "indigna morte perempti." Can one forget Leslie Ellis, disabled all too early in the fight; or those two who in late years have been cut off by a yet more untimely death—Savage and Purkiss? The one within six months of his success lay lifeless on the grass in the Cambridgeshire meadows, still holding in his hand the wild flowers which he was gathering when death plucked him; the other, ere he could do more than just taste the fruits of his labours, sank, to rise no more, while bathing in the Cam? Others also are gone all too soon for friendship and for fame on earth; yet we fain would hope not without a richer "meed of praise" in heaven. To-day has its special cloud; one candidate is brought forward in a wheel-chair to receive his degree. It needs but a glance at the sad, pale face to see, without the ringing cheers which greet him, that this is no ordinary man. A few months ago, and Miller of Peterhouse was named as not unlikely to win the highest honour. An accident in the middle of the examination obliged him to retire from the contest. May health soon return, and triumphs in years to come compensate for the disappointment of to-day!

No time, however, now for sad thoughts; the ceremony is over, and St. Mary's bells ring out a merry peal. Long life and future success to the Senior Wrangler of to-day!

* A Fellow, whose duty is to present to the Vice-Chancellor the candidates for degrees.

A CLAIRVOYANTE'S REVELATION.

SOME time ago I attended one of the *séances* of a well-known professor of electro-biology. It was held at a town about ten miles distant from my own residence, and as the proceedings did not terminate until a late hour of the evening, it was nearly midnight when I started with a friend on my homeward drive. The night was dark, the road bleak and lonely, and our conversation, turning as it naturally did upon the events of the evening, was of a weird and ghostly character, thoroughly befitting the time and place. Being a hardy unbeliever in the supernatural, I had been expressing my scepticism pretty freely with regard to the mysterious knowledge and wonderful prophetic powers which persons in a state of coma are said to possess, and had even gone so far as to denounce the whole thing in sweeping terms as an imposture, when my companion, who had listened patiently to my display of righteous indignation up to this point, said, quietly,—

"Well, I daresay you're right in the main. I've no doubt a good deal of that sort of thing is all boah, and many of the so-called professors no better than rank impostors; but I think you go too far in denouncing all followers of Mesmer; for I firmly believe that there are clairvoyants who are not impostors, and that many of their performances are such as it is impossible to account for by purely natural causes. Now, as an instance of this, I will tell you a very curious incident, for the truth of which I can myself solemnly vouch, since I was intimately acquainted with the persons to whom it happened. The circumstances took place in Paris thirteen years ago.

Among the most intimate of our circle of friends at that time were two brothers, whom I shall call Desmarets. Eugène, the elder, was a wealthy banker; Paul, the younger, was a literary man of considerable talent. They were both unmarried and they lived together. At the period I am alluding to, business affairs necessitated Eugène's presence in St. Petersburg, and it had been agreed that his brother was to accompany him on the journey, which was to take place in October.

One evening, the evening, in fact, of the day but one preceding that fixed for their departure from Paris, Eugène went out for the purpose, as he stated, of settling some money matters. He was absent from home all night, but that circumstance did not excite much attention on the part of his brother Paul, who knew him to be a man of irregular habits. The whole of the next day and night, however, passed without his returning, and

the morning appointed for their journey arrived. Surprised that he had not been home to make his preparations for travelling, Paul Desmarets repaired to the bank to ascertain the cause of his absence, under the impression that something had occurred to induce his brother to alter his original plan. To his astonishment not only was his brother not at the bank, but no one there had seen anything of him since noon two days before.

This unusually prolonged and unaccountable absence of the elder Desmarets perplexed and alarmed the younger brother, for, knowing that Eugène had a considerable sum of money about him, he feared that he might have been robbed, and if not murdered, at all events severely injured. He made inquiries at all the places which he thought his brother was likely to have visited, but could find no clue to his sudden and mysterious disappearance.

Paul Desmarets then consulted with three of his most intimate friends, with reference to the best plan of action to adopt. His friends recommended him at once to communicate with the police; but Paul was a curious fellow with odd fancies in his brain, and with no small amount of superstition in his nature, and he declared his intention of enlisting the services of a clairvoyant towards unravelling this painful mystery. It was in vain that his friends attempted to dissuade him from such an absurd act, his obstinacy was not to be overcome. Accordingly, they made this arrangement, that Paul Desmarets and one of his friends should obtain all the assistance they could from a clairvoyant, whilst the other two visited the Morgue, where most missing men in Paris turn up at some time or other if they have ceased to belong to this world.

There was at that time in Paris a Spaniard, by name Madame Huceta, whose feats of clairvoyance had caused considerable excitement in all circles, and to her Paul Desmarets now went to obtain tidings of his brother.

Madame being disengaged, they were admitted into the house, and, on their stating the nature of their business, she was at once put into a state of coma by her husband's mesmeric influence, and the questioning began. The clairvoyant commenced with a minute description of the man whom she saw in her vision, and both Paul and his friend confessed that it was a most accurate and unmistakable portrait of Eugène Desmarets. The man thus described was walking, at the time she saw him, in a street of old Paris; it was night-time, and the lamps were lit. Suddenly he halted at the door of a large, dark corner house, of the outward appearance of which she gave a vivid picture, so minute and distinct in every detail that both Paul and his friend felt that it

would be very easy to discover it after such plain directions. She then gave the following remarkable and succinct account of the man's further proceedings:—

"He rings the bell, the door is opened, and he is admitted into the hall; now he is shown into a small room on the ground-floor. It is brightly lighted, and there are two men seated at the table, one of these is much older than the other, and is bald. They rise from their chairs to welcome the new-comer; they are both very tall, and the younger has a thick black beard and moustache. Now all three are sitting down; the new-comer takes a paper from his pocket and shows it to the two others. They begin to talk loudly and angrily over it, and the elder of the two rises in a passion and shakes his fist at the visitor; the younger man whispers in his ear, and he becomes calm. They talk quietly again. Now the younger of the two men leaves the room, and the elder hands a paper to the visitor, who takes up a pen and, after writing some words, returns the document to the elder man. The younger now re-enters the room, with a bundle of papers—no, they are bank-notes—in his hand; he gives them to the visitor, who, bowing to the other two, leaves the room and is shown out of the house. Now I see him again in the street alone, he stands there, looking this way and that in doubt; at last he makes up his mind and walks briskly away. Instantly the door of the house which he has just left is opened, and the elder and younger men follow quickly in his steps. Now they stop: the younger one signs with his hand, and two other men cross the street and join them, all four rapidly continue their walk. Now I see the first man again, still alone, he stops and looks around him. The place is lonely and dimly-lighted; I think it must be a quai, for I see the lights reflected on the river. The night is very dark, and it rains. The first man muffles his cloak about his ears and crosses the bridge. I see four men come out from the shadow of the wall and follow him. They are close upon his heels, but I think he does not hear them. Ah! now there is a signal, and they all spring upon him at once; they have him by the throat: he struggles, but cannot cry out. God of mercy! they strike him once—twice; he falls heavily and lies quite still upon the ground; they bend over him; now they lift him up in their arms. I cannot see plainly what they do, but there is a dull heavy splash in the water—they have thrown the body into the river. Now they are all gone, and I can see no more."

You may guess the feelings of horror with which both Paul Desmarests and his companion listened to this circumstantial narrative of a

foul and bloody murder. Both of them were deeply affected by the startling revelation which they had just heard, and went away with their thoughts full of it. Paul, excitable, nervous, superstitious, believing every word of it; his friend, thoroughly bewildered, divided between belief and doubt, half-wondering, half-fearing.

When they reached Desmarests' house, they found their two friends awaiting them.

"We have seen him," they both exclaimed.

Paul started. "Dead?" he asked.

"Dead," they replied; "he was taken in the nets this morning."

So far, then, the clairvoyante had been correct. Eugène Desmarests was dead, and his body had been found in the river.

Before another hour elapsed, Paul was on his way to the Morgue. In the dead-house, stretched on one of the slabs, stark and ghastly, he saw his brother, but there were no marks of violence on the body, except such as might easily have been caused by rough contact with objects in the water. A large sum of money, too, was found upon the dead man's person, so that it was evident he had not fallen into the hands of robbers. On the whole, it seemed more like a case of suicide than anything else.

But Paul thought otherwise, and he had, it must be owned, some ground for his suspicions when the following facts were taken in connection with the clairvoyante's revelation. He had little difficulty in finding the street and the very house described by her; in that house lived two gentlemen, a father and son, who, though only slightly known to Paul, were intimate acquaintances of Eugène. The father had been largely in debt to the elder Desmarests, but on the very night of the deceased's mysterious disappearance, that debt had been paid, as a receipt in full for the money, signed by Eugène Desmarests, conclusively proved. It was a very large sum, nearly 1000*l.*, and had been paid in notes. Now the money found on the dead man was all in gold, and did not amount to more than 90*l.* What, then, had become of the notes? It was ascertained beyond doubt that they had not been anywhere about the person of Eugène Desmarests when he was taken out of the river. Moreover, a pocket-book containing valuable papers, which the banker always carried about with him, was missing. How was the disappearance of money and pocket-book to be accounted for otherwise than on the supposition that they had been taken from the unfortunate man by violence, and that his struggles had necessitated his murder? There can be little wonder that Paul, finding the clairvoyante's story so strangely corroborated in its details up to a

certain point, should believe that it was also true beyond that point.

The police were applied to and put in possession of the facts, but though willing enough to prosecute their inquiries, they declined to accept the clairvoyante's revelation as evidence of the guilt of the parties whom Paul suspected. And the matter dropped, for no further light was afterwards thrown upon the mystery.

Paul Desmarests is dead now, but to his death he was convinced that that father and son were the murderers of his brother.

"Now every word of that story is strictly true, and I think you will allow that there was something in that woman's revelation which was out of the common way: you can scarcely apply the term imposture to a statement which was distinctly ascertained to be true as far as it was capable of proof, and that was through several very important points of the story. I say nothing about the truth of the latter part of the singular narrative, yet I think you could hardly blame any reasonable mind for inclining to a belief in its veracity."

I was silenced, even if I was not quite convinced, by this extraordinary anecdote, and though I am still sceptical about supernatural agencies in the forms in which they now exhibit themselves, yet I am far less reckless than heretofore in my charge of imposition.

W. DIXON.

SIR RALPH DE BLANC-MINSTER.

The Fow.

HUSH! tis a tale of the elder time,
Caught from an old barbaric rhyme,
How the fierce Sir Ralph of the haughty hand
Harnessed him for our Saviour's land!

"Time trieth troth!" thus the lady said,
"And a warrior must rest in Bertha's bed;
Three years let the severing seas divide,
And strike thou for Christ and thy trusting bride!"

So he buckled on the beamy blade,
That Gaspar of Spanish Leon made,
Whose hilted cross is the awful sign:
It must burn for the Lord and his tarniah'd shrine!

The Abieu.

"Now a long farewell! tall Stratton tower,
Dark Bude! thy fatal sea:
And God thee speed, in hall and bower,
My manor of Bien-aimé!"

"Thou, too, farewell! my chosen bride,
Thou rose of Rou-tor land:
Though all on earth were false beside,
I trust thy plighted hand."

"Dark seas may swell, and tempests lower,
And surging billows foam;
The crescent of thy bridal bower
Shall guide the wanderer home!"

"On! for the cross! in Jesu's land,
When Syrian armies flee,
One thought shall thrill my lifted hand,
I strike for God and thee!"

The Battle.

Hark! how the brattling trumpets blare!
Lo! the red banners flaunt the air!
And see! his good sword girded on,
The stern Sir Ralph to the war is gone!

Hurrah! for the Syrian dastards flee:
Charge! charge! ye western chivalry!
Sweet is the strife for God's renown,
The Cross is up and the Crescent down!

The weary warrior seeks his tent:
For the good Sir Ralph is pale and spent;
Five wounds he reap'd in the field of fame,
Five in his blessed Master's name.

The solemn leech looks sad and grim,
As he binds and soothes each gory limb;
And the girded priest must chant and pray,
Lest the soul unhouseled pass away.

The Treachery.

A sound of horsehoofs on the sand!
And ha! a page from Cornish land,
"Tidings," he said, as he bent the knee;
"Tidings, my lord, from Bien-aimé."

"The owl shriek'd thrice from the warden's tower:
The crown-rose wither'd in her bower:
Thy good gray foal, at evening fed,
Lay in the sunrise stark and dead!"

"Dark omens three!" the sick man cried,
"Say on the woe thy looks betide;"
"Master! at bold Sir Rupert's call,
Thy Lady Bertha fled the hall!"

The Scroll.

"Bring me," he said, "that scribe of fame,
Symeon el Siddekah his name;
With parchment skin, and pen in hand,
I would devise my Cornish land!"

"Seven goodly manors, fair and wide,
Stretch from the sea to Tamar-side,
And Bien-aimé, my hall and bower,
Nestles beneath tall Stratton tower!"

"All these I render to my God!
By seal and signet, knife and sod:
I give and grant to church and poor,
In franc-almoign for evermore!"

"Choose ye seven men among the just,
And bid them hold my lands in trust,
On Michael's morn and Mary's day
To deal the dole and watch and pray!"

"Then bear me, coldly, o'er the deep,
'Mid my own people I would sleep:
Their hearts shall melt, their prayers will breathe,
Where He who loved them rests beneath."

"Mould me in stone, as here I lie,
My face upturn'd to Syria's sky,
Carve ye this good sword at my side,
And write the legend, 'True and tried!'"

"Let mass be said, and requiem sung;
And that sweet chime I loved be rung:
Those sounds along the northern wall
Shall thrill me like a trumpet-call!"



Thus said he—and at set of sun
The bold crusader's race was run.
Seek ye his ruin'd hall and bower?
Then stand beneath tall Stratton tower!

The Mort-Main.

Now the demon watch'd for the warrior's soul
Mid the din of war where bloodstreams roll;
He had waited long on the dabbled sand
Ere the priest had cleansed the gory hand.

Then as he heard the stately dole
Wherewith Sir Ralph had soothed his soul,
The unclean spirit turn'd away
With a baffled glare of grim dismay.

But when he caught those words of trust,
That seven-fold oboice among the just,
"Ho! ho!" cried the fiend, with a mock at Heaven,
"I have lost but one, I shall win the seven!"

R. S. HAWKER.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XLII.



UT sleep brought no refreshment to Mr. Carmichael; his slumbers, though protracted, had been fitful and uneasy, and when he awoke he dozed off again, apparently unable to shake off the lethargy that hung upon him. Patient Aunt Lotty sat in the shade of the bed-curtains, where she could watch her husband without being seen by him, for he had manifested a sudden aversion to her presence. The sight of Doris seemed also to cause him annoyance, therefore Doris did not venture into the sick-chamber. In Joyce alone he appeared to have confidence, though why this should be was surprising to her, since she had been the one to evince distrust of him, and this she knew Mr. Carmichael had more than suspected. Possibly, however, the fact that she read him better than the others might afford him some inexplicable relief, and he might even feel thankful that she had partly penetrated his secret; that secret which it was now beyond his power to reveal. For the strong man was utterly prostrate as he lay breathing heavily with half-unclosed eyes, and almost powerless limbs, and very little of consciousness about him, though now and then he made a faint effort to rouse himself, and his lips moved slightly, as though he would speak, but the words he would have uttered died away in imperfect sounds.

Once he opened his eyes wide and gazed anxiously at Joyce, his lips worked as though he were endeavouring to tell her something, which she, drawing near, stooped down to listen to; but all in vain, for in spite of the earnestness with which he strove to make himself understood, she could catch no articulate words. Aunt Lotty's tears flowed fast, and she sobbed aloud. She drew the curtain back: "What is it? oh! what is it?" said she, half pushing Joyce away, "perhaps I can understand him."

And she bent over the sick man, whose strength had gone whilst hers was left. Her awe of him had vanished: she was now his protector, his guardian, he was so helpless.

But she could understand him no better than Joyce, yet with a little touch of quiet dignity that at once moved and surprised her niece, she said,—

"I think, dear, I have a right to be here."

"You have, Aunt Lotty," returned Joyce; "it is your place and yours alone."

"But you must help me, Joyce."

"Yes," replied Joyce, "no one else shall come near." For she still believed that there was some revelation that the dying man would try to make; for that he was dying was plain to see, though the fact in all its fulness had not yet entered into Aunt Lotty's mind.

Mr. Carmichael, exhausted with his efforts, again sank into a lethargic sleep, from which at intervals he partially awoke with a gasp and stared wildly round. But he did not try to speak again. In one of these intervals, after a hopeless, imploring glance at Joyce, his eye fell upon a letter in Mr. Lynn's handwriting; his eye dwelt upon it, and then again he looked at Joyce. Suddenly an idea struck her; she wondered it had not occurred to her before. He wished to see Mr. Lynn—of course he did, the secret must be in some way connected with his sister. How far was she right, and how could she convey comfort without arousing suspicion? for Aunt Lotty was eagerly watching every change of his countenance. Then Joyce wondered whether Mr. Carmichael would hear, would understand her words. Yes, he must be capable of understanding, or wherefore the imploring look that had almost framed itself into a speech. "I think, Aunt Lotty, that Mr. Carmichael would like to know that Mr. Lynn is expected to-night," she whispered, in order to prepare Mrs. Carmichael for what she was about to say; then, turning to Mr. Carmichael, she said slowly and distinctly,—

"Doris thinks that Mr. Lynn will be at home to-night."

Her intuition had evidently been correct, for a slight expression of satisfaction passed over Mr. Carmichael's face, and he remained quiet for a long time. And Aunt Lotty, watching him, felt her heart go out towards him; felt that he was all the world to her, and that she could not bear to part with him. Strange, one would think, after the life that she had led, fraught with so little affection on his part, to draw forth such devotion. But so it

was; she had drawn up her own creed respecting him, and had held tenaciously to it through everything. In her estimation Mr. Carmichael could do no wrong; the fault lay in her own inferiority, and so she had worshipped the cold, selfish man, prizing the scanty crumbs he now and then vouchsafed to throw to her; and, as he lay there helpless, Aunt Lotty longed that he could speak but one word of pardon to her for any failure of duty she might have been guilty of.

"I can't think of anything myself," mused poor Aunt Lotty; "but I dare say Mr. Carmichael would be able to tell me of numbers and numbers of things I've done wrong, if he could only speak. I was always so stupid in seeing anything myself. Ah! if he'd had a better wife." And poor Aunt Lotty in her humiliation could have gone down on her knees and besought forgiveness for all her involuntary offences.

Dr. Bennett looked grave when he saw his patient. "I will be in again in the evening," he said.

And Joyce, slipping after him, inquired, "Is there hope?"

"None; he is sinking fast."

"How long can he last?"

"He may live until to-morrow morning."

Then Joyce began to calculate whether Mr. Lynn could arrive in time. With the utmost expedition, and provided the trains fitted in, he might reach Craythorpe by midnight, not before. Never had a day appeared so supernaturally long. The clock seemed to pause between every tick it made, as though the moments had suddenly become too precious to part with lightly.

Aunt Lotty stole softly to the fire-place where Joyce was standing. "Joyce, dear, what does Dr. Bennett say?"

"We can do nothing but watch," returned Joyce, partially evading the question.

But Aunt Lotty was not satisfied: with a little sob, she said, "Joyce, dear, you would not deceive me at such a time as this. Is there no hope?" And she gazed wistfully into Joyce's face, as though Joyce were the arbiter of life and death; her whole figure was trembling, and her hand convulsively clasped one of Joyce's. "The truth, dear," she pleaded; "I'll try to bear it."

"Aunt Lotty, dear Aunt Lotty," answered Joyce, throwing her arms around her, "we can do nothing but watch."

Very quietly Aunt Lotty disengaged herself from Joyce's embrace; very quietly she returned to the bedside, and seating herself there, tenderly took one of Mr. Carmichael's hands, and held it as though by so doing she could still keep him with her. Joyce could

see that she never took her eyes from him as he lay breathing uneasily, and moaning feebly from time to time. Mr. Carmichael was dying! And there was something on his mind, something that he wished to get rid of before he died; and yet, was he aware that he was dying? Does a man always know when death comes so near? Is there always a prophetic voice that sounds the warning in the dumbest ears? If so, he might perhaps have heard it, and the awful voice have urged upon him, "Unburden thy soul; repent before it is too late." Vainly it urged, for he would never speak again.

Dr. Bennett came in the evening, but he could do no good; so he went down-stairs and sat with Doris, who was quite banished from the sick-room, as a nervous horror seemed to creep over Mr. Carmichael whenever he saw her. And yet she was his sister's child. Aunt Lotty could not understand it.

But an inkling of the truth was dawning upon Joyce, yet how would it be ever known? He was growing feebler, and midnight was approaching. Whether would Mr. Lynn arrive in time or not?

She listened and listened. The rain was falling steadily with a heavy drip—plash! plash!—so monotonously that it was torture to her to hear it: She seemed to feel each drop burst and split into fragments that were driving into her brain.

At length she fancied she heard the distant rumbling of a carriage, but whether coming towards Green Oake or going away from it she could not tell. Now it came nearer and nearer, and then it died away. She was listening so intently that she could scarce tell whether the sounds were real or imaginary. It was quite painful. She put her hands over her ears for a moment to shut them out; then she listened again. No; there was nothing. Yes; there had been a stoppage; she could hear the sound of wheels distinctly. Doris had heard it too, for the dining-room door opened, and then the hall-door. Doris was looking out. Mr. Lynn had come. Yes; Mr. Lynn had set off the moment he received Doris's letter, and had travelled without stopping. He was just in time. Mr. Carmichael languidly opened his eyes.

"Mr. Lynn has come," said Joyce, stepping to the bed-side, not knowing whether he would understand or not.

But Mr. Carmichael did understand, and it seemed as if a momentary vigour were imparted to him. He half raised himself. Aunt Lotty was astonished, and thought that after all he must be stronger than the doctor

thought. But Joyce knew differently. Mr. Carmichael was still in his half-raised position when Mr. Lynn knocked at the door. Joyce opened it.

Mr. Carmichael's eyes dilated as he looked upon his ancient foe, so lately brought into friendly contact with him. Did old memories flash into his mind, as people say they do into the minds of dying men, carrying him back through long, long years upon the rapid wings of thought?

Mr. Lynn took the feeble hand of the dying man in his, and the dying man looked up at him. Then came the terrible struggle for words, the shrinking horror, when he found he could not utter them; and the heavy perspiration stood on his brow. Aunt Lotty turned away her face.

"Aunt Lotty," whispered Joyce, "won't you go down for a few minutes whilst Mr. Lynn is here?"

Aunt Lotty shook her head.

"But it will do you good. You won't be able to hold out," and Joyce gently drew her away.

She gave her into Doris's keeping, and then returned to Mr. Carmichael. When she entered the room she found Mr. Lynn still standing where she had left him, gazing in mute compassion on the sick man, who was hopelessly endeavouring to make himself understood.

During the last few hours Joyce had been pondering deeply, and as she caught the beseeching glance of Mr. Carmichael fixed upon her, her resolution was made, and, as if by inspiration, she took the part of interpreter. Bending down she said, in a calm, distinct tone,—

"You would ask Mr. Lynn's forgiveness?"

A sudden gleam lighted for a moment the dull eyes of the dying man. Mr. Lynn would have spoken, but Joyce motioned him to be silent, and again she spoke. Clear and solemn sounded her voice; so solemn that she was almost awed by it herself, but some irresistible impulse carried her on.

"There is some trouble on your mind—some revelation you would wish to make, were it in your power. It is not for me to know what this secret is, but I believe it to be in some way connected with the packet that Doris had from her mother."

Mr. Lynn started, and Mr. Carmichael's dull eyes still gleamed with a strange, wild intelligence; and Joyce continued:

"You have in some way injured Mr. Lynn, and you would ask forgiveness at his hands for that unknown injury, which now will never be revealed until the secrets of all hearts are made known. Mr. Lynn," she

continued, "will you give full and free forgiveness to Mr. Carmichael for any wrong he may have committed against you?" and the dying man's eyes still shone with the strange hopeless light.

Mr. Lynn hesitated for a moment. The past, with all its wrongs, rose up before him. What new injury could this man have added under the garb of friendship? Joyce saw the hesitation and understood it, and involuntarily the words escaped from her lips—"As we forgive those that trespass against us."

Mr. Lynn was not conscious that she had spoken; the words fell dreamily upon his ears, as though some distant voice were whispering them; and his mind wandered far back to the time when he, a little motherless child, had said his prayers at Mrs. Carmichael's knee, and the mother of the dying man had been a mother unto him.

Then the dark shadow passed from his face, and he gently took Mr. Carmichael's powerless hand within his own.

"Hugh Carmichael," he said, "I forgive you for all known and unknown injuries as freely as I hope to obtain forgiveness of my own. May God forgive me as I forgive you."

The gleam of light in the dull eyes shot forth once more, once more the lips essayed to move, but in vain. The head sank back on the pillow; one gasp, one choking sob, and Hugh Carmichael had breathed his last. He was dead, and his secret had died with him.

CHAPTER XLII.

It was all over. Mr. Carmichael was dead and buried. The funeral train had passed in solemn procession through the village, and the rustics, standing at their doors, to watch, had all agreed that Mr. Carmichael's respectability was done justice to, that he was buried as a gentleman ought to be. Oh, ye simple-minded, how little you heeded the satire conveyed in your opinion.

It was a spectacle that afforded the village much satisfaction; there had never been such a funeral in Craythorpe before. The children gazed at it with awe and admiration, and played at funerals for full a week afterwards. The hearse, covered with nodding plumes, was drawn by four black horses, whose mourning-trappings almost touched the ground; the mutes, with lugubrious faces, marched with a slow and stately step, and the mourning-coaches came at even distances and moved at an even pace along. They had galloped in from Winstowe in the morning, but they were not on duty then. They had put up at the "Lynn Arms," where refreshment was served to man and beast. The mutes were jovial at that time,

so was the undertaker, and so were the drivers of the hearse and coaches. But the undertaker was not jovial now: he looked as though he had lost his dearest friend on earth, and was consequently duly disconsolate. The mutes too were sombre enough; their mouths were drawn into a serious and somewhat suffering expression, and their eyes were bent upon the ground, save now and then when they gravely looked up with a slightly reproachful glance, as much as to say, "No one can accuse us of not performing our part with all due propriety." And yet, no sooner was the funeral over, than they might be seen taking a parting-glass at the "Lynn Arms," after which the drivers cracked their whips, and they rattled back to Winstowe as merrily as though they had been engaged in a more enlivening ceremony.

Still, despite this irreverence when off duty, the proceedings had been conducted in a very creditable manner. Not a single point of funeral etiquette had been unobserved, not a single hitch had occurred, "everything went off well," to use the undertaker's own words; and he could not help congratulating himself upon the fact that the whole affair had been a complete success. In which opinion he was fully seconded by the inhabitants of Craythorpe. And in which opinion also coincided Aunt Lotty's relatives, who had come over to support her on the occasion; and who, in the true Dormer spirit, were very fastidious in such matters.

Mrs. Letheby, Aunt Lotty's eldest sister, folding up her husband's hat-band and scarf, remarked to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dormer, "That she was thankful everything had gone off so satisfactorily. From the coffin to the breakfast nothing could have been nicer. Poor Lotty knows so little of how to do things that it was surprising that everything had been so well managed. To be sure there was nothing like employing people who understood their business, and the man at Winstowe evidently understood his—thoroughly. This silk, now," continued Mrs. Letheby; "I couldn't get a better in any shop I know of, seven and six a yard at the very least, a good thick silk, and one that doesn't look as if it would cut. I must try to get over to Winstowe before I leave, and get a few yards more to make out a dress."

"Seven and six? dear me!" returned Mrs. Dormer; "it will have cost a good deal in hat-bands and scarfs."

For Mrs. Dormer not being a Dormer by birth, was not imbued with the prejudice that a funeral ought to be got up regardless of expense.

Mrs. Letheby's brow slightly contracted,

but she forgave Mrs. Dormer for this want of proper feeling and responded,—

"My dear Jane, at a funeral everything should be of the best; it is a satisfaction to those left, and a compliment to the departed—especially where there is so much wealth as in the present case. Who would ever have thought of poor Lotty coming in for such a property. She was the last of us married, and she's done the best as far as money is concerned; and as for her husband, if I were in her place I should consider myself a deal better off without him than with him, and I daresay Lotty will think the same herself when she picks up her spirits a little."

In which sentiments of Mrs. Letheby's, Mrs. Dormer most heartily joined, having been several times frozen at the state dinner-parties by Mr. Carmichael's extreme fridity, and having felt, as she expressed herself to her husband afterwards, "in that state of shiver that it seemed as if no earthly fire could ever warm her." Therefore the two decided that Aunt Lotty was, on the whole, rather a gainer than a loser by late events.

"And whatever happens," said Mrs. Letheby, oracularly, "whatever happens, she'll always be able to look back with satisfaction, and to feel that no husband, whoever or whatever he might be, could have had a more comfortable and creditable funeral than hers has had to-day."

But Mrs. Letheby forgot one important point in her calculations, namely, that she and Aunt Lotty were two different persons.

It was the first time that Mrs. Letheby had ever paid a visit to Green Oake, and not being deeply affected by the loss of her brother-in-law, she was quite able to make the best use of her time in taking stock of the premises. She made Joyce act as guide, and examined the house from garret to cellar. She took a mental inventory of the contents of the china-pantry, and of what silver was in use.

"I should like to have seen the whole of it," she said; "but it would not perhaps be quite delicate to ask Lotty for the key at a time like this."

So she restrained her curiosity with a half-sigh, and trusted that a future occasion might reveal to her longing eyes the treasures of the plate-chest. She paused at the door of the wine-cellar, but imagination was destined to be her only informant. Yet of course a man like Mr. Carmichael would naturally keep a good stock of wine. It would have been gratifying to be able unhesitatingly to affirm that the cellar was what a wine-cellar ought to be in the Dormer estimation, but under present circumstances this was impossible.

"You see, Joyce, I shall be asked a good

many questions when I go back to Credlington. They'll all like to hear as much as possible about poor Lotty, and I should like to be able to answer everything correctly. However, I must make the best use of my eyes in seeing what is to be seen; everything depends upon me, for though your Aunt Jane is a very good woman, and I've nothing to say against her, still she is not a Dormer, and therefore cannot be expected to have the faculty of seeing things with Dormer eyes."

What the peculiar advantage of this faculty might be, Joyce could not determine, as it certainly had not helped Aunt Lotty to a very clear-sighted perception of her husband. True, Aunt Lotty might be a degenerate Dormer, as Mrs. Letheby usually spoke of her as poor Lotty.

"It's a wonder where the will can be," said Mrs. Letheby. "There can be no doubt but that he's made one, though why people should hide away their wills in places where they can't be found is more than I can make out. You don't know of any other relatives beside Miss Carmichael, do you, Joyce?"

"No."

"Ah! then I suppose the property would go to her after poor Lotty's death."

"Perhaps so," returned Joyce.

"Perhaps so!" repeated Mrs. Letheby; "there's no 'perhaps' in the matter, that I can see. Of course it will, child, there's not the shadow of a doubt upon the subject."

And Joyce made no answer, knowing that Aunt Letheby held the doctrine that the opinion of a Dormer was not to be disputed.

"I don't much like the girl," continued Mrs. Letheby; "there's something too restless and uneasy about her. However, possibly she may be going to have a fever, for I'm sure her manner is very queer and excitable."

"I hope not," said Joyce, quickly, with a half-fear that Aunt Letheby, being a woman of some experience in illness, might be right. And when they arrived in the drawing-room she managed to escape from Mrs. Letheby, who was deeply absorbed in a minute investigation of the ornaments and furniture.

And a very thorough examination did Mrs. Letheby make, and considerable appraising talent did she develop in her estimate of the various articles. She uncovered one of the chairs to note the colour and texture of the damask beneath, she lifted up a corner of the handsome table-cloth in order to assure herself that the table was of the best polished rose-wood—"and a thousand pities to cover it," she commented.

She had been, as she expressed it, "pricing" cornices only a few days before, therefore she was able to decide that Mr. Carmichael had

given no mean price for these, "for I never saw handsomer—did you?" and she looked round in order to appeal to Joyce. But Joyce was gone.

"Ah well, there's plenty to amuse one, without needing anyone to talk to," reflected Mrs. Letheby; "there's all the old china I've never looked at, nor the bronzes and the chimney ornaments, and I don't know what. And in one's own sister's drawing-room one needn't stand upon ceremony, so I shall take a good look at everything."

Which Mrs. Letheby accordingly did, and which formed the staple of her conversation for some time after her return to Credlington, thereby raising her to an unapproachable height in the estimation of her sister-in-law, who, in the same amount of time, had not been able to collect one-tenth part the amount of information; and Mrs. Dormer meekly attributing the fact to her not being a born Dormer, solaced herself with the consideration that the next best thing to being a Dormer by birth was to be a Dormer by name."

(To be continued.)

A LEGEND OF SANTA SOPHIA.

A FEW years ago it was impossible for a Frank to enter the mosque of Santa Sophia except in disguise, and at his proper peril; just as, in fact, he might at this moment enter the Beitullah at Mecca. The experiment was once or twice tried; and truly it makes one's blood run cold to realise the risks that men, aye, and women, too, have encountered for the sake of gratifying curiosity.

I myself, being only moderately adventurous, should have left Constantinople without entering its most interesting building, had not my visit been happily postponed till after his highness Mahmoud had been gathered to his fathers. The tide of reform then set in pretty strongly. Osmanlis began to send their sons to Paris for education, women reduced their yashmaks to the utmost of tenuity and scantiness, and Effendis talked of opening their houses for evening parties. Few of the old prejudices could hold their own against the tide of innovation. The tastes of civilised Europe, and the sympathies of educated men began to be recognised as respectable.

So it struck the authorities that it was too bad of them to shut the Franks out from the mosques, especially from Santa Sophia, which, as having once been their own metropolitan church, might reasonably be supposed to be to them an object of peculiar interest. Thus the famed building was conditionally thrown open to travellers; the conditions being that a firman should sanction the entry in each

particular case, and that every party should be under the guardianship of a kawash from one of the legations. This latter regulation was perhaps necessary to the safety of those concerned. The concessions of government had gone far ahead of the good-will of the people, and the devotees within the mosque would barely tolerate the presence amongst them of the *giaours*. Severe precaution was necessary to guard against outbreaks of fanaticism. A very slight misapprehension might at any moment have given rise to a fatal tumult, where usages were so unaccustomed, and where so little allowance was made for ignorance. One could not go lounging through the building with the easy carelessness of continental excursionists. You had to do as you were bid, and that too with a good grace; pull off your boots, or put on papouches, and behave yourself; or anon there would be with you a ferocious fellow, with a green turban and murderous Damascus blade, who would quickly bring you to your bearings.

The Crimean war has still farther modified this modification of discipline. During the period of what we may term the occupation of Constantinople by the Allies, the neck of the old haughtiness was pretty completely broken. Armed force carried the day; and soldiers went pretty much where they pleased, and did as they pleased. A bitter pill it was for the poor Osmanlis; but it was *hiemet*—their destiny. They bowed to irresistible force, and bore the visitation with as good a grace as possible. That visitation has of course left its mark behind it, and travellers now have slight experience of obstructive influences. But, in my time, the adherents of the old school constituted a formidable party. The government had not quite given up the custom of decapitating religious offenders. I believe that the very last case of such an execution came under my cognizance. The sufferer was an Armenian, who, having been induced to embrace Islamism, had subsequently recanted. He was beheaded and exposed in the streets. Many persons will remember the excitement caused by this event, and how it led to diplomatic remonstrance, of which the result was an assurance that such a deed should not be repeated.

I should probably have had nothing to say about my visit had matters been brought before me simply in an artistic or æsthetic light; at least, not while "Murray's Hand-book" is extant. Something, however, beyond the repertorium of hand-books did come before me; something so extraordinary in connection with this venerated building, and with the hopes therewith connected in the Greek mind, that I think most persons will vote it

worthy of record. That the entire account may be taken as visionary is no impugnment of its interest, which is found in the fact that the Greek community at Constantinople, and probably throughout the world, cling to an ancient hope, and accept as real what professes to be a recent demonstration of the soundness of that hope. The hope may be extravagant, and the demonstration a mistake; still such mistakes operating on a national enthusiasm have before this produced mighty results.

I went up to the mosque with what might be termed a mob of tourists, who, according to custom, had been waiting at the different hotels till some one should get a firman. This method has its recommendation, *i.e.*, pecuniary convenience, inasmuch as the undivided expense of the fees would be considerable. But, of course, it brings you into relation with uncongenial spirits. Our party was mainly composed of Englishmen, and a highly prosaic set they were. If any combination of idiosyncracies could have availed to disclaim the spirit of the Traveller, we might have supposed such a combination to have been there presented. We had Bailie Nicol Jarvie, redolent of the salt market; we had Cheapside perambulating Pera. As for any notion of Palseologus, or the death-struggle of the empire, we might as well have appealed to men of wood, as to some of them. They knew nought and cared nought about such things. They had come to see Constantinople, and there were the mosques to be visited. *Voilà tout!*

The interior has, of course, been stripped of the tokens of its original dedication. Through the vast expanse reigns a stillness as of death. No one is shod, so every foot-fall is noiseless. Here and there, scattered over the pavement, are groups absorbed in prayer. These, having finished the act of devotion, will ever and anon pass you in their exit, with an expression of face that no euphuism could term amiable.

Hushed into a stillness with which the sense of personal insecurity has something to do, you follow your leader till at last you come to a gallery, which, I presume, is one of those that we know to have been reserved for the use of women. Here we were, to a great extent, withdrawn from the observation of the Moslems, and could venture to speak under our breath.

With us was, of course, a Cicerone. These professional demonstrators are apt to be very great bores; but ours was an exception. He was well-informed on his topic, and not too exacting in his requirements. It happened, also, that instead of being, as most of these

people are, Italian or French, he was a Greek by nation and by religion.

He stood before the wall at one extremity of the gallery. We all had been whispering, yet still seemed to be startled by the solemnity of his suppressed tones as he bid us look at the part of the wall to which he pointed. There, sculptured in the marble, we beheld a large CROSS!

It seemed impossible that the thing could be true—that such a symbol could be discoverable within the precincts of one of the centres of Mahometan devotion. Yet there it was, plainly incised in the wall, unmistakably visible to any one who might approach in that direction. To be sure, the gallery was just then entirely clear of Turks, and might be not much frequented at any time. Still it seemed impossible to suppose this desertion so constant as to have prevented notice of the phenomenon. How could it have been brought about?

"Strange oversight, this," said one of the party. "How came the Turks to forget this when they cleared everything else out of the building, Luigi?"

Luigi was the guide's name.

"It has not been overlooked," he replied, "nor is its continuance willingly permitted. Did none here ever before hear the account of the wondrous cross of Santa Sophia?"

None had heard of it.

"You must know, then," said he, looking furtively around, although we had the gallery all to ourselves, "that you have before you what the Sheik-el-Islam would give all the piastres in his treasury to put an end to if he could. Often and often have they tried their best; many and many a chisel has been broken against that wall. Yet there still stands the cross, and will stand till Islamism shall once more be driven across the Bosphorus. Meanwhile, it is proof to them that they have not got the whole of our beautiful church. We still keep our hold on it, and some day—how soon who knows?—shall have it back altogether."

We could not say how far it was true that endeavours had been made to obliterate what was so palpably before us. But there it was, and we were quite sure that it would not have been willingly tolerated.

The Greeks are so superstitious, and we, in our superiority, are so ready to condemn them, that it was not wonderful that we should have been up to that moment ignorant of the existence of this cross, and of any legendary or special interest that might pertain to it. It had probably been deemed unworthy of mention, or if mentioned, the account had been unnoticed. Still, in that spot, and at that

moment, it was impossible to be uninterested in any such story. So we begged Luigi to tell us all he knew on the subject.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I will gladly tell you, and the story is well worth the hearing. But I fear that some of your excellencies will be slow to believe what I shall say. I should be sorry to make such things the subject-matter of mockery."

On this point he was satisfactorily assured; and, indeed, an air of solemnity began to manifest itself on all our faces.

He then proceeded to give us the following account. What I write must be taken as a condensation of his words.

"When the final assault was made on Constantinople, and when the death of the Emperor on the breach had given up the city to the spoilers, the defenceless Greeks remained without farther resources. Their heroism might have prompted a prolongation of the struggle, even in the streets of the city, but their utter exhaustion precluded the notion. No more room for effort remained to them. Still their hopes were not quite dead. There was among them a firm conviction, grounded on the prediction of an anchorite, that when ordinary means should fail to prop up their throne, extraordinary means would be brought into requisition in their favour. A deliverer was to be raised from the dust, and under his guidance the hostile swarms were to be driven back in confusion. Surely their hour of greatest need was now come: the shouts of triumph, mingled with the lamentations of the vanquished, proving to those whom sex or infirmity had kept remote from the walls that all doubt was past. They were actually in the hands of the enemy.

"A rush was made from all quarters to Santa Sophia, as to their last citadel; and no doubt from a persuasion that within that building, if anywhere, they might look for an extraordinary manifestation of succour. It was soon reached by the torrent of advancing Mussulmen. Mahomet had made a vow to stable his horse within the sanctuary, and the closed doors were a mere mockery of defence.

"As the invaders burst into the church, the sound of the solemn Litany fell on their ears, and seemed to strike them with a momentary awe. But one fanatic gave the example of violence, and at once had a hundred imitators. With his mace he smote down some of the carved work of the *narthex*, and called out to his comrades to seize their captives. The unresisting crowd were smitten down on the spot, or led away for slavery or ransom. The priests manfully stood their ground, continuing their intonation of the

service, till one by one they were hurried away.

"One priest seemed to elude all their attempts at capture. Sometimes the fluctuations of the crowd disappointed the grasp of his enemies; sometimes the clouds of incense veiled him from their sight. He remained standing alone, and continuing the service when all the rest had been secured. When things were brought to this state he began to retreat. Slowly, and facing the Turks, he descended from the *bema*, and passing through the very midst of them, ascended the women's gallery—that very gallery in which we were then standing. His wonderful intangibility had naturally produced some trepidation among his pursuers, but still they continued to follow him. The wall that closed the gallery promised them at last an assured capture. But when they were on his heels, and when a hand appeared to be actually on his shoulder, the grasp closed on nothingness, and the priest had disappeared.

"This," added Luigi, "is the spot where this wonderful event took place. That cross marks it, and will continue to mark it till the time of the Ottomans shall be fulfilled. Then that same priest will reappear and once more celebrate the sacred 'Leitourgia,' and the Greek empire shall be re-established."

"And who was the priest?" asked one of the party; "and where is he stopping all this time?"

"He was," said Luigi, too completely absorbed in his subject to notice the covert sarcasm of the inquirer, "he was one whose coming had been long predicted, and who would have saved the empire at the very last, had not our perversity stood in the way. The holy Gennadius has declared it so to be. But he has left behind him this token, and while it endures, we shall continue to hope."

"And have the Turks really taken measures to obliterate it?"

"They have done so, times innumerable; but whether they cut it out or put in a new block of marble, their labour is thrown away, and the emblem still presents itself. They have now grown wise enough to let it alone; and as you observe the gallery is nearly deserted. You see that even Ali, the Kavas, will not come an inch nearer than just so as to keep us in sight."

And true enough it was. Ali had called a halt at the entrance, and there stood awaiting our exit.

Luigi proceeded to explain that there was an especial interest about this legend at the then speaking. He informed us that within a very short time previously an extraordinary occurrence had taken place, which seemed to

afford ground for expecting a speedy realising of the old hope; and that all the Greeks were in a ferment on the subject. Into the detail of this occurrence he declined to enter at the moment, saying that we had no time for such recitals, unless we were willing to throw away half the advantage of our firman. It needed no extraordinary degree of penetration to see that he was unwilling to bring such matters fully before a mixed company of travellers.

Now one might be bound to say that Luigi had never read Phranza, nor Ducas, nor so much as heard of Gibbon. Yet here he was, bringing up the self-same legend which they report as having prevailed at the lamentable epoch in question. This coincidence was a strong argument of the persistence of a national faith. We read of a prophecy that "The Turks should enter Constantinople, and pursue the Christians as far as the column of Constantine in the square before Santa Sophia; but that this should be the term of their calamities: that an angel would descend from heaven, with a sword in his hand, and would deliver the empire with that celestial weapon to a poor man seated at the foot of the column. 'Take this sword,' would he say, 'and avenge the people of the Lord.' At these animating words the Turks would instantly fly, and the victorious Greeks would drive them from all the west, and from all Anatolia, as far as the frontiers of Persia." This priest had evidently taken the place of the angel of the original tradition. Luigi's reproachful admission with respect to the national perversity which had obstructed the fulfilment of this prophecy was well grounded on fact. It was easy to understand that the people might retain faith in the prediction, although it had not sufficed, in the first instance, to avert their ruin. Perhaps they thought that centuries of suffering and degradation had sufficiently purified them; that the old impediments had now been removed.

It interested me much to hear Luigi's story, and I could not, as my companions of the moment appeared to do, consign it to the limbo of mere travellers' marvels. It was remarkable, if only for its antiquity. Besides, there was the cross on the wall of Santa Sophia. How were we to account for that undeniable fact?

Many other wonderful sights in that wonderful city were brought before us that day. Every place, I think, was accessible to us except the mosque of Ayoub. At last came evening, and we were all dispersed to our respective domiciles. I sent for Luigi, and asked him what precise ground he had for asserting that any recent events had tended

to affect any hopes of the Greeks that might be connected with the legend of this morning.

"Signore," said he, "these are matters about which one does not willingly converse with strangers; but since you inquire I will tell you that what has happened is no less than this: the priest has appeared again."

"Have you seen him?"

"Not with my own eyes, but with those of Pietro Basiliki."

"What do you mean, Luigi, by seeing with another man's eyes?"

"I mean, your excellency, that Pietro is a man of probity, and knows not the way of deceit. He has given me so lively a description of what was given to him actually to behold, that I have had it set before me just as though I had seen it myself."

"And Pietro, a man of common sense and probity, avers that he has seen this priest with his own proper eyes?"

"He does."

This might be satisfactory to Luigi, but it did not content me; it did not constitute him an actual witness. I knew that if, in after-days, I should haply mention the account, my words would go for little unless I should be able to assert that I had conversed with the witness, *soi-disant* at least, of the phenomena.

I therefore determined to betake myself to Pietro himself, that, be the story worth what it might, it should at all events be mine at first hand. I ascertained the individual in question to be a shop-keeper in Pera, of good repute among his brethren, and remarkable for his urbanity to strangers. Whether he would have been willing to receive a stranger on such an errand as I proposed to myself is doubtful. So much mockery is encountered by these people from travellers, that some of the better sort become cautious, and unwilling to speak out, of matters pertaining to their religious traditions. It must be confessed that this scepticism of travellers is not gratuitous; it has been evoked by the tales of the Greeks themselves. However, it is just possible that the principle of not taking upon trust may have been carried too far.

Luigi kindly enough entered into my anxiety. Having satisfied himself touching the *bond fide* character of my proceedings, he gave me a missive to Pietro, that he assured me would make all right. I had the great advantage of being able to speak Greek, as, though only a passing visitor at Constantinople, I had been much in Greece; this would of itself be a passport to Pietro's good-will. I was introduced as a Frank Effendi on his travels, deeply interested in the fortunes of the

Greeks, and in that capacity was recommended to my new friend's good offices.

Pietro proved to be a vendor of oil, dwelling in a remote corner of Pera. One less pre-occupied than I was might have found amusement in the accessories of his store. To look on those mighty pots was to go back to the dreams of boyhood—to Morgiana and the Forty Thieves. But I was anxious to catechise my man, whom I descried in the dusky background of his shop, and I therefore advanced with my credentials.

He rose respectfully and gracefully. His reception would have been entirely that of a courteous gentleman, had it not been for that tinge of servility which even well-bred Greeks contract in the atmosphere of Stamboul. He would have furnished a strange contrast to one of our own "oil and Italian merchants."

Naturally enough his first idea was that I was a brother of the trade, and had come to him with a commercial object. The letter of introduction which undeceived him, brought a change over the expression of his face. He became perceptibly solemnised, with, as it appeared to me, an air of exaltation and dignity. He eyed me curiously for a minute before he spoke to invite me to enter his house. We passed into the kind of "peristyle" that forms part of the plan of most of the well-to-do houses in this quarter. Of course we went through the indispensable preliminaries of pipes and coffee and sweetmeats.

Luigi had shown his knowledge of human nature when he surmised that Pietro would be a more willing witness when examined in his own vernacular. I might have beaten about the bush long enough had I been unskilled in Romain; but the fact of being able to speak the language was evidence of Philhellenism, and Pietro soon proved communicative. His story was wonderful enough, and if given with all its accessories, would be long. In substance it amounted pretty much to what follows.

On a certain night, not long before the time when my informant spoke, Pietro had retired to rest, after having duly secured his magazine. Nothing particular had been weighing on his mind, nor was he constitutionally fanciful. The house was buried in the stillness of the hour, and he himself in profound repose.

A knocking at the outer door mingled itself with the machinery of his dreams, as such noises will, before they thoroughly rouse the sleeper. At last the real broke through the charmed circle of the fantastical, and he jumped up, thoroughly awake, to hear the same noise continued at intervals.

The event was extraordinary, for his business scarcely laid him open to night-sum-

monings. His first notion was of some disaster. Fires are notoriously common in that city, and he thought of fire, but failed to detect by sight or smell any token of such misfortune. He went to the window, whence he was able to look down at the door. There stood a figure in the door-way that was evidently that of a priest or kaloyer.

"What do you want?" cried Pietro.

"Hasten," said the person, "descend, and it shall be told you what is required," and without any intermission the knocks at the door were continued.

Pietro was unwilling to take so much trouble, and his wife who had joined him in his look out, encouraged him in his disinclination. She was afraid of this strange visitant.

"Go away, old man," she cried, "and leave us in peace; let us slumber to-night, and Pietro shall do your bidding in the morning."

The man looked up at the window, full in their faces. From that moment there was no more hesitation in doing his bidding. The halo of some indescribable influence was about him; the woman no longer sought to retard her husband, and he was ready to obey. What his face was like they could not say; but it conveyed to them an idea of majesty and meetness for command.

Pietro descended to admit the kaloyer.

"What is it, most reverend papas, that you require?"

"Fill me," he replied, "a measure of such an oil, and follow me."

Now this oil is of a kind only used in religious services; it is, I believe, of the nature of what is generally termed opobalsamum.

Pietro proceeded to execute the mandate with the assistance of his wife, the priestly visitant remaining the while outside.

He lifted the required measure of oil on his shoulder, and declared himself ready to proceed in attendance on the priest. They sallied forth into the night, bearing no lanterns, and got past unchallenged by the watch (who, be it observed, apprehend all persons abroad at night without lanterns), and so passed on till they came down to the waters of the Golden Horn.

Here a caique was awaiting them, and into it they entered. Pietro could say nothing about the rower, except that he was not an ordinary caique-dji. He was too much perturbed in spirit to take clear notes of passing occurrences. As he drew near to the Stamboul side a sense of consolation stole over him. Who and what his companion might be he could not say, but he felt that they were on an errand of good.

They stepped on shore, and pursued the direct way to Santa Sophia. No one inter-

fered with them, and they entered. To the astonishment of Pietro it was lighted-up and thronged with worshippers, but they were not such as were wont to be found therein. They were Christians, and the symbols were Christian that everywhere met his eye. The sanctuary was arranged in due order, the priests were officiating, and as he entered the full-toned choir was chanting the liturgy of St. Basil. Some one took from him the vessel that he was carrying, and he no longer saw the kaloyer who had brought him to the temple.

The service was performed with great pomp and splendour, and when the concluding sentences had been uttered, the throng began to depart. With them Pietro left the church, and made his way down to the place where the caique had been left. There he found it, but without the boatman, and so he passed back to Pera and to his own house, where he found his wife waiting his arrival, and anxious for his history.

This is in substance the story. It is, to say the best of it, extraordinary; especially when taken in connection with the matter-of-fact evidence of the cross left within the edifice of Santa Sophia.

It is not wonderful that Pietro's comment on this adventure, and the comment of all those who treated it as a reality, should have been an assertion that the foretold monk was about to return, and that the Greek polity and dynasty were about to be re-established on the Bosphorus. Regarding the story, as we do, from a distance, morally and topically, it may seem strange that the account should have met a wide acceptance. But we cannot be severe on their credulity. The marvellous phenomenon on the wall still meets their eye and maintains a protest against the present usurpation. Should a foreigner seek to explain away the vision of Pietro, they would beg him, in the first instance, to account for the fact staring them in the face. How comes it to pass that that symbol has been allowed to remain on the walls of Santa Sophia?

A. CHARLES.

A JOURNEY TO THE MOON.

I.

I've lost so much on this "dull earth,"

Who'll take a journey to the moon?

I'll see them fitly furnished forth,

With knife and fork and silver spoon.

II.

With sandwiches to last a week,

Besides a cask of Bass's ale;

And they must not forget to speak

If these supplies should chance to fail.

III.

And now I'll try to make a list
Of all that I would fain recover,
The thousand chances lost and missed,
Including once a faithless lover.

IV.

No loss, you'll say, (but this apart,)
I don't remember if I named it;
I very nearly lost my heart,
But that came back, as no one claimed it.

V.

The sacks of pins, the coils of thread—
The rings and strings, and ties and laces;
The books I've lost as soon as read,
The countless knives and pencil-cases,

VI.

Are trifles all, not worth a thought,
Compared to what the post has cost me,
The bright ideas by fancy wrought,
Those active "sons of toil" have lost me.

VII.

The gems of wit, the dainty turn
That sparkled in each missing packet,
The "thoughts that breathe and words that
burn,"
I wish they'd burned the postman's jacket!

VIII.

All these I now may freely name,
The world will never be the wiser,
Will never grant me praise or blame,
Or turn on me as criticiser.

IX.

To "Grand St. Martin's," day by day
I pen my sorrowful complaining;
And though they hear my mournful lay,
'Tis very small redress I'm gaining.

X.

They treat me with profound respect,
They'll give my case their "best attention";
But that is all I now expect,
And thank them for their good intention.

XI.

So, as the very last resource,
I've thought me of the moon's bright round,
Where some one said, (who's dead, of course,)
"Things lost on this dull earth are found."

XII.

They say the railway starts to-night—
I mean the railway to the moon;
I hope the stars will lend their light,
And not turn off the gas too soon.

XIII.

I've taken just a "million" shares;
They tell me 'tis a splendid venture;
To-morrow week we'll raise the fares,
And then "retire" each old debenture.

XIV.

And if 'tis not an idle boast,
And fortune aids this speculation,
I'll prosecute the general post!
And have a general reformation.

JESSICA RANKIN.

CELTIC SUPERSTITIONS.

ADDISON, in an early number of the "Spectator," gives an amusing account of some of the superstitions prevalent in his day, and of the disagreeable results that happened to himself in consequence. How that on one occasion at dinner his hostess looked upon him with great suspicion for spilling the salt in her direction. No wonder indeed, since the battle of Almanza and the downfall of a pigeon-house had followed a similar mishap on the part of the servant some time before. How he had to lay his knife and fork parallel, instead of crosswise, lest he should thereby portend a catastrophe no doubt much more terrible than a battle. A portent of steel could mean nothing else than a general war if a grain of salt foretold a battle. He tells us, moreover, that the same good lady would not suffer her little son to begin to write a new hand on Childermas-day. Being in a certain company, an old woman remarked, to the consternation of the assembly, that there were thirteen in the room. Some arose and were about to leave, when a friend of his announced, with ingenious casuistry, the interesting fact that in reality there were fourteen present, and that, instead of portending that one should die within the year, it was plain that one should be born. Addison remarks, "Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night."

We consoled ourselves until lately with the thought that all these things had now passed away; that the reign of superstition was ended, destroyed, says Carlyle, by the French revolution. Conceive our astonishment when we read in the public papers a statement made by the Registrar-General in Scotland, that in Scotland there are more marriages celebrated on the last day of the year than all the rest of the year, and that when the last day of the year happens to be Saturday no one gets married on it. And apparently in explanation of this most inexplicable statement, he avers that no man commences a new work on Saturday, lest he should not live to finish it. Now the Registrar-General is presumably the gravest man in Scotland, from his having death and the great changes of life always before him, and he is *ex officio* the driest and most practical man in the kingdom, from his solely dealing in statistics. It is therefore impossible that this could be a joke, much less a joke on all Sawneydom. Facts are stubborn things. What then must statistics be? The fact then is, as the statistics show, that there is much superstition or the

relics of it in the land of cakes in the middle of the nineteenth century. We almost imagined that we were spirited back to the ninth, or earlier, to the old Celtic times, when a king could not do one thing on Monday, another thing on Tuesday, and when there were cross or unlucky days marked and avoided in every month.

It used to be a common thing for sailors to refuse to go to sea on a Friday. We hear nothing of this in these steamboat days. Steam has made every day alike. Steam has been a great reformer; and in the matter of popular superstitions has been the great Reformer. Wherever steamboats and steam-engines appear, superstitions disappear, ghosts, fairies, witches, are speedily forgotten. Who ever heard of a ghost in a railway station, or of a bewitched cattle-truck, or of a haunted saloon-carriage. The thing is impossible. The most expert seer could not find a ghost in a first-class waiting-room—could not even imagine such a thing. Ghosts like very different quarters: old houses, wainscoted rooms, secret passages, and scanty visitors.

These superstitions are now rapidly passing away, after having a long sway in these lands. Some of them are very old. It may not be uninteresting for us to give some of the earliest—those of the Celts, and since we know little of the Celts of Britain, we will deal with those of the Celts of Ireland.

Some of the most curious are those respecting the kings. There were a certain number of unlucky things that each king was prohibited from doing. These were called *geasa*. They are enumerated in the old Celtic books. For instance, the King of Ireland was not to allow the sun to rise upon him on his bed in Tara. He was prohibited from alighting from his horse on a Wednesday in Magh Breagh (Bregia), or from crossing Magh Cuillin after sundown. He was not allowed to set out on an expedition against North Teffia on a Tuesday, or to go in a ship upon the water the Monday after Bealltaine (Mayday), or to leave the track of his army at a certain place on the Tuesday after Samtrain (Allhallowe). The King of Leinster was not suffered to travel the road to Dublin on a Monday; and it was considered extremely unlucky for him to ride across Magh Maistean (Mullaghmast). The King of Munster was prohibited from enjoying a feast at Killarney from one Monday to another. No doubt some king had suffered from a week's carouse at the Lakes. The King of Connaught was not to wear a speckled garment, nor ride a speckled horse at a certain place, on account of ill-luck; and the King of Ulster was shut out of a large district in his dominions during the

month of March, from a similar consideration. These were *geasa* that applied only to the kings. There were, however, a great many days in the year which were looked upon as cross or unlucky days by every one. O'Curry has given a list of these, which may prove interesting to some inquirers into these matters. Some of the numbers are illegible:—

January, 1, 2, 4, 5,	July, 10, 20.
15, 17, 19	August, 19, 20.
February, 10, 18	September, 6, 7.
March, 2, 19.	October, (P)
April, 5, 7.	November, 5, 19.
May, 7, 8, 15.	December, 7, 8 (P).
June, 4, 15.	

These were the unlucky days in the Celtic calendar. O'Curry was enabled by them to find out the month of a certain expedition said to have turned out disastrously on account of the day it was undertaken on.

There was a very curious notion in old times that a properly qualified poet had power to kill by means of his verses. It was considered the best guarantee of his poetic powers, if his satire had this effect. He had also power to cause blemishes on the persons of his enemies by the same occult process. Strange as it may appear, this was the general belief for many centuries all over Celtic Ireland, and, if we mistake not, traces of it may be found in Ireland to the present day.

In the Brehon Laws some of the practices of the pagan poets are mentioned. There was a certain incantation performed thus: "The poet placed his staff upon the person's body, or upon his head, and found out his name, and the name of his father and mother, and discovered everything that was proposed to him in a minute or two. But St. Patrick abolished these three things among the poets when they believed, as they were profane rites. For the Teinm Laegha (just mentioned) and Imus Forosna could not be performed by them without offering to idol gods." In a note a description of the Imus Forosna is given: "The poet discovers through it whatever he likes or desires to reveal. This is the way in which it is done: the poet chews a bit of the flesh of a red pig, or of a dog or cat, and he conveys it afterwards to the flag (stone) behind the door, and pronounces an incantation on it, and offers it to his idol gods, and he then invokes his idols; and if he obtains not his desire on the day following, he pronounces invocations over both his palms, and invokes again unto him his idol gods, in order that his sleep may not be interrupted; and he lays his two palms on his two cheeks and falls asleep; and he is watched, in order that no one may interrupt or disturb him, until everything about which he is engaged is revealed to him. St.



DRAWN BY MISS HELEN A. J. MILES.

ENGRAVED BY GRAPHOTYPE.

Patrick abolished this and the Tainm Laeghdha, and he adjudged that whoever would practise them should have neither heaven nor earth, because it was renouncing baptism."

There was also a belief in the efficacy of charms, a belief which has not yet been forgotten. In the Brehon Laws there is mention made of a fine for killing a dog by giving it a charmed morsel to test the charm, and see if it has virtue. In the same laws there is a fine for breaking bones from a churchyard, and the comment on the passage says that this was done to get the marrow out of them for sorcerers.

Another curious belief was that a person might be made insane by throwing at him a wisp saturated with a charm. It was also generally believed that in a good king's reign the harvests would be plentiful, much fruit would be on the trees, and a bountiful supply of fish in the rivers.

With regard to the *brehons*, or judges, there were some very curious notions. It was believed that when they passed false judgments blotches appeared on their faces. This is distinctly affirmed with regard to several of them in the "Comment on the Brehon Laws." This reminds one of the answer of a celebrated drinking Scotch judge of the good old times, as related by Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences." When asked one morning, at his club, about a suspicious mark on his nose, he replied, "Gentlemen, I have a most extraordinary circumstance to relate to you, that happened to me last night. When going home from this club the pavement at one place up street, strange as it may seem, rose up and struck me in the face." There was a celebrated Irish judge, named Morann, possessed of a singular collar which had the property of extending down upon him and forming an elegant and appropriate ornament when he gave judgment rightly, but which, when he erred, judged hastily or wrongly, tightened about his neck almost to strangulation. One judge is said never to have given a false judgment because he always slept a night before deciding—a very proper course, which might be followed with advantage in our own time.

As to augury amongst the Celts, Dr. Todd says that the different methods of it are summed up in the following lines of St. Columbkille:—

Our fate depends not on sneezing,
Nor on a bird perched on a twig,
Nor on the root of a knotted tree,
Nor on the noise of clapping hands.
Better is He in whom we trust,
The FATHER, the ONE, and the SON.

C. S.

CONCERNING THE GRAPHOTYPE.

As chroniclers of novel matters of interest, literary and artistic, it becomes us to say a few words upon a new art-process for the reproduction of drawings, which has been before the English artistic world for a few months past, and which has for its object the superseding of the process of wood-engraving, as too troublesome and expensive for this rapid age.

In order to appreciate the merits or value of a process that is to supersede a system in use, it is necessary that we should look a little into the weak points of that which is to be superseded; and hence we must ask the good reader to give a moment's attention to the principle of illustration by what are called—with small dignity when we consider the labour of producing them—wood-cuts. The principal value of a wood-engraving lies in the circumstance that it can be printed along with the type which forms the text it is intended to illustrate. This applies to no other mode of illustration: a lithograph, or a copper-plate, or a steel-engraving, must be printed separately, at a different press, and by a different method from that used in type-printing; and such processes are, therefore, unfit for ordinary book or periodical illustrations. But in order that an engraving may be printed with the type, it is of course necessary that it be like the type in its character; that is to say, all those parts which are to receive ink and give it off again to the paper, must be raised, or in relief, while all the parts that are to leave clean paper must be hollows. Now just look for a minute at any good wood-cut, and you will easily see what labour is required to secure these conditions. First of all a block of hard box-wood has to be prepared of uniform thickness, and with a perfectly true and smooth surface. Upon this surface the artist draws his picture with pencil or fine brush, just as he would on a sheet of paper. Then the block is placed in the engraver's hands, and then the tedious part of the labour commences. Every portion of the surface not covered by an ink or pencil line has to be cut away to a slight depth so as to leave the said lines standing in relief. Look for a moment at the delicate dots and lines, and what is more, examine closely the complicated cross hatchings upon which the artist relies for his effects, and you will easily be able to comprehend the enormous labour required to cut away the thousands of interstices between these, so as to leave the artist's lines intact. A vast amount of labour is thus consumed in the production of a single illustration; and it is skilled labour, too, for your wood-engraver must be some-

what of an artist to do his work properly. The cost of good wood-cut illustrations thus becomes an alarming item in the expenses of a book or periodical.

The principal weak point about wood-engraving, therefore, is the outlay it involves. But artists will tell us of another evil that they sometimes have to suffer from it. From what we have just said, it will be understood that the artist is at the mercy of the wood-engraver, upon whose talent and care he has to rely for the proper rendering of the style and character of his drawing. The subtle little touches of the pencil that go to produce perfection in a sketch, and stamp the hand and manner of the artist upon it may, by the most trifling modifications on the part of the engraver in cutting round them, be so perverted as to entirely alter their meaning. The fact is that, in a wood-engraving, we do not see the actual drawing of an artist, but that drawing *translated* by the engraver. The fidelity with which the engraver actually does render the artist's touch is almost marvellous: as Mr. Holman Hunt observed, "the merit of modern wood-cutters is very great, and the care which they bestow upon the blocks they cut, deserves, oftentimes, the greatest thanks of the designer of the work; but, even under the most favourable treatment by the cutter, much of the original character of the drawing must necessarily be lost."

Considering the enormous demand for illustrations of the wood-cut order, it is not at all surprising that a variety of means and schemes should have been tried, with a view of producing printing-blocks of the same character at a less cost than that at which wood-engravings can be executed. It seems as though it ought to be a simple matter to produce a design in relief; but in practice it has, hitherto, been found almost impossible to do so with any success. One of the methods that have been tried consisted in coating a smooth plate with some wax-like composition, and forming the picture by digging or cutting this away down to the surface of the plate beneath: then taking a cast from the mould thus formed, which cast would of course have the lines in relief as in a wood-cut. But this process was so clumsy and uncertain that little use has ever been made of it. Another method was a process which may be described as reversed etching. A metal plate was brought to a smooth surface, and upon this the drawing was made with waxy or greasy ink; the plate being then immersed in acid, all the parts not covered with the ink were eaten away to a slight but sufficient depth, and thus the lines were left standing in relief. This plan also failed in practice, because the

acid not only eat down into the plate, but extended its action horizontally underneath the lines, and either entirely eat the fine lines away, or so undermined them that they crushed under the pressure of the printing operation, and so rendered the block valueless.

Wood-engraving had little to fear from either of these rivals, but now at length a rather more formidable opponent has come forth to claim a portion, at least, of the ground it covers. The new process has been called the "Graphotype;" and its invention affords an example of the frequency with which simple accidents bring about discoveries that have baffled all attempts at direct solution. A draughtsman and wood-engraver of notoriety in New York was making a drawing upon a box-wood block, and having made an error was painting it out, as is customary, with a white pigment. The material he used for the purpose was the white enamel taken off by a moistened brush from the surface of an ordinary glazed visiting-card, printed from a copper-plate. By degrees he removed all the composition forming the enamel, and then he found that the letters were undisturbed and were standing up in bold relief from the surface of the card; the ink forming the letters having protected the enamel beneath them from the action of the brush, while all the surrounding parts were washed or rubbed away.

With a keen eye to application, the draughtsman, Mr. Clinton Hitchcock, saw in the mutilated address card the basis of a mode of producing a relief printing-plate without the skill of the engraver, and he set about experimenting to reduce the method to practice. He took a plate of common chalk and drew a picture with a silicious ink upon it. When the ink was dry, he brushed the chalk all over with a tooth-brush: the interstices between the lines were brushed away, and there stood the drawing in relief, ready to be petrified by means of a chemical solution, and printed from direct, or to be handed to the stereotypist to have a stereo made from it after the usual manner. The whole thing is so absurdly simple that, did not experience teach us that absurdly simple things never come by thinking of, we might well wonder why the idea had never occurred to anyone before.

The process, as it is now being daily worked (by a "Limited Company," of course) differs only in refinement of means from the rough experiment above-described. In order to get a perfectly smooth surface upon a cake of pulverulent yet homogeneous material, fine French chalk is ground and sifted, and ground and sifted again, till it assumes the condition of an impalpable powder. This is spread uni-

formly and thickly over a metal plate of the requisite size, and a polished steel slab is laid upon it. The whole is then placed beneath a hydraulic press, and submitted to a pressure of about 150 tons: this consolidates the chalk into a hard cake, with a surface as fine as a sheet of polished ivory. A wash of size is passed over it to prevent the ink running or spreading, and it is ready for the artist. The drawing is made with a painty ink, and with fine hair-pencils, as pens would be liable to scratch the chalk, and the artist draws every line as he wishes it to appear in the print. In drawing upon wood certain "effects" are sometimes left to the wood-engraver, who well knows how to produce them by appropriate lines, but in the graphotype everything has to be done by the artist. Although this, at first sight, has its advantages, it has its disadvantages also: the artist must know before he begins his drawing exactly what lines he wants to put down; for when a line is once drawn, it cannot be altered or erased, as on a wood-block, where, after sketching his subject, the artist can correct and work it up as he goes on. All shading, too, must be done in hard lines, as no washes of colour, which are so effectively employed in drawing on wood, can be resorted to.

When the drawing is made, the chalk plate stands in just the same position as a wood-block that is ready for the engraver to commence his laborious work upon. The wood-block would occupy many days—if the drawing were elaborate—to engrave; but the analogous operation in the case of the chalk plate is performed in a few minutes. A brush of suitable stiffness is worked over every part of the surface, and all the spaces not covered by lines are powdered and brushed away, and the drawing is thus left in relief. It matters not how full of detail the drawing may be, whether the design be simple or intricate, the bristles of the brush soon clear out every nook and corner that is unprotected by the inked lines and dots that form it. The plate thus "engraved," is hardened, petrified, in fact, by immersion in a chemical solution. A mould in plaster or other material is made from it, and from this the ordinary stereotype plate is cast, which plate, after being touched up by an engraver, is ready for use as an ordinary wood-cut. But it is subject to the defect inherent in all metal-surface printing-blocks, namely, that it will not yield so soft an impression as a wood-block. Wood is partially absorbent; while metal, being non-absorbent, yields up the whole of the ink applied to it, and this tends to produce a blurred impression.

The advantage of the process over that of wood-engraving will be manifest when we

consider the rapid manner in which the printing-block is produced, and the consequent small cost entailed in this part of its production. We are informed that a block finished in readiness to go to the printing-press can be executed within four or five hours after the drawing has left the artist's hands, and that, as regards expense, the actual cost of producing a graphotype block of any given drawing is about one-twentieth of the cost of engraving the same on wood; but the cost of the drawing on chalk must, we fear, be more than that on wood, on account of the time it takes and the peculiarity of the materials the artist is compelled to employ. The Graphotyping Company will not, at present, execute work at that immense reduction; they reserve for themselves a good margin of profit, at the same time doing their work for just half the price of wood-engraving. But there is another important advantage in this process over wood-engraving. The transformation of the flat drawing into a raised design is effected by a means entirely mechanical, and therefore the artist's work is reproduced in exact *fac-simile*; it suffers no alteration or translation at the hands of an engraver. This is a very important feature from an artistic point of view.

The accompanying picture (which the Company have kindly furnished) is a fair specimen of what the process can do. There will be little variations of excellence in the results of every process, and in justice to the graphotype we must say that this sample is not the finest we have seen; we have several before us that are much finer and leave little to be desired; on the other hand, we must admit that a few of the specimens we have inspected fall a little below this one. On the whole, we may regard it as, in commercial phraseology, a *fair sample*. The critical eye of a wood-engraver or a connoisseur might find some things to complain of, but the operators of the art do not claim perfection for it; they know too well to what a high state wood-engraving has been brought in the past few years. The process is as yet very young, and a too severe comparison of it with one which has been years in development, is hardly fair. In reference to the specimen, it must be borne in mind that it has been printed separately, and with more than ordinary care. How it would have looked had it been served like our ordinary cuts, that is, printed along with the type, we cannot say. Strange as it may appear, a wood-cut is infinitely more durable than a stereotype, and will preserve its integrity after usage that would wear out several stereotypes. We are informed that four blocks, printing four impressions on one sheet, were employed

to produce the requisite number of copies for our issue. It should be added, that we give the accompanying illustration simply as a specimen of graphotypic art, and not as an illustration of a poem or story.

Whether the graphotype will ever supersede wood-engraving entirely, we are not prophets enough to say; the best, in everything, will always hold its ground, and the graphotype must excel, or at least equal, wood-engraving in every particular before it can give the latter its *coup de grace*. Considering what has already been accomplished, there is at least a prospect of the possibility of its doing this; but perfection is not acquired in a year, and we venture to think that the present generation of wood-engravers need hardly oppose the process on the ground of any injury they themselves may suffer from its introduction. There is room enough for all the wood-engravers, and for the graphotype as well. Cheap illustrations to accompany cheap literature have long been a desideratum, and the new process will not fare badly if it does no more than supply this, and leaves the art it rivals to continue its present course. Supply and demand act and react upon one another; cheap printing created a demand for penny papers, and photographs a demand for *cartes de visite* at a crown a dozen; and who shall say that the graphotype may not be the origin of a daily illustrated paper? From what we have seen of a case in which a large drawing was made in Wolverhampton on one day, and graphotyped and printed in London, and sold in Wolverhampton on the following day, we should say there is not a great deal to be done before this idea is consummated.

J. CARPENTER.

A VISIT TO A RICHMOND TOBACCO FACTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN THE SOUTH," &c.

A LARGE, dark, dingy, wooden building was my friend Mr. H.'s factory in Virginia. On the ground-floor was the principal work-room, dark and brown and dingy likewise, and encumbered with dark and brown and dingy machinery, about which a number of dark and brown and dingy negroes were engaged in dark and brown and dingy work. However amusing retrospectively, however instructive and satisfactory now to have visited it, certainly the first sight of the tobacco factory was not enticing. Before your investigations can be prosecuted with anything of enjoyment, your eyes must become accustomed to the dark and brown and dingy atmosphere, and your olfactory nerves to the various odours by which they are assailed: but

having once brought these organs into subjection, you may rely on a capital hour's entertainment to recompense you.

In order that we might obtain an insight into the entire process of tobacco making, the owner of the factory conducted us first to a heap of something which he introduced to us as "the weed, just as it is brought from the plantation, and about to be converted into the choicest tobaccos." It was dry, leathery-looking stuff, dark and brown and dingy like its surroundings, and scarcely recognisable as a vegetable production. Something more than common drying had thus curiously transformed the green leaves; for that rubbishy looking heap had, we learned, passed through some peculiar and very delicate processes in order to ensure its purchase by the tobacco merchants. The merits of a popular cigar do not, therefore, rest on the manipulations of the factor alone. Some of the drying processes the merchant, being himself a planter, explained to us; and if the reader will in imagination accompany us to the plantation, he will also have the satisfaction of following the conversion of the simple seed into the saleable article, and subsequently into endless varieties of tobaccos, cigars, and snuffs.

It chanced that I never saw a full and perfectly grown tobacco-plant until *after* my visit to the factory; for the dwarfed specimens sometimes grown in England will bear no comparison with the stately luxuriance of those in their native soil and climate. And even in tobacco-growing countries a perfect plant is not always to be seen; for the object of the planter being to produce plenty of large leaves, the tobacco cultivated for trade is not permitted to flower.

The one magnificent specimen to which I refer was the sole stock-in-trade of an old negro, who designed to lay in a supply of winter consolation from its leaves, and to multiply both his pleasures and his profits by saving the seed as well. So old Jake had fenced his treasure round, that not a leaf might be harmed, not a bud destroyed. And truly it was a stately plant, five or six feet high and abundantly branching. Some of its dark, velvety, ovate leaves were nearly two feet long, and its handsome funnel-shaped flowers—in form something between a convolvulus major and a gloxinia, but larger than either—were beautifully tinted with rose colour and purple.

"What a pity!" I could not help exclaiming, my senses being still haunted by the combination of sights and smells which pervaded the factory,—and in that tobacco-abounding country, not the factory only—"what a pity that so splendid a plant should be condemned

to such odious uses!" By which lamentation the reader will decide that even in these fast times the writer is no smoker; and the reader is right. Without attempting, however, to hurl a feeble dart at a custom which has withstood the battery of philosophy, science, divinity, law, and physic, fired at it for ages, I may, in passing, congratulate my tobacco-hating readers that their friends in England *only* smoke. Nevertheless, I begged hard for a spray of old Jake's beautiful plant—a blossom—one leaf only.

"Thar's a plenty 'bacco in town," he said, thinking I wanted to dry it, and then to chew it. At length, as an immense favour, he gathered me a single leaf, (only for my herbarium, reader,) though sorely puzzled to comprehend why tobacco from the shops would not do as well.

A plot of ground where the soil and aspect are favourable having been selected, the tobacco seed is sown broadcast. If in a latitude where cold winds or night frosts endanger the young plants, they must be protected by a covering of matting, or some coarse material, supported upon a strong frame. The young crop is thinned out, as annuals are, and when the plants are of a sufficient size, they are pulled up and set out in the fields at regular distances of two or three feet apart, so as to afford plenty of space for persons to pass between them. The earth is carefully hoed-up around each stem until it attains a certain size; so that a tobacco-field, at first presents the appearance of hundreds of miniature tumuli, each surmounted by its waving signal; or the land is suggestive of being inhabited by a giant community of mathematical moles.

From this appearance of the field the planters speak of their crop as so many "hills." Thus, were you to ask a planter how much tobacco he is growing this season, he would reply, "Fifty thousand hills," "One hundred thousand," or "One hundred and fifty thousand hills," as the case may be.

From the time when the tobacco first appears above the ground, to the time when it is sublimated into solacing fumes for the consumer, and carbonic acid gas for his friends, it does not cease to be delicately susceptible of injury. Always struggling against incipient maladies and external enemies, no sooner does the young plant give promise of luxuriance, than it is attacked by a foe, in the form of a caterpillar, known as the "tobacco worm;" and in large plantations it is,—or *was* before the war,—the especial business of young negroes to search for and destroy this pest. One worm passed by and the plant is gone, so rapidly is it consumed; and, for several weeks, the utmost vigilance is necessary in looking over

each separate leaf, and destroying this rapacious glutton. At the same time experienced eyes and hands are required to cut off the branches which indicate a disposition to bud, in order that uninterrupted vigour may produce the finer leaves.

At length the plant is ready to be cut down; but, in spite of its stout stem and capacious leaves, it is exceedingly sensitive, and must be handled carefully. All skill is now required to secure for it a good market, everything depending on the drying.

Bright and early, then, on a fine summer morning, the tall, leafy stem is cut off close to the ground and laid gently down. There it must lie until it is "wilted;" that is, faint or partially withered, as a piece of mignonette would be, or a spray of scented verberna, which you have held in your hand and sniffed at for an hour or so. According to climate and season, various plans for drying or "curing" the crop appear to be adopted.

The plant must undergo a certain chemical change in drying—a sort of partial fermentation or "sweating," as it is called—not too quickly or too slowly, not too much or too little; and the elaboration of this drying process, the hanging up and laying down, the stowing first here, then there, the airing, the diligent watching, remind one of nothing less than a patient at a water-cure establishment;—especially where, as in some localities, the tobacco is piled in heaps or "packed," like the patient, to lie until it "sweats," requiring for the time being just as much careful tending. Like the patient also, the longer it remains thus "packed," the finer would its tone and complexion seem to be. Perspiration only to a very precise extent must be induced; its highly sensitive constitution at this stage rendering it susceptible of various forms of disease which must be anticipated and warded off by the ever-watchful doctor. For instance, cutaneous eruptions in the form of "mildew," scarifications and fractures, through too dry a surface, solidification, attenuation, loss of tone, and impoverishment of the system, causing premature decay, and more than all, the tendency to acidification or "fermentation," which, if allowed to proceed, is fatal! Therefore must the tobacco doctor continually examine his patient, externally and internally, watch each dangerous symptom, "pack" him looser or tighter, cover or uncover him, regulate the temperature, and give more light, or air, or warmth, as need be; and when, at length, the patient is pronounced to be so far "cured," he is unpacked, separated into melancholy specimens of "plants" again, tied in pairs, and strung up in the tobacco-house.

In Virginia, in order to effect the first stage

of drying, the plants are strung stem upwards across long poles, which are supported upon sticks placed crosswise upon the field. These "racks," disposed side by side, occupy but little ground in comparison with the crop, for it is only necessary that they should be far enough apart to admit a free circulation of air. Heavy rains would compel the arrangement of these racks under cover, for the plant is quickly affected by the weather, and its marketable virtues, we must bear in mind, can be secured only by every precaution. From the field the crop is taken to the tobacco-houses—immense log buildings, loosely constructed, so as to admit the air, and fitted from the roof to the ground with "racks," upon which the plants are again suspended stem upwards. If the weather be damp, large wood fires are lighted upon the earthen floor, and kept burning, the smoke passing between and among the plants, and escaping through the unshingled roof. This is called "firing the tobacco." The crop is still only "raw material;" and on leaving the plantation may yet undergo a good deal more doctoring, according to its destined uses; the great art of the curing being to render it pliant for manipulation, yet so dry as to be safely preserved.

The medicinal "packing" over, now comes the [commercial packing for market. And this is done on the farms, in hogsheads which weigh, when full, from fifteen to eighteen hundred pounds, and in these it is taken to Lynchburg, Richmond, or any other tobacco-mart.

Delicately susceptible of injury still, it there undergoes a rigorous inspection by officers appointed by the State government for this purpose, the tobacco trade being protected by especial and stringent laws. Inspected and approved it is "passed" according to grade: "First class," "Second class," "Third class," &c., &c., and exposed at public sale. There is a regular tobacco exchange at Richmond, where brokers congregate in great force every morning, and where all bargains for the sale and purchase of tobacco are made by samples. The French government is an annual purchaser to the amount of several millions sterling. It is also bought for transmission to other parts of Europe, and for the home manufacturer. In packing, or, as the American merchants term it, "putting up" for transportation, barrels of a standard size and make are used, and they must be of strong, well-seasoned wood, as green wood stains and injures the contents.

We can now return to the factory, and survey with increased interest that heap upon the floor, and which, after all this packing,

and smoking, and airing, we are no longer surprised to find dark and brown and dingy. It is, we are told, "some of the finest tobacco ever cured," or it would not have found its way to the Excelsior factory. So now, having seen it safely through the hands of the field-labourer, the doctor, and the inspector, let us watch its further conversion.

Several negroes are separating the heap, and stringing bunches of it across long sticks; and while they do this, Sambo and Cuffee—stimulated by our presence, and ever ready to appropriate to themselves the chief share of the interest manifested—deport themselves with such exceeding conceit and graciousness, that our attention is irresistibly drawn towards them and their numerous sable brethren, for they impart a character to the place.

There were forty or fifty negroes in that large room, and all being busy, all were of course in action. But such action, and so much of it! Occasionally their occupation demands a good deal; but Sambo and Cuffee throw at least five times as much action as is necessary into every muscle, and as much importance in every movement. "Aha, massa!" is the expression of each limb and feature, "what would you poor white folks do if you had not Sambo to work for you? You couldn't have all this 'licious baccy without Sambo, you know!" And there was philosophy in the argument. Sambo and Cuffee were "chattels" then, and though as chattels not much given to reflection, they evinced no lack of capacity in estimating their own commercial value, and in deriving their minimum of comfort therefrom. White folks couldn't work: Sambo and Cuffee *could*. And that they appreciated this local prejudice full well, Sambo and Cuffee, in spite of their rags and dirt, and dingy discomfort, convinced you by the conceited airs they threw into the business even of stringing dry leaves across rough sticks, and as did their comrades, whatever their occupation in other parts of the room.

Close by the dried heap which the negroes were stringing was a large, deep, wooden trough, full of a not unfragrant mixture—rum, liquorice, sugar or treacle, and water. A negro, with a strong tin ladle, or "dipper," stood stirring away at this, ladling it out and pouring it forth again with a relishing sound, while the others cast many an interested glance at the proceedings. Oried a puzzled English-woman of our party, "What a singular—*drink!* Is each man allowed—so much—a day?" The lady soon looked remarkably foolish, for it was nothing of the kind. Not that Sambo and Cuffee would have objected to quaff the rich solution, it was hinted. Indeed, were a sharp look-out not kept, those ingre-

dients—either separately or in combination—might vanish at a quicker rate than their lawful uses warranted. As some of the negroes looked as if they had been head and shoulders into the trough, dispensing with towels afterwards, one might almost have fancied it contained an embrocation for bruises; and a bath indeed it was—for the weed!

Each stick, loaded with its bunches, was steeped in that nepenthean bath, the man with his dipper stirring continually, and throwing the dark, sweet mixture well over and among the leaves; and this, we were told, was not only to preserve the weed, but to disguise its nauseous bitter, to add to its stimulating qualities, and to produce certain popular flavours. In that one factory two hundred and fifty pounds of liquorice were used daily for steeping the plant; and sugars, essences, oils, spirits, and what not in proportion. I question whether, if half the smokers knew with what sweetly-insinuating compounds their pinch of "shag" or "bird's-eye" is flavoured, the pure *unadulterated* weed would prove equally fascinating.

Well, after a good sousing in the brown-black bath, the sticks were lodged upon pegs over another long trough, which conveyed the drippings back into the larger one. They hang there until they have ceased to drip, when they are conveyed to the drying-room, a room you would not care to do more than peep into, for however enjoyable your fragrant full-flavoured cigar, the effluvia from those unsightly bunches hanging from every foot of ceiling would send you down in a hurry to a part of the factory where Sambos, young and old, are engaged in some very diverting work.

Here are several long high tables, equally divided into eight or ten compartments, one for each workman. Close by are heaps of the bunches, once more dried: darker, browner, more tumbled, and leathery, less like those sprays of handsome, ovate leaves of velvety green than ever. Boys called "stemmers" are preparing these bunches for the men at the tables, who are called "rollers" and "twisters."

The business of the boys is to strip off the leaves from the stems. Like their elders, these urchins throw a vast deal of importance into their work; but their conceit displays itself rather in impudence than pomposity, and in an under-current of mischief which animates every grotesque and superabundant action. The dexterity of the monkey is their natural inheritance; and to this is added the expertness of practice. With amazing quickness they strip the heavy bunches, lay aside the stem, tear each large leaf in halves, strip

off the mid-rib and lay that aside, and hang the two half-leaves over a ledge along the middle of the tables, ready for the "rollers." About four "twisters" or "rollers" are thus supplied by each "stemmer;" both twisters and stemmers seeming to vie with each other in maintaining and exhausting the supply. The rollers, as they stand at their tables, look as if they might be engaged in some kind of cookery. Each one takes a certain quantity of the pliant, leathery leaf, whisks it up, and rolls it in a twinkling, chops off the ragged ends with a machine fixed to his stand, takes a larger leaf and rolls his twist in it, just as the cook would roll her conserve into her paste, or as a shopman does up a small paper parcel, rolling, folding in the leaf, and rolling the remainder; when, instead of the final screw given by the shopman to the end of his paper parcel, the ragged leaf is tucked and plugged in with a pointed wooden instrument, and you have a tidy little cylindrical package. All the stemmers and all the twisters or rollers at all the tables are now at work. They move with rapidity and ludicrous gravity, and with a sort of rocking motion of their bodies, which, when they sing in concert, as they often do, and in excellent harmony over this work, suggests the idea of chanting a lullaby to the weed to symbolise its soothing properties.

Including the sorting-out and smoothing of the best leaves for envelopes, each twister completes at the rate of two a minute of these packages, and as many as 1430 a day, using up 130 lbs. of the leaf. There were between twenty and thirty twisters at work at those tables, the average quantity of leaf rolled up by them being 3000 lbs. per day.

And now a pile of packages or rolls lies in front of each twister; and, as a certain number are ready, they are taken by another set of workmen and arranged in square, strong iron trays of about half or two-thirds of an inch deep, and equally divided into oblong parallel cells, into each of which is tucked a plump, round roll—the roll, however, far over-topping its shallow partition. Each iron tray is then covered with an equally strong, close-fitting lid, similarly divided into oblong compartments. Put under a powerful screw press, this lid closes tightly down, cell to cell, and the soft, sausage-shaped rolls are transformed into hard, flat cakes of the precise shape and size of the cells. Although the rolls looked dry already, a good deal of juice is thus expressed: this is poured off, and the cakes are again arranged in similar, though somewhat shallower trays, and covered this time with a flat iron plate; when a second pressing brings the rolls into still flatter, firmer, drier, and better-defined oblongs.

Now they are disposed in strong wooden boxes of a standard size, each box holding a certain number of cakes packed closely, layer upon layer. The cakes are hard and dry enough now; and, after these two tremendous squeezings, one would think could scarcely become any flatter, but they have still to be pressed into the box, which for this purpose is adjusted into an iron vice to prevent its being forced apart; and then a heavy, solid block of iron, fitting into it accurately, is brought down slowly and resolutely by means of the iron screw, and it savagely jams the layers of cakes—as one might suppose—into a solid cube of tobacco; but which, nevertheless, on being unpacked, are easily divided. The cakes above described are what English tobaccoists call “Foreign Cavendish,” and are lighter in colour, as well as more compact and solid than some of the very black and less attractive-looking English “Cavendish” I have seen. For, after the second pressing, the Virginia cakes are of a rich brown, prettily marbled by the veining of the outer leaf, and looking more like the brown mottled leather with which our school-books used to be covered, than anything else I can think of. Or, perhaps, were you to see a box of these cakes apart from the factory, without knowing what they were, you might think them confectionary. But what? Marbled toffee? Hard-bake? Smell them, and a good fit of sneezing might lead you to suspect that snuff rather than sugar is an ingredient in those marbled cakes. And there you would not be far from the mark, only instead of snuff *solidified*, they are snuff unpulverised. Snuffs, however, were not made at that factory. The stems so carefully laid aside by the boys are exported to Scotland, Holland, and other countries, where they are ground up into the black and brown Rappes, High-toast, Lundyfoot, Ophthalmic, and a host of other snuffs. Immense quantities of the plant imported to England as “Strip,” “Stemmed,” “Unstemmed,” &c., are manufactured here into tobacco, cigars, and snuffs.

Our merchant friend informed us of many other methods of “putting-up” the weed. Besides these cakes, varying in size, there are “twists,” or the leaves roped together by a wheel; “carrots,” made by laying numbers of half-leaves one upon another and rolling them up tightly until they become cemented together; and several other forms, with which many of my readers are probably already acquainted.

According to the quality of the leaves, and the experience and skill of the manufacturer in flavouring and preparing all these rolls and cakes and shreds of stemmed, or unstemmed

leaf, they are presented for sale under the attractive titles of “Bright-leaf,” “Golden-lump,” “Lone-star,” “Catawba,” “Cherry-red,” “Strong-black,” “Cavendish,” “Negro-head,” “Honey-dew,” and so forth. The smaller cakes which we saw made, are found convenient by Americans, who are addicted to manducation of a certain description. I have frequently seen my friend, the Congress-man, take one from his waistcoat-pocket, break or cut off a hunch, and hide it somewhere in his mouth. Apparently he must have swallowed it, for he continues his speech with surprising *fluency*; otherwise one is led to the conclusion that, like Demosthenes of old, he must have practised elocution long and carefully, but with a great hunch of tobacco in his mouth instead of pebble-stones. It would be well if some of the embryo orators were further to follow the philosopher’s example, by practising before the mirror too. It struck me that if some of those manducating Americans, whose superfine instincts revolt at a too close proximity to a black brother—however perfectly got up—in a public conveyance, were to watch the preparation of their dainty *quid* by those factory hands, “chewing” would soon go out of fashion. Not by “Honey-dew” alone is the epicure’s dollar cake moistened! Nor would I advise those who wish to remain in blissful appreciation of their mouthful, on any account to visit a Virginian tobacco factory.

Spoiled tobacco makes capital manure for grass and grain, and is often used for this purpose; for the raw material decomposes rapidly by exposure to the weather. The juices are also used by farmers and gardeners to destroy vermin, both in stock and in crops; and most persons know that to burn tobacco in a greenhouse is a good way of getting rid of aphides. Probably it is the carbonic-acid gas evolved which kills the insects. And this reminds me of a calculation that was made with regard to tobacco-smoking—namely, that the carbonic-acid gas produced by the combustion of the tobacco grown in America alone, was three hundred and forty millions of pounds per annum: and that the amount of atmospheric poison annually produced by the world’s smokers, was a thousand millions of pounds. This calculation was made about the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and as the custom of smoking has increased astonishingly in the subsequent interval; so, of course, has its attendant poison. A fact which suggests a problem for statisticians to work out—namely, as the use of tobacco increases at a ratio exceeding the increase of population, and as our commons, fields, and forests which absorb carbonic-acid gas, become gradually annihilated by dwelling houses and

railroads, at what rate is our atmosphere deteriorating every year? and how does this tell on the matter of public health? In 1821 the average consumption of tobacco in England, was twelve ounces *per month*, supposing every adult male to be a smoker. In 1851, the consumption was seventeen ounces per male month; and it is now a great deal more. Tobacco has been said to have the largest consumption of all the vegetable productions in the world; for while other staples, even wheat, are more or less limited by class or climate, tobacco is used all the world over, and is produced in every quarter of the globe.

Asia ranks first as a tobacco producing country; then Europe, America, Africa, Australia. Though grown in nearly all the American States, the plant is cultivated as a staple chiefly in Virginia, next in Kentucky, Maryland, Tennessee, and Missouri.

ON BEARDS.

WE live in an age both of progress and restoration; and of the many instances which the present generation has witnessed concerning the latter, the one most conducive, as some consider, to health and beauty alike, is the restoration of the facial appendage to that part of the body where nature originally, and as we believe most kindly, implanted it.

The earliest notice which we find of the beard in ancient history is in that beautiful comparison which the Psalmist makes respecting the high priest of the Jews nearly 4000 years ago. It is there represented as the conductor of that precious substance which should knit together all the sons of Adam in one huge paternal embrace. "Behold!" says the great king, "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that dripped down to the skirts of his garment." Five centuries later we hear of the ambassadors of the same sovereign having been subjected to the terrible indignity of the loss of their beards, in consequence of which David issued his commands to them to "tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown, and then return."

The following passage from the "Protagoras" of Plato shows that the most distinguished of the heathen philosophers, who lived midway between the age of David and the Christian era, cultivated the beard with eminent propriety:—

Friend.—"Whence come you, Socrates? Can there be any doubt but that it is from a chase after the beauty of Alcibiades? and to me, indeed, when I saw him lately, the man

appeared still beautiful; though, between ourselves, he is a man, for he is now getting a pretty thick beard."

Socrates.—"What of that? Do you not approve of Homer, who says, that 'the most graceful age is that of a youth with his first beard,' which is now the age of Alcibiades?"

All who have visited Rome will remember the beautiful tomb which adorns its environs, belonging to the greatest of the Scipios, and which bears on its inscription the lofty and honourable epithets of *Africanus et Barbatus*: a great contrast to one of his descendants, who is noted as having been the first person among the Romans who adopted the unnatural custom of shaving, as it accords with the practice of our uncivilized ancestors,* whom Cæsar describes, after his expedition to Britain, in this sad and denuded condition:—"Their hair," he says, "hangs down very long, and they shave every part of the body except the head and upper lip." To pass on about a couple of centuries, we find Tertullian, when witnessing the barbarian practice of the dandies in the court of the Emperor of Rome of shaving their beards, exclaiming, in a transport of fury:—"It is a lie against the face, and an impious attempt to improve the handiwork of God!"

During the fifth century the Church in Africa was compelled to interfere in the matter, in consequence of the clergy following the practice of the laity among the upper ten thousand; for we find an express canon was passed by the Council of Carthage, that, "A clergyman should neither indulge in long hair, nor shave his beard." Hence a great authority of those times, describing a friend of his who had passed from the laical to the clerical order, speaks of his "habit, gait, modesty, countenance, and discourse as being entirely religious; and agreeable to these, his hair was short and his beard long."

In some parts of Christendom, however, the clergy adopted the uncanonical custom of shaving; for a chronicle of the year A.D. 1005 relates that Serlo, Bishop of Selz, when preaching before Henry I. of France, took occasion to condemn, in no measured terms, the ancient practice of wearing the beard; and so convincing was his eloquence, according to the said chronicle, that the king and all his courtiers consented to be shaved by the bishop and his clergy on the spot. The practice

* Probably few of the thousands who rush daily through Lombard Street, in pursuit of wealth, are aware that its name is derived from the race of Goths who invaded Italy in the fifth century, and who eventually became the most successful merchants of the middle ages. They wore remarkably long beards, contrary to the custom of the other Gothic tribes; and hence derived their name of "Longo-bards," or "Long-Beards," which, for euphony's sake, became "Lombards."

of discarding the beard appears to have increased amongst the clergy generally during that century, as Ware, in his "Irish Antiquities," specifies an instance of a priest, named Æd, being commonly called "The Bearded Clerk," proving him to have been an exception to his cloth. Yet he appears to have come to grief by means of too free a use of the razor, as history records that, "in the year A.D. 1054, Æd was driven into banishment, because, in his school, he took upon himself to introduce a new custom of shaving the girls, after the manner of the clerks, as may be seen in Marianus Scotus and Florence of Worcester."

We have often thought it possible, though historians have culpably passed the matter over in silence, that the long wars which desolated France during the reign of the Plantagenet dynasty may be traced to the loss of a beard. When Louis VII., at the request of his bishops, shaved his beard, his consort, Queen Eleanor, considered him so ridiculous, and conducted herself in so questionable a manner, that the poor beardless king speedily obtained a divorce. Eleanor then married our own Henry II., carrying to the English crown for her dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which, for more than two hundred years, ravaged, and ultimately cost the French nation fully 3,000,000 men. In the same century it was the custom of sovereigns, when sealing decrees, to add greater sanction to them by embedding three hairs from the beard in wax; and there is still extant a charter of A.D. 1121, granted by our Henry I., containing these words, "Quod ut ratum et stabile perseveret in posterum presentis scripto sigilli mei robur apposui cum tribus pilis barbæ meæ." The most remarkable instance which history records of the utility of the beard occurred at Goa, when John de Castro, being short of provisions, is said to have pledged a moiety of the hair on his chin as a security, a sacrifice which the ladies of the place would not permit; but, relying on his honour, they raised the required amount and politely requested him to retain both the money and his beard. The beard continued to be the fashion in France till the death of Henry IV., when the courtiers of a young and beardless sovereign thought it right to copy their master. Not content with this, they had the audacity to ridicule the great Sully for his adherence to the ancient custom, until silenced by the rebuke which Sully administered in the presence of Louis XIII., "Sire, when your father of honoured memory did me the favour to consult my opinion, he usually sent away, first of all, the court buffoons." Palla-

vicini records an instance of a desperate quarrel between two Bishops at the Council of Trent, which shows that beards at that period were again in fashion. "The Bishop of Caba overhearing the bishop of Charonea say that his folly and impudence were without excuse, as is the wont of men overcome with anger, blazed out into revenge, and laying his hand on the beard of his brother prelate, he did tear away many of the hairs thereof and straightway went away."

Shaving appears to have been recognised, as a sign of dandy effeminacy, in this country fully two centuries before it was so in France, i.e., if the character of the fop drawn by Shakspeare in "Henry IV.," Part I. Act 1, be historically true:—

But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
There came a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom and his chin new reaped,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.

It might be a fitting subject for the consideration of our learned societies to name the cause which has made the most manly race on earth submit for the last two centuries to the absurd practice of shaving the hair off certain patches of the human face, instead of allowing it to grow as nature intended. If common sense would but convince men that nature has furnished each with a scanty or thick beard, precisely as it suits his features, they would cease their endeavours to resemble the beardless ape, inasmuch as they resemble him, according to modern philosophy, too much already. Judging, however, from the signs of the times, it is not uttering a very bold prediction, if we express our belief that our children will wonder how their respected parents, in whatever hurry they may have been, could sit before a looking-glass, morning after morning, razor in hand, making all sorts of grimaces at the risk of cutting their throats: the only known result being to render the chin, shortly after the smoothing process, not unlike that useful article of the kitchen, called a nutmeg-grater.

LETTY.

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT eyesore to Squire Desborough was the new shop that had been opened in the village; and with all the pertinacity of an irritable old gentleman, he used frequently to declaim against it, for what he termed good and substantial reasons.

Firstly, it was not required. Jonas Smith and his dame, in their tumble-down, crazy

cottage by the churchyard, had contrived to supply the wants of their neighbours for these last forty years; and no one had found fault with their goods, or their groceries, until the opposition emporium was opened.

Secondly, the wife of the man whose name appeared on a flaming board over the front of the shop, was a member of a disgraced family, which had quitted the village years previously, pitied by the few, but reprobated by the many; and the Squire, and many with him, looked upon her return with distrust.

And lastly, but not leastly, the obnoxious tenement had been roughly run up for the purpose, and was undeniably an ugly, staring red-brick slip of a dwelling, perched in a little three-cornered bit of ground exactly opposite the gates of Desborough House; and the Squire's favourite stroll up and down the broad, straight avenue became distasteful, when it was overlooked by clusters of the idlest slatterns in the neighbourhood, whose loitering, gossiping propensities, the civil mistress of the shop craftily encouraged, for the sake of obtaining their custom.

Unfortunately, too, their visits were principally paid in the early part of the day, when the Squire was out and about, personally superintending those improvements in which he delighted. At eve, when he was at dinner or napping in his great chair in the bay-window, the gossips were at home also, scolding their neglected children, or quarrelling with weary, grumbling husbands. Then, the callers at the shop were so few, that the mistress had nothing to do but to lean her elbows, as now, on the counter, and lazily contemplate the shadows that the great elms were flinging over the green sward of the park, or watch where the sunbeams glinted here and there through the leafy boughs.

The sun sank a little lower; and then its radiance left the trees, and lit up the whole length of the broad walk beneath them, clinging like a glory around the light figure which came slowly along it.

The woman raised herself from her lounging attitude, and pushed open the door behind her. The room beyond, ill-lighted and cold-looking, lay in a shadow so deep, that she could see nothing but the window and the gaudily gilt looking-glass over the fire-place, until, at her quick sharp call, a young man raised himself from the sofa, and the light through the open door fell upon a dark, handsome, but frowning face.

"Were you asleep? Put on your coat and come out. She's here!"

"She! Who?" he asked, seeming more inclined to resume his former position than obey.

"The girl I told you about—Letty, they

call her. To my mind, she's the prettiest little creature I ever saw. Come!"

Slipping on a loose but not ungraceful coat, he came slowly into the shop, and was leaning against the door-post when the park-gate closed with a clang, and the little neatly-dressed figure ran across the road, and then halted irresolutely at the sight of the stranger.

But the mistress, with her ready smile and civil tongue, came bustling forward. "I'm so glad you're here; do step in. The boy told you—did not he?—that I'd some new prints down from London by the carrier; and I said to my brother there—Mark! this is Miss Letty that you've heard me talk about so often, the parlour-maid at the Squire's—I said to him, 'Now, I won't even open them till she's come to have her pick from them, for I'd back her taste against any one's in Desborough.'"

Letty, who had courtseyed very gravely to the young man, coloured a little. Mrs. Henderson's servile speeches always annoyed her, especially when there was some one standing by to hear them; but she made her few purchases, answered as briefly as she could those cunningly-put questions about the Squire and the house, which were always so difficult to parry, and saying that she must make haste, lest the bell should ring for coffee, drew out her dainty little purse.

"But you are not going to carry this heavy parcel home, I'm sure, my dear! You'll be hot enough with your walk, having to hurry so," said Mrs. Henderson, as she folded the goods in a sheet of paper.

Letty poised it in her hands with a smile, declaring it was nothing; but the woman persisted.

"Henderson's out now, but he shall bring it up to the house in the morning; or here's Mark would be pleased to take it for you, and see you safe home at the same time."

"Certainly," and throwing aside the common, ill-smelling cigar he had lighted, the young man stretched out his hand for Letty's parcel.

With a little alarm at the prospect of such a companion, she fluttered out a very decided "No, no; I cannot think of troubling anyone," and hurried from the shop.

"Follow her, Mark, follow her," whispered the woman, sharply and crossly.

But he put his back against the wall. "No, poor child, I'll not vex her. Let her be."

Mrs. Henderson flung down a bale of goods with an angry mutter, which he did not notice, for a faint shriek had caught his ear, and he had darted out to ascertain the cause.

Letty was glad enough to accept his help now. A dog, that had been lying at the door, his ears erect, his tail beating a measure on the step, accepted her hurried movements as a challenge to one of those rough games of play

he was accustomed to have with Mark Layton; and as she crossed the road he came bounding after her, nearly flinging her down when his huge paws were thrust on her shoulders.

"I am very much obliged," Letty gratefully began, as Mark drove her boisterous adherent away; but her gratitude changed to wrath when, with cruel anger, he struck the poor brute unmercifully, again and again, while it crouched submissively at his feet.

Every true woman's sympathies are aroused by the ill-usage of a child or a dumb animal, and Letty arrested his hands with a passionate cry.

"Oh! don't hurt it. How can you be so barbarous? Poor dog—poor ill-used creature!"

And stooping down she began to pat and comfort the animal, looking up every now and then at its silent master, with indignant wonder at his conduct.

"He is not hurt," said Mark, half-amused at her championship, "and he deserved it for his ill manners. He has torn your dress, too. Go home, Snap—go home, you scamp!"

The dog obediently rose and skulked away, while Letty, still crimson with indignation, stood still and watched it.

"Do you often use the poor animal so cruelly?" she asked, as he jerked a pebble after it to hasten its departure.

Mark's eyebrows rose. "Cruel! Twice you've called me that. It's the first time I was ever considered so. Do you really mean it?"

Without reply, Letty held out her hand for the parcel, which he had just picked up; but he ventured to retain it for a moment.

"If I have vexed you, I am sorry."

This was said gently; but she was not yet appeased, and answered provokingly, "I have no right to take offence at anything a stranger does," and she lifted the latch of the gate.

"Still," Mark repeated, "I am very sorry; and I will promise you not to beat Snap again. Will that do?"

"For Snap?" asked Letty, innocently. "Oh, yes, I dare say he will approve the reformation;" and the next minute she was running up the avenue in a great fright, lest the Squire, who would not permit a man-servant to wait upon him, should be awake and angry at her absence.

Squire Desborough, who was a stickler for the customs of his forefathers, set the good example to his tenants and servants of regular attendance at church; and it was on her way there, in his train on the following Sunday morning, that Letty next saw Mark Layton.

So sternly did the Squire lecture non-attendants on the Vicar's ministry, that an outward

respect for the day was evinced by the most indifferent. The butcher would not serve a pound of meat after ten o'clock to oblige anyone; and those who visited Jonas Smith's store for the odds and ends they were too busy, or too forgetful, to procure on Saturday night, had to creep in the back-way, and bear with the old man's grumbling, at the thoughtlessness which exposed him to the risk of one of "t' ould Squire's scrapings" (*Anglicæ*, scoldings). Labourers, also, who stole an hour or two from the day of rest to work in their gardens, generally put the spade aside and retreated indoors while the church-goers were passing by; but the doltish, sullen-looking husband of Mrs. Henderson at the new shop, never ceased digging his potatoes, even when the surprised and incensed Squire made a halt in the centre of the road, and put on his spectacles to assure himself that the man was really ignoring the sound of the bells that rang so sweetly and clearly; while Mark Layton, with Snap at his side, leaned over the gate in an easy undress, and with looks of defiant indifference to any one's opinion.

But, despite himself, the colour rose in his brown cheek as Letty, cool, fresh, and simple in her summer dress of pale brown and her white bonnet, raised her eyes when she passed him. Not full of angry reproach, like the Squire's, but with something of sorrowful wonder that he could be standing idly there, when the solemn call of the quarter bell was vibrating in his ear.

As the Squire, after some inward hesitation about accosting the young man, moved on, she, too, passed him by, and Mark Layton began to talk to his dog.

"We're a couple of dreadful blackguards, Snap. The old story, boy; the old story. We've got the bad name, and every one's ready with the rope to hang us!"

"What's that you're saying?" asked Mrs. Henderson, opening the door and coming out. "Old Desborough hasn't been lecturing ye, has he?"

"'Twouldn't be no use if he did," said her husband, pausing to rest; "he aint my landlord; and Mark, there, can give him as good as he sends any day."

"And he would, too, if he was o' my mind," muttered the woman; "I don't know why else he came here."

She cast a sidelong glance at her brother to see if her words had any effect, and the contraction of his brows, the gnawing of his under-lip, satisfied her.

She drew nearer with an eager, wistful look; but the words she expected came not. Mark opened the gate, whistled the dog, snatched up a fishing-rod that lay by him, and giving

Snap a basket to carry, walked straight across the road, and disappeared in the Desborough plantations.

"What's he going to be at?" asked Henderson, catching up his spade again. "Eh! can't ye answer?"

"Can't ye see?" she answered, irritably. "Fishing."

"Ay, I know; but that aint what I mean. What's he going to be at down here? We've enough to do to keep ourselves, Madge."

His wife turned upon him in bitter wrath.

"Am I going to ask you whether my brother may eat at my table? Is our money of your earning that you begin to rate me about the spending of it? Just you let me and Mark alone. If I choose to ask him to stay here, it's nought to do with you, Jack Henderson."

With a low growl he gave up the point and resumed his digging; and she, satisfied with the wordy victory, went in-doors and began to busy herself about the dinner. But her heart was not in her labours, and by-and-by she left them half-finished, and creeping upstairs to her bed-room, took a small packet out of a little box in her drawers.

It was only a thin tress of grey hair; but the coarse, hard woman kissed it reverently, and wrapped up with it a tiny curl, out from a baby's head.

"He was her last," she said, softly, "and they're all gone but him and me. Poor mother! poor Mark! She used to say he was sent to comfort her in the dark days, and I promised I'd do my best to look after him as he grew up. I'most wish I hadn't sent for him; and yet it's hard he shouldn't have his own, somehow or other."

Shutting the drawer with a slam, as if with the contents of the box she put away the thoughts that troubled her, Mrs. Henderson went to the window and stood looking at Desborough Park until the softened look on her face died out, and a hard, vindictive expression made it dark and unwomanly.

Mark Layton never went home that day to partake of the long-forgotten dinner. Down in the fairest dell of the park, where a bright little stream ran briskly through it, he sat with patient Snap, angling for Squire Desborough's fine trout.

No one discovered the trespass, for it was an out-of-the-way, secluded spot, seldom visited except by the keepers, until Letty—who dearly loved a solitary walk—came soberly along the path and confronted the audacious intruder.

Her first impulse was to retreat without speaking; but he sprang to his feet, and promptly arrested the bound with which Snap was about to salute her.

"You see, Miss Letty, my dog is a grateful one. He does not forget your kindness to him."

She patted the animal, and stood irresolute, while he gathered up a handful of water-lilies that lay on the bank and offered them to her.

"Thank you. But do you know—that is, I am afraid you cannot know as you are a stranger here—that the Squire is very particular?"

She glanced at his basket, in which some beautiful specimens of the finny tribe were lying.

"So I have heard," rejoined Mark, coolly; "and if he caught me I should be punished for the crime of taking what, after all, he has no more right to than Snap here."

"You are in his grounds," said Letty, gravely.

"That's true. But I don't see how it gives him a right to the river that runs through them. But so it is; for so many miles Squire Desborough claims it, and his neighbours on either side of him do the same; while the poor in the parish are half-starved for the want of what they greedily hug up to themselves. Don't you see this, Miss Letty?"

She did not feel bound to be drawn into an argument.

"I really can't see what this has to do with your trespassing; but I have warned you, and—and, good afternoon."

She moved on, but looked at him wistfully, as if in the kindness of her heart she should rejoice to see him safely out of the risk he ran. Mark understood the look and smiled, as if to re-assure her.

"Never mind; he owes me these, and more than these; but to please you I'll go at once. Good-bye, and thank ye."

Letty carried home her lilies, and put them in a vase in her own chamber before she went into the housekeeper's room to tea. She was a little late, and the servants had entered upon the great topic of the day before her entrance. Of course this was the conduct of the Hendersons in the morning.

"Such irreverence!" cried the housekeeper.

"Such open defiance of the Squire!" chimed in the old butler. "I don't know when I've seen master look as he did at that impudent fellow that stood at the gate."

"Well, well," said the old coachman, who, in consideration of thirty years' services, was a personage of importance; "the least said's the soonest mended, and I don't like to be the first to speak against them people; but they'll come to no good; ne'er a one of them."

In this every one concurred but Letty, who, disliking such sweeping condemnation, asked, "Why?"

"Why, my dear? Oh, because they come of a bad lot. I remember them Laytons when they held their heads as high as anybody; and just look at them now. The father died in a debtor's prison, the mother died broken-hearted, and not one of the children has turned out well."

Letty looked interested, and demanded again,

"But why? What had they done to be so terribly afflicted?"

"I never quite knew the rights of it," said the coachman, musing, and trying to recall the circumstances. "It was something that happened just as the Squire came to the property. Old Layton held the Oaks farm then, and there had been a lot of rent due from him for a good while. Some improvements he wanted to make that the Squire's father gave into, and let payments stand over for a year or two. He was a clever fellow, was Layton, and had had a hard pull with that farm. It wasn't what it is till he made it so."

Here the old man was gliding off into a dissertation upon land, that impatient Letty cut short with an inquiring, "Well?"

"Hum, I 'most forgets how it come about, but when the steward for the Squire that is now made up his accounts and asked for Layton's rent, he up and swore that he had paid it to the poor old gentleman the day before he died. You see, he went off quite sudden like; was took in a fit at night, and dead in the morning."

There was a murmur of sympathy, and a short silence before Letty pursued her inquiries.

"Why was the man's word doubted? Was it not possible that he had paid his landlord?"

The coachman gave an incredulous snort.

"It wasn't likely, was it? A man that hadn't a shilling to bless himself with, pay up I don't know how much, all in a lump. Bless you, he couldn't have done it; everybody said so."

"And the long and the short of it was," added the butler, "that the steward, who was a sharp sort of man, just gave them a week to find the receipt, which, of course, they couldn't; and then they had to turn out."

"Ha! you remember it then, Dixon?" asked the coachman, eagerly.

He nodded. "I should think so. My wife was living then, and she took them into her cottage for a night or two, till they could make up their minds where to go. They was to write and tell us how they got along in London, but they never did. I suppose they was ashamed to."

The coachman shook his hoary head. "Ha! nothing's gone well with them since; 'twasn't to be expected. The youngsters, as we were saying before, have all turned out badly. That young chap that stared at the Squire so saucily

must be the one that was born after they left Desborough."

"I don't see," said gentle Letty, "why the poor children should be condemned, even if their father was guilty."

"Lor, my dear!" cried the housekeeper, reprovingly, "you mustn't talk like that! Isn't there Scripture for it? Doesn't your own Bible tell you that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children?"

"But not that we are to visit them on the innocent," urged Letty; "at least, I don't think that can be the meaning of those awful words."

"Ah!" was the response; "it don't do to meddle with the Scriptures, Letty. What's down in them can't be altered; and you'll see that them Laytons 'll all come to some bad ending or other."

As no one could be induced to agree with her, and the conversation now became a sharp attack upon Mrs. Henderson, who, with all her civility, was not popular at the house, Letty went away to lay her cloth for the tea-dinner the Squire always had on Sundays. Then she ran up to her room to look at her lilies, ponder over the recital she had just heard, and wonder whether Mark Layton's strange speeches and ways were prompted by natural effrontery, or a bitter sense of the injustice that had been dealt to his family, if his father had really discharged his debt to the deceased Mr. Desborough.

CHAPTER II.

SOMETHING of the pity that swelled in Letty's heart for this young man, foredoomed to be the sufferer by his parent's crime or misfortune, shone in her soft eyes when they met again; and perhaps it was this which encouraged him to address her, and walk by her side as she hastened on an errand of mercy, with which the Squire had charged her.

Little dreamed that good old gentleman—stern landlord to careless tenants, but compassionate friend to the deserving poor—that as Letty went, evening after evening, to carry to a consumptive lad the dinner cut from a joint at his own table, she encountered Mark Layton, and loitered with him across the pleasant lonely fields, and under the park wall as she returned.

That there was danger in these meetings she never imagined. Towards Mrs. Henderson her old distaste had increased so much that she rarely entered the shop; but Mark, poor wronged Mark, as she secretly styled him, was fast making his way into her favour.

Proud and passionate, with vindictive hatred of the Squire frequently surging up, and having in his bearing and language unmis-

takable tokens of a loose, if not a vicious life, Mark Layton yet possessed the faculty of winning strong and enduring love. A gift he shared with many, whose faults and follies surpassed his own; for it is not always the worst of men, from whom their kind stand aloof; and the glimpses of better feeling which Letty often detected, might have interested a less credulous observer than this simple country girl.

In the midst of his bitterest sallies against the tyranny of the aristocracy, he would be touched by the sorrowful surprise on Letty's face; then, curbing his anger, he would entreat forgiveness, and wish so fervently that he could be more mild, more forbearing, more like her own gentle self, that perhaps she learned to like him the better for outbreaks which generally ended in the triumph of her own influence.

It was long before these meetings were suspected, and when they were, no one cared to be the first to enlighten the Squire; nor did the most prying gossip suspect that any interference would be too late; that Letty, during her half-yearly holiday, had been quietly and privately married to Mark Layton, at a church near the residence of the deaf elderly cousin, she went to visit.

But, so it was. With no relative at hand to advise or warn her; prompted solely by her affection; and believing that Mark had sufficient reason for the secrecy he enjoined, in the harsh judgment of the Desborough folks, Letty consented to be his, and to retain her situation until his plans for their future were arranged.

Mark was going abroad. So Mrs. Henderson averred, and he did not contradict it; but yet he shrunk from the subject with such a pained look, whenever his young wife named it, that she, fancying him depressed by his projected emigration, passed half her nights in vain regrets that he had determined upon it.

She longed to discuss it with him, and tried to hit upon some plan by which they might earn a decent livelihood in their own country; and she became yet more anxious to do this after Mrs. Henderson harshly rated him in her presence for wasting time, and holding back when there was a golden opportunity within reach.

"I did not quite comprehend your sister," said Letty, as he lingered by her side in the avenue; "she knows all your plans, Mark, dear. Have you not the same confidence in me?"

"Twice as much; but don't stop to scold me now. The wind is keen, and it is growing so dark you will scarcely find your way to the side gate."

"But, Mark; this uncertainty——"

"What! are you going to harp on the same string?" he asked, irritably; "must I never have any peace, until——"

"Until what? I did not mean to vex you; but until what?"

He kissed her upturned face, and gently pushed her from him. "There, go home, Letty dear, go home."

But she clung round his neck. "Go away and leave you angry with me?"

"I am not angry; only vexed—sorry—often and often sorry that I ever saw you."

Letty started; but the almost fierce embrace in which he clasped her was reassuring, and, with a faint attempt at sauciness, she told him she did not believe him.

"But it's true—true," he repeated, wincing as she caressed him. "I'm not half the man I was before I knew you, my poor foolish darling."

She began to feel affronted. "How strangely you talk! Have I ever said, or even wished anything that was not for your good?"

"I'm not complaining. You are a dear little girl, Letty, and if all the world were as single-hearted as you, it would be easy enough to fall into your notions of what is right and wrong. But," and Mark's voice now began to take the old bitter tone; "but you don't know the world as it really is. There's no room in it for honesty. If a man would live and get on, he *must* fight and scheme, and cheat, and lie, and thieve, the same as the rest do."

"No, no, Mark!"

"But I say yes, yes! and I know more about it than you do. And Letty—" he held her from him and spoke sternly—"if you are going to cavil at all I do and say, and judge my actions by your own standard, we shall never get on together, and——"

"And what?" she breathlessly asked, for his manner startled her.

"Why, we had best part at once."

"Part!" cried Letty, incredulously, her arms stealing fondly round his neck. "Are you saying this to vex and tease me? You foolish Mark, to try to shake my faith in you! Doesn't my heart tell me you would never ask me to do anything that was not just and right?"

He returned her embrace fervently. "And I never will, so help me Heaven! but, in return, Letty, you must remember what I have said, and leave me to act as I think best. Now, go in-doors, and sleep, and forget all my cross speeches."

As she turned to obey he drew her back to his arms, and suddenly whispered, "You must get ready for our journey now, as quietly

as you can, for I may be off at a moment's notice."

She began to question; but he silenced her. "Ask me nothing, but do as I bid you; and when I say *come*, make no foolish delays, but come directly. You shall know why some other time."

"But I have not given notice of my intention. The Squire," began Letty, in great perplexity.

"Are you the Squire's slave?" retorted her husband, passionately. "Do you think my father's son would truckle to *him*, or permit you to stay or to go as suits *his* convenience? If you say another word like that I shall quarrel with you."

Thus admonished she was silent and stole in-doors, her mind in a tumult of wonder and uneasiness. The housekeeper heard the light footstep as Letty was passing her room, and called to her sharply to come in. This usually prim, sedate personage was now in a flutter of haste, and was hurriedly turning out the pockets of dresses and the contents of drawers.

"The most vexatious thing that ever happened," she said, in answer to the girl's inquiring look, "a key that I wouldn't have lost for worlds! It must be somewhere here. Do come and help me search for it."

"What kind of key is it?" asked Letty, as she came forward to assist.

The housekeeper answered fretfully,

"What kind? Why a kind that can't easily be matched, or I wouldn't have worried myself about it as I have. High and low, in every nook and corner, and drawer, and cupboard, have I hunted over and over again, and thought it must turn up some time or other. And now the Squire has asked for it, and I don't know what on earth to tell him."

"Why should you mind telling him the truth?" demanded Letty, surprised at the extreme anxiety manifested about so simple a loss.

"Haven't I told you," was the querulous retort, "that it's the key of the Squire's Indy cabinet in his bed-room, where he keeps all the little odds and ends he values most, and any sums of money he lays by for particular purposes? I don't believe he ever trusts any one to go to it but me, and to think I should have mislaid the key, and no more idea where I put it than—than you have."

Again she turned out the contents of her work-box and ransacked her desk, but to no purpose; and finally concluded, in despair, that she should have to go and plainly tell him that she did not know where it was.

But her courage was not equal to this ordeal, until the ringing of the Squire's bell should compel her to confront him; so she sat

down and half tremblingly awaited the summons, Letty staying with her.

"How long is it since you missed it?" asked the latter, more to break the trying silence than from any real interest in the housekeeper's trouble.

"Oh! it's weeks now. I had been to the new shop to buy a cheap dress, just for in-doors you know,—a pretty thing enough it is, but I'm most afraid of the washing,—and after I came home it struck me whether I hadn't got the Squire's key in the pocket of the gown I had on, and that it wasn't the very safest place for it. And that set me upon looking for it, and when it wasn't to be found I went back to Mrs. Henderson's, thinking it was just possible I might have dropped it in taking out my money to pay her. And really she's a very civil woman, let folks say what they will of her, and both of us hunted her place out, but there wasn't a sign of it. I wouldn't have cared so much," she ended in confessing, "but the Squire, when he sent me to put Jones's rent in the cabinet, told me to be sure and bring the key back directly, and I was hindered, and he went out, and so it was forgotten just then; and I have put him off two or three times, thinking for sure it was safe somewhere. And what will he think of me?"

But the housekeeper escaped the dreaded scolding for that night at all events. When the drawing-room bell rang it was for bed-candles. The Squire felt very unwell, and was about to try what a long night's rest and a tumbler of white wine whey would do towards restoring him.

His indisposition, however, was not so easily subdued. Before morning his old enemy, the gout, had made its appearance, and a severe if not dangerous illness ensued, through which Letty was one of the most sedulous and patient of his nurses.

Naturally irascible, suffering did not improve his temper; but Letty's compassion made her endure his crosscast speeches good temperedly, and he liked so much better to see her light figure flitting about him, and her well-shaped hands ministering to him, than to be left to the more awkward attentions of the other servants, that poor Letty was tested almost beyond her strength.

She had written a loving little apology to Mark for not meeting him in their appointed trysting-place, and had received a verbal warning through Mrs. Henderson, who came to the house on some pretence, that she was to say nothing to any one, but to be ready to leave when Mark came for her, *which might be very soon indeed*.

It was Letty's night to sit up with her master. That day he had left his bed for the

first time for an easy chair in his dressing-room, where he had fallen into such a deep sleep that it was thought best not to disturb him. So, leaving the shaded lamp in the adjoining chamber, that no glimmer of light might arouse him from the long coveted slumber, Letty sat in the darkness beside the invalid, listening to his heavy breathing and pondering over her husband's message.

Unpleasant doubts and fears were mingling with her affectionate trust in his innate goodness. This projected departure—from which Mark shrunk when his sister most vehemently urged it—who had first planned it, and why?

If the people in the village, like the servants at the park, predestined poor Mark all sorts of evil fortune, were there not other and pleasanter places in England where they could dwell unknown, till their honest industry had wiped the stain from his name? And whither were they going? Mark had never breathed a word as to his destination, or how the necessary cash was to be raised for a voyage. Letty began to feel herself ill-used, and was mentally penning a remonstrance to her husband for his reticence, when fatigue weighed down her weary eyelids, and she slept to dream that she was nestling beside him, in the porch of a rose-covered cottage, in some Utopian land, whose name escaped her.

She woke up with a start and a smile, for the dream was so vivid that Mark's kisses still seemed warm on her lips, and his voice in her ear. But the start was followed by a shiver, and as she drew her shawl around her, she could have fancied that the air had grown much colder; that the night wind was blowing through the room as if from an open casement. But was it indeed fancy? Letty resolved to go and ascertain. But as, after drawing the blankets more closely round the sleeping Squire, she softly rose, a slight noise struck upon her ear, and a shadow flitted across the adjoining bed-chamber, between her and the dim lamp.

And now the girl's heart beat fearfully, and her limbs would scarcely support their weight. One of the windows, easily reached by means of the trellis work nailed against the house, had evidently been raised; and a man whose back was towards her, after listening a moment at the closed curtains of the couch, crossed the room and unlocked the Indian cabinet.

In her extreme terror Letty caught at a chair for support, and slightly stirred it. At the sound the intruder sharply raised his head and looked around him. The next moment Letty was clinging round him, striving to wrest from his hands the bag of gold he had just appropriated.

"No, no; never, never!" she gasped,

struggling with him frantically. "Put it back, Mark! husband! My own, own, Mark! For God's sake, for the love you bore your poor dead mother, put it back and go hence directly!"

But his firm grip retained its hold, and the eye that met her imploring gaze was hard and stern.

"It was my father's, it is mine, and I must have it," he hissed in her ear. "The Providence you talk about has given me the opportunity, and I will not let it slip. Loose me!"

But the same wild whisper, "No, no, never! Put it back, put it back," answered him.

"Letty," he muttered, "I swear to you that I will not take one farthing more than the sum of which my parents were robbed. But for that I came, and I will not stir without it. Go you away, and forget that you have seen me here."

Letty released his hands to throw her arms round his neck. "You will not hear me," she sobbed, "and there is nothing before us but sin and misery. God help me! God help us both! I could have borne poverty, sickness, anything but the loss of your honesty. Oh, Mark! my poor, poor mistaken husband."

And then, gliding on to her knees, with streaming eyes and folded palms she prayed in broken but fervent words, scarcely spoken above her breath, that some good spirit would bend the stubborn will, and touch the closed heart which refused her entreaties.

Mark, with the coveted money still in his possession, took one stride towards the window, then paused and looked back at his kneeling wife. He had never meant her to know this. Mrs. Henderson, misinformed by one of the servants, had assured him that the slumbers of the convalescent Squire were no longer watched. And Letty had seen him! Henceforth he was abased in the eyes of the only creature by whom he cared to be honoured. Could he complete the crime while she knelt there invoking heaven in his behalf? He came back to her side, bent over her till his lips touched her clammy forehead, then dropping the bag of gold in her lap, he sprang through the casement and disappeared in the darkness.

But Letty did not rise. With features that were stiffening with horror she crouched lower and lower, staring wildly at the door of the dressing-room. For there, unnoticed by Mark, or by herself until this moment, stood Squire Desborough, supporting himself against the door-post, and holding in his right hand one of the loaded pistols which always hung over the mantel-piece.



SAINT Valentine, with snowdrop wreath encrowned,
Once more revisits this sad world below,
Whilst golden crocus-buds bestrew the ground
Like fallen stars on earth's scant robe of snow.
"Hail, saint and martyr! Still to earth incline,
Although thou bring'st an equal weight
of woe

With joy. Fond youth still bows be-
fore the shrine
Raised to the gentle bishop, good Saint
Valentine."

E'en nature keeps in memory the sigh
That last he breathed, and birds upon
the wing,
Rising to purer regions of the sky,
Pouring forth invocations to the Spring,
Now choose their feathered partners, and
their note
Of joyous rapture doth to heaven up-
spring,
"Praise to Saint Valentine!" The
sounds upfloat
From every leafless grove, from every
tuneful throat.

As in old classic times the Roman maid
The Lupercalia kept with many a rite,
And homage to the matron-goddess paid,
Then drew her lot in maidenly affright,
So now fair damsels try each magic spell,

On potent bay-leaves lay their heads at
night,
Hoping their future fortune Fate will
tell,
And image in their dreams the one they
love so well.

Or flushed, from happy dreams, & dream-
less sleep,
Their Valentine to see they softly rise,
And trembling through the half-drawn
curtain peep,
In hope and fear at what may meet
their eyes;
Or anxious they await a truer sign—
Love's messenger draws near in dubi-
ous guise:
Has he, or has he not the welcome line
That says, "I am for aye thine own true
Valentine"? JULIA GODDARD.



JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCRUR.

CHAPTER XLIII. FROM JOYCE DORMER'S
DIARY.

HE house is quiet now. Aunt Lethby and Aunt Jane and their husbands have gone away, and Aunt Lotty, Doris, and I are alone.

How desolate a house seems when there has been a death in it. We move quietly about, as though we feared to disturb some one. We speak in low voices, and if we hear a door shut suddenly it makes us start. There is a cloud hanging

over us that weighs us down, and we cannot free ourselves from its atmosphere.

I thought all these feelings would have vanished when the funeral was over, and the blinds drawn up, and daylight let in once more—when the house was relieved of the solemn presence of the dead man.

But we cannot shake off the weight that oppresses us, though we wonder that we should feel thus deeply the death of a man we so little liked as Mr. Carmichael—that is, Doris and I wonder, for Aunt Lotty mourns as an affectionate wife would mourn for the best of husbands.

But Aunt Lotty believes him to have been the best of husbands, and if she ever happened to see any faults in him, death has blotted them all out, for death is a great obliterator of failings. As a general rule, we remember more good of our friends after their death than we ever did in their lives; perhaps, also, we have a superstitious reverence for the dead, and care not to speak lightly of them.

Aunt Lotty certainly remembers more good of Mr. Carmichael than ever belonged to him. If either of them was ever to blame, she fears it was herself. She was not good enough for such a man, so full of virtues, so superior in intellect. Poor Aunt Lotty! She has

canonised Mr. Carmichael already, and he will for ever reign as a saint in her calendar.

Well, it is best that it should be so, and when time has dried up her tears, and healed her sorrow, she will have pleasant memories to look back upon, none the less pleasant because a loving heart and a kindly imagination have thrown the halo of pardonable fiction around them.

But it is not thus with me. I look back upon Mr. Carmichael's death with a feeling of awe.

My vision was clearer than Aunt Lotty's. She did not understand as I did the struggle of those dying hours. She knew not that her husband had descended to the grave with a heavy load upon his conscience—some wrong committed, that it was past his power to obtain forgiveness for, or even to reveal. No, Aunt Lotty knew not this, and I fervently pray that she may ever be kept from such knowledge.

Will any of us ever know what this secret is? They say that, deep as some secrets are hidden, yet shall they be made known, even as oftentimes both earth and sea reject the murdered victim, and cast it back at the murderer's feet. However, there seems little chance of this present mystery being cleared up. Mr. Carmichael is dead, and Doris's packet is lost; and what other hope remains of a revelation?

Still one does not know what miracle may happen, for I am almost beginning to believe in miracles. Since I have emerged from the Wonder Age, I have left off wondering, and am gradually drifting into the Age of Faith. At least, I am trying to drift into it, and to believe that everything has a deeper significance than appears upon the surface, and that each event we are disposed to look upon as trifling has some well-ordered end: that nothing is small or unimportant, but that everything is best as it happens. I am trying, I say, to believe all this; but faith does not come all at once, though, when it comes in its full development, man may remove mountains; however, until then it is hard work enough even to clear away a molehill.

I hope Doris is not going to be ill. I found her yesterday lying on the hearth-rug in front of the porch-room fire, with her head resting on the great arm-chair.

"Doris, are you ill?" I asked; and when she lifted up her face I saw that she had been crying.

"I think," I continued, "that you and I may now change places, and I may tax you with looking wretchedly ill. What ails you?"

"I'm not ill, and yet I am ill," answered Doris. "I'm sick at heart, Joyce, and very unhappy," and her face was again hidden.

"Surely you have nothing to distress you? You heard from Mr. Chester yesterday, and——"

"I was not thinking of Gabriel. I am not troubling myself about him. It's Lynncourt, Joyce. I dare say it's wrong, but the feeling grows stronger and stronger upon me that I cannot go there. Joyce, I do believe in presentiments; I can't help it; I have such a strong feeling that there's something not right in this matter. I don't know what I think. Sometimes I dare not think; but if I could only stay with Aunt Lotty, or go to Mrs. Howell, I should be so much happier than I shall ever be at Lynncourt."

"But you will not have long to stay there, Doris," I said.

She looked up at me with a searching glance.

"Why not?"

"You know why, Doris, as well as I do. It will only be until Mr. Chester returns from the continent."

"Uncle Carmichael's death may make a difference. Aunt Lotty will not like a wedding to follow a funeral so soon."

"I don't know. I never saw any reason why a marriage need be put off for a death, that is beyond a few weeks. It can be as quiet as people like to have it, and of course yours will be a very quiet wedding, Doris."

"I have few friends to invite to it, certainly, Joyce; but the wedding may be put off for other reasons."

"Doris! And is that what is fretting you?"

"No," returned Doris, sharply. "I told you that it was Lynncourt that troubled me, Joyce," she continued, suddenly springing up and standing before me. "I've had strange thoughts lately, waking dreams that seem so real, dark shadows that fall across the little light that's shining upon me now. I feel as if I belonged to no one, as if I had no place, no home; as if I wanted to go forth into the world, and wander about until I had found a quiet resting-place for myself, and had forgotten all about Green Oake and Lynncourt, and could remember only the happy days when I was poor and with my mother. Joyce, I can't help it, and I'm sorry to speak ill of

the dead; but I believe that Uncle Carmichael has gone to the grave with a lie on his soul."

I was startled by her energy. Besides, what had put this thought into her head, for I had not told her of Mr. Carmichael's last moments.

"Doris, Doris, be calm; don't speak so loud, Aunt Lotty might hear you."

She lowered her voice.

"Joyce," she went on in a subdued tone, "do you think that there was anything on his mind when he died? You were in the room, you saw him. I know he could not speak, but was there no sign by which you could judge?"

What did I know? How could I answer? Like herself I had suspicions, but my suspicions even yet were so vague that I dare not form them into words; yet still that one unproved and haunting theory was at work within me, and involuntarily the hidden thoughts of my mind burst forth,—

"I wonder if he tampered with your mother's packet?"

"When?"

"The day your seal was lost."

Doris grasped my arm, she looked eagerly into my face.

"And you never said a word of this thought of yours to me?" said she, reproachfully.

"I did not dare to breathe such an accusation on such slight grounds. I had no evidence, I had only an intuition to go upon."

"And now——"

"Mr. Carmichael's death-bed makes me feel convinced that I was right. There was something upon his mind, Doris, something that he strove to reveal when it was too late; and that something was connected with your mother's packet."

Doris sat still for a few minutes, very still; she held my arm with so tight a clasp that it was painful, but I did not move. Presently she loosed her fingers and rocked herself backward and forward, every now and then uttering a low moan like to some dumb animal in pain. At last she spoke, and her voice was forced and unnatural.

"Joyce, is it possible, do you think it possible, that my mother, that Ellen Carmichael was *not* my mother?"

I gave an irrepressible cry, the haunting suspicion born of the unproved theory was at length clothed in words, and stood out clear before me. Yet how could I bear to dash to the ground the fond belief of a lifetime? I could not speak. But Doris, seizing both my hands, implored me that I would be truthful with her. That I would tell her if

such a thought had ever crossed my mind. And I, with my arm round the poor trembling child, in broken accents answered,

"I have thought so, Doris."

"My mother, oh, my mother!" sobbed Doris.

And then in a low, sad voice she quoted this passage from the poor wife's story,—

"Two living women and two living babes were in the boat at night, but the dawn saw only one living mother, one living child—the other two had perished."

"One mother and one child were saved," said Doris, "but we are not told which. Oh! Joyce, Joyce, I see it all. How wicked, how cruel of uncle—no, thank heaven, he is not my uncle, I am no niece of his—And yet *she* was his sister; my only mother; my blessed, angelic mother; the only mother I ever knew; no mother could have been tenderer to me. Oh! Joyce, I see it all."

And so did I, and seeing, wondered I had had not known it all along. It was wonderful how the scales had at once fallen from my eyes, and I was blind no longer. A hundred trivial circumstances I had not heeded or had overlooked rose up before me, and now the overwhelming certainty seemed stronger than ever the doubt had been. I marvelled why I had not understood it all before; why I had hesitated to speak to Mr. Chester, even why I had not said to Mr. Carmichael upon his death-bed, "Doris is not your sister's daughter." And yet I had not shaped my thought clearly even then. It had come suddenly, now this moment, like a flash of lightning from a dark cloud that had been hovering on my horizon for many a day. So clear a revelation it now appeared that I wondered why it had ever been hidden from me.

Yet why should I thus reproach myself,—conviction does not force itself upon the mind all at once; there are many phases to go through ere one arrives at the truth, and until one has viewed a matter thoroughly in all its bearings, it is impossible to form an impartial decision. When one only half knows, or half suspects, everything is so vague, so dim, that it is useless to reason calmly, or to form any kind of judgment; one must wait until the whole lies mapped out before one, and one point can be set against another, one circumstance weighed with another, and facts and reason brought to bear where only suspicion and doubtful evidence existed before. Therefore I need not reproach myself; had it not been for that death-bed struggle, I might even now have had only dim surmisings instead of being in undoubting knowledge of the truth. For truth both Doris and I felt it

to be, though we saw no means of ever proving it.

Very plain it now appeared to us that, on that morning in August, only a few months ago—and yet that seems so very far back now—Mr. Carmichael had, in some way, obtained possession of Doris's key, and had, during our absence, mutilated and arranged the contents of the packet in the manner that suited his purposes. We understood now the blots, the erasures, the torn sheets, the seeming omissions, and I remembered the two kinds of wax with which the seal was evidently made.

"Joyce, we can do nothing without Gabriel; he must come back."

I felt as Doris did, he was the person to consult; better even than Mr. Lynn, under the circumstances.

And poor Aunt Lotty! What a grief to her to know of her husband's guilt. But she must never know it. Surely Mr. Chester can help us in some way to keep the secret, or poor Aunt Lotty's gentle heart will be broken, and her recollections of the past be marred. Heaven grant that she may be spared the shattering of her idol, unworthy though he be.

I am not one of those stern iconoclasts who, for the sake of what they call candid speaking, and letting people know the whole truth, would deface an image in some weaker heart because loving fingers had chiselled it with too flattering a touch.

Aunt Lotty moves about the house quietly, looking very gentle and very sad in her black dress and widow's cap. Her tiny ringlets are brushed smoothly back, and her face looks none the worse for being a little paler. Poor Aunt Lotty, she believes herself to have suffered an irreparable loss. When she has got over her first grief, she will put up a monument in Craythorpe Church, setting forth the virtues of Hugh Carmichael, Esq. I almost think she is looking out appropriate texts now, for I see her making notes from her Bible, and it was open for a long time at the first psalm.

Oh, dear! What are inscriptions on tombstones worth? When I die, I shall leave a request that on my headstone may be written no other words than these: "Here lies Joyce Dormer."

CHAPTER XLIV.

MR. CHESTER was again in Rome,—in the wonderful city, the queen city, before whom all other cities must bow down, even in these later days, despite their high pretensions; for the past has cast a royal mantle over her, such as no other city shall ever boast; it was ages in weaving, and it will be ages ere it

shall wear out, and to its last thread it will show a texture that can never be imitated; for the loom in which it was wrought is broken, and it is past the power of human skill to mend it.

There is in inanimate things a sort of social scale: aristocrat and plebeian are as clearly stamped on the stones of cities as on the brows of men.

Prosperity has little or nothing to do with it. Miles and miles of added streets, thousands and thousands of well-built houses, men and women in comfortable garments, fail to give a town the interest that a single ruin will often create. And how is this?

"Manifestly wrong," appears to be the answer; "for in the welfare of humanity should lie the strength of human sympathy." And so it may be; but deep down in the hearts of most men there lies something, they know not what—reverence for the past, conservatism, enthusiasm, superstition, call it what you will—that gives to the ruin round which the interest of tradition is thrown, a higher place in their estimation than they would accord to the most costly edifice, whose uprearing has been accomplished before their own eyes.

Mr. Chester was in his studio, working at the painting whose completion was to send him back to England.

It was a brilliant picture, the deep blue of the sky was almost lost in the rich gold and crimson tints of sunset. The pillars of a portico stood dark and clear against the gorgeous mass of colouring. Upon the worn and broken steps a group of beggar children played, their dark locks seemingly fringed with a golden halo; whilst at a little distance stood two Carmelite monks, whose white garments assumed a grey tinge as they contrasted with the vivid glow that illumined the background.

Mr. Chester stepped back a few paces to contemplate his work, but he was not satisfied. His hand had moved mechanically, but there was no spirit or force in the last touches. He was doing more harm than good. He was not in the humour for painting. He threw his brush aside and flung himself into a seat. He remembered that journey into Essex, and how he had longed to be at Rome once more, away from every one. Yet now that he had returned he felt restless and almost discontented. "The lines," had not fallen as he wished—places were not pleasant to him—"Glorious Rome," was beginning to lose her fascination.

Glorious! Were these the days of Rome's glory? What meant those foreign soldiers in the streets? Wherefore the poverty, oppres-

sion, and misery that were rife on every side? Time, too, had not spared the proud city; triumphal arches were broken, temples in ruins, palaces and hovels standing side by side. And yet, despite shortcomings, despite her fall from those days when she sat enthroned upon the seven hills, with the imperial purple flung around her, still she was a queen,—a ghostly queen, whose court is among the dead, the dead that by their greatness still are living, their deeds being immortal. Never shall other city claim such a past, or wrest that heritage from her. Neither shall city ever rise to be her rival, for splendid as the results of man's genius may be in the present, he cannot create a past.

And as Mr. Chester thus mused, a wondrous panorama whirled before him. Like Rome's first king, he watched the eagles wing their flight, he saw the city rise that fairer and fairer grew as time sped on, that gathered within its walls the strength of heroic hearts and valiant hands, the tribe of iron Romans. And then another age arose, the age of luxury—and prouder and more beautiful than ever in her costly garments, sat the dazzling queen. Her sceptre stretched to the east, to the west, southward, and northward, and Rome was mistress of the world. He saw the arches raised, the victors crowned. He heard the echo of the silvery tongues whose eloquence the world still reverences. He recognised the genius that has left its trace, and still holds in thralldom the thoughtful traveller, who, as he steps lightly over rare inlaid floor, raises his eyes in almost adoration to the inspired efforts of the mighty artist minds. Each stone of Rome is still precious as a priceless jewel, and through the broken archways and the ruined Forum a never-tiring voice murmurs a ceaseless song, whose burden is "Rome is eternal."

And yet Rome was beginning to lose the charm she had exercised over Mr. Chester. The syren-song had failed to lull him to repose as he had trusted it would. He had been in a restless, fevered state ever since his return. What had he done, how fixed his fate, so that no hand could unmake the life that he had planned out for himself?

The same feeling of treachery to Doris that had struck upon Joyce, smote upon him also. And Doris was to be his wife. Why had he acted so hastily? Did he repent? Supposing after all that Joyce—

Pshaw! Of what was he dreaming? He and Doris would be very happy together, and would soon forget Green Oake, and no—he should never forget; he wished himself at the antipodes, anywhere, and he restlessly paced the apartment. There was a gentle knock at

the door, and a little Italian boy, whose face beautiful as one of Raffaele's cherubs, had won him the place of errand-runner and non-descript-attendant to Mr. Chester, entered the room. MSY31238]

"A very large letter for the signore."

"It is a very large one, Antonio," replied his master, glancing at it mechanically; "leave it on the table."

The boy did as he was bidden, and then left the room, and Mr. Chester still paced up and down. He was in no hurry to read the letter, for, in his mechanical glance, he had perceived that it was not from England, and he therefore felt no curiosity about it.

He was still absorbed in his reverie, and it caused him more pain than pleasure. He was battling with himself, and striving to reason himself into that philosophic state of mind that decides that "everything happens for the best."

It is the would-be consolatory theory of the greater part of the world, to judge by the continual repetition of the proposition, but it fails to carry all the comfort with it that it is designed to give. For when the "everything" has gone wrong, it is beyond the power of humanity to take up the proposition as a creed, and to say, "I believe it to be right," with whole heart and soul.

One has to let the edge of grief, indignation, disappointment, mortification, or whatever the adverse "everything" may have called forth, wear itself away ere one can in any way derive from the trite saying the smallest particle of consolation, and even then men rather settle down to a sort of discontented acquiescence in the turn matters have taken, through another philosophy that teaches that "what is once done cannot be undone."

In time Mr. Chester's reverie came to an end, and his return to this everyday world brought with it an impulse to open the "very large letter" that had been lying so long unheeded. It was from a friend with whom he had met on his last journey to England, and with whom he had travelled for nearly two days. What could he possibly have to say that involved such a bulk of correspondence? Mr. Chester leisurely broke the seal. Then he started, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. For the parcel contained a very short note from his friend, accompanied by Doris's packet!

"Don't think me a thief," wrote his friend, "for I have not the slightest knowledge of how the enclosed came into my possession. All I can tell you is, that I found it a few days since amongst some papers that I had with me when you and I last met, and in

some unaccountable manner your letter was, I suppose, spirited off amongst them into my portmanteau. I trust that its temporary loss has been of no great importance. I am inclined to believe that it cannot have been, as the letter, from its outward appearance, bears the marks of having been kept by you for some time."

So Doris's packet was found. Mr. Chester had something to occupy him now, he must at once despatch it, and this involved writing a letter. He was rather glad to be obliged to write a letter, for he could not help acknowledging to himself that he had not written to Doris quite as often as, under the circumstances, he might have done, but he had excused himself on the ground that he and Doris understood each other so well that a very vigorous correspondence was unnecessary. Nevertheless, conscience had not been altogether satisfied with this argument, and it was with a more hopeful feeling than he had lately indulged in, and with some gratitude to his friend, that he now sat down and wrote a long letter to Doris.

Now that the packet was found, he wondered that this chance of finding it had never occurred to him. It almost seemed to him as if he could remember the very moment at which it must have been transferred to his friend's papers. And he also distinctly recollected having seen the letter on the evening that he and his friend had been together, but he had until this moment entirely forgotten the circumstance. It was strange. How could he have forgotten it? Why had he not remembered it? Why? He was almost tempted to answer as Joyce would probably have done, "because it was otherwise written in the book of destiny." This wonderful book about whose paragraphs none can come to a conclusion, because it is written in an unknown language and with an invisible pen. Sometime or other, perchance, we may learn to read it, but the time has not as yet come.

However, Doris's packet was found, he was glad of that, it seemed as though a weight were removed from him which he had scarcely felt until the moment of its removal. How would its finding affect Doris? How affect Mr. Carmichael? To the first question alone would there be an answer, for Mr. Carmichael was lying stiff and cold. His lips would never move again to speak truth or falsehood, his eyes would never uncloze again to look upon this world, wherein he had woven his tangled web. Good and evil were alike to him now. He was dead, and the world went on without him. A higher hand had held the secret that living he strove to keep, and dying

"Why, my dear? Oh, because they come of a bad lot. I remember them Laytons when they held their heads as high as anybody; and just look at them now. The father died in a debtor's prison, the mother died broken-hearted, and not one of the children has turned out well."

Letty looked interested, and demanded again,

"But why? What had they done to be so terribly afflicted?"

"I never quite knew the rights of it," said the coachman, musing, and trying to recall the circumstances. "It was something that happened just as the Squire came to the property. Old Layton held the Oaks farm then, and there had been a lot of rent due from him for a good while. Some improvements he wanted to make that the Squire's father gave into, and let payments stand over for a year or two. He was a clever fellow, was Layton, and had had a hard pull with that farm. It wasn't what it is till he made it so."

Here the old man was gliding off into a dissertation upon land, that impatient Letty cut short with an inquiring, "Well?"

"Hum, I 'most forgets how it come about, but when the steward for the Squire that is now made up his accounts and asked for Layton's rent, he up and swore that he had paid it to the poor old gentleman the day before he died. You see, he went off quite sudden like; was took in a fit at night, and dead in the morning."

There was a murmur of sympathy, and a short silence before Letty pursued her inquiries.

"Why was the man's word doubted? Was it not possible that he had payed his landlord?"

The coachman gave an incredulous snort.

"It wasn't likely, was it? A man that hadn't a shilling to bless himself with, pay up I don't know how much, all in a lump. Bless you, he couldn't have done it; everybody said so."

"And the long and the short of it was," added the butler, "that the steward, who was a sharp sort of man, just gave them a week to find the receipt, which, of course, they couldn't; and then they had to turn out."

"Ha! you remember it then, Dixon?" asked the coachman, eagerly.

He nodded. "I should think so. My wife was living then, and she took them into her cottage for a night or two, till they could make up their minds where to go. They was to write and tell us how they got along in London, but they never did. I suppose they was ashamed to."

The coachman shook his hoary head. "Ha! nothing's gone well with them since; 'twasn't to be expected. The youngsters, as we were saying before, have all turned out badly. That young chap that stared at the Squire so saucily

must be the one that was born after they left Desborough."

"I don't see," said gentle Letty, "why the poor children should be condemned, even if their father was guilty."

"Lor, my dear!" cried the housekeeper, reprovingly, "you mustn't talk like that! Isn't there Scripture for it? Doesn't your own Bible tell you that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children?"

"But not that we are to visit them on the innocent," urged Letty; "at least, I don't think that can be the meaning of those awful words."

"Ah!" was the response; "it don't do to meddle with the Scriptures, Letty. What's down in them can't be altered; and you'll see that them Laytons 'll all come to some bad ending or other."

As no one could be induced to agree with her, and the conversation now became a sharp attack upon Mrs. Henderson, who, with all her civility, was not popular at the house, Letty went away to lay her cloth for the tea-dinner the Squire always had on Sundays. Then she ran up to her room to look at her lilies, ponder over the recital she had just heard, and wonder whether Mark Layton's strange speeches and ways were prompted by natural effrontery, or a bitter sense of the injustice that had been dealt to his family, if his father had really discharged his debt to the deceased Mr. Desborough.

CHAPTER II.

SOMETHING of the pity that swelled in Letty's heart for this young man, foredoomed to be the sufferer by his parent's crime or misfortune, shone in her soft eyes when they met again; and perhaps it was this which encouraged him to address her, and walk by her side as she hastened on an errand of mercy, with which the Squire had charged her.

Little dreamed that good old gentleman—stern landlord to careless tenants, but compassionate friend to the deserving poor—that as Letty went, evening after evening, to carry to a consumptive lad the dinner cut from a joint at his own table, she encountered Mark Layton, and loitered with him across the pleasant lonely fields, and under the park wall as she returned.

That there was danger in these meetings she never imagined. Towards Mrs. Henderson her old distaste had increased so much that she rarely entered the shop; but Mark, poor wronged Mark, as she secretly styled him, was fast making his way into her favour.

Proud and passionate, with vindictive hatred of the Squire frequently surging up, and having in his bearing and language unmis-

takable tokens of a loose, if not a vicious life, Mark Layton yet possessed the faculty of winning strong and enduring love. A gift he shared with many, whose faults and follies surpassed his own; for it is not always the worst of men, from whom their kind stand aloof; and the glimpses of better feeling which Letty often detected, might have interested a less credulous observer than this simple country girl.

In the midst of his bitterest sallies against the tyranny of the aristocracy, he would be touched by the sorrowful surprise on Letty's face; then, curbing his anger, he would entreat forgiveness, and wish so fervently that he could be more mild, more forbearing, more like her own gentle self, that perhaps she learned to like him the better for outbreaks which generally ended in the triumph of her own influence.

It was long before these meetings were suspected, and when they were, no one cared to be the first to enlighten the Squire; nor did the most prying gossip suspect that any interference would be too late; that Letty, during her half-yearly holiday, had been quietly and privately married to Mark Layton, at a church near the residence of the deaf elderly cousin, she went to visit.

But, so it was. With no relative at hand to advise or warn her; prompted solely by her affection; and believing that Mark had sufficient reason for the secrecy he enjoined, in the harsh judgment of the Desborough folks, Letty consented to be his, and to retain her situation until his plans for their future were arranged.

Mark was going abroad. So Mrs. Henderson averred, and he did not contradict it; but yet he shrunk from the subject with such a pained look, whenever his young wife named it, that she, fancying him depressed by his projected emigration, passed half her nights in vain regrets that he had determined upon it.

She longed to discuss it with him, and tried to hit upon some plan by which they might earn a decent livelihood in their own country; and she became yet more anxious to do this after Mrs. Henderson harshly rated him in her presence for wasting time, and holding back when there was a golden opportunity within reach.

"I did not quite comprehend your sister," said Letty, as he lingered by her side in the avenue; "she knows all your plans, Mark, dear. Have you not the same confidence in me?"

"Twice as much; but don't stop to scold me now. The wind is keen, and it is growing so dark you will scarcely find your way to the side gate."

"But, Mark; this uncertainty——"

"What! are you going to harp on the same string?" he asked, irritably; "must I never have any peace, until——"

"Until what? I did not mean to vex you; but until what?"

He kissed her upturned face, and gently pushed her from him. "There, go home, Letty dear, go home."

But she clung round his neck. "Go away and leave you angry with me?"

"I am not angry; only vexed—sorry—often and often sorry that I ever saw you."

Letty started; but the almost fierce embrace in which he clasped her was reassuring, and, with a faint attempt at sauciness, she told him she did not believe him.

"But it's true—true," he repeated, wincing as she caressed him. "I'm not half the man I was before I knew you, my poor foolish darling."

She began to feel affronted. "How strangely you talk! Have I ever said, or even wished anything that was not for your good?"

"I'm not complaining. You are a dear little girl, Letty, and if all the world were as single-hearted as you, it would be easy enough to fall into your notions of what is right and wrong. But," and Mark's voice now began to take the old bitter tone; "but you don't know the world as it really is. There's no room in it for honesty. If a man would live and get on, he *must* fight and scheme, and cheat, and lie, and thieve, the same as the rest do."

"No, no, Mark!"

"But I say yes, yes! and I know more about it than you do. And Letty—" he held her from him and spoke sternly—"if you are going to cavil at all I do and say, and judge my actions by your own standard, we shall never get on together, and——"

"And what?" she breathlessly asked, for his manner startled her.

"Why, we had best part at once."

"Part!" cried Letty, incredulously, her arms stealing fondly round his neck. "Are you saying this to vex and tease me? You foolish Mark, to try to shake my faith in you! Doesn't my heart tell me you would never ask me to do anything that was not just and right?"

He returned her embrace fervently. "And I never will, so help me Heaven! but, in return, Letty, you must remember what I have said, and leave me to act as I think best. Now, go in-doors, and asleep, and forget all my cross speeches."

As she turned to obey he drew her back to his arms, and suddenly whispered, "You must get ready for our journey now, as quietly

The fair vernal, crowned by the west.
 The imperial votress who passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free;
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
 It fell upon a little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
 And maidens call it "love in idleness."

All these fancies Shakspearian and traditions
 Devonian, being blended, somewhat confusedly
 in my mind—

I had a dream—The pixie queen and court
 Came down from Heltor's heights—a choir of bees
 Chorus'd their advent, and the vernal gales
 Perfumed their path with odours, heather-born:
 Her name Titania—'twas the evening hour;
 She sat upon a pearly nautilus,
 And it was fringed with glow-worms—while it roll'd
 On wheels the dew drops silver'd. Butterflies
 Her steeds; and round her floated fairy-girls,
 Who from the Demoisels had borrow'd wings;
 And, as their sovereign lighted on the earth,
 They sang soft songs, and follow'd in a train
 To a rude bason on a granite rock,
 With crystal water filled, in which they bathed;
 Rising refresh'd, they shook their golden locks,
 And tripp'd away to an adjacent sod,
 Green, flowery, soft, and there, in many rills,
 Danced till the rising of the matin star,
 Then hasten'd with swift footsteps to the grot
 In Heltor's rifts, with moss and lichens lined;
 The cock crows hailed for earth another dawn,
 The carolling skylarks took the news to heaven;
 The moon was lost in daylight, and the sun
 Assumed his undivided sovereignty.

It was said, very much in accordance with
 the Shakspearian representation, that various
 missions were assigned to the pixies by their
 rulers, of the success or failure of which they
 were expected to give an account for the en-
 tertainment of their companions and of the
 pixie court. Sometimes the rustics discovered
 and thwarted their purposes, but the plans
 were generally too well laid to be detected or
 prevented. It was their special duty to punish
 the incredulous for their incredulity, and to
 play their tricks upon hunks and scolds; to
 awaken jealousies among lovers, and above
 all other sports, to "employ Jack and the
 Lantern" to beguile the peasants into wet
 marshes and *vuzzy-brakes* (gorse-heather).

To bewitch the cows' udders, so that they
 would give no milk, to pull away the stool
 from under the milk-maid, and to burst into
 laughter when they saw her lying on her back,
 to spoil the rennet, to prevent the milk from
 curdling, to turn the cider sour in the cellar
 during thunder-storms, or to pull out the
 spill, so that the beverage should be wasted
 on the floor, to knock the cider-flask out of the
 hand that was lifting it to the mouth, and to
 pour its contents into the bosom of the would-
 be drinker; to drive the pigs with stinging-
 nettles into woods or ditches, and then, by
 deceitful grunts and noises to misdirect the lads

who had been sent forth in search of the
 wanderers, these are among the tricks of
 common life; but at times bolder adventures
 were attempted, such as stealing the ser-
 mon from the curate's pocket when he was
 mounting the pulpit stairs, on the rare occa-
 sions when the rector was to be among the
 auditory; to cause the doctor's horse to
 trip and to fling the rider when he was on
 the way to the squire, who had required his
 immediate presence, having broken his arm
 in a fox-hunt; to put back the 'turney's
 (solicitor) watch a full hour, so that his case
 was disposed of before he could get to the
 'sises. Of such stories rich gatherings might
 have been made a century ago, but they have
 passed into oblivion with their narrators.

A pixie meal has been described as taking
 place in a recess where the carpet is of green
 moss, a large fungus the central table, and
 the guests are seated around upon mushrooms,
 which are generally called *pixie stools* by the
 Devonshire peasants. Barberries and whortle-
 berries are introduced on leaves, and attendant
 bees bring in honey to sweeten them, blue-
 bottles carry dew in buttercups and harebells,
 and thrushes sing songs during the repast.
 It is said that their domestic quarrels, which
 are not unfrequent, and generally are attri-
 butable to some jealous annoyance, are settled
 at these festivities. These little misunder-
 standings, and the mischievous character of
 some of the pixie tricks, are considered evi-
 dence that they do not belong to an angelic
 race, and are not wholly free from the infir-
 mities which characterise sinful and mortal
 men. They constantly display their benig-
 nant qualities towards their favourites. If,
 during the night, they torment some with
 pinches and nightmares, they visit others with
 pleasing dreams. If it is the business of some
 to perplex and molest the objects of their dis-
 like, others are engaged in fanning the winter
 fires, helping the leavening of the loaf,
 sharpening the knives, sweetening or strength-
 ening the cider, encouraging the ewes to bear
 twin lambs, filling the cows' udders with milk,
 and rendering all sorts of kindly services to
 those they look on with a friendly eye. And
 among the rustics to have the good-will of the
 pixies was a strong recommendation in the
 family and the social circle.

It is not easy in old age to give distinctness
 to the recollections of impressions which had
 in them something undefined and shadowy
 even when they were made on the suscepti-
 bilities of youth. I had a great desire to
 know something more about the pixies than I
 could learn from those who, while they most
 religiously believed in their existence, had an
 apprehension that if they exhibited too much

curiosity and pushed their inquiries too far into the mysteries of the pixie world, they would be punished for their irreverent daring. Though they did not say so, yet they felt like the blue-eyed maiden of the poet-laureate, that "doubt is devil-born," and that their souls' perdition or salvation was in some way or other involved in the rejection or reception of the evidences of the supernatural world which they believed to exist around them. What seems very silly to the enlightened may be very sacred to the ill-instructed, and if authority could rule the matter, ghosts and witches would form a part of authentic history at an epoch not much anterior to our own. It was one of my early fancies that a pixie had communicated to me, while I was asleep, some particulars of their nature and mode of life.

We knew not whence we came nor where we go,
But only that we are. We live, we love;
Life has its cares and pains, but not like yours;
Love its perplexities, its hopes, its fears,
Its jealousies, not such as trouble men.
Created, and not self-existent, we
Must be imperfect, for perfection dwells
With God alone. Yet we have powers above
Any to men conceded, we can hear
Sounds which to you are silence, and to us
Your music is but discord; many a sight
Veil'd from your eyes to us is visible,
We touch what you can reach not,—all the change
Of seasons, night and day, and foul and fair,
Affect us not; above you and beneath
We visit, where no mortal foot has trod;
We know no disobedience to the powers
That rule us. Order is our law supreme,
Much is unknown to us, but this we know,
That we were made for happiness. We talk
Of past, of present, of what is, *has been*,
And *may be*, but the *will be* is not ours,
Nor can we draw aside the veil that hides
The mysteries only known where all is known.

It has been remarked with much truth that if some of the monastic orders sought the seclusion of desert and desolate places for the purposes of penitence, others with a view to enjoyment appropriated the most beautiful spots for their domicile. Though the Devonshire pixies were fond of locomotion, and had their places of retreat in the less accessible parts of the mountains and the moors, yet nature's charms had to them special attractions, and many of the tales told are connected with the Devonian woods and waterfalls. Rocky Fall, Fingal Bridge, *Combes*, (valleys) on the banks of the Dart and the Teign, have been pointed out as among their favourite haunts. I have heard the tale of a shepherd boy who fell asleep in the midst of his flock, with whom a quartet of pixies determined to amuse themselves. One fastened him to the ground and kept his eyes closed, another tickled his nostrils with barley beard, a third cried "Wolf! Wolf!" in his

ears, and the fourth bewitched the sheep, which fled scampering away in all directions. After holding their victim for some time in agonised helplessness, they released him with screams of laughter, while the poor lad run affrighted into a furze-bush, where he was found by his master, covered with scratches and bruises. But the pixies having enjoyed the fun, collected the sheep together, and all was well as it ended wall.

The pixies were never represented as having any religious rites or services. They were not reputed ever to have taken part in ecclesiastical matters. In Catholic countries popular superstitions are not unfrequently made subservient to priestly influence. The rural clergy in the ruder districts of Devon were formerly little superior in intelligence to the rustics among whom they lived, their habits were moulded to the civilisation which surrounded. In listening to their stories—

I, a credulous, confiding youth,
Doubted no more than they; why should I doubt?
Their ignorance was faith, but mine was bliss,
And now that age and philosophic thought
Have swept the bloom of young romance away,
The pixies all have fled—like other dreams.

JOHN BOWRING.

LETTY.

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER III.

THE squire's first movement after he saw that Letty perceived him; was towards the window, and this roused her from her stupor.

Flying to intercept his progress, she piteously besought him not to fire. Mark was her husband, and he had already repented his wicked intention. He had not taken anything; he had not, indeed! See! and quivering from head to foot she pointed to the money, and entreated for "mercy, mercy!"

She could say no more; but her eyes, in which hope and despair alternated, still questioned the grave face of her master.

Leaning upon her shoulder for support, the Squire carefully secured the casement, bade her restore the gold to the cabinet, put the key in his own pocket, and then with much difficulty retraced his steps to his easy chair.

Not till he had somewhat recovered breath was the ominous silence broken. Then, signing to Letty to stand before him, he sternly bade her explain her connection with the intruder; adding a warning, that he would not endure with any attempts at concealment or deception.

But the still trembling girl had no disposition to attempt either. Perfect frankness was natural to Letty, who had chafed terribly

beneath the galling secrecy of her marriage; and without an effort at reserve she told everything; from her first meeting with Mark Layton to the present moment.

The Squire heard her tale with serious attention and many interruptions. When she began to speak of the sufferings of the elder Laytons, with the warm pity she had never before thought it necessary to repress, a feeling that her words were barely respectful to him, made her suddenly break off with a faltering remark:—

"I beg your pardon, sir; of course you know all this."

"No," said the squire, in his quick, decided tone, "not as you tell the tale. I was young when these things happened, and left business to the steward. I will have the truth of them inquired into. Go on; I bade you say all you knew, and expect you to do so."

How Mark became possessed of the key of the Squire's cabinet, or how he learned that large sums of money frequently lay there untouched for months, Letty would have been puzzled to explain, if the housekeeper's trouble had not recurred to her mind.

A new light was now thrown on Mrs. Henderson's strange hints and stranger speeches. It was she who, possessing the failings without the virtues of her parents, had always fostered in her brother a disposition to avenge on the proud man who held the Desborough property, the misfortunes which they dated from his accession to it.

It was not until after the Squire's housekeeper had missed the important key, and on returning to the shop to institute a search for it, had admitted the value of the articles contained in the cabinet, that Mrs. Henderson lighted on the missing article, lying between some of the goods her customer had disparagingly tossed over.

Loth to oblige by returning it, she was hesitating what course to pursue, when her brother unexpectedly came to visit her. The firm in which he held a junior clerkship had failed, and that at a time of commercial panics, which rendered it very difficult to procure another situation.

Daily and nightly Mrs. Henderson and his necessities tempted him, and that desire to avenge his father's wrongs, which he had been taught to regard as a duty, made him lend an ear to such suggestions.

But when Letty—fair, pure, and trusting—appeared before him, and his sister hinted that she might be made an unconscious agent in their plans, he began to waver. Good and evil alternately held the mastery; and when, after a long and bitter struggle, his stealthy steps led him to the spot where for the first

time he was about to degrade himself by a theft, his white lips breathed a vow that, once safely in another clime, with Letty beside him, he would lead a life that should never bring a blush to the cheek of the young wife for whose sake, he strove to persuade himself, this money must be obtained.

With her suspicions how the key came into Mark's possession, Letty's story ended, and she fearfully waited the Squire's comment.

"And so you have married a man of whom you knew but little, and that little not in his favour! And what are you going to do next? Go away with him, and share his haunts until his crimes have brought him to a bad end?"

Her head dropped at these harsh queries; but drawing her wedding ring from her bosom, Letty boldly put it on her finger, as she answered:—

"I'll never share in a crime, sir; but I'll be a true wife to Mark. And—and, I'll hope and pray. My prayers were heard to-night, and maybe they will again."

The Squire waved her from him.

"There, there,—ring up my man and go away; go to bed, and I'll talk with you to-morrow."

Letty obeyed. She dared not attempt to advocate Mark's cause more than she had already done by dwelling on his good qualities and his affection for her. But sleep was impossible while the fear was knocking at her aching heart, that a few hours might see her erring husband in custody.

Sorrow and anxiety brought on a feverish attack, and when, after a fortnight's severe illness, Letty tried to resume her duties, the pretty curly hair Mark had admired so often had been cut off, and her face had lost its rosy bloom, and was pale and thin.

Not a word of the fugitive reached her. From the gossiping housekeeper she had casually learned that Mrs. Henderson, after a conference with Squire Desborough's legal adviser, had closed her shop, packed up her belongings, and disappeared—none knew where—the same night.

But Mark, where was he? Were the police on his track? Would he be hunted down and brought back to fulfil his predicted destiny? while Letty, the loving Letty, the only one who believed in him, and sought to save him from it, was weak and helpless, and unable to do aught but pray, and weep, and pass the long hours in sorrowful suspense.

Whether the Squire noticed the changed aspect of the girl, and feared to trust himself with her, lest her pleadings should win too much from his compassion, we know not; but it was Mr. Preston, his solicitor, who, meeting her on the stairs, kindly bade her cheer up,

for the lad had, no doubt, got safely away; and if not, why her master was disposed to deal gently with him.

So the little wife tried to be patient and hopeful. She knew that it was not want of affection that prompted Mark's silence, but an overwhelming sense of his own unworthiness, which she would have given worlds to be able to soothe away by her caresses.

While she thus waited and hoped, the year sped on, and Letty, to the surprise and horror of the maiden housekeeper, found it necessary to resign her situation, to take upon herself the new duties of maternity.

The Squire who, in his crossiest moods, could seldom find an angry word for one whose attentions were so humbly and faithfully tendered, still farther astonished his dependents by giving orders for a long disused lodge to be repaired for Mrs. Layton to dwell in; and he also issued peremptory commands to the head of his household, that sufficient needlework should always be sent to the lodge to keep her employed.

Letty's sorrowful yearning for her absent husband was marvellously softened when her babe lay smiling on her bosom; and every one was kind to the meek young mother, and forbore, for her sake, to abuse the Laytons. But, in the quiet night, many a prayer still ascended for absent Mark; though Letty sometimes weepingly told herself that she could be quite content, if she could but know that the one act of repentance had borne fruit, and that he was living uprightly and honestly.

The first gleam of hope came in a little packet from beyond sea, containing an Australian bank-note, a tiny nugget, and a poor—but oh! how prized—photograph of Mark himself in the rough garb of a digger.

Letty forgot all her fears of the Squire, and flew to the house to show him her treasures; but half-repent-ed her haste when she saw how closely he examined the post-marks; eventually retaining the envelope, as he admitted, to show Mr. Preston.

Had she jeopardised Mark's safety by her candour? When once this fear took possession of her mind it was a haunting one, and goaded her to seek her master again, and humbly intreat him not to hurt her poor Mark, now that he was doing his best to retrieve the past.

The Squire, who had got the gout in his hand, roughly bade her begone for a fool; but her heart was lightened by something in his eye kinder than his words, and Letty began to hope once more.

How often, through the many months that followed, without any other sign of Mark's existence, did the lonely wife sink into de-

spondency! Perhaps he had been taken ill, and died in that far-off country, from whence no tidings of his fate would ever reach her; or, thriving in his arduous toil, he had been robbed and murdered for the sake of the gold he had amassed for her.

When another spring came round, and the baby boy Mark had never seen, could crawl upon the grass at his mother's feet, Letty would take her work and wander away to the path by the river, or those secluded dells where she had met her lover; and wonder if he, in his new home, often thought of hours which, despite all the sorrow following in their wake, were still the most cherished moments on which her memory dwelt.

Sitting thus, and pondering thus, one eve, when the light began to fail, and the weary child had crept to her arms, Letty saw from her seat on the river bank, a form rapidly approaching.

She rose with a sigh. It was not often that her reveries were thus disturbed, and the few who met her in her walks generally gave her a courteous greeting, and passed on. But to-day she had been weeping much, and did not care for any one to observe her swollen eyes. It was one of Letty's most careful observances to be always found quietly cheerful. She would not be pitied if she knew it, because she was Mark Layton's deserted wife.

The stranger slackened his pace as he drew near, but she did not look up. She was hushing her babe and carefully covering him from the night air.

The stranger paused beside her, and uttered her name. It was Mark! thinner, darker, and his hands roughened with hard work, but his looks asking love and forgiveness for the sad hours she had spent since they parted.

Letty had often pictured to herself such a meeting, and the wild delight with which, forgetting everything else, she should fly to her husband's bosom; but in reality it was very different.

Mutely she laid their babe in his extended arms; then, gently drawing him down on his once stubborn knees, she sank on the sward beside him, and clinging to his neck, thus sobbed out her joy and gratitude to heaven together.

"It was the Squire's letter that brought me back," Mark explained, when, an hour afterwards they sat by the hearth with closed door and curtain.

"The Squire's letter?" his wife wonderingly echoed.

Mark assented and produced it. A queer mixture of business and generosity, of rebuke and kindness, it stated that, by means of Australian friends and the envelope of Letty's packet,

the Squire expected this would safely reach Mark Layton's hands. Then followed a stern exordium, which ended in an acknowledgment that the Laytons had been wronged. Although no receipt had been found during the careful search of his papers the Squire had instituted, yet a memorandum in his late father's pocket-book, attested the truth of the elder Layton's assertion that he had paid his rent. Anxious to atone for the evil that had been wrought to the family of the unfortunate man, the Squire offered to assist Mark in establishing himself, either in the country to which he had flown, or in England, if he chose to return thither, which he might safely do; as in consideration for his wife, Squire Desborough would never make public his felonious, and, in point of fact, unpardonable, attempt on the cabinet.

"And you came as soon as you received this?" asked Letty, when she had wiped away the tears which sprang forth as she read.

"Yes, gladly. When I knew that my poor father's name had not been publicly dishonoured by my acts, I began to take heart and to think that if the Squire forgave me, Letty would not bid me go back, and work out the long probation to which I had sentenced myself. Ah, wife! dear, dear wife! to see you look at me so lovingly is more, much more, than I deserve. God help me to become worthy of you!"

Was this scornful Mark Layton, whose voice took such a reverent tone, as he named his Maker? Letty's swelling heart offered up another thanksgiving as she heard it.

And now for Mark's decision. What was it? Were they to take their little one and cross that wide ocean, and begin the world anew?

When she asked this he drew her closer to his side. "It shall rest with you, Letty. When I have remembered your promptings and acted upon them, all has gone well with me, even though you have been miles away, and it was only my own conscience that whispered what you would have me do."

The little wife thought long and seriously ere she replied, "If you could be happy here, Mark, I'd sooner stay in our own country. There's been a dark cloud over the name of Layton for many years, and—and—it would be pleasant if you and I, by humbly doing our duties, and bringing up our boy carefully and religiously, could win back for it the old respect with which it used to be spoken."

Mark paced the cottage floor awhile, and had a long contest with his natural pride ere he came back to his seat by Letty, and agreed

that she was right, and that they would let the Squire know their decision on the morrow.

By no unkind allusions to the past, did Squire Desborough mar Letty Layton's felicity, as she stood before him the next day, clinging to her husband's arm. He wisely eschewed old grievances on either side, and at once proceeded to business.

"I cannot restore your father's farm to you," he said to Mark; "it would be an act of injustice to the man who has held and improved it for many years. But there is a productive, though small one, on the estate, which you shall have; and if you want help in stocking it Mr. Preston has my order to assist you."

But Mark had not returned home penniless, and with his old independence he refused all further aid. So, for the first few years, Letty and he worked harder and fared far worse than if they had chosen the other part and quitted England. Still they never repined nor turned back from the plough. And by-and-by labour earned its reward. The farm of the Laytons is as flourishing as diligence and skill can make it; and Mark, with all the old bitter feelings rooted out of his heart, is a good master to his dependents, the best of husbands to his still fair and loving Letty, and a careful father to his bright, healthy children; watching over their moral culture with a grave and wholesome recollection of his own faulty and ill-trained youth.

L. CROW.

THE FAIRY PRINCE.

I saw her face shine through the pane
(That dripp'd with beads of rain and glistened,)
Just as above the Marble Arch
A rainbow sprang: I stood and listened

To a drenched man who played the flute;
A tune of joy, but dashed with sadness.
Dead leaves were blowing round the park,
Yet that sweet face was full of gladness.

I knew that look so beaming, pure,
(I've seen it very often since;)
O Love's beguiler, faithless Hope!
She waited for a Fairy Prince.

That Fairy Prince, with royal brow,
So strong to slay misfortune's brood;
So swift to rescue maidens fair,
So full of power to aid the good:

Resistless, wise, with voice so clear,
'Twould make the envious ayens pine;
With eyes all luminous with love,
A love eternal and divine.

I waited till night brought the stars,
And then I saw that saddened face
Move slowly from the window there,
And darkness gather o'er the place.

How many maidens wait like her,
(I've seen such faces often since),
On Summer morns, and Autumn eves,
Still waiting for their Fairy Prince.

WALTER THORNBURY.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

SOME years ago there resided in the neighbourhood of one of the well-known sea-bathing towns in Devonshire, a most observant naturalist. Few things escaped his eye; and at his death he left a very interesting collection of objects of natural history, which are now in the possession of his widow, and which, it is to be hoped, will some day find their way into a museum worthy of them. He had also several living pets, for which he always evinced much regard. Amongst these were two geese, a mother and daughter, and their little history is worth recording. The mother, it is well ascertained, is now thirty-five years old, and her daughter thirty-two. By some accident the daughter, when very young, lost her foot, so that she is obliged to hobble about on a stump. The mother's care of her daughter, under this circumstance, is not only extraordinary but interesting. They roost close together, side by side; if the latter strays into a lane, or any place where she was likely to be harassed, the old goose utters a cry which is well understood, and her offspring immediately joins her. They are both of them still alive, and as some geese have been known to attain the age of 100 years, (like the raven,) we trust that the loving geese we have referred to may continue for many years to enjoy each other's company, and the youngest the protection of her affectionate mother.

It is always pleasing to have well authenticated instances of affection in animals. White of Selborne relates an instance of friendship (somewhat incongruous) between a horse and a hen; and I have known of one between a horse and a cat. Horses that have for a length of time served side by side in a cavalry regiment, have, when one of them has been killed in battle, or otherwise been removed from his companion, evinced unmistakeable signs of misery, refusing all food and eventually dying of grief.

That strong attachments exist among other animals cannot be doubted. It is to be found in birds as well as in quadrupeds. Monkeys of different breeds and countries have been known to pine and die on being separated either by death or accident. Parrots have been inconsolable, and refused food on the death of a companion. A German writer relates an instance of a crane, which having lost its mate, continued moping and solitary for a considerable time, at last attached itself to an

ox, from which it became inseparable, following it to its pasture, and roosting beside it in its stall. A hen has been known to foster under her wings a poor shivering little pig, the youngest of a litter, and she continued to do this until the pig was able to take care of itself, or rather feed itself from the milk which was supplied it by a kind-hearted female, who had witnessed the fostering care of the hen. I have known lambs, whose mothers have died in bringing them forth, suckled and cared for by other sheep of the flock, who have had young of their own.

I was once witness to a man driving away rooks from a wheat-field. He wounded one, which fluttered along the ground but was unable to fly. The whole colony of rooks then present fluttered around the sufferer, and endeavoured to assist it in making its escape. When the man picked up the wounded bird, it uttered piercing cries; on hearing them the others fled, or rather darted close to it, regardless of their own danger, evidently hoping to release it. This they continued to do until a twist of the neck silenced the wounded bird, but they continued to follow the man for some time with the dead rook in his hand.

Dr. Percival, in his Dissertations, gives another instance of sympathy of rooks. He says that "a large colony of these birds had for many years frequented a grove on the banks of the Irwell, near Manchester. One calm evening," he says, "I placed myself within the view of it, and marked with attention the various labours, pastimes, and evolutions of this crowded society. The idle members amused themselves with chasing each other through endless mazes, and in their flight they made the air sound with the infinitude of discordant noises. In the midst of these playful exertions it unfortunately happened that one rook, by a sudden turn, struck his beak against the wing of another. The sufferer instantly fell into the river, when a general cry of distress ensued. The birds hovered with every expression of anxiety over their distressed companion. Animated by their sympathy, and perhaps by some peculiar notes, he sprang into the air, and by a strong effort reached the point of a rook which projected into the water. The joy then became loud and universal, but alas! it was soon changed into notes of lamentation, for the poor wounded bird in attempting to fly towards its nest, dropped into the water and was drowned, amidst the lamentations of the whole fraternity."

It is evident from these anecdotes that there exists a fellow-feeling for suffering and an extraordinary sympathy for each other in the animal creation. Indeed pigs, which

are generally supposed to be stupid, insensible animals, evince the greatest distress for the sufferings of one of their number.

Some animals have peculiar modes of action, differing from what might be called the usual impulse of nature. For instance, when the Zoological Society had a nursery for their collection on Kingston Hill, I was in the constant habit of going there in order to watch the proceedings of a pair of emus which were confined in a large pen. The female emu dropped her eggs here and there in it without reference to any nests, but the male rolled them carefully to a nest he had prepared for them, and when they were all collected he sat upon and hatched them, thus taking upon himself the office of the female. Amongst the young birds so hatched, one was found to be perfectly blind. Under this circumstance anyone would have supposed that this unfortunate bird must have died. But no such thing occurred. Cabbage and lettuce leaves were thrown into the pen for the old birds to feed on, when, by an extraordinary instinct, the poor blind bird, just escaped from its shell, lifted up, first one of its legs, and then the other, and in this way moved about the pen till it trod on one of the leaves, which it held under its feet while it fed upon it. In this way it grew and thrived as if its sight was perfect. What became of it afterwards I could not ascertain.

The affection of animals for their young is often shown in a surprising manner. While a pack of fox-hounds were drawing a cover in the neighbourhood of Brighton two years ago, they started a bitch-fox, which left the cover with a cub not more than one or two days old in her mouth. Being hard pressed by the hounds, she dropped the cub, and the hounds ran over it without noticing it. A kind-hearted friend of mine had it picked up by his groom, brought it home, and reared it. It is now so tame that it has become a perfectly domesticated animal. I am happy to be able to add that its affectionate mother made her escape from the hounds, although I cannot but think that it would have been to the credit of the hunt had the dogs been whipped off when the female fox was first seen endeavouring to preserve her young one.

A much smaller quadruped will show equal affection for its offspring. When a mouse's nest has been discovered with young ones in it, I have known the mother remove them to a place of safety by conveying them away in her mouth in a very short space of time.

In the last number of the "Gentleman's Magazine" there is an admirable letter by Mr.

O. Roach Smith, entitled, "A Plea for Small Birds." This letter cannot be too widely read and circulated in all rural districts, and I hope it may lead many of our country gentlemen to protect these useful and beautiful works of the hand of a good and wise Creator.

When we consider how many birds are destroyed in the spring when they have nests and young ones, by foolish gardeners who are ignorant of their utility, it is surprising how very seldom one meets with a nest containing starved or dead birds. It may, therefore, be fairly presumed that these young birds, when deprived of their parents, utter their hungry cries, which attract the pity of other birds, perhaps of a different species, who feed and bring them up.

These anecdotes will serve to show the sympathy and love which animals have for each other. It is a very pleasing reflection, and offers a useful lesson. The very sight of suffering shows that compassion is felt in the animal world in a greater or less degree, and that there exists a desire of alleviating it. It is a curious subject for reflection, and one, perhaps, which ought to attract more attention than it appears to have done. Is there not some degree of reason to be found in these kindly impulses in the animal creation?

EDWARD JESSE.

THE MILL-STREAM.

Oh! dark the night, with storm and mist,
And fastly fell the snow;
And all around the creaking mill
The bitter wind did blow:
And the mill-stream with a fearful sound
Went moaning to and fro.

The winter sun rose round and red,
And glared along the snow;
The miller stood and gazed amazed,
And oh! the wind did blow:
And the mill-stream with a fearful sound
Went moaning to and fro.

All in the quiet afternoon
Came one across the snow;
To-morrow he'd wed the miller's child,
And oh! the wind did blow:
And the mill-stream with a fearful sound
Went moaning to and fro.

The weary, cruel night came down
And hid the sleek, smooth snow;
And oh! the mist and rain came on:
And oh! the wind did blow:
And the mill-stream with a fearful sound
Went moaning to and fro.

A peasant in the chilly dawn
Did gaze across the snow;
He looked, nor saw the taper light,
Nor heard the mill-wheel go:
And the mill-stream with a fearful sound
Went moaning to and fro.



"Oh! whither, whither runnest thou?"
 Cried one across the snow:
 'Twas he who came to claim his bride:
 And oh! the wind did blow:
 And the mill-stream with a fearful sound
 Went moaning to and fro.

"O stranger, stranger, come with me
 Across the drifting snow!"
 The twain went through the blinding mist,
 And oh! the wind did blow:
 And the mill-stream with a fearful sound
 Went moaning to and fro.

The stranger smote his breast, and cried
 Across the drifting snow:
 "Where yesternorn the mill did stand
 The cruel floods do flow:"
 And the mill-stream with a fearful sound
 Went moaning to and fro.

"And near and far float beam and spar
 Along the melting snow:
 And oh! my bride, my bride, my bride!"—
 A mighty wind did blow:
 And the mill-stream with a mocking sound
 Went moaning to and fro.

All in her bridal robes arrayed,
Her robes as white as snow,
They found her 'neath the cruel wave,
Where shady willows grow :
And the mill-stream with a fearful sound
Went moaning to and fro.

The stranger took her tenderly,
And laid her 'mid the snow ;
And oh ! he kissed her lily lips ;
And oh ! the wind did blow :
And the mill-stream with a fearful sound
Went moaning to and fro.

They laid her in her simple grave
Among the cruel snow ;
And near to her her father dear :
The wailing wind was low :
And the mill-stream with a fearful sound
Went moaning to and fro.

The stranger rode across the plain—
Across the smooth, sleek snow ;
And if he ever came again
No man save he may know :
But the mill-stream with a fearful sound
Goes moaning to and fro. J. M. HAWCROFT.

THE TWO CADETS.

A Story in Two Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

CADETS, not at Woolwich or Sandhurst, (such was not their good fortune,) but cadets of old and now impoverished houses—of houses which still kept up their ancient state. They were both handsome, well-grown, well-bred, but utterly poor, and utterly unfitted by their education for anything in the world, or to speak more truly, for anything in any world but their own. Neither of them had place or provision of any kind, and both had been used to luxury from their youth up.

They were cousins—Edward Hornby and Lionel Horton. Edward was a large, loud, fierce man, very vicious, very handsome, a terrible bully (these were in the elder times—the Camelford times), a splendid rider, a fine shot, as brave as a lion, and as treacherous as a leopard. Lionel was cast in a gentler and more feminine mould to all appearance ; not quite so tall, perhaps even more handsome, and of pleasing genial manners. Somewhat idle even in the few things he had to do, but a most amiable and excellent young fellow, disgusted with his life, and knowing himself fit for higher things.

They had a third and mutual cousin, slightly younger, a young lady. Her family was as poor as were either of theirs, but she was rich. She was dowered with a beauty so wonderful that people in the world began to speak of it even now, before she was out ; and to this beauty her father and mother looked, in part, to restore the fallen fortunes of their house, for they were heirless, and she was the last of the long old line.

She had been seen by few, but had been very much in the company of her cousins. Inevitably, but with singular infelicity, those two unhappy young men fell deeply in love with her, and more unfortunately still, she returned the love of the more gentle Lionel.

It was in the autumn, at one of their dilapidated old country houses, that this took place. Edward broke the fiercest horses for her amusement ; swam the broad cold river in November because she was on the other side, and that he might have the happiness of walking home beside her in his dripping clothes in the biting wind. But she did not care for him, she was far too refined a creature to be won by mere exhibitions of brute strength which any prize-fighter could surpass. When he did not frighten her he displeased her ; she disliked him, and he saw it.

Lionel was a perfect gentleman, and though not a close scholar, had read somewhat. And he had a gentle, playful manner, too, and a pleasant quiet way of saying humorous things, and altogether was such a very charming person that she gave him the preference from the first, and grew to love him deeply before she had any idea that such was the case. He was only her cousin.

She was at first very careful in her behaviour to the two to show no marked preference for either. But each of them before long saw perfectly well how the matter stood.

The old people of course guessed nothing of it ; if they had, it would have given them only a temporary uneasiness. Her father was so inexorably certain of her destiny that nothing could have disturbed his certainty ; the car of Juggernaut is not to be turned aside by a stick. And the poor young lady was well aware of what awaited her, and but for this appearance of Lionel in these autumn days, would have looked forward with extreme pleasure to that destiny.

Lionel was roused from his lethargy of life by this newly-found love, and he formed a scheme, a foolish lover's scheme.

"If she will be constant for a year or two, I will win a position for her. There is, at all events, India."

Alas, poor youth ! he should have known that he would get no nearer to the moon by going to India than he would to his cousin Alice.

As the autumn drew towards a close, she began to relax a little in the extreme care with which she had kept the balance between them, and somewhat to unbend towards Lionel. Edward, hating with a deep and deadly hatred, watched them closely, and saw the growing hope in Lionel's eyes.

"The fool will not be long before he speaks."

Lionel was not long before he spoke. One day she was distant and cold to him; and in asking an explanation of this coldness he determined to say the great word to her, to lay his life at her feet, to pray her to wait.

He found her alone. Had he not been nervous, had he but looked a little more at her face, he would have seen that she was very angry, and would not have spoken. To his great astonishment she repelled him with extreme anger. Before there was any time to ask for an explanation, the father and mother entered, the father livid with rage.

"Then my watching is rewarded," said the old gentleman, "I was not deceived. Wretched Lionel, how have you abused my confidence and violated my hospitality! Lionel, you have traded on your familiarity as a cousin in a base and cowardly way."

"My lord," said Lionel, "may I be allowed to tell you what has just passed before I leave your house for ever? I have just proposed to my cousin."

"This is mighty well," said the old man, "wondrous well, my young lady."

"Do hear me, my lord," said Lionel. "I wish you to blame the right person. I am alone to blame. My cousin has rejected me with scorn. For heaven's sake understand that in your anger."

The old man's hand went round the daughter's waist as he turned to Lionel.

"Nephew," he said, "you are a gentleman. No one is more sorry than myself that this has happened through my carelessness. But my daughter, you see, knows her duty."

Alice herself turned and spoke to him.

"I cannot believe you utterly lost to all honour. Read this letter and clear yourself. If you choose, you can write to me in explanation. We have seen each other for the last time."

She tossed a letter towards him, but it fell close to where she was standing. Her father made a dart to get it, but she put her foot upon it and waved him imperiously off. My lord obeyed. There were traditions in his family, and he, like many of his order, was the slave of tradition. The women of his house had the hereditary character of being easily managed and tractable when led; but fierce and desperately vindictive when driven. There were unfortunately two or three ugly stories in the history of the family to confirm this tradition; and my lord let the letter lie on the floor.

Edward picked the letter up and read it. The passage which concerned him was this:—

"Your sweet cousin Lionel was dining at the mess of the 140th last night, and used your name in a scandalously public manner.

He toasted you in the very coarsest terms, and spoke of you as his *fiancée*. My brother told me this this morning. I hoped that your cousin had been drunk, but Georgey says he was perfectly sober.

"Yours ever lovingly,

"CLARA BRABAZON."

Clara Brabazon was an intimate friend of Alice's. Her brother, the "Georgey" of this letter, was a pleasant, kind young cornet of dragoons. That the blow was Edward's Lionel was certain. It was Edward who had got the foul lie written; it was Edward who had set the old people to watch. But the blow had come through George Brabazon; he must have an explanation from him, and the whole thing would come out. He wrote a peremptory letter to the cornet, stating that he had been making unfounded assertions with regard to him, and demanding a public apology. Alas! the letter which he wrote in his indignation was a little too peremptory for that regiment and for those times. George Brabazon was advised, which meant *ordered*, by his brother officers, directed, I fear, by the colonel, to send a man to Lionel for an explanation. The fatal step was taken, no arrangement was possible now. And so they met, the kindly Lionel and the merry, popular young cornet.

Lionel said most solemnly to his dying day that he never meant to hit the cornet, but only fired nervously towards him, with some vague instinct of self-defence. However that may be, and I believe it, the instant after he fired the poor young man, after staring round him for one moment, with a ghastly look of horror, fell down in a heap upon the grass, dead!

Lionel's horror and remorse were terrible to witness. The habits of reserve and repression in which people of his order were then educated, gave way utterly. He lost the self-possession of an English gentleman, and raved and imprecated curses upon himself so fiercely that the officers who stood around began to get more scared at him than they were at the solemn and beautiful corpse which lay at their feet. But there was the necessity of flight, even in those days; and when Lionel appeared at midnight beside the bed of his startled father, he was calm, though he looked five or six years older.

His father had a plan for him, and they talked it over for to-morrow. His father was poor, and he sincerely regretted that he had no provision or career to offer his son, worthy of a gentleman, in this country. But many gentlemen were doing well in New South Wales, at the wool-growing. Did he

think that he could bring his mind to entertain such an idea?

"You tell me that England has grown hateful to you after these miserable occurrences, my poor boy. Try to forget them in business."

"I would gladly go," he said, "but we have no money."

"I will lend you five thousand pounds of your mother's, bearing interest. If you succeed, you can pay her again; if you lose it all, why it will be gone, and you will have nothing left but our love and our blessing. Those you will always have. You have been a good son to us, and God bless you."

And so he sailed; and the world went on and forgot him utterly. His cousin Alice married a young nobleman of vast wealth, the Marquis of Granton, in her first season, and became one of the first ladies in the land.

In Australia, year glides into year, and one almost undistinguishable season fades into another, and time, divided and unmarked by events, goes on with equal pace. The years are not *marked* as with us, by the snows and frosts of Christmas, or by leafless trees. In winter there the grass is greener than the trees; in summer the trees, though remaining the same colour, are greener than the grey dried grass. That is all the change, except some little in temperature.

Ten years had gone over Lionel's head, and he was a steady, rich, sedate magistrate of three-and-thirty before he could believe such a thing possible.

He was wealthy even for the wealthy community in which he lived. Besides his vast flocks of sheep, he had made some singularly bold and lucky investments in town lands. He had no genius for commerce, but he was a steady, contemplative, quiet man, who did not care about making money, and still his money grew. He had no partner, but lived alone, about 250 miles from town.

A very pleasant place was this solitary station of his, ten miles from the next neighbours. A creek, overarched by vast white stemmed trees, running in a deep glen cut out of the table-land, wandered on between the forest and the plain, and in one of the pleasantest of its bends his house was placed overlooking it. The house stood quite by itself, in the midst of a beautiful garden, which grew everything, from gooseberries to peaches. The great out-buildings, which were necessary for his wool and his men, were a quarter of a mile off. He had a quiet place.

The time did not go unpleasantly to him. He had his books, carefully added to year after year; and what is more, he read them. He had his newspapers and magazines in

those days three months after date. He had expeditions to Sydney, at that time even growing to be a beautiful place; and long rides over plain and through forest, after his business. Last, and not least, he had his sporting.

He got to be the greatest sportsman of those parts. His "run," as they call the ground occupied under lease from government by a squatter, was a vast stretch of country, twenty-five miles by twenty; nearly all bare, rich, level plain, at a considerable elevation above the sea, almost entirely without wood, and only marked here and there by two or three grass-grown extinct volcanos, which rose perhaps three or four hundred feet above the level of the table-land. It was one of the richest "runs" in those parts, keeping a sheep to every three acres, but it was a very bad sporting run. There were many lakes upon it, swarming with waterfowl, from the gigantic pelican and black swan, down to the tiny grey grebe; but it was a bad country for sport. He hardly ever fired a gun on his own run, save at the ducks, and more particularly at one other species of game, which I shall notice directly.

But his house stood at the very edge of his run, close to the "plough line" which separated him from his neighbours. And behind his house began the great forests of which his neighbours' run consisted. These forests, at first open, that is to say, formed by large trees without underwood, rolled up into a densely-thicketed (scrubby) region of greater elevation—a wilderness of flowers, a paradise of game; at that time, merely a wild labyrinth of rocky gullies, or little glens, where the virgin gold lay about on the surface, shining, after each shower, out of the red clay which formed the soil, like the window of a jeweller's shop. Afterwards this very hunting-ground of Lionel's held a population of thirty thousand souls; now, like the "Fiery Creek," for instance, it has nearly returned to its original solitude. Nobody was more amused than himself when he heard of the vast treasures which his old hunting-ground had yielded, from the surface and from a few feet deep.

To show that one does not exaggerate, I myself knew well a tract of low-lying forest ranges, at the foot of Mount Cole, in Victoria, utterly desolate and uninhabited, a place to which lost sheep wandered and died of foot-rot. I saw that same tract of country *after* it had supported a population of 50,000 souls, and was still supporting about 10,000. With gold, however, we have nothing to do, and only with hunting for a specific purpose.

For these upland gullies,—all a-blossom in

spring with *Grevilleas*, *Epacris*, and innumerable other beautiful flowers (the exquisite series of Australian orchids trampled under one's horse's feet unnoticed),—these sparsely-timbered flower-gardens became his hunting-ground. They lay higher than the great forest, but not high enough to get the fresh breeze from the mountain, which still towered above and beyond them; and in spring and early summer they were hot, bright, happy sorts of places, smelling not unlike an old-fashioned walled garden in England. Nobody ever went there; there was nothing to attract the cattle or the sheep, for the soil was bare of grass, showing the red clay everywhere through the flowers, and the gold too, had anyone had eyes to see it: and "shikarees" (like the late Mr. Wheelwright, the "old bushman" of the Field), did not exist in those days. It was an utterly desolate region, and Lionel himself only rode into it accidentally on one occasion, when he was steering for his head-station by compass.

He often came again. Your horse could not go fast in consequence of the abruptness of the gullies and the denseness of the flowering shrubs, and you seldom rode far in a contemplative mood, without becoming dimly aware of a presence, and an eye; and, on looking more carefully, finding that you were within a few yards of a great grey (or sometimes red) kangaroo, sitting up like a small donkey on its hind-legs, and going away, click, click, fifteen miles an hour as soon as you noticed it. Then, again, coming round the corner of a belt of shrubbery, you would come on a knot of birds, standing from six to eight feet high, which, after examining you, would get a panic, and race away twenty miles an hour—Emus to wit. Parrots,—why thicker than sparrows and linnets in England; cockatoos, lorikeets; *Scansores* innumerable, sulphur-crested, rose-crested, black and red, black and yellow, beyond telling; eagles, larger than any European species, would come from the great blue overhead and almost brush your ear with their wings; and alighting on a bare bough close by, would sit and watch you. Snakes! why, unfortunately, yes; some almost steel-coloured, gliding swiftly among the flowers; others more deadly and more horrible, lying with their soft bodies fitting to the ground as if they had grown there, and only raising their flat unutterably-wicked heads as you passed. Monster lizards, five, ay, and seven feet long; other lizards of all colours; one a mass of evil horns and wings (the "Moloch.") For the rest—scorpions, centipedes, ridiculously-fantastic beetles; *Manitida*, like straws and sticks and leaves, which crawled on your

blankets if you camped there; and stinging ants, with a grievance against the rest of animated nature, always promptly revenged. A "paradise," as I said, in the sense in which old Xenophon* uses the word. In another sense of the word, it was a "paradise" to Lionel. One of the *spécialités* of his order for all time has been that of the destruction of wild animals. From the hero of the *Tercentum millia perdicum* in "*Sartor Resartus*," up to — K. G., statesman and sportsman, it has always been the same. Lionel did not belong to the school who are shocked at the killing of poor innocent dumb animals; in fact, the school scarcely existed then, certainly not in that part of the world; for I greatly fear that some animals by no means dumb had been shot down in those parts; and though Lionel's hands were clean, he was an exception. Sport of some kind was one of the traditions of the order, and he found sport in these secondary gullies which lay under the great dominating mountains, and followed it.

In his own way. At first he took the usual course which is followed in the colonies, and had dogs, half-bred greyhounds, for the kangaroos, but he lost half of them; then he tried on many occasions to ride down emus on his best horses, but he lamed his horses, lost his emus, and once had a serious accident against a tree himself. He put his wits to work. Stalking was quite impossible on account of the snakes, but in those early times any kind of game would allow the close approach of a horse; while in consequence of their being used to an attack by natives, no kind of game in any way worth having, would allow the approach of a man on foot. He got himself a carbine, and looked about for a horse who would stand the firing of this same carbine from his back.

His stock horses, the horses employed in driving in his cattle, being used to the stock-whip, which makes a report like a pistol, could be got to stand it after a time. But stock horses do not do for sporting purposes. One leg among four of them is a good average. He took his youngest and best horse, and carefully trained him to standing fire. He got some terrible falls; but the British aristocracy, though, as some say, wanting in all the cardinal virtues, have never been accused of having less pluck than other folks, and he persevered. He got a highbred young horse to stand fire, after which he had splendid sport. He would ride up to a kangaroo, and shoot it dead with a single bullet from his carbine; he would ride into a flock of turkeys (bustards) on his own plains, and with the

* *παράδεισος*.

reins on his spirited young horse's neck, would pick off three or four before the foolish creatures thought it time to move.

So far. He vegetated on here with his accumulating wealth, with his books, his business, and his sport, and there was but little to disturb him. Old memories were getting very dim; and the most painful parts of them, with the dark exception of his most unhappy duel, were getting so mellowed by time as to be almost pleasant. So when he, after five years' vegetation, got the intelligence that his cousin, the Honourable Edward Hornby, had come into the colony, and had been made inspector of police for the southern district (Victoria was a mere district then, though central now), he did not care very much. It was all over and done with so many years ago, and the sun had gone to sleep with her last light upon the peaceful eastern hills so often. In that land of untellable melancholy peace called Australia, the setting of the sun—a peaceful event everywhere—is more peaceful, more calm, possibly more beautiful, than in any other country in the world. Once see for yourself those dim, lonely, long-drawn plains of grey grass, and see the sunlight die on the solitary wooded peak which stands out from them twenty miles away, and then you will know what I mean. Lionel had seen this awful sunset spectacle every day for five years, and he said, "Who am I that the sun should go down on my wrath?"

He had met Edward Hornby at sessions, with an open brow and an open hand, two years after he had heard of his being in the colony as police inspector, which was seven years after his own arrival, when he was getting to be a wealthy and well-to-do man. The meeting on his part was cordial, and on that of his cousin's apparently so. But he was very much struck by his cousin's appearance.

He did not look dissipated: all his nerve and vitality were left, but there was a wild, fierce, bandit-look about the man for which he could not in any way account. He asked the head stipendiary magistrate about him in confidence. This officer was a very dear friend of his, and they had a mutual respect for one another.

"It is an awful shame," said the stipendiary magistrate to Lionel; "the Home Government serves us shamefully.* This is a home appointment. This man, this cousin of yours, my dear Lionel, is a desperate man: he has been kicked out of every billiard-room from Brussels to Naples. But his cousin and your cousin, Lady Alice —, married Lord

Granton; and so, when Europe is too hot to hold him, he is foisted on us as police inspector. It is too monstrous. We are not strong enough to cast the old country off, but the time will come when we shall be. You are making your fortune, you have your position, you will go home and go into Parliament. Do for heaven's sake tell the assembled British nation that we are sick already of having ill-reputed cadets thrust upon us in responsible positions. Do for heaven's sake, man, tell them that we are forced to stand it now, but that the time will come when we will stand it no longer."

Lionel saw but little of his cousin after this. When Edward, as inspector of police, came his way, he was always absent from the bench. The last time—save two—he ever saw him was at a fancy ball at Government House. Edward was dressed as a bandit, and Lionel was obliged to agree that he looked the part to perfection.

Now one has to explain again, for we fear that few of our readers know the meaning of the word "bushranger."

The first bushrangers were escaped convicts from Sydney. Bushranging began almost as soon as the Blue Mountains were crossed and the great interior opened; making the strict police, possible while the colony was confined to the eastward of that mountain chain, now impossible. After this, bushranging spread far and wide: more to the north towards the Hunter and Clarence at first; but afterwards, as the flocks went south, into the most outlying districts in that direction. The object of these bushrangers was to avenge themselves on the society which they had once defied by new crimes; and if you will take the newest digest of the criminal laws, and run your eye down the list of crimes, you will find not one which they did not commit. Such were the first generation of bushrangers. The second were hardly so brutal; but, strange to say, young men whose fathers had been convicts, but who were reformed and were doing well,—getting rich indeed,—joined this second generation of bushrangers from mere love of adventure and of old association. I date the second generation of bushrangers at 1830; what shall we say of 1865—of the *third* generation—when no road in New South Wales was safe, and when the *grandsons* of the original convicts join the bushrangers and defy the police? On one occasion actually holding a town for two days and giving a ball, at which the policemen were obliged to dance. If it is so in 1865, what must it have been in 1830? Is it at all surprising that the feeling of the respectable colonists, like Lionel Horton, with the dread of horrors to which those of

* "Nous avons changé tout cela." I am speaking of old times—"Killing extinct Satans."

the sack of St. Sebastian are child's play, hanging over them, should be one of intense wrath, bordering on ferocity.

In his quiet southern home, with his flocks grazing far across the plains, and the *stolos* of old, quiet, good-humoured, contented London pickpockets and forgers around him, he had troubled himself but little about these bushrangers. His people were all rogues and convicts. He knew that very well; but they were not men who had been convicted of violent crimes, with the exception of one, who had fired a loaded pistol at his colonel at Gibraltar, because the colonel had refused to let him marry.* This would-be murderer was a great friend of Lionel's. On the whole, he felt perfectly safe about his people.

"I debauched my moral sense among these people, you know," he said once to Lady Granton, whilom his cousin Alice. "They didn't care anything for me, though I was a magistrate. I assure you these people are much nicer than your people. Take yourself, for instance: you are supposed to know everybody; but you don't know anybody who has robbed a goldsmith, and is perfectly ready to tell you all about it. And you are supposed to know the world, Oh! my poor cousin."

It was about the eighth year of his calm sojourn in these quiet solitudes, that there came a noise or report from the north, dim and vague at first, and clouded with a mist of incidents and anecdotes which the younger folks took to be original, but which the older hands recognised as mere replicats of old stories. But, in spite of the surrounding mist of old stories reproduced, the noise or report began to shape itself into form, and at last crystallised itself into certainty. There was a great gang of bushrangers abroad; by rumour more numerous, more bold, more cunning, and more cruel than any which had appeared on the continent. One had to go to the legends of the neighbouring island of Van Diemen's land to match them for strength and for ferocity.

There was little doubt about their leader: he had been seen many times, and could be sworn to by a hundred mouths,—no less a person than Mike Howe, the baby-killer of Van Diemen's Land. This was not true: Howe never went into the bush on the mainland, as far as I can gather. But that awful name was sufficient to cause a panic among the outlying settlers, and many of the outlying squatters (country gentlemen) removed

their books and their wives, and went to Sydney, leaving ex-convict overseers to make the best bargain they could with the terrible bandit.

A fearful bandit he was. The foulest, fellest, and fiercest with which the land had ever been plagued. The three types of bushrangers which came most naturally to one's memory are those represented by Mike Howe, Rocky Whelan, and Melville. Michael Howe was a handsome devil—a man beside whom Nana Sahib appears only as an enraged patriot with a personal grievance. He took the child from the mother's breast, and beat its brains out against a tree. Rocky Whelan was a feller devil even than this—a murderer from sheer love of seeing his victim die. Melville was different to either of them, and by far the most remarkable. A smallish man, the son of a Scotch clergyman, of the most intense vitality, with a courage of the most transcendent order. A man utterly without fear; not, as far as I know, either cruel or unclean, but a man whose whole soul was, for no reason whatever, in utter rebellion against order, law, society; nay, I fear against God himself. The man could never have shed blood, or he would have been hanged without mercy. He was never hanged, for there never was anything against him worse than highway robbery. He was under sentence for something like thirty years, when, in one of his mad attempts to escape from the hulk, he got drowned.

This last man is a puzzle to me still. I would give much to have a talk to him. I had a chance once; I might have got near the man. But who can undertake to talk with a man mad in two-thirds of his soul, in flat rebellion against society and her ministers, tearing furiously at his iron bars like a hungry disappointed tiger?

The three types of bushrangers which I have roughly sketched out were all of them well represented in this new bandit leader. As cruel as Howe, as brutal as Whelan, as irrepressibly fierce and restless as Melville. Marks was his name; a very tall man, with a large black beard. His whole history became perfectly well known afterwards. He was a manufacturer's son at Bradford or Leeds; and, maddened by some disappointment in love, took to every kind of evil course, and having ended in forgery, was transported. He had become for some time apparently respectable in Van Diemen's Land, where he was free; but the devil, which he had originally invited, came for another visit, and stayed. The man became Berserk, and went to the bush, with seven new devils in his company. The history of the man, and the man's person even,

* A fact. A difficult man, but not what I should call an awkward man. You had to smooth him the right way. If he threw down his pack or his tools, you must leave him alone. If you had gone about further with him, I should suspect that he would become dangerous. I never tried the experiment, and so the reader has the present story.

were, be it remembered, as well known to the criminal population as that of Governor Gipps.

He was one of the "uncatchable" class of bushrangers. His gang was "broken up" several times, and many of them captured and hanged; but no man ever laid hands on him. He exhibited some of the qualities of a Garibaldi (if I dare use that sacred and loved name on such an occasion) in his Guerilla warfare. Although a big man, and "an expensive man to horse," he always rode the finest cattle in the colony, far finer than it was possible for any of his pursuers to ride. No fine weight-carrying horse was safe from him. Five hundred pounds' worth of horse-flesh, in the person of one horse, might be neighing in your paddock at sunset, and at sunrise the slip-rails would be down, and the horse gone. And, again, the man was such a dead shot with a pistol, that few policemen of any rank dared ride too near him. He held the colony in terror, and got more audacious day after day.

Terror gave place to mad though powerless exasperation after the following incidents:—Captain Thompson, of the 50th, one of the most popular men in the whole colony, a man respected and beloved by the Governor, the military, the colonists, and the convicts alike, once more succeeded in breaking up this man's gang; but in hunting the well-mounted leader himself, he got separated from his party. These two men had evidently met face to face in the bush, and with the saddest consequences. Captain Thompson, being followed by some of his victorious party, was found dead in the bush, beside his dead horse, shot through the lungs. From this time that fierce and fearful bully, the Honourable Edward Hornby, publicly devoted himself to, the especial task of riding down this bushranger and shooting him.

"A task well-suited to him," dreamed Lionel, one wet night, over his lonely fire. "He has done little good in the world as yet, though as much as I, perhaps. God utilises all his creatures, sooner or later."

But the "sensation" in the colony about the death of Captain Thompson was mild to the sensation which followed the capture of Inspector the Honourable Edward Hornby, J.P., by the bushrangers. There was no doubt of the fact: the Honourable Edward had ridden too far, and had been too bold; and they had got him, and, what is more, meant to keep him. They let their intentions be known to Government by sending into the Goulburn police-station a wicked-looking little old shepherd, with one eye, and lame, who stated their terms as these: "500l. down, and

a free pardon for all, or we'll do all to him as we meant to do to O——,* if we had caught him before he was dead."

HENRY KINGSLEY.

TOKEN FLOWERS.

"I grieve not that I once did grieve."
Vision of Poets.—E. B. BROWNING.

My heart had never known Love's magic power,
It had but glowed and smouldered till he came;
But when we met, in that eventful hour,
The sparks shot up and kindled into flame.

He stood between my heart and life—the glow
Invested him with glories not his own;
And as he stood a shade of grief and woe
Far from him on into my life was thrown.

I worshipped him unasked and silently,
I could have loved him *thus* unto the end,
Giving my joy for his without a sigh,
More than rewarded if he called me friend.

But too intense the flame of feeling burned,
And with such calm reward no more content,
I prayed to heaven my love might be returned:
My prayer was granted, to my punishment.

I thought not so, when once, we were alone,
He whispered, me, and me alone, he loved.—
Ah! I can yet recall his thrilling tone—
Be still, fond heart, nor thus to weakness moved.

I asked not *how* he loved. That thought divine
Seemed all I needed to be more than blest;
But never could his love have equalled mine—
The first deep feeling of a woman's breast.

E'en now that all is past, I dare not think
Upon the weeks of passion that ensued;
The cup of feeling overflowed the brink,
And joy was by its own excess subdued.

Still less upon what followed dare I dwell,
When Love and Duty for the mastery strove:
The conflict was more dire than words can tell,
Yet Duty triumphed over Self and Love.

But many a deep imperishable trace
Was left by that sad time of grief and pain;
In vanished youth and glee, a careworn face,
And in a heart not prone to love again.

And though my former love is truly dead,
My joyous freedom I cannot recall:
The spell still binds me though the charm is fled,
And thick around me yet the shadows fall.

Why must his words for ever haunt my ear,
Tho' gone the tone that made them sweet to me?
Why must I tremble yet, when he is near?
Oh, from such slavish bondage to be free!

Long years ago I heard a counter-spell,
That she who struggles 'gainst th' enthralling
power

Of one beloved, "not wisely, but too well,"
Must burn that sweetest gift of love,—a flower.

* A most unpopular officer among the convicts. What is said to have happened after his death is of course untellable here. It is, on the whole, as well that the laws of modern literature make it possible to forget the extent to which human ferocity and brutality can go.

Here lie my floral tokens : they were kept
 When all his gifts and letters were returned.
 What bitter tears upon them I have wept !
 What passionate kisses on their leaves have
 burned !

I ope the secret drawer where hoarded lies
 This little relic of a love so great ;
 Faint scents like tender memories from them rise,
 Plucked by him, withered, all too like my fate !

Each floweret now to fiery ending doomed
 Was to me as a loving token brought :
 I well remember how and when each bloomed,
 And each with special memories is fraught.

Roses, both white and red they once have been,
 Now faded to one common sickly hue ;
 The magic misletoe and myrtle green,
 Each have their meaning, and their history too.

These sea-pinks grew unchanged upon the strand
 Where rapt we wandered one delightful day ;
 This gentian reached me from a distant land,
 To say he thought of me while far away.

Violets, memorials of sweet woodland walks,
 Tho' every hue has fled, how fragrant yet !
 Lilies, once drooping from their slender stalks,
 Forget-me-nots—ah, would I *could* forget !

I rouse and stir the eager leaping blaze,
 And lay them one by one upon the fire,
 With solemn tenderness and farewell gaze,
 As holy Dead upon a funeral pyre.

'Tis done !—the last long-treasured flower is burned ;
 This weary page of life is closed and o'er :
 Hard was the lesson, but it well is learned.
 Thank God, I loved, and that I love no more !

J. V.

INGRES ; IN MEMORIAM.

THERE were few of those who visited the London Exhibition of 1862 who were not struck by the delicate drawing and sober, yet pleasing, colouring of a picture in the French collection called "*La Source*." It represented a young nymph standing in front of the rock from which she seemed to have sprung, with an expression and in an attitude denoting fawn-like timidity and *naïve* astonishment. It is evidently her first appearance on the stage of the world. The light, the air, the trees, the rocks, and the flowers, are all as new to her as they were to Eve when she opened her eyes on Paradise. But she is more of a Psyche or Hebe than an Eve. Though without the slightest veil, the face, figure, and expression are the *beau idéal* of virgin innocence. And yet there is an approach to personal existence. There are little traits about this artistic creation which fix the age as being that of a child just developing into a woman, and distinguished her as an individual of a class. We remark a somewhat wide head, small forehead, delicate

and scarcely formed nose, eyes of a tender and liquid blue that fills the dilated pupil, a little half-opened mouth, an ear placed a little high and rather far back, and a certain softness in the integuments of the knees and ankles. The water that comes from her vase suggests the spring of some particular stream whose name the nymph is to bear. But no ! The artist would not have it so. It is "*The Source*" realised. Even "*The Naiad*," the title suggested by a lady in the artist's studio, was rejected as too commonplace and special. It was one of the best and last-finished, as well as one of the earliest-begun works, of a great painter just dead, Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres. It was first painted as a study for his *Venus Anadyomene*, the torso of which is generally allowed to be one of the artist's most successful efforts. Ingres died in the eighty-sixth year of his age, in the midst of honours and popularity. He was the last survivor of four great men whose works embellished the Paris Exhibition of 1855 ; Descamps, Delacroix, and Vernet were the other three. Ingres was also the last great survivor of David's school, the classical as opposed to the romantic. He had the wisdom however to avoid the mannerism of that school, and by constant reference to nature to save himself from lapsing into insipidity. "*The Source*" was an excellent specimen of the principles on which he proceeded. Though his subjects were ideal, they were at the same time true to the life. Even so Tennyson painted in words King Arthur and the knights and ladies of his court, but though figures evoked from cloud-land, under his pen they grow to real flesh and blood. Ingres's laurels were late in blooming, like those of our poet Wordsworth, and partly from the same cause, that he believed in his principles, and would not deviate from the path he had chosen for himself, to catch a passing breeze of popularity ; but partly also because for a great part of his life he chose to work in a foreign land, out of the sight of his countrymen. In this world of competition, to be "*on the spot*" is half the battle. Lord Byron's fame was in a manner secure before he made Italy his home ; and then there is the important difference between the position of the poet and the painter, that while it is enough for the one to be heard, the other must also be seen, if not in person, at least in his works.

Ingres was born at Montauban on the 15th of September, 1781. His father was a painter and musician, and gave him instruction in painting for his bread, in music for his amusement. At twelve years old he saw a copy of Raphael's "*Madonna della Seggiola*," brought from Florence by his master, M.

Roques. This produced a profound impression on him, and he became henceforth and continued through his life a devoted disciple of Raphael. He soon went to Paris, first taking lessons with a landscape-painter named Briant, and then working in the studio of David. In order to live meanwhile, he used to play the violin at theatres. He gained the first prize in 1801 with his "Achilles receiving in his tent the Deputies of Agamemnon." The winning of this prize five years afterwards occasioned his going to Rome. He saw the faults of David's school, and, without turning his back on the style, sought to improve it by conscientious study from nature and from Raphael. His subjects still remained classical, but by infusing life into them, he gave them an interest for all time. His style comes to a climax in "The Apotheosis of Homer," which he himself probably thought his greatest work. The only religious picture that he executed at Rome was "Christ giving the Keys to St. Peter." It was ordered for the church of Trinità dei Monti; but the original afterwards found its way to Paris, a copy being substituted. In this picture may be seen the exact epoch of Raphael's work that inspired Ingres, being that at which the cartoons in Hampton Court were executed. Between 1834 and 1841 his time was spent at Florence and Rome. His fame was meanwhile attacked by the opposite schools of Classicists and Realists; but he managed to outlive their criticism and triumph over it. In a portrait which he left of himself (and in portrait-painting he excelled to that degree that some of his enemies said he was only a portrait-painter) the most remarkable characteristic is that of immense energy of will. His life enters a protest against exclusiveness in Art. Those who would discard the classical school as unnatural ought to remember that a love of nature, even to deification, was the great source of inspiration of all the great poets, painters, and sculptors of antiquity. Servile imitation would, of course, be fatal to their great ideal; and this Ingres took care to avoid. And while the exquisite *genre* pictures of Frere and Meissonier, with their incomparable chastity of execution, elicit the just admiration of our age, it must not be forgotten that the flights of Ingres's spirit were in bolder regions; and if the same success did not always crown his efforts, it was only because he had addressed himself to a more arduous task. In any view the life of Ingres is an instructive example of conscientious truth-seeking and indomitable perseverance in the pursuit of the end which he had proposed to himself.

G. C. SWAYNE.

"JOE ROBERTSON'S FOLLY."

"THOU beest a fool, Joe—a right fool, to take home the brats. Polly Naggles won't come to thee to find herself mother to gals of ten and four."

"Let Polly wait till she's asked, mother. I mean taking the children home."

"I think you might do something better with your money than feed Jim's brats."

"What are they to do? He's gone for good some way—by foul play, as I think."

"'Foul play' or not, there's the workhouse for the young uns, if thou weren't a fool. There's thy father and me to think on, and you go taking up with strange brats."

"Don't say that, mother; you shan't have a farthing less through it; and as for 'strange,' they're my own mate's—one that was almost a brother to me."

"Brother to thee, Joe! Why, he's ten pounds in debt to thee now, if he be a ha'penny."

"Well, mother, let it be; he's gone now, and I don't care about the ten pounds."

"Well, well, go thy ways, Joe, and keep the brats, and let all the parish laugh at thee. They'll be saying that thee loved Jim's childer more than he did. They'll tell thee, that if thou beest so much of a father to 'em, perhaps Kitty Ratcliffe was kinder to thee after she took to Jim than she was afore."

"Mother, for God's sake, stop! you know it's a lie. Kitty was as good as an angel; I swear I'll never speak to you again if you talk of her like that."

"There, there, boy! don't make such a pother about nothing. Thou'st let the cat out. Thee takest to the children because they're Kitty's—eh, lad?—not for Jim's sake."

"I take to them because I please, mother; and I warn you, if you want my love and respect, don't talk that way of Kitty."

"I didn't say anything, except that people would say that, perhaps——"

"For God's sake, mother, don't say it again! There's father's bacca, and your snuff, and the money, so now, good-night. I'll look in on Tuesday, when I'm up at the traps in Chalk Fell Hollow—good-night."

"Well, good-night, lad; but thou beest a fool, for all the bacca and snuff."

The son went out too soon to hear the repetition of his mother's first statement, that he was a fool, and went quietly along the road to his home; a small, three-roomed cottage outside the village, and close to the preserves of which he was the keeper.

On reaching his home he found the table spread for supper, and, taking the cap from

his gun, he put it in the rack, and sat down before the turf-fire.

"Well, Kitty, hast put little one to bed?"

"Yes, Joe; she said I was to kiss you for her," said the girl Kitty; a child of about nine years, as she came up to him and kissed his cheek.

"And now come to supper, Joe."

"Why, lass, I've not seen such a cloth for years, and such a nice plimp'd-up bit of bacon."

"I did it, Joe; I washed the cloth, and boiled the bacon. I used to help mother when she was sick, before she died, you know; and, since then, I used to do all for poor father, though he seldom came home to supper, and often stayed out all night, he was so often down at the beer-house, after mother died."

"You're as good as a wife, Kitty."

"Am I? then I'll be your little wife, and look after everything for you till father comes back."

"I want to tell you, Kitty, I don't think your father will come back at all; I'm afraid he's gone."

"Gone, Joe! Where to?"

"Where to?—to heaven, if the best heart in the village would take him there."

"Not dead, Joe! Don't say father's dead! What shall we do?—no father—no mother! what shall we do? Poor little Meg, too!" and the child cried bitterly.

"Well, Kitty, when he left us I thought he was coming back directly; then, when he never came all night, I thought he'd come in the morning; and then, when he didn't come for days, I thought he'd bolted, and I shut his place up, and brought you down here; and now, he's not come back this three weeks, and they've found his hat and smock in the gravel pit pond,—I think he won't come back at all, Kitty."

"Poor father!—drowned!"

"I fear that."

"And where shall we go now? Oh dear——"

"Well, mother says, 'Workhouse'; Squire says, 'Workhouse'; Parson says, 'Workhouse'; and Polly Naggles says, 'Workhouse.'"

"And what do you say, Joe?" said the child, eagerly, looking into his face, as he sat holding her between his knees and grasping her little hands in his brawny palms.

"What do you say, Joe?"

"What do I say? Why, I say as I said to him that night, 'All right, I'll look after them.'"

"And you'll not let us go to the workhouse, Joe?"

"Never, while I've a crust or jacket, Kitty."

"O Joe, I'm so glad. I'll work so hard and keep all your nice house so tidy and clean, and I'll do everything you tell me, any time, just like mother used to do for poor father. Mother's name was Kitty too, Joe."

"I know, I know it, lass. And there's one thing, if you stay, you must never do, child."

"What's that, Joe? I never will, I declare, whatever it is."

"Then don't thee talk to me about thy dead mother, I can't bear it; it makes me feel, I can't tell you how, child. Thou'lt know some day though, for all that. So don't talk to me about her."

"I never will, though I like to talk about her; I won't except to Meggy. I may talk to Meggy?"

"As much as you like, but not to me. And now, lass, let's eat, for I'm hungry and the bacon looks good."

And so it was settled that the two children of the late carter, Jim Batcliffe, should live at the house of his friend Joe, and at his cost; and it was also settled by the gossips of the neighbourhood, by his mother, and by the ambitious Polly Naggles, that Joe the game-keeper was a fool; spite of which verdict he thrived and seemed very happy with his little charges, and none the poorer, for, as he said one day,

"They save more than they cost, by their washing, and cooking, and gardening, to say nothing of the comfort of some one to see you when you come home of a night."

As time went on, Kitty grew up a fine, tall, active girl, and nothing interrupted their quiet, happy life, until one day as Joe was going home about dusk, with his dog at his heels and his gun on his shoulder, he met an acquaintance.

"Evening, Joe."

"Evening, Bill."

"It's going to rain a bit, eh?"

"No."

"Short to-night, Joe?"

"I always am with the like of you."

"Like of me. What now?"

"Where were you last Wednesday about half-past eleven?"

"In bed."

"Not a bit, you were out with Soappy and the new ploughman."

"Well, if I was, there's no harm in that."

"No harm in being out, but there was in being in the Long Hollow, netting rabbits, Bill."

"Netting rabbits, Joe?"

"Yes, I saw you there. I knew you, and I made you out and leave your nets."

"O! it was you, then, that sung out?"

"O! you heard me, did you? Well now, I'll tell you what it is, Bill; I don't wish you or anybody else harm, but if I catch you again upon the ground I'll have you up before the squire as sure as my name's Joe; and, if I was you, I'd not be so thick with Soappy, he's been in once or twice for it, and I don't want to see you following him, so don't come poaching here."

"Poaching, indeed; there's worse done than poaching."

"Dare say there is, 'taint my business, though."

"But there's worse done than poaching by them that's paid to keep poor men from trapping wild animals."

"Meaning me?"

"Yes, meaning you. Do you know what they say in the village about the kids?"

"No, and I don't care."

"Well, they say that you're like a father to 'em."

"Well, I know it."

"And they say summut else, Joe."

"What's that?"

"That you were very fond of Kitty Ratcliffe, and perhaps you are their father."

"And who says that?"

"Your own mother and Polly, and I say it."

"Mother and Polly lie, and you lie too."

"Don't get waxy, Joe, for everybody knows that Kitty Ratcliffe was no better than she should be. Why, I've seen you myself come out of Joe's garden at two o'clock in the morning. Snaring's all very well, and so's watching, but if I had a wife I'd like you to set your snares further away from my place. I've told lots of 'em about it."

"Then it was you set the tale agoing about me and Kitty, that broke her heart?"

"I dare say it was, Joe."

"Then I tell you what, Bill, you've told me what I wanted to know any time this last seven years. When I saw Jim's wife growing worse and worse through that scandal, I said to myself, if ever I find out who set those tongues wagging I'll give him a lesson, if it's a man, to let honest women's names alone for the future. And now I'm going to do it, Bill, this very night, this very minute. I haven't waited all this time for nothing, so just you come out behind the haystack, and I'll give you the lesson."

"What, do you mean to shoot me, or put the dog on me?"

"Neither, but I mean to give you the soundest hiding you've had this many a day, so come on; and if you won't take it like a man and stand up to me fair, I'll wale you with a hedgestake, you woman-fighter."

"Come, Joe, I'll swear the peace again you, I'll swear the peace."

"I don't care. Will you come like a man, or shall I drag you like a cur?"

"No, I won't come, I'll——"

"No, you won't. I've got you now, and you shan't run," and the sturdy keeper dragged his unwilling antagonist through the gate and placed him in a corner of the field behind a haystack.

"Now, Bill, will you fight?"

"No."

"I'll fight you with one hand."

"No."

"Then I'll thrash you with this ramrod."

"I'll swear——"

It was too late. Taking the ramrod and laying the gun against the stack, the keeper thrashed his writhing victim, till he swore he'd never mention the name of Kitty Ratcliffe again, and then let him go.

Watching his opportunity, Bill rushed at the gun, and taking it up, presented it at the keeper.

"How now, Joe? You've had your turn, now it's mine. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to shoot."

"Don't have murder on your coward's soul."

"It's no murder to kill a dog; you've killed hundreds."

"Kill Growler! No man! for God's sake don't do that."

"Keep off! I'll put the charge into you if you come a step nearer. Keep off!"

"Put it in, then, but don't kill the dog. It was her dog."

"Then here goes. I'd have only winged him if you hadn't said that. Now, I'll hit him full."

"Heel, Growler, heel!" cried the keeper, waving his hand behind him; and the dog, who had been an interested spectator of the combat, now came behind his master, and there, for some few minutes, they stood, the one waiting a movement of the dog's that would give him an opportunity for a shot, the other a moment, when the slightest movement of the muzzle would permit him to rush in without certain death.

It came at last. A large rat came out of the stack, ran a little way, stopped, snuffed, and caught Growler's eye. The dog rushed at the rat. There was a report; and when the smoke cleared off, a man was getting over the stile and running away, and the dog was licking the hand and whining piteously over the prostrate form of his bleeding and insensible master.

The dog's return without his master, and his eager running to the door, at length in-



(See page 223.)

duced Kitty to call one of the farm men to look for him.

The dog led the way straight to the stack, where the discharged gun on the ground told the old story of an affray with poachers.

He was taken home, and after some few weeks his arm grew well, and he resumed his duties; but on the subject of the cause of his wound he would not say much. A poacher he sup-

posed had attacked him, and in the struggle the gun had gone off.

Bill was equally prudent, and took very good care that, when Kitty's name was mentioned, the subject of conversation was soon changed.

Kitty was a careful and devoted nurse, without a care in the world but to please Joe; but his few weeks of an invalid's helpless life

taught them both that there was growing up between them a reserve that, until then, neither had felt. The old affection between them was breaking up, and leaving in its place a painful embarrassment in each other's society that brothers and sisters do not experience. It was not till some time after that they quite knew what this strange emotion meant.

One evening they were interrupted at supper by the arrival of the vicar.

"I've come," said he, when seated, "to draw your attention to the fact that your neighbours are talking about your being here alone with that young woman who has just left the room."

"What, Kitty?"

"Yes, Kitty."

"Why, sir, she's a child. She's only seventeen. I'm old enough to be her father. I've been like a father to both."

"No, not her father, for you're only thirty-four, if I remember, Joseph?"

"That's so, sir."

"Well, you see, while they were children, it was all very well, but now she's a young woman of seventeen it's not quite the thing."

"Whoever has said anything, sir?"

"Nobody exactly; but, you see, it's not pleasant to have letters of this kind sent to me about my parishioners."

He read:—

"REV. SIR.—There's a game agoing on in your parish, as I don't like, as a respectable man, for to see. Joe Robertson and young Kitty's all by themselves in that there cottage of his. I asks you if it's right. He's as fond of the gal as he was of her mother afore her, and I hope you'll teach him he'd better not blow on her name as he did on her mother's.—I am, Rev. Sir, yours obedient * * *."

"You see," said the vicar. "I heard some time ago of the scandal about Mrs. Ratcliffe, and what was said by people then."

"People then, sir, lied, as this scoundrel's done now. I'd like to push his letter down his throat."

"You know who wrote it?"

"Yes. There's only one man in the place bad enough."

"Who is he?"

"Well, I'd rather not tell, sir, but you'll know of it."

"How about the girl? You really must have some one here, or send her away. I don't say there's any harm; but people will talk. So contrive some plan to silence them." And the vicar left him.

What a change it made when Kitty came in again and said, "Oh, Joe dear! must I go away. I've heard everything, he talked so

loud. Must we have some one here? We were so happy, and now I must go."

"No, lass; not go. I'll get some old woman to come and live with us."

He did so, and then found there was a change indeed: he had been so long accustomed to the girls, that he felt for them like a father; but when the vicar pointed out how slight the difference of age really was, he opened a new fountain of thought and feeling, and the brother and father faded—died in the lover.

Yes, the presence of the old woman showed them that the brother and sister, the father and child relationship might exist for Meggie, but for Kitty there was but one kind of affection, tenderer than either of these, and this was the strange emotion that had disturbed their peace for months.

On the last evening of the old year they were sitting up over the fire to welcome in the new year, and drifted into talk about her father.

"Do you mind, Kitty, it was just such a day as this, seven years ago, that your father went away."

"I do mind it well, that sad afternoon. Aye as well as if it was yesterday. I remember going with father part of the way down to the park with the team, and stopping gathering some holly till he had loaded and came back. I remember, too, meeting you just at the top of the hill beyond the Church, with the dogs and some hares and birds you said the Squire had just shot. I remember father talking to you for awhile, and wanting to go down to the beer-house while the horses rested, and you told him you'd see to them if he'd put on old Conqueror's nose-bag, and then his going away down the hill with his whip over his shoulder, and shouting out as he went, 'Look after the girls till I come back,' and your saying, 'All right,' and then the waiting by you. You sat on the tree for such a long weary time, while Jack Norton tried to amuse us by setting Growler to get a rat under the branches. I can remember it all so well that when I shut my eyes I can see everything: the old tree, and the church, and the white fields, and the two old pointers. I shall never forget it, how we sat there till almost dark, and then you took the team home and took us to our own cottage. I sometimes lay awake of a night, and Joe, I can hear you saying, 'All right, I'll see to them,' as clearly as I did then."

"Well, Kitty, and I've done it, I said I would, and I've done it, and I'll do it as long as I live, or till your father comes back out of his grave."

"I've often been going to ask, Joe, is there

any doubt about father's being dead? I often feel as if I should not be utterly surprised if father were to come back."

"Bless your heart, Kitty; what makes you think that? I wish more than anything I can wish that it might be so, for them——"

"What Joe?"

"I'd ask your father to give me his daughter as my wife."

"Oh, Joe. Do you mean it? Do you love me so? Like that, I mean."

"I do, Kitty. I loved your mother like a boy, and I love her daughter like a man."

"But, Joe, if we love each other, why can't I be your wife? You used to call me so years ago, and I always felt that I should die if we were to part; but lately I thought you didn't care about me so much as you used."

"Why, Kitty, you're seventeen and I'm thirty-four; seventeen years, that's a great difference, I'm an old man to thee. If I were to marry thee, folks would say I'd taken advantage of what I'd done for thee. No lass, I love thee better than life, but thy good name and future won't let me take thee."

"Well, Joe dear, they won't keep me from loving you, though they may keep us apart for a time."

"No, lass, we won't part this side of the grave. There, don't 'ee cry, Kitty; we'll be all the better for this talk—I've been longing for it for months."

"And I, too, Joe, dear," and with a kiss they parted.

Joe went to the door to look at the state of the weather, when he was surprised by Growler rushing out and tearing down the garden-path to the road, barking loudly.

He soon saw the cause. A man was coming heavily along in the snow, and soon came up to the door.

"Can you tell me how far I am from the 'Sun?'"

"Matter of two miles."

"Ah! I'm as tired as a dog. The drifted snow is two feet deep in the roads."

"If you don't mind, you can stop here till the morning."

"D'ye mean it?"

"Certainly. Come in."

"The stranger came in. A tall, weather-beaten man, with a bushy beard and moustache that covered half his face.

"Can you give me something to eat and drink? I'm perished."

"Kitty, lass, art gone to bed?"

"No, Joe."

"Then come and get something to eat and drink for a gentleman here."

Kitty came, and after laying the cloth

busied herself cooking some eggs and bacon, while the stranger sat watching her in silence, stroking the dog's head, which lay upon his knees.

"Now, sir, will you come to the table?"

"Thank you."

Kitty turned at the first sound of his voice, and looked at him, and in a moment was in his arms, sobbing and crying, "Oh father! father! you have come back!—you have come back after all these years."

"Yes, Kate, I have. As for Joe here, he didn't know me, though old Growler did. Yes, Kate, I'm your father, safe enough."

Meggie was called down, as well as the old woman, and when supper was cleared away he told his story.

"You see, Joe, I went down to get a drop, for I'd got to that pitch since poor Kitty had gone that I wasn't quite myself without it. And that was not the worst of it, Joe, for I used to go out of a night with some of 'em, trapping, and snaring, and netting, and the rest of it."

"I know it, Jim; I never went out at night without a fear that I'd run across you, and have to take Kitty's husband."

"No fear, Joe. I liked the sport as much as any of your gentlemen born—more, perhaps, for it's a fine thing, that cautious stealing through the wood of a night, with your senses wide awake to get the game and warn you of the keepers. On my soul, Joe, I liked it better than anything I ever did; but, much as I liked it, I made them agree never to want me on your grounds. No, and I never went near your place at all."

"Well, I went down to the beer-house, and there I met Soappy, and he began to talk to me about a big affair that was coming off near the town. There was to be six of us, with guns, to do a good stroke, and show fight if need be. Well, I didn't like it, and I told him so. I didn't want any man's blood on my hands. Game and sticks was all well enough, but no guns. He tried hard to get me to go, but I wouldn't; so then he told me he thought I was sneaking out."

"'No,' I said, 'not sneaking; but I won't go with guns.'"

"He told me again I was sneaking out, and going to split on the gang. 'But,' says he, 'I've a bit of news for you. You remember last Sunday in the gravel-pit?'"

"'Where we had the fight with those three keepers?' said I."

"'Yes,' says he; 'and you remember the man you hit on the head?'"

"'I didn't hit any one on the head.'"

"'You did, and we can all swear it. Well, he's dead.'"

"What! Williams?"

"Yes; and if you don't go with the rest, I'll be before you, and we'll peach and swear you hit him. So, take your choice. It's fourteen years for you at the least, Jim, my lad."

"I didn't know what to do. Soappy would have done it, I knew, so I drank some more beer, and when he went I determined to cut and run for it, and leave the kids to you, as you'd promised to take care of them, and I went right off at once, for I thought they'd be safer and better with you than they would be if I got fourteen years."

"So to cross the scent I threw my hat and smook into the gravel-pit pond, and off I went. Perhaps I oughtn't to have done it, but I was that frightened and half-drunk that I didn't know what else to do."

"I went to London, and got a berth to Australia in charge of some horses, and meant to write all about it to you, Joe; but a chap I met with out there told me not to, for fear the police might get hold of me and send me home, and so I stayed out there."

"Well, last year who should I meet out there but Williams himself. Said I—

"I thought you was dead through that knock."

"Dead! not a bit of it. I was bad, and pretty near it."

"And will you tell me," said I, when I'd told him about my being there on account of his death, 'who hit you the crack?'

"Soappy himself," says he.

"I asked him after you gals and Joe, and he told me you were all right, and you'd grown a fine young woman, Kitty. So I determined to come and see for myself, and here I am, you see."

"So now, Kitty, I'm ready to take you back as soon as you like. As for Joe here, I'm reckoning to pay him for all his trouble, and take you off his hands. So say, Joe, how much these girls have cost you, do you think? Don't be modest, man. Ask for what you think will pay for their keep and lodging, and all the trouble you've been at. You need not be particular to a pound or two. I'm rich enough."

"Yes, I know it, Jim. You're rich enough, but——"

"What! stingy, eh? Look here, here's my cheque-book. Say, what shall it be?"

"Not a penny!—not a farthing!"

"No money? Why man, we don't act that way the other side. We're rather keener after money than you seem to be. You're afraid to name too much. Don't be. I'm rich."

"I know it, I tell you, but—— Will

you give me what I want much more than money?"

"More than money! What's that?"

"Joe means to say, father, that you told him to take care of us till you came back, and he did it; and now he wants to know if you're rich enough to give him what you came back for."

"That's you, Kitty."

"Yes; me, father."

"Is it, Joe?"

"Yes. I don't want your money. I do want Kitty. We've lived together till I can't part with her and live, and if you take her away from me I shall wish you in your grave every day of my life."

"Well, you shall have her on one condition."

"On any."

"And that is, that you both go back with me to my new country."

"I'd go anywhere on earth."

"And I'd go with him, father."

"Well, my dear, as I'm going to London to-morrow, I can only say to Joe what I said to him this day seven years ago, 'Take care of the girls till I come back.'"

"And you won't be gone quite so long this time, father?"

"Not quite, Kitty. I'll come back on Tuesday, and bring the licence for the wedding next Sunday."

Sunday came and went; and, after a few weeks, during which the rich Melbourne horse-dealer, after buying some of the squire's best cattle, shot by day over the ground on which Jim the carter had poached by night, a happy group left the village for the new land; and Joe, with his pretty young wife on his arm, was consoled for much previous abuse, on parting with his mother, to hear her say, "Thee beeen't such a fool after all, Joe."

FRAXINUS.

THE VIKING'S SKIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—In Mr. Dutton Cook's paper* headed "The Viking's Skin," in *ONCE A WEEK* for Jan. 12, 1887, mention is made of the church-doors at Hadstock and Copford having had coverings of that unusual material, or what looked like it, in 1783. It may be worth mentioning, on the strength of an article in the "Gardener's Chronicle" of July 28, 1849, that it would appear that these skins remained on the church-doors in question so lately as the year 1847. Possibly they may be there even to the present day. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

H. J. MOULE.

Gatehouse, N.B., Jan. 14.

* See No. 54, New Series, p. 49.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XLV.—FROM JOYCE DORMER'S
DIARY. A FEW DAYS LATER.

SAID that I was beginning to believe in miracles, though why people should account one thing a miracle more than another, perhaps even if I went deep into the matter I could not determine. For if one sits down and considers the wonders and mysteries with which we are surrounded, everything is so wonderful that we are apt to get bewildered, and in our bewilderment to fall back on the old saying of "wonders will never cease," as a sort of half-explanation of the fact that wonders are still in existence, and we feel that there is much wisdom and truth in the old saying and in old sayings generally, and we are grateful to the person who first made the remark, that afterwards passed into a proverb, though, for the matter of that, I think that all proverbs must have had a great many ancestors.

There, if I do not pause, I shall get into one of my dissertations; it is such a temptation when one is sitting pen in hand just to note down one's thoughts. But I must forbear, as I have a long episode to weave into my story to-night, and I have to write a short preface to explain how it happens that I have it to tell. After our conversation the other day, Doris wrote to Mr. Chester, but there has not been time for an answer to her letter yet, though a wonderful answer has come.

This morning Mr. Lynn sent up a large packet addressed to Doris, in Mr. Chester's hand, and when she opened it, what should it contain but her mother's lost letter? Mr. Chester had found it, or rather had recovered it; it having been in the possession of a friend with whom he met and travelled some part of his journey to England. In some way the letter got amongst the papers of this friend, and was accidentally packed away in his portmanteau, and Mr. Chester received it from him on the very day of Mr. Carmichael's death.

It was an odd coincidence, and I am almost inclined to go off into a disquisition on something verging on spiritualism. But that would lead me too far astray. So I return to my subject. I was in the drawing-room,

running my fingers very softly over the piano. I did not like to strike the notes loud, lest Aunt Lotty, wandering about the house, might hear them, and they might jar upon her. But I was not destined to play long without interruption. Doris, with tears streaming down her cheeks, rushed excitedly into the room.

"It is found, Joyce, it is found, everything will be made clear; you must come with me and read it." And she closed the piano and hurried me away up-stairs.

"What is found?" said I.

"The packet, my mother's packet. Take it, Joyce, and read it to me. I can't read it, the letters are all swimming before me and I can't see a word."

No wonder she could not see, for her tears blinded her, and mine blinded me many times before I had finished reading the letter. I took it from her, and read as follows:—

MY BELOVED DORIS,—Only for your own sake would I put down on paper what I have kept secret so many years. As long as I was with you there was no need to reveal it, and I believed it for your happiness not to do so. But I look forward to a time when I shall have left you, and my Doris will be alone in the world. Then it may happen that the information I am about to give you may prove useful and for your interest.

Doris, it almost breaks my heart to tell you, it seems like severing the tie that has been so sacred between us, and yet I could not have loved you better than I have done, had you been my own child. For Doris, my darling, you are not my daughter, you are not my own child.

You have often heard me speak of that fearful night when the Albatross went down, and of the little boat wherein two helpless women and their babes were launched upon the wild, desolate ocean. One was a young French lady with her child, about the age of my own.

It was an awful night; the waves roared around us; we were tossed hither and thither; but we clung to the boat, and gradually the waters calmed, though the sky still heaved mightily.

We scarcely spoke to one another, though now and then, to break the monotony of the sullen roar of the subsiding waters, I whispered

a word of comfort to the Frenchwoman, and she answered me back.

She held her baby tight in one arm, the little creature clinging to her mother's neck. Mine was fast clasped to my breast, with my shawl folded round it, to shield it from the piercing cold, for it was but a delicate creature; and, in silence, we still held on to the boat, for though the wind had abated, the sea swell was very heavy.

After awhile I spoke again to the French lady; I only said one word,—“Courage!” She did not answer me immediately, but at length in a low gasping tone she said,—

“Mon enfant; O mon Dieu! Mon enfant!”

I bent forward.

“Is the child dead?”

And then the little thing began to cry, a healthy, lusty cry, and so I knew that it was all right. And the mother hushed it feebly to rest, and it slept again. Then once more she spoke to me, this time grasping my hand, so feebly, oh so feebly, and she said,—

“Mon enfant! O mon Dieu! mon enfant!”

And she never spoke again; the night was too dark for me to see her. And again there was silence. My own child never cried, it slept peacefully. I wrapped the shawl closer round it, for it seemed cold, and then I loosened the skirt of my dress and folded that around it too. I did not mind the wind and cold myself, so that my little Doris, my delicate one, could be saved from suffering.

Darker and darker grew the night, the morn was approaching, and the darkest hour comes just before the dawning. Ah! it was lighter—far lighter to me than the brightest morning, for I clasped my living baby to my heart. But when the sun rose my little child was dead. The pitiless storm had beaten down my flower; it was too fragile to bear exposure to the cold. My child was dead, my little Doris. I tried to think that she was but asleep: I spoke to her, I kissed her, I stroked the flaxen hair away, for the round shining ringlets had fallen over the brow. I tried to warm her hands and feet, but it was all in vain,—my little child was dead! So was the poor French lady. She had burst a blood-vessel in the night, and when I heard her moaning over her child she knew that she was dying. And the sorrowful cry sounded in my ears, “Mon enfant! O mon Dieu! mon enfant!” The mother had surely meant it as an appeal to me when with her feeble fingers she had clasped my hand.

Her head was resting on the side of the boat, and the child was still clinging to her neck. Could it be also dead? I gently laid my baby down, very gently, for I could not believe that it would never smile on me again.

And then I lifted up the other child. Its clothes were stained with its mother's blood. I unclasped its hands from the dead mother's neck and took it in my arms, and pressed it close to me to keep it warm; and then I sat down, overcome with grief and horror. In one arm I tenderly held my own dead child, and in the other the still sleeping orphan. And at my feet lay the poor dead mother. I covered her face with a handkerchief, and crossed her waxen hands upon her breast.

And the sun rose higher and higher; the sky was blue and clear, and not a cloud floated over it. And there I sat alone—alone, with not a living soul to speak to, with not a living creature near me, save the poor Frenchwoman's sleeping babe.

I could not weep, my tears seemed all dried up; I felt no fear, I felt a dreadful calm; I knew I must wait patiently until I grew fainter and fainter and death in mercy should stretch out his arms to receive me. I had no hope, and yet I had no fear.

I sat gazing dreamily around, not noticing, not thinking of anything; I was, as it were, in a trance. And suddenly a white speck appeared on the horizon, growing ever larger and larger. It was a vessel that slowly and steadily made towards me; but still in my dream I never thought of it as a means of rescuing me from my perilous situation. Motionless I sat, with the dead and the living child on my knees; and the boat drifted hither and thither.

Nearer the vessel came, I could see the sailors in the rigging now. Presently I heard a shout, but I still sat in my trance, not heeding, not stirring. And the vessel came nearer now; men were unloosing a boat, then it was lowered and oars were plashing through the water. The sailors were foreign; I could not tell whether Spanish or Portuguese, as I did not understand the language. They would have taken me into their boat, but I pointed to the dead woman and shook my head.

They were evidently at a loss how to act, but after some conference they fastened a rope to the boat and towed it to the vessel.

There was a French priest on board, who spoke a little, broken English, and I made him comprehend that I could not leave the bodies unburied, and I prayed him to use his influence that they might be decently committed to the sea. Nothing would induce the captain to take the bodies on board, the sailors were so averse to it, but they might be fastened up in a shroud, and the priest might say a prayer over them.

I kissed my dead baby over and over again, and placed it in the dead mother's arms. I wiped away the stains of blood from her face;

and kissing her, I made a vow that I would be as a mother to her child.

So they were buried in the ocean, thy dead mother, Doris, and my dead babe. The priest said a prayer over them, and with a heavy splash they descended into the bosom of the deep. Then I woke up, for I had been in my trance till then; that splash had waked me up. I gave a shriek, I tried to spring into the water after them. My child, my child, my little Doris! Gone, gone, and I was quite alone now. One kindly woman held me back, and another took you gently and tended you; and I fell down insensible, and there was a long dark interval, wherein I remembered nothing.

When I recovered my senses I was lying on a sofa in the cabin, and at first I thought I was on board the Albatross. And they put you into my arms, and as I looked upon you and knew that you were not my own Doris, it all came back to me, and I recalled that awful night on the waters, and the death of my little child, and a sob that almost choked me rose in my throat; I shrieked with the pain of it, it seemed as if it would rend my heart, and I should suffocate. And then a burst of tears came, and I wept on and on until I could weep no longer, and with those tears I christened you anew, and called you Doris after my lost babe.

Your mother and my babe went down to their deep resting-place together, and as I pressed the living baby to my heart, I vowed that unto death I would be as a mother to you, and that you should never feel the loss of her who died at sea. I know not if I did right, my darling; but we two were all in all to one another, and none could have guarded you more faithfully than I have done.

And now that I have revealed this secret to you, I desire you, in case of any trouble, to take this letter to John Gresford Lynn, of Lynncourt, and for my sake he will treat you as a daughter. Doris, he is my husband; he believes that I was drowned when the Albatross was lost on its homeward passage; and I have only lately known that he is still alive, for I believed him to have died a cruel death before I left Australia.

I shall give this to Gabriel Chester, who will take care of it, in case any accident should happen to the packet I intend to place in your hands. I can tell you nothing of your own mother, save that her name was De Ligny, and she was a widow.

I longed to see Doris's face, but it was

hidden. I wondered how she would bear the information contained in the letter.

She was crying very quietly and did not lift up her face, but she said, "I shall always call her my mother, Joyce."

Then she was silent again. Presently she raised her head. "Joyce," she said; "I am very glad to know all this. It makes me independent."

I wondered what she meant, for it sounded somewhat enigmatical.

"I would rather be alone in the world and belonging to no one, and able to shape my own course."

Had she forgotten Mr. Chester? Of what was she thinking? I was half inclined to ask her, but I scarcely knew how to do so. She seemed to perceive what was passing in my mind, for she said, "You are thinking of Gabriel."

"Yes, I was."

"I have been thinking of him too, a great deal more seriously of late than I have ever done before; but I think that he and I can arrange matters according to our satisfaction."

"Of course you can, Doris," I answered, somewhat energetically, for I feared she had misunderstood me; "this will not make the slightest difference to Mr. Chester. Why should it?"

"I am not Mr. Lynn's daughter now; I shall have no fortune," said Doris, demurely.

"Doris!" I exclaimed; "as if Mr. Chester would care for that. You don't in your heart believe such a thing of him."

"You don't evidently," she answered; "you are beginning to appreciate him at last. Take care that I am not jealous, Joyce."

Jealous! Doris jealous of me! That I knew she would never be; but, somehow, her words sank into my heart and humbled me; for though I knew that they were spoken at random, they made me feel more keenly than ever how lightly Mr. Chester esteemed me by the side of Doris. Jealous! Ah no! The jealousy, if it existed, should be on my side. But I look into my heart as I sit here writing, and I am thankful that I can say with truth that no jealousy of Doris holds a place therein. I have kept my love free from such a taint, and I trust I shall do so unto the end. Jealousy is too contemptible for even poor Joyce Dormer to think of.

What I need is patience, most excellent of Christian graces. Not stoic indifference, not sluggish apathy, but that brave, gentle virtue that helps us to conquer life when all is dark and antagonistic around us. Doubtless he is a great man who can command an army, but truly I think he is a greater who doth possess his soul in patience.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"LETTERS," said Aunt Lotty; "and one for you, Doris, with a foreign postmark."

And Doris, taking her letter, read it eagerly.

"Gabriel is coming, Aunt Lotty," said she; "he will be here in a day or two; perhaps to-morrow."

The first gleam of pleasure that had shown itself on Aunt Lotty's countenance since her husband's death beamed upon it now as she answered, "How kind, how thoughtful of him to come to us in our trouble. Ah, if he could but have been here to see poor dear Mr. Carmichael before he died! But that was not to be, or it would have been, and it's a great comfort to me, dear, that he's coming now; I shall have some one to talk to about business matters, and to advise me, and as he is going to be my nephew, I shall feel quite at home with him. There's something so friendly about Mr. Chester. To be sure Mr. Lynn's willing to do everything, and he's very kind; but then he has his own troubles, poor man, and heavy enough they are. And though he's your father, Doris, I can't help saying that he's not like Mr. Chester."

Joyce caught Doris's eye glancing at her, and she knew that Doris, like herself, was wondering how matters could ever be explained to Aunt Lotty, so that she should have no misgivings as to her husband's conduct.

To Joyce it appeared simply impossible. But, when Mr. Chester came, he did so manage affairs that Aunt Lotty remained in blissful ignorance of Mr. Carmichael's manifold transgressions. For Mr. Chester made no explanations, and Aunt Lotty, following the habit she had fallen into during Mr. Carmichael's life-time, asked no questions. When Mr. Chester stated that the lost letter was found, and that from it they ascertained that Doris was not the daughter of Ellen Carmichael, but of the poor French lady who was lost at sea, she heard him patiently to the end, accepted the information as it stood, and made her own comments.

"I think," she said, "that poor dear Mr. Carmichael must have had some suspicion of this, and that was the reason he was so anxious about Doris's letter. But, of course, he would not like to breathe such a thing; it would have been so cruel to Mr. Lynn to cast a shadow of doubt upon his happiness. Mr. Carmichael was always so considerate, so thoughtful."

And Aunt Lotty was satisfied; and it never entered into her heart to imagine evil. It never had entered into her heart during her husband's lifetime, and now death had rendered such imagination more than ever impossible.

Oh, kindly veil, that death hath thrown over the dead man's sins! Oh, simple, loving heart, that thinketh no evil. The world is better for such hearts, despite their exceeding simpleness. There is something touching—something almost sublime in their credulity, that makes the wisdom of wiser people bow down and take a second place in their presence.

The sequel to the story was no surprise to Mr. Chester; he had from the first suspected that all was not as Mr. Carmichael had represented it to be; though why or wherefore it was not so he would have been at a loss to determine. To break the intelligence to Mr. Lynn would, he felt, be a much more difficult and painful task than he had had with Aunt Lotty; and to tell the truth, he rather shrunk from it. A man does not care to witness the emotion of another, to see him betray his weakness: it is, as it were, a reflection of himself that it hurts his pride to look upon. Wherefore Mr. Chester became cowardly, and spoke to Doris as follows:—

"Would not this explanation come better from Miss Dormer than from anyone else? She and Mr. Lynn were together when Mr. Carmichael died, and it would be so natural for her to explain to him the meaning of Mr. Carmichael's distress,—the burden that he had upon his mind. And then it would come lighter from a woman's hand than from mine. I have no sympathy for this dead man, I don't profess to have any; but he is the husband of her aunt, and she can state the case better than I could. Do you think she would undertake it?"

"I am sure she would," replied Doris, "if you really wish it. Joyce is the best person I know, and the best person you know, if you would only confess it. As for faults——"

"Miss Dormer's faults,——" began Mr. Chester, but Doris interrupted him.

"I don't wish to hear you descant upon them. I don't care for people altogether without failings; they're not so loveable. Faults make people more perfect, Gabriel."

Mr. Chester laughed.

"You are incomprehensible, Doris. Do you mean that a person with faults is more perfect than a person without?"

"It is one of those theories, Gabriel, that you will not understand."

"Cannot——Is it not?"

"I don't know. What I mean is this, that virtues become more perfect if they have something to strive against. The noblest natures are those that overcome the greatest imperfections."

"Then it is well for the character to have great faults in order to become perfect by exercising virtue. What do you say to most

vices being merely degenerate virtues, and virtues but elevated vices,—firmness and obstinacy, carefulness and avarice, amiability and indolence, patience and apathy?"

"You can't make much of a list, Gabriel. No; I don't believe in anything of the sort; but when I began to talk about Joyce, I was not thinking of any of these things. There was a question I wanted to ask you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Do you like me well enough to answer an honest question?"

"Doris!"

She drew nearer to him, and put her hand on his shoulder, looking straight into his eyes.

"What is this very serious and important question?" he said, taking her other hand in his, and looking up into the beautiful eyes that were fixed upon him.

She did not hesitate,—she spoke very quietly and steadily:

"Gabriel, why did you ask me to marry you, when you liked Joyce better?"

Mr. Chester sprang from his seat and stood before her,—

"What makes you ask such a question, Doris?" he demanded, almost sternly.

"That I may have an answer," she returned, still gazing up at him. "Is it such a very difficult question to reply to? Perhaps I can help you, if you will listen to me. Do you remember the night before you went away, that I was sitting looking into the fire, and I told you that I was making a story, and that I was farther advanced in it than was Joyce in hers, for of mine I knew the ending. I was sitting with my eyes half-closed, but I could see for all that, and I was shaping indistinct thoughts and memories into firm convictions, and as one light flashed upon me after another I wondered that it had been so long darkness with me. I laughed to myself to think how blind every one else was, for now that the bandage was removed I could see so very plainly: I saw how you and Joyce had been misunderstanding and fretting one another; and I knew that you cared for Joyce."

Mr. Chester started; he had seated himself again, and Doris was sitting on a footstool at his feet, as she used to do in those olden days so far away, when he was her teacher and guide, and she a little child. But she was older now and graver, and she felt able to teach the strong man and to help him with her counsel—with her woman's clearer intuitions. And she went on,—

"I saw that you cared for Joyce. Hush! you must hear me to the end," she said, for Mr. Chester made a movement as if to stop her words; "you believed that your love was

hopeless. And then I was in trouble, and you thought to help me out of it by giving what love you had to give to little Doris, and you and I both hoped we should be happy. You said you had no one in the world to care for you but me."

"Doris, my darling," said Mr. Chester, stroking back her hair, "what has put all these strange thoughts into your head to-night?"

But she looked up reproachfully.

"You must be true, Gabriel; you must not try to deceive me. Let me go on with what I read in the fire that night. I further read that you and I had both been wrong; that you, with another love in your heart, should not have asked for mine, and that I, with no love in mine, should not have promised to be your wife. For, Gabriel, although I love you very much, it is not the love I ought to give, and neither of us would be satisfied. Therefore I wish our engagement to be at an end."

Mr. Chester looked at her wonderingly.

"Is it my little Doris who tells me she does not love me?"

"I love you too well, Gabriel, to do what is neither for your happiness nor for mine. I have had a wish all along that you and Joyce should marry, and that I should come and be with you both. I cannot tell you Joyce's secrets, because she has not told them to me. But I read in the fire that both she and you were mistaken in each other. It may be true, and it may not be; but, Gabriel, promise me that you will try to find out."

"Doris—" began Mr. Chester.

"No," she replied; "I will hear nothing that you have to say. Nothing will change my mind. We two are not suited for one another, and I have broken off my engagement. Will it break your heart?" she added, laughingly; but the tears were in her eyes.

Not sorrowful tears, but tears that would come, she knew not why, making her heart feel lighter and happier than it had done for many a day.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE MYSTERY OF OWEN PARFITT.

So, being all full fast asleep,
To them unknown which way,
The "crippled man" that woeeful night,
From thence was borne away;
And to what place no creature knew,
Nor to this day can tell:
As strange a thing as ever yet,
In any age befell.

Bateman's Tragedy: Ritson's "Ancient Songs," vol. 2, p. 100.

In the summer time of the year 1768, Owen Parfitt, an old man, was living at

Shepton Mallet, in the county of Somerset. He was a cripple; a tailor by trade; and the cottage in which he resided stood close upon the end of the town (then an important place of 3000 or 4000 inhabitants), near some other cottages, and facing the turnpike road to Wells. A sister, older than himself, lived with him.

One evening, early in June of that year, the helpless cripple, unable to move, was carried down-stairs by two women from his bed, placed in his chair at the door, opening directly on the public highway, in the warmth of the afternoon sun, and left there alone. A quarter of an hour afterwards, when looked for, he was gone. From that day to this no trace of him has ever been discovered.

Collinson, in his "History of Somerset," gives in a very few words the above facts (vol. iii.), and his account is copied, without any additional particulars, in a history of Shepton Mallet, published by Mr. Farbrother, in 1859. Both these writers speak of the disappearance as most extraordinary; and every one who knows Shepton and its neighbourhood knows also that "the mystery of Owen Parfitt," even now, at the distance of one hundred years, is still full of interest and speculation.

It is not often that old stories of this kind can be satisfactorily substantiated, or the traditions of them be proved to rest upon sufficient evidence, whether in general or in detail. But the present is one of the rare exceptions to the common rule. Although, in 1814, some fifty years had passed away since Owen Parfitt was lost, there were then living many people in Shepton Mallet, and several at no extreme age, who well remembered the missing man himself, the alarm, the search, and the disappointment. Two or three gentlemen (one of them the father of the writer of this account) caused inquiries to be made from all who were able to relate of their own knowledge the facts of the case: and the evidence so obtained was sent to a very distinguished person connected with the town, who believed that he could find some explanation of the mystery, or at least make a reasonable guess at it. This was Dr. Butler, at that time head-master of Shrewsbury School, and afterwards, in 1836-9, bishop of Lichfield.

The original depositions—if we may so call them—are now lying before the present writer: and he is glad to have an opportunity of making public the records of an occurrence so singular and seemingly so inexplicable. There are yet people in Shepton Mallet who must have known personally several of those whose evidence will now be given.

But before this is done, it is quite worth

while to notice a curious example of a narrative, distorted and untrue, but apparently resting on the most trustworthy proof of actual knowledge of particular details. Some twenty years ago a contributor to *Household Words*, vol. iii., p. 246, gave, amongst some other histories of "Disappearances," the following one. It is most probably only a variation of the story of Owen Parfitt.

"When I was a child I was sometimes permitted to accompany a relation to drink tea with an old lady of about seventy. She had seen and known much that was worth narrating. She was a cousin of the Sneyds, had known Major André, and her father had been one of the early patrons of the beautiful Miss Linley. I name these facts to show that she was too intelligent and cultivated by association to lend an over-easy credence to the marvellous. One of her stories was this: Her father's estate lay in Shropshire, and his park-gates opened right on to a scattered village, of which he was landlord. The houses formed a straggling, irregular street. Now, at the end house or cottage lived a very respectable man and his wife. They were well-known in the village, and were esteemed for the patient attention which they paid to the husband's father, a paralytic old man. In winter, his chair was near the fire; in summer, they carried him out into the open space in front of the house, to bask in the sunshine. He could not move from his bed to his chair without help. One hot and sultry June day the village turned out to the hay-fields; only the very old and very young remained.

"The old father was carried out that afternoon to bask in the sun as usual, and his son and daughter-in-law went to the haymaking. But when they came home in the early evening, their paralysed father had disappeared—was gone!—and from that day forwards nothing more was ever heard of him. The old lady, who told this story, said, with the quietness that always marked the simplicity of her narration [?], that every inquiry which her father could make was made, and that it never could be accounted for; and left a painful impression on many minds."

Now, in the above account, guarded as it claims to be by so much of corroborative proof, almost every particular rests on imagination: whether the old lady "the cousin of the Sneyds," &c., &c., was a myth also, no one can tell. But the scene being laid in Shropshire leads us to conclude that Dr. Butler was the original teller of the story; right enough perhaps at first from himself, but in after years altered not only as to the circumstances, but as to the place and county in which it had really happened.

It will be best, without further preface, to give the evidence of those who, in 1814, were still living, and well remembered what happened on the day of the disappearance of Owen Parfitt.

Susanna Snook stated that she was about twenty-five years old at the time, and had lived in Shepton Mallet all her life. She knew Owen Parfitt well, and also his sister, who lived with him. He was a tailor by trade; and for some years had been in the army, and had served in Africa. When he returned from thence and had obtained his discharge, he worked at his trade; and subsisted upon the profits of his labour. The sister must have been many years older than Owen Parfitt; and although very feeble from her advanced age, yet looked after his household affairs, and took care of him in his illness. For some years previous to his disappearance, Owen Parfitt had been more or less crippled; and was a complete cripple at the time he was supposed to be carried off. Susanna Snook was in the habit of helping the sister to get Owen into a chair whilst the bed was being made; and this chair was usually placed either in the passage or just outside the door, that he might have a little air. On the day of his disappearance she had assisted the sister as usual, in placing him in the chair, outside the door, in his sleeping-dress, and an old great-coat was thrown over his shoulders. The bed was made, and leaving the sister up-stairs, she came away from the house. Very soon afterwards, in about a quarter of an hour, the alarm was given that Owen had disappeared. She returned to the cottage, and found the sister very much agitated, and crying bitterly for the loss of her brother, as she could not tell what was become of him. She asked her (the sister) what had happened, and her account was that "after the bed was made, and Susanna had left, she had gone up-stairs; and on coming down again and not hearing her brother, she called, 'Owen!' That there was no answer; and she went to where she and Susanna had left him, and found nothing but the chair and the old great-coat lying on it." The alarm rapidly spread through the town, and search was immediately made everywhere in the neighbourhood; in the roads and in the fields for a great distance round; all the wells and ponds were searched, but to no purpose. No trace was ever found of Owen Parfitt. She further said that the weather had been fair during the day; but after the alarm was given, it began to thunder and lighten with a heavy fall of rain, which continued for some time; she herself was wet through in returning to her house.

The sister did not live long in the same house afterwards, but went and was boarded in another. Susanna Snook frequently talked with Owen Parfitt, and thought him of a fair character; he was of a middle stature, and rather stout grown.

Samuel Bartlett said he was about twenty years old when Owen Parfitt was lost, and knew him well; that Owen formerly lived in a house now (1814) occupied by a man named Padfield, on the Wells road; but afterwards removed to a cottage at Wester Shepton, near Board Cross, where he was living at the time of his disappearance. This happened about May or June, in the year 1768. Owen Parfitt's sister had lived with him for some years, and was living with him in the same house at that time. She was many years, perhaps fifteen years, older than her brother. Owen Parfitt was a quiet sober man, middle height, and stout made. Samuel Bartlett assisted in searching the pools, wells, &c.

Jehoshaphat Stone said that he knew Owen Parfitt well; he was a tailor, and lived at Board Cross. That Owen's sister lived with him for the purpose of taking care of him, as he was a cripple, and commonly used to put him in a chair at the door of the house, whilst she made his bed. That one day she had placed him out as usual and was making the bed, when on a sudden she heard a noise, and ran down-stairs to discover the cause, and found her brother was gone, and the chair moved. This man farther said the general opinion then was, that Owen Parfitt was carried off by supernatural means.

Joseph George said that he lived at Wester Shepton at the time Owen Parfitt was lost. He was a young man at that time, but knew Owen well; his own clothes were made by him. He saw Owen Parfitt almost every day. The field on the other side of the road, fronting Parfitt's house, belonged to and was occupied by Joseph George's father. When the alarm was given that Owen Parfitt was lost, he went to the house and assisted the neighbours in the search, also in searching the wells and ponds, and particularly the well near the house. He gave the same description of Owen as that by Susanna Snook, that he was helpless and a cripple; that he was neither a very good nor a very bad man; but it was said that he was sometimes violent.

Benjamin George was the brother of Joseph George, and remembered Owen Parfitt very well, and the day when he was lost; that the alarm was given in the afternoon, and he assisted in looking after him. Also assisted in searching the wells, ponds, &c.; but to no purpose. This man gave the same statement of the facts of Owen Parfitt's disappearance,

his general character, and description of the sister, as given by Susanna Snook.

Thomas Strode described the finding of a skeleton in the year 1813, near where Parfitt's cottage stood.

He stated that he lives (1814) at Board Cross, in the parish of Shepton Mallet, in a house which belonged to his father and to a great uncle, and in their occupation for above fifty years past. The house is not more than 150 yards distant from the cottage in which Owen Parfitt resided when he disappeared. There is a garden in front of this house, close upon the street leading out to the Wells road, and bounded upon the west by a little field which extends beyond the spot opposite to Owen Parfitt's cottage, from which it is separated only by the turnpike road. Strode himself began to occupy this property in November, 1813; in the latter end of the same month he was digging in a corner of the garden for the purpose of raising a few stones. At about two feet below the surface he came upon a piece of old wall; at the end of this was the skeleton of a human body. The skull was the first thing he observed, and he thinks it must have lain with the face downwards. The whole seemed to be thrown in very hastily, as the skeleton did not lie at full length, but in a kind of confused heap. About the time of Owen's disappearance a woman, named Lockyer, is said to have lived in the cottage; she was, in some way, related to Owen Parfitt, but no suspicion of any kind is known to have been attached to her.

A copy of the above statements or evidence was sent to Dr. Butler in April, 1814. The bones of the skeleton, which had been found a few months previously, were also sent to him. It appears that Dr. Butler felt certain that it was the skeleton of the missing man.

Dr. Butler's reply was,

"MY DEAR —, I return the bones, which I hope you will receive safe, and that they will be taken care of, and not buried or thrown away. Anything short of ocular demonstration would not have satisfied me. But I must yield to convincing proof. In the judgment of very able professional men they are not the bones of an old man, but of a young woman.

"There is still wanting:—1. The depositions of a few more living witnesses, if they can be had, lest in future time a cavil should be raised about their paucity.

"2. A copy of any records left by Dr. Purcell or Mr. Wickham [two clergymen who were contemporaries of Owen Parfitt] as to the fact of Owen Parfitt's disappearance.

"3. The distance of the house of S. Snook from that of Owen Parfitt.

"4. The age of O. Parfitt at the time of his disappearance; to be stated, if possible, from the register.

"A very material circumstance is mentioned by Jehoshaphat Stone, unnoticed by Susanna Snook. That the sister of Owen Parfitt was induced to come down-stairs by *hearing a noise, and that the chair was displaced*. Pray inquire of Susanna Snook as to this fact, and whether it was ever so stated by the sister to herself or to any others; and of Stone, whether he is certain he heard this from the sister, or remembers it as a common report at the time.

"I think that a small annuity of 7*l.* a year was paid to Owen Parfitt; can you ascertain if this was so, and by whom? and particularly whether the woman Lockyer was concerned in it.

"I would ask also why the place, where the skeleton lay, was called Board Cross? The bones may be those of an unfortunate suicide buried there, if it is a place where cross-ways meet. Is anything of this kind on record?

"Also, whether Owen Parfitt was considered as absolutely bedridden at the time of his disappearance? I think it very important to know if he was commonly placed at the door about the same time of the day. Did the thunder-storm and rain prevent an immediate search being made after the alarm was given?

"I have heard that a person answering his description was seen wandering in the woods near Frome, on the evening of Owen's disappearance. The thing is highly improbable, and I should not believe it on mere common report, unless it were very well attested; but it is worth inquiring into; surely in that case a body would have been found somewhere.

"But put this direct question to the old people already examined:—'Was Owen Parfitt able to walk ten miles? or half a mile?' 'Do they recollect him to have ever walked at all?' 'Did he walk to his chair at the door on the day of his disappearance?'

"I thank you exceedingly for the pains you and Mr. — have taken in this most mysterious affair. From a child I have had a most earnest desire to investigate it, and a sort of persuasion that I might ultimately come to somewhat like a rational conclusion.

"I remain, my dear —

"Your much obliged,

"S. BUTLER."

In consequence of this letter, the old people were again questioned; but it is not necessary to give in detail the evidence which was obtained. No material fact learnt at the former inquiry was in any way affected; but rather the mystery and difficulty of the case greatly strengthened. Susanna Snook distinctly remembered that the sister told her, on the

evening of the disappearance, that she had not heard any noise; that the chair at the door was not displaced, and that the great-coat was left lying upon it. She herself saw the chair in which she had helped to place him, exactly where she had left it when she came away. So far from any noise having been heard, she always was told by the sister that she heard no noise; but as soon as she had made the bed, she came down-stairs and found her brother gone. The storm came on about an hour after the alarm was given, but it did not interfere with the search, nor prevent the neighbours continuing it everywhere round about. The search was continued through the night and all the next day. Owen Parfitt had been a cripple for many years, increasing latterly so that he could not move at all without assistance.

It was ascertained, also, from another old person, who well remembered Owen Parfitt—one Prudence Millard, about seventy years old—that at the time of the occurrence he was in a state so disabled as to be completely incapable of walking. She gave, also, the same account as Susanna Snook of what happened on the day of the disappearance, as to the alarm in the town, and the immediate search continued everywhere through the night. She remembered Lockyer, a widow woman, and believed her not to be much respected; but could give no particular reason for that belief.

Another, a man about seventy, William Millard, knew Owen Parfitt and his sister well for about ten years, and remembered the day on which he disappeared. The alarm was given between six and seven in the evening, and the thunder came on about an hour afterwards; mowing grass was about at the time.

To name one more only: Joanna Mills, between seventy and eighty years of age, knew Owen well; she was a sort of distant relation, and was quite sure that he had not been in the king's service, and had not a pension; but, being wild, he had gone away in his youth, and had been in America and Africa.

With regard to the bones, further examination confirmed the opinion given to Dr. Butler, that they were the remains of a young person, a woman. There seemed also to be reason to suppose the skeleton to have been that of a girl, of about twenty years old, who had disappeared some thirty years before: and of whose murder people had been suspected. Board Cross is not a cross-road of four ways; but the place where a lane from Catsash runs, at right angles, into the Wells turnpike road.

From other inquiries, it seemed to be certain that Owen Parfitt had no annuity; but his sister received a small weekly payment

from the parish for taking care of him. This, of course, ceased after the disappearance. No exact date of his birth could be ascertained. The sister was certainly upwards of eighty, and himself probably nearly seventy. Susanna Snook lived close by his cottage; not one hundred yards off. Several old people, who remembered all the circumstances, gave the same account with regard to the chief facts, and particularly as to the general excitement and uproar in the town, as soon as the alarm was given; and the immediate and careful search everywhere made for the missing man. They all agreed, also, that Owen Parfitt was commonly placed of an afternoon either in the passage or just outside the door, for the sake of fresh air. There appeared to be no truth in the report that some one, said to be Owen Parfitt, had been seen the same evening wandering near Frome. Frome is at least ten or twelve miles distance; and the tale was among several which were soon circulated, of a marvellous or supernatural kind.

Such, then, are all the known and recorded particulars of this mysterious affair. It must now be left to the critical consideration of the reader; and he will find—come to what guess upon the difficulty he may—that any suggested explanation of it will be full of insuperable objections.

Some have supposed that it was a case of spontaneous combustion. But spontaneous combustion, as a reality, is still a question in dispute, and the best-supported instances fail for want of conclusive proof. Moreover, the alleged causes of such a death are wanting here. Owen Parfitt was not a drunkard; and the constant and excessive use of spirituous drinks is a necessary forerunner of it. Not a sign or stain of such a death was found; and the great-coat was left uninjured on the chair.

Others, and particularly Collinson, in his "History of Somerset," say that the man must have been seized with a sudden fit of frenzy, have sprung up, and wandered away into the country and been lost. Whether this in his crippled and paralysed state was possible, is a question for doctors; but, granting the possibility, we have to remember that his cottage was on a turnpike road, surrounded by other cottages close at hand, not one hundred yards from the streets of the town, and that he must have passed along in the sunshine of a summer afternoon, and clothed only as he had been taken from his bed. The very time of year, too, was fatal to his escape unseen; "the mowing grass" was about, and the fields were full of people; the town is surrounded not by arable, but by grass land almost everywhere. Within half an hour after he had been last seen the whole population were in pur-

suit of him ; if he had even got away from this, and if he had dropped somewhere from exhaustion, his body we may almost say *must* have been found. But there was never even a trace discovered, though there is no doubt that for days afterwards the inquiry was continued, and every pond and well and water in the neighbourhood most diligently searched.

Others have thought that it was a case of murder. But by whom? Or why? His sister lost by his death the little help which the parish had allowed her for her care of him ; she was a very old woman, of more than eighty years : how could she dispose of the body, even if the time had been hours instead of minutes? There had been no quarrel ; they had lived together happily and without disputes ; and people remembered that she had shown great anxiety and sorrow for his loss. The last person who saw him alive was Susan Snook, and there was never a shadow of suspicion that she had ever told anything but the truth about the matter ; nor is there a conceivable reason why it should rest upon her now. There was nothing for any one to gain by his death ; there were plenty of obstacles against its being even attempted. No mark of any struggle was to be found in the cottage, no sign of blood, no evidence of any kind of death.

There is one other solution on which some rely, that the disappearance was supernatural. This scarcely admits of argument, and must be left as a mere guess. It is certain that at the time the common talk of the town was that the devil had carried off old Owen Parfitt, and it continued for a generation afterwards to be the persuasion of the common people. They told stories of the wildness of his youth, and how in Africa he had been—as they had heard from himself—in the company of necromancers and magicians. In our days, in listening to explanations of the mystery such as these, we must remember that in 1768 the people of Shepton were removed only by a few years from the days when their town had rather an evil reputation ; witches were not uncommon, and the devil had a good many friends and acquaintances there. For all which we have the evidence in black and white, set down fully by old Glanvil in his "History of Witchcraft."

W. M.

A DREAM OF EGYPT.*

I FELL asleep over a ponderous tome
That told of Egypt in its glorious days ;
And thought on wind-swift pinions bore me back
Thousands of years. And in my vision rose
Palace and temple in their pristine flush
Of beauty and perfection ; ere his sword

* See separate illustration on toned paper, by E. J. Foynter.

The Persian monarch waved, and spread around
Ruin and desolation ; and laid low
The giant piles that stood as monuments
To testify of grand primeval souls
Full filled with greatness and simplicity.

The heavens o'ercanopied with luscious blue
The outstretched gleaming plains of yellow sand
All em'rald dashed. And soft the sunlight fell,
Robing in gold the distant Libyan hills,
Or burnishing the waters of the Nile,
Along whose shores majestic palm-trees rose
Stately and dark against the glowing sky.

I stood at Karnac midst a wilderness
Of palaces and roofless temples, graced
With columns aping nature's freaks in stone ;
Lithe river-reeds twined into massive shafts ;
Papyrus pillars, bound with tendrils rare
And bared with palm leaves, crowned with capital
Of carven flowers. And here and there I traced
The lotus with its opening buds ; or marked
The broad acanthus leaf display its folds
And prophesy of Grecian art to come.

I paused before a pile whose gates are reached
Through avenues of sphinxes, north, south, west,
And at the western pylon entered in,
Whose cornice bears the wingèd globe aloft.
Through a vast open court I hurried on
Past a fair grove of columns, each as tall
As that roof-pillar framed of tamarisk-tree,
Within whose trunk Osiris lay entombed.
For Typhon, god of evil, by his craft,
So runs the legend, had o'erpowered the king,
And in his coffin pale Osiris lay
Floating down the Nile, on, ever on
Past Tanis' lake and far away to sea ;
Till drifting shorewards he a shelter found
Midst tamarisk boughs that suddenly upbore
And wove green living walls to make his tomb.
A marvel of such beauty grew the tree,
That for a kingly home 'twas coveted
And shined beneath an inwrought roof of gold.
Peaceful, within the pillar slept the king,
None troubling of his curious resting-place,
Till faithful love searched out his sepulchre,
And weeping Isis bore her treasure home.

Now, where Nile waters murmur soft, he lies,
And year by year he breathes his blessing forth
Upon the land, and young and old their oath
"By him who sleeps in Philæ" soothly swear.

Thus musing through a vestibule I passed
And gained the hall where gorgeous pillars blazed
In painted traceries of richest dyes,
A dazzling mass of scarlet, amber, blue.
That glowed and shimmered in the golden light.
There through the stately halls the Ibis strayed,
The Ibis dedicate to mighty Thoth
Th' Egyptian Mercury. A swarthy maid,
A low-browed beauty with deep lustrous eyes,
And crisped hair in curious fillet bound,
Tended the sacred birds. And thus she spake,
"Oh ! wanderer in the halls of Karnac, hear
The words that I prophetic fain must speak :
Woe ! woe to Egypt, for the day is nigh
When these proud walls shall be a ruined heap,
And Karnac's story hid in mystery.
The traveller shall stand in silent awe
And ponder on the fate of him who left
The record of his greatness in these stones.

Egypt, thy sun is set, no more shall pour
From hundred-gated Thebes her warrior-tide.



FEEDING THE SACRED IBIS IN THE HALLS OF KARNAC.
BY E. J. POYNTER.

See page 233.

Mute as his namesake on the fields of Troy
 Shall Memnon lie, his day of song is o'er.
 The heavens may stretch as blue above his head,
 The Nile still lave his feet, yet not a sound
 Shall e'er be heard again at morn or eve;
 Memnon is mute since Egypt's glory's flown."
 She paused, and I began, "Oh! prophesy
 No more. Here strength with beauty blends,
 And shall resist Time; man ——" but here my voice
 Grew faint, speech broke the spell, and I awoke.

JULIA GODDARD.

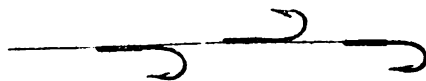
ANGLING WITH THE WORM.

"OH, how nasty and cruel!" says a fair reader of *ONCE A WEEK*; and "Dirty work," says many a fisherman. But bear with me—hear me, and I will try to show you that worm-fishing is not so very nasty or dirty, and that, when well practised in small clear waters, it becomes high and most killing art. As for cruelty, I dare say the worm would prefer not to have two or three small hooks stuck through him, and that his wriggling is no more affectation than that of the trout when he does his best to shake himself clear of the tiny fly-hook. But as long as man thinks proper to kill wild animals for his use and pleasure, a certain amount of cruelty must attend the process; and this objection applies to worm-fishing only, as it does to many kindred sports. To say the truth, I feel so strongly the objection as to cruelty, inasmuch as you torture two animals instead of one—to wit, both worm and trout,—that I would only recommend the practice of worm-fishing during that portion of June and July when artificial flies cease to lure the fat and wary trout, and when, for some happy reason, he looks eagerly out for worms.

On the 20th of June, 186—, I arrived, well supplied with worms, at the Tankerville Arms Inn at Wooler, a small town in North Northumberland, about four miles south of the junction of the rivers Glen and Till, which, to a man content to catch small fish, are two of the best trout streams in the north of England; for although I have seen trout of from two to three pounds captured in these waters, I have very rarely had more than four or five of one pound or upwards out of a basket of from twenty to thirty pounds.

There had been no rain near Wooler for six weeks before my arrival, and my good-natured landlord prophesied but small success. As to the want of rain I had no fear, until on the next day I found what should have been the silvery pebbly streams of the Glen, wriggling, floating beds of green slimy weed; the pools were full of it, and could not be fished at any price; and as the trout did not appear to be lying much in the stream, with

great labour and after many words wasted on the green slimy stuff, I went home with about nineteen pounds of trout,—showing what this dear little stream would have yielded to the lively worm if a summer flood had cleansed it a month before. On the next day I tried the Till, which I found singularly clear of the green enemy, and where I had pretty good sport. Seeing that the Glen was hopeless, I wrote to Lord Tankerville, whose well-preserved water in the Till lies about eight miles up from Wooler, asking for a day's fishing. Next day brought a kindly answer, and at half-past 8, A.M., on the 26th of June, I got out of my dog-cart at Newtown Bridge, thus equipped:—on my back a gray jacket, made very short for the sake of wading, and above that a basket which would hold about twenty pounds of trout, and on my head a gray cap; on my legs there appeared to be only a pair of gray unmentionables, with a pair of canvas boots to finish; but under these boots and trousers (I can't write that long word again) were first, *i.e.*, next my skin, a pair of silk stockings; above these, long wading stockings reaching up to the fork, and fitting pretty close; and again, between these and the boots a pair of thick woollen socks, to prevent sand or gravel getting between the boots and wading stockings; the wading stockings I wear under the trousers,—first, to prevent water splashing in when you find it necessary to wade quickly; and secondly, to prevent the stirrup leather cutting them when one has to ride to the water. Round my waist is a belt, carrying a tin case with two compartments: one filled with lively small worms, selected only with regard to size, and which have been kept a week in clean moss; the other destined to hold some dry sand wherein to dip the worm when my hands are too wet to hold him. In my hand a tolerably stiff rod of fourteen feet, from which hangs a tapered gut-line of some thirteen feet, the lowest lengths being of the very finest gut. And last of all, a set of Stewart's worm-tackle, *i.e.*, three small fly-hooks, dressed in this form:—



whereon to hang the worm, which, however, will remain in his tin house till he is particularly wanted. I use no weight save in very rough water, and then only a No. 5 shot.

With my servant is another basket of the same size as that which I carry, and in it a fresh supply of worms in a woollen bag, half filled with damp moss. I light my pipe, and

walk down the water, in which the trout are to be seen flying in all directions, as if a human otter were in sight.

About two hundred yards below the bridge I stop to consider the first point of attack. Before me is a long pool, overhung by willow trees, breaking at its lower end upon a gravelly shallow, and forming a stream. Half-way down a big willow branch hangs into the water, and trout are rising all about it. Here is my spot. I go back to get out of sight of the trout, and, approaching from the foot of the stream, have above me the long pool with the heavy willow branches dipping into it.

Peeping out among the trees is the bridge, with the dancing stream sparkling in the sun; to the south, forming a background, hang dark clouds threatening thunder; and to the east, Ross Camp's heathery top, holding on his side Chillingham, England's finest and wildest park, and Hepburn Crags frowning out among ferns and birch and oaks, as pretty a scene as a man need to look on. But the poor worm's time has come. My hands are dry now; no need of sand. The upper hook goes through near his head. I twist him round between the hooks, and the middle one goes through an inch lower round again, and half an inch of him is left dangling below the lowest hook. Immediately below the willow branch, where the trout are making merry, the water is some four feet deep, and is still deeper above; but I can easily wade to within a short cast of the willow. Everything is now ready. I wade quietly up, keeping my rod behind me, and the worm just trailing on its surface, ready to cast. As soon as I am within reach of where experience tells me the good trout are lying, I wait till the motion in the water caused by my movement is over, and then the worm falls lightly about a foot above and a little to the left of a spot where I have marked a good trout. It scarcely touches the water when the white gleam of his side tells me he has it, or should have it, and before the line has had time to stiffen I hit him pretty sharply, and down the stream out of the pool he comes twisting past me. I shorten the line a little, and bring him gently to my foot; then, dropping the basket before me with open lid, I raise the trout steadily, holding the gut in my left hand. As soon as the lifting stops, he gives a wriggle, and drops off the one little hook that held—for I had struck him rather quick; but he only falls into the basket, to be taken out and killed by putting the right thumb against the upper jaw and bending back his head till the neck is broken, and so his troubles are over. During this time I have not moved leg or foot, and with a dip into the dry sand another clean pink lively

worm is ready for action. This time I throw the worm nearer the shading bank, and I cannot see the trout move; but the gut cuts up the water with a little rip, and I strike. Down again he comes, twisting and pulling as if he was twice as big; but he, too, must drop into the fatal basket, and when he is dead the three tiny hooks which are all in him must be gently torn away. Before loading again I move up a step, dropping the rod point astern; then load and cast again. The same success; and yet again: and now I move again. I am within easy cast—and it should always be a short cast—of the willow branch. Close against this I see the back of a trout which may be about a pound weight. He has not risen lately, but it can only be for want of something to rise at. The worm falls on a willow leaf, but a gentle shake drops it at his nose. He has it actually before it reaches the water, and makes a rush under the willow-branch; but the top of the rod goes right across him, and he tumbles along sideways into the deeper part of the pool. This gentleman is too big to risk by lifting to the basket, and I wade down to land him on the gravel-bed, leaving the pool very little disturbed, and trout still rising between the branch and the bank.

The captured trout is very fat and handsomely spotted, and may weigh one pound, but not more. Once again I have to visit the gravel-bed, leading another beauty to the slaughter. And now, as I cannot wade past the willow, and do not seem to fancy the upper and deeper part of the pool, I move up some fifty yards, to where a thin gravelly stream enters it; here I stand back from the water and cast slightly above me; just as the worm comes opposite to my body it stops, and I lift a little fellow on to the gravel. Again a little higher up and another little fellow comes dancing out; but these are very different from the six I got at the willow-tree, and I move to the tail of the pool above, still standing back on the gravel, for wading is worse than useless if you can conceal yourself and reach your fish without it. This is a narrow deep pool at its head, over which some trees have fallen from the bank above; where I am it is shallow, save close to the opposite bank. Sitting like a Caffir, on my heels or kneeling (for the tweed trousers will save the precious wading stockings) I get as near the water as I can, catch what is near and above me in a humour to be caught, and then cast against the opposing shore; back falls the worm, there is a curl close under the bank, and another good fellow is fighting vainly for his life; and so up this long reach I get many trout, and then on to the pretty stream under the bridge; but here, too, only little fellows come, and forward

is the word. Above the bridge is the tail of a twisting, long, and deep pool, and on the shallow at its lower end trout are rising freely, and I can easily approach it unseen. The cast made, there is a rush, and my worm has been carried right across the shallow before I have time to strike, and when I do, it is to secure the trout of the day; he is very strong, and I am not happy till he comes open-mouthed upon the sand; he must weigh some twenty ounces, and is well marked and very yellow.

A slight breeze has risen from the north-east, and the thundery look has gone; this wind is up the pool, and I can catch fish so near me that when I strike they come down almost between my legs; the ripples however prevent my seeing the fish when they take the worm, and I must watch my line well if I mean to hit him before he knows that anything is wrong. By the time I had finished this pool I had some sixteen pounds of trout, and had reached a succession of the prettiest trouting streams a fisherman could wish for, and having given all the captured trout to my servant, I was just going forward, albeit with doubting mind, to try my fortune, when the head keeper, John Kinrara, came up. John was an old acquaintance of mine, though not in the fishing line, and John was a Highlander with great red beard and small blue restless eyes which might mean anything, but meant welcome now. We cracked a bit about my sport, and about other sport, and then he stood to watch me fish the streams. All up those pretty streams I fished and took nothing save trout too small to keep; in five minutes I had lost hope; but they were too pretty to pass, and so I laboured on, and when I had done and turned with blank face to John, his little blue eyes twinkled as he said,—

"Is that what you have been fishing with all the morning, sir?"

"Yes," I said, laughing, for I saw that he suspected I had been using some mysterious bait before, and had only put on the worm when he appeared; "they are not lying in the stream, but you will see what happens here." The "here" was where the water was working away an earthy bank on one side, leaving old stakes which had failed to do their duty some three feet out into the river, and opposite to the bank a flat gravelly shore. The water was not running fast in any part, but round the stakes and weed-beds there were eddying pools with ripple enough to let me approach unseen.

Standing, I cast my worm between the stakes and bank, where the water was almost still. The practice was nicer than any I had yet to do, and I lost one fine trout and a set

of tackle together; but all up that reach, out of every nook and corner, I took, or at least struck, a trout; and now John's little blue eyes were open wide and his mouth too, but never a word he spoke till I turned to him and proposed to have my lunch and pipe.

"And what have you got that you always dip the worms into, sir," he said.

I show him the sand.

"And is it only sand?"

"Yes, only sand to help me to hold the worms."

"Can many people catch them like that?"

"Oh yes, and you could, if you will only remember that you must offer the worm to the trout without frightening him."

"Well, may be I'll try; but, good morning, sir, and more sport to you."

And so he was off; and after my pipe, or rather with my pipe, I moved on to try again, fishing now only the very likely places, chiefly the tails of pools, and never ceasing to take trout, though they became smaller, till at three o'clock I left the water with 130 trout weighing thirty-three pounds, and then home to be asked, "What are we to do with all they?"

"Keep the big one for me, I want to see what he is like, and give the others to your friends."

So ended as good a day's fishing as I ever had. I never thought of the cruelty, and found the worms rather inviting-looking than otherwise. At the same time, as I said or hinted before, when one comes to consider the matter, worm-fishing is certainly more cruel than fly-fishing, and I never fish with worms till artificial flies fail to do their work, and the time has arrived when with worms you can kill a greater weight of trout than you could kill with any other lure at any time of the year.

G. C.

CUPID CRUCIFIED.

In those fields of air
By Maro's Muse imagined, wander still
Mad lovers, in the dark of myrtle boughs;
Fair women hold their orgies, telling all
Their love, and how they died, in some great wold
Of glimmering light, where not the river-reed
Rustles its hair, but falling poppies sleep;
Where by the banks of streams without a sound,
Of lakes without a motion, droop sad flowers,
Bearing the names of those who once were kings,
Beneath the clouds of twilight; Hyacinth,
Ajax with written wailing, purple-robed
Adon, and Crocus with his golden hair,
Whose tears awake that woe which will not die
In wistful women, who still feed their thoughts
With sweet remembrance of a troublous dream,
In pining ghosts who their lost lives recall.

There Semele still plays with idle fire,
There Procris dries her hurt, and fondles still

The red right hand which gave it; Hero bears
A smoky lamp, like that on Sestos' tower,
And Sappho ever is in act to leap
From storm-clad Leucas. There Harmonia's gift,
Sad Eriphyle,—in her husband sad,
Sad in her son,—too late refuses now.
Deserted Ariadne shows her clew,
Phædra despairing her rejected scroll,
Rich evidence of unsuccessful love:
These hold in bloodless hands the empty shades,
One of a rope, the other of a crown.
And Luna wanders there, as long ago
She wandered with her starry diadem,
To watch Endymion's slumber. These their loves
Recall, with sad sweet sighing.

In their midst
Comes sudden Cupid, though grey mists obscure
His girdle golden-studded, and his torch;
They know him all, and fight with such vain force
As shadows can, against their common foe.
He, veiled in that thick night, alone and strange,
Would fain escape that cloud of hands, which hales
Him to its centre. On a myrtle stem,
Guilty without a crime and uncondemned,
These women bind him; fright his trembling fear
With foaming air and seas without a wave,
With shows of flame, and darts, of ragged cliffs,
Of many a rope, and sword, but shadows all.
Here Myrrha throws her jewellery of tears
In amber, there in sport they prick the skin
Of him, whose blood bears roses. Venus comes,
Not to defend her son, but to inflame
The hesitating Furies; thinking still
Of her lame husband's chain, herself, and Mars.
Thinking of this, she whips her wailing child
With roses, which being sprinkled with his blood
Grow yet more rosy red, till his head falls
Like a faint lily falls in the hot noon.
Then with uplifted arms all cry, "Forbear!
Love it was not, but Fate, which wrought us woe."
Such visions of the night gave restless sleep
To him till darkness died, and Love re-sought
His native heaven through the ivory bars.

J. Msw.

"TREMOWEN GRANGE."

ONE stormy evening in January, a week or two after Christmas, a family party was gathered round a wood-fire in the drawing-room of a country house in the north of England.

The night was cold, and in the distance the moaning of the wind was heard among the fir-trees, as it swept with a wailing sound across the moors. On such a night the imagination naturally turns to the horrible; and as we drew our chairs closer to the fire, we began to speak of the unseen world and unearthly visitants. We talked over all these things; one after another remembered some tale which added fresh horror to those already told. But amongst us, my Uncle Edward still kept silence; not inattentive, for he was listening patiently and with interest, but sitting back in his easy chair, gazing dreamily into the red glow of the fire, an expression of

pain and sadness shading his usually happy countenance.

"Oh, Uncle Edward," I said, "you have been half across the world, you must have seen a ghost during your wanderings. What buccaniers have you seen in the Spanish Main, disembodied spirits watching by their graves in lonely churchyards, or ghastly huntsmen doomed perpetually to ride in the forests of Germany? because, of course, you have been everywhere, and must have seen something of the kind."

"No, my dear Maggie," said my uncle, "I have seen nothing of the kind you mention."

"Well, but you have seen a *ghost*!" cried all the eager voices.

"Yes, uncle, do tell us your story," said I, entreatingly.

"I have travelled," he said, "half my lifetime, and slept in the most desolate places; and although I have lived at times a very solitary life, I have but *one* story to tell. Once, and *once* only, in my life, was I ever *consciously* in the presence of what I could not understand to be a living being, and yet knew not to be certainly an apparition."

"Oh, uncle, tell us your story! What is it? what depends upon it? what happened from it?"

"Do not talk all at once," he said; "nothing happened, nothing came of it. Why I should have seen anything is strange—stranger even than the sight itself."

"But," we cried, "you did see a ghost?"

"I do not know," was the reply; and his voice was solemn and distinct, "but I saw *something* once in my life; and from that time I never listen carelessly to what is called 'a ghost story.'"

"Oh, tell us what it is!"

"Well, then," he said, "you shall hear. You may judge for yourselves whether it is credible. I only know that, though it happened to me many years ago, the impression on my mind is as vivid now as when it occurred, and, at the time, it caused me a great deal of pain and perplexity."

"When I was about thirty years old, on my return from India, I received an invitation to visit an old friend who had not long been married, and who was living with his wife in a remote part of Cornwall, about thirty miles from the Land's End."

"He had come into his estate very recently, on the death of an uncle, and as they were a young couple, and much attached to each other, they did not feel the want of society, nor the loneliness of the situation."

"The country round was of the very wildest description. The grounds opened on a long



(See page 245.)

range of cliffs, bordering the sea. There were few habitations within many miles, only a neighbouring village or two, with fishermen's huts scattered here and there. The coast itself was far too dangerous to allow of very many boats putting out to sea.

"Sea-birds alone appeared to find a home among those dreary rocks; and often have I watched them before a storm, sitting on the

high cliffs, or skimming along the surface of the water. You may well imagine, that on such a coast shipwrecks were numerous, and many a sad tale have I listened to while sitting as we are now, round the fire at Tremewen Grange—a fire which was in that part of the country often composed of drifted wood, the remains in all probability of some unhappy vessel.

"'Tremewen Grange' was an old-fashioned country house, which, without having the slightest pretensions to grandeur, had about it an air of comfort and solidity. Solidity, indeed, was very necessary, considering its bleak and exposed situation. It lay in a hollow of the cliffs, protected in some degree from the severity of the westerly gales by a plantation of stunted oak-trees, whose gnarled and withered branches attested their long resistance to the fierce ocean blasts. The interior of the house was bright and cheerful, and had that *habitable* look so rarely to be met with in modern houses, as if it reflected the happiness of those who lived in it. Altogether, it formed a strange contrast to the wildness and desolation around.

"There was only one thing to which the most fault-finding person could object; this was the insuperable dislike of Mrs. Tremewen to *smoking* in the house. This may appear to you a very trifling drawback: to me (as an inveterate smoker) it was no small grievance. In all other respects she was a most charming woman, and my friend everything that was hospitable and kind.

"'Alice will not allow any smoking in the house, as you know,' said my friend to me, the first night of my arrival; 'therefore I have built a retreat for myself and my friends, where we can smoke in peace; but now that I am kept in such subjection, I only indulge in *one* cigar after breakfast.'

"He then led the way through the garden and plantation to a small kind of building or hut, which commanded an extensive view of the sea, which now lay before us glittering in the bright cold moonlight of an evening towards the latter end of October. On one side was a door, opening on the cliffs, through which a narrow pathway led down to the rugged sands.

"After this, I need not tell you I paid many a solitary visit to this retreat, and always the last thing at night, for at that time I imagined I could not sleep without my accustomed sedative. I had now prolonged my visit three weeks, and we had arrived at the beginning of an unusually wild and dreary November. There had already been *one* shipwreck on the coast, and many an hour had we watched with anxious eyes from the windows of the hut vessels driven before the gale, seeking shelter from the violence of the storm, fearing every moment that they would be dashed by the fury of the waves among those giant rocks which, in spite of their height, were now often completely hidden from our sight by dense masses of foam.

"One morning, as we were all sitting at breakfast, my friend received a letter on busi-

ness which required his immediate presence in town. After he had finished its perusal, he turned to me and said:

"'I shall have to leave Alice in your charge during my absence, and I hope you will take good care of her, and' (he continued, smiling) 'should any wrecks occur whilst I am away, do not allow her to run down the cliffs in the middle of the night, as she once attempted to do, thinking she might be of some use.'

"He left us the same morning, promising not to be absent many days. That afternoon the weather, which had been heavy and lowering during the few preceding weeks, was at last broken up and disturbed by violent gusts of wind, accompanied by frequent hailstorms. Towards night it grew to be a storm, and the sea rolled in upon the shore—the great waves breaking far outside, and mist and foam darkening the sky. When all had retired for the night, I lighted my lantern, and went, as usual, through the plantation towards the hut, but found it difficult work to battle against the wind. I at last reached my destination. On three sides of the building were windows, one opening towards the sea. I sat down in my accustomed seat, and listened to the hoarse roar of the mighty waves beating against the cliffs. I had been sitting thus about twenty minutes when it suddenly occurred to me that the lantern, which I had placed on the table opposite the window, might possibly deceive some unhappy vessel, and so lead her to destruction. The scene was certainly a desolate one. Within the room, hanging on the walls, were sad relics of many a gallant ship which had gone down, and whose crews had never survived to tell the dreadful tale, fragments of wreck, figure-heads, and other ghastly memorials bearing witness to the merciless nature of that fearful coast. As these thoughts passed through my mind I extinguished the light, and was left in utter darkness.

"There was no moon, no light save the occasional glimmer of a solitary star as the heavy clouds swept across the sky, and the reflection from the white mass of foam surging beneath me. I tried to shake off the uncomfortable feelings which, in spite of myself, would steal over me. I am not nervous or over-imaginative, as you well know; but I could not withstand the dreary influence of the place. The moaning sound of the wind and the hollow roar of the sea as it thundered against the cliffs sounded in my ears like signals of distress. I had been sitting thus, dreamily smoking, for about half an hour, when I became conscious, between the pauses of the hurricane, of a heavy sound of dripping water,

too near and too distinct to be confounded with the roar of the sea. The wind, as I said before, was blowing furiously at the time, but the sound struck on my ear, not *above* but *through* all. At the same time a cold chill seemed to pervade the room, and suddenly I distinctly saw, as though pressed against the window, a *human* face. That face I can never forget: blue and death-like, the eyes fixed and ghastly, and the face bruised and livid, and yet illumined by an inward light. I turned faint with horror, as I felt I was in the presence of the supernatural. Yet my eyes were still riveted by a species of fascination on the dreadful sight. It gave me the idea of a face that had been under water—swollen and disfigured. My eye was also attracted by a glittering object which appeared to be suspended from the neck by a scarlet handkerchief. A second and a third time was that face presented to my view, an unearthly light always shining through and around it; then it gradually disappeared.

"A few moments passed, during which I was utterly powerless; then my immediate impulse was to get up and fling the door wide open. At first I could distinguish nothing; but as I gazed longer into the darkness, I saw, where the horrible figure had disappeared, a flickering light shrouded in vapour, now but a few inches above the ground, and then gradually increasing to the height of a human figure. It seemed to float in the air with a peculiar rustling sound, like that of dead leaves when disturbed by the wind.

"I felt impelled by a power above my own control to follow the apparition, and climbing the low fence, which separated the grounds from the cliffs, kept it in sight as it hovered before me, up to the very verge of the cliffs. Over these I still watched until it grew paler and more indistinct, and at last disappeared behind a large rock, which was called by the country people, 'The Devil's Stone.' I returned home agitated and bathed in a cold perspiration. That night was indeed a terrible night for me; each moment I dreaded the reappearance of that face, and the sound of the dripping water. Every horrible circumstance was so distinctly photographed upon my mind, that the whole scene was constantly before me, and I vainly tried to sleep. The morning at length broke to my intense relief, and I arose feeling faint and worn, but determined if I could to discover the cause of this midnight visitation.

"I said nothing on the subject to Mrs. Tremeneu when we met at breakfast, although, remarking my haggard expression, she asked if 'I was ill.'

"I left the house as early as possible, and

rode to our nearest neighbour's, the clergyman of the parish, a kind, benevolent old man, who being strongly imbued with Cornish superstitions, listened with great interest to my recital. After a long discussion we went together to the spot, wishing to examine the place where the light disappeared.

"I felt somewhat ashamed of myself while viewing the scene in broad daylight, and inclined to doubt my fearful impressions of the preceding night.

"The storm had abated, and all around looked fresh and brilliant with that peculiar brightness which is often observed after any violent disturbance of the elements. It appeared as if Nature was trying to make amends by her smiles for the terror of but a few hours before. On reaching the beach we observed several people near the rock, to all appearance intently gazing at some object upon the sands.

"As it was unusual to see so many gathered together on that lonely shore, we hastened towards the group, and heard that the body of a sailor had just been found, washed in close to the 'Devil's Stone.' I felt strangely overcome at this confirmation of the horrors of the past night, and unable to look upon the disfigured form that I knew lay before me, lest I should again behold what was so painfully impressed upon my imagination; but, with a strong effort, I at last forced my way through the crowd, and saw, lying at my feet, a fearfully mutilated corpse, in every respect resembling the form I had so lately seen.

"By the initials marked upon the arm in sailor-fashion, and by the silver watch, which he had evidently knotted round his neck with his handkerchief just before the vessel sunk, the body was recognised as that of a young man belonging to a neighbouring parish, who had left about eighteen months before for India, and was returning by a homeward-bound vessel to his friends.

"It became the sorrowful duty of Mr. Harding, as clergyman of the parish, to inform his widowed mother of the loss of her only son, but I did not add to her grief by telling her of the more painful circumstances attending his death.

"You will ask what could have been the reason of this appearance to me, an utter stranger? I can only say it must for ever remain one of those mysteries we cannot fathom, and as such you must be content to take it. Perhaps as long as the body remained unburied the spirit haunted the lonely shore where he had so often wandered in his youth. Be that as it may, the apparition did not again return to me, neither did I ever hear of its appearance to others. Of the ship in which the poor

young fellow was lost nothing was ever heard. A few planks and a figure-head, with the name of the vessel, washed on the beach, were all that was ever known of its fate. It must have perished on its homeward voyage not far from its destination, in one of those frightful gales which had made many a home desolate.

"I did not, as you may suppose, after this resume my nightly visits to the smoking-room, and soon after bade 'adieu' to the Cornish coast, I cannot say with much regret. I have often since then met the 'Tremewens,' but have never been induced to revisit 'Tremewen Grange.'"

M. A.

THE TWO CADETS.

A Story in Two Chapters.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a general cackle and shriek throughout the colony. The Sentinel, in its leader, pointed out that here was an active police magistrate, a scion of the British aristocracy, in the full possession of health and strength, set on by a gang of ruffians in broad daylight, and held to ransom. It demanded whether or no one had not better live in Spain or the south of Italy, than in a country like theirs, nominally free, and with all the vast power of the British empire at its back; and then clearly traced the whole accident to the levelling tendencies of the party who wished for cheap land. The Mohawk replied by saying that he agreed with the Sentinel that Spain, Italy, or even South Carolina was a better country to live in than Australia as long as eight hundred men were allowed to keep a million acres desolate for their own selfish purposes, and that the thing never would have happened had the lands been unlocked before, and a population of British hearts and hands been allowed to form themselves into self-defensive communities, at every point where soil and communication offered an opportunity. The Mohawk, after an intense and almost frantic manifesto of loyalty to the British crown,—and I do not think that any one is more intensely loyal to the present dynasty than your thorough-going colonial radical,—went on to say that he could not see that the fact of this individual inspector being a scion of the British aristocracy made much difference in the case. The British aristocracy had a good notion of taking care of themselves. Let this man's aristocratic friends ransom him. The Mohawk was never inclined to come down hard on a man who had got in a mess; but he could not help saying that, considering what the Honourable Edward Hornby had done for the colony, and looking

at his private character, the figure set on his head by the bushrangers was considerably over the market price.

So the Sentinel and Mohawk made political capital out of this accident. But the government were dreadfully puzzled. Lionel, who, in spite of oblivion, strongly disliked his cousin, rode to town and urged action on the colonial secretary and the governor. He told them at once that they need never ask the council for the money; that he would pay the sum five times over out of his own pocket to release his cousin. He urged them to action on that basis, but the governor and the colonial secretary "hung in the wind," and showed a great hesitation in "going about." "He is perfectly safe," said his excellency; "you yourself, my dear Lionel, would never play out a solitary trump without a single court card in your hand. The bushrangers have got a poor hand and one trump; they will never play it until they are forced." And the secretary said in the ante-room, "We will try to deal with them for you, only the free-pardon business must be dropped. I know how fond you are of your cousin, and how deeply attached your cousin is to you. I have heard him speak of you. I perfectly well know the relations between you, and see how generously and high-mindedly you are acting. But I wish your cousin was a more respectable man. We may get him back, but the devil himself will never put his accounts right. You really must wait."

"Are his accounts seriously wrong?" asked Lionel.

"Over four hundred pounds," answered the secretary, sadly. "He is a *mauvais sujet*. He will lose his appointment, I fear; and he is so brutal, so wild, and so fierce, that he is getting unfit for decent society. My dear Lionel, I am sorry to say so to you, but your cousin is a ruffian."

"Now, I'll tell you what I will do with you," said Lionel to the colonial secretary (prime minister), "if you will get him back I will pay his ransom and set his accounts right. Will you do the other half for me, and give these pardons?"

"I honestly don't think that we will. You heard the governor say that he was quite safe. Can his excellency err? Go along! go along!"

So they hesitated in action, and meanwhile noises and rumours went on full swing. The Sentinel, "shut up" by the unanswerable Mohawk, was daily pathetic about the scion of the oldest and most respectable aristocracy in Europe. The Mohawk aired the British aristocracy also, denying, however, both their antiquity and their respectability, and attributing the whole accident to the want of cheap

land (by no means a bad argument, mind), and to the refusal of that universal suffrage, which they got a few years after, and which, leaving them nothing to fight for, reduced the sale of their paper by one-half. On one point over this singular accident they had, what their younger gentlemen would have called "a mutual field of generous rivalry;" that is to say, in "sensation" paragraphs. When the Sentinel was informed, by one of our greatest stock-dealers, whom it was superfluous to name, just arrived in the course of business from the Edwards (meaning, I believe, little Goby), that "Our missing inspector" had been tied naked, hand and foot, and alive, on an ants' nest, and had been then and there bitten and stung to death by those ferocious crustaceans, with which we are all familiar on our domestic hearths; when the Sentinel came out with this piece of *blague* the Mohawk was promptly down on them with another. "The old lady of Castlereagh Street (we need not say that we allude to our respected contemporary the Sentinel) is, as usual, entirely in error about the sad fate of 'our missing inspector.' An intelligent native king (King Taptó, of Shepherd's Crossing,) has just come into our office, after having witnessed the expiring agonies of the scion of British aristocracy. His majesty was attired in his usual court costume of a blue coat and brass buttons, and, with the exception of the Government brass plate on the pit of his stomach, had no other clothing of any sort or kind whatever. He says that he saw Inspector Hornby burnt alive with iron bark chips on the fifth of last month; in which case the pismire story of the Sentinel falls to the ground utterly. And, although we will not yield in loyalty to our dear old lady the Sentinel, yet he is hardly in a position to deny all due respect to royal utterances. His majesty King Taptó's demand for tobacco was promptly answered by one of our young gentlemen. His demand for brandy was referred to our editor, now out of town."

Before all this "chaff" had died away, Edward Hornby came back to town, ragged and footsore, in a red shirt and moleskin trousers, and resumed his position as police-inspector. His cousin Lionel, through the instrumentality of the colonial secretary, had his affairs put right, and in such a way that Edward never knew who had done it. All that Edward ever said about the matter was that the bushrangers were kind to him, and that he had escaped, but was never safe until he got near town.

Lionel went back to his station. His people were glad to see him again, and there seemed to be no *arrière-pensée* about any of them,

save one—the man *he* called the murderer; the man who had tried to shoot his colonel at Gibraltar. This man was reserved. This man knew something. He would meet Lionel's eye freely enough, but in a very inquiring way. Lionel saw that this man's expression was interrogatory, and that the interrogation was, "How much do you know?"

I am sorry to say that he liked this ruffian. If you have ever tried the lonely bush for yourself for a few years, and would afterwards honestly confess to us all about the uncommonly queer people whom you have to like in that beautiful but unutterably melancholy solitude, you would tell us a most interesting story. I remember, for instance, a man called Wills—originally, I believe, from Pentonville on his good behaviour—who was a very pleasant companion, and taught me first how to crack a stock-whip. He was a very pleasant companion. That gentleman has now, I am given to understand, produced such an additional complication in his dealings with civilised society that the only view he can get of one of our noble colonial prisons is from the inside. But he was not bad company. Lionel's friend, the would-be murderer, was I am sorry to say, the most trustworthy man about the place. The others all lied; this man, ruffian as he was, never did that.

I should hesitate to say this if I did not know that I was speaking the truth. If I was generalising I would not say what I have said; but having my man and my facts before me I am safe. This man watched Lionel about everywhere, in the wool-shed, in the sheep-yards, in the stable, and his look always said one thing—"How much do you know?"

At last they spoke. Some sheep were lost in the scrubby ranges, the hunting-grounds of Lionel, after a gale from the south-west, and Lionel took this man with him on horse-back. When they were alone together, Lionel said:—

"You have something to say to me, Jordan. I have seen it in your eyes for days."

And Jordan said—"I have nothing to ask of you save one thing—how much do you know?"

"About what?"

"Well, you are a gentleman, and would not have me murdered; and there is no one to hear us but the parrots, and *they* won't peach, though they can talk. About this bushranger captain?"

"He is alive and well. Beyond that I know nothing of him."

"That will do. Don't say a word more. But mind this, governor. I am the only real old hand you have round you; and I went

near death for a girl once, and I would go near death for you. If you know anything more than you have chose to tell me, don't let it out among those twopenny clyfakers and prigs up at home. There is orders among convicts, I tell you. The bigger the sentence the higher the station. You haven't got more than a seven-year man among the lot up except me, and I'm a lifer. A man who has his seven penn'orth, or his fourteen penn'orth, unless he accumulates in the colony, is only used by such men as me as a ticket porter. We make 'em fetch and we make 'em carry, but in a business like this we never trust 'em—don't you."

"In a business like this?" said Lionel. "What do you mean?"

"That is no odds of yours. Only if you know anything, don't you talk. We know. And you are free from us. So Marks is alive and well, is he?"

"As far as I know," said Lionel. "I wish you would speak out."

"Do you see that there ants' nest?" said the convict.

"I see it."

"The day I want to be tied naked on that ants' nest, is the day I'll speak out," said the convict. "Not before. But if Marks comes near us, I'll follow you. You are a queer lot, you swells. You are queerer than us. What the dickens would become of you with our temptations, I don't know."

It appeared, however, that the bushranger was either dead or most suddenly and unaccountably quiescent. For five months no outrage of any kind was reported from any quarter. At the end of that time Inspector Hornby received intelligence of Marks being in hiding in the mountains in the South; and getting leave, started immediately in pursuit.

He was not, however, quick enough to catch him. He made the vermin bolt, however; for two days after his arrival in those parts Marks reappeared, fifty miles to the south of him, and sacked a station. Inspector Hornby was almost immediately seen on the spot, but Marks was again too quick for him. A very few days after, another station was sacked ("stuck up" as they called it), twenty miles further to the south, and within fifteen miles of Lionel's.

He had no women about the place, and could easily have ridden to town and let Jordan the convict make terms for him, but he would not. He determined to stick to his post as a magistrate, and do his duty firmly.

He rode always armed with his carbine, on his well-trained young horse, and when armed and mounted thus he was a very formidable adversary for any two or three men.

Jordan always rode with him now, also armed.

A week passed, and nothing more was heard. Inspector Hornby arrived one night at his cousin's station. He was shaved perfectly smooth, and showed every line in his powerful, coarse, and violent face most unpleasantly. Not an agreeable looking man at all. They had not met since his captivity, and he thanked Lionel in a manly, straightforward way for his exertions towards his release; of other obligations to him he knew nothing. He went away smooth shorn in the morning, in spite of Lionel's remonstrances on his danger, entirely alone, and rode off into the bush towards the mountain.

At mid-day there came a young mounted policeman, a stranger to that part of the country, asking to be guided in a certain direction. The way lay through some very abrupt, remote, and densely-timbered gullies, on the old hunting-ground, which had struck Lionel as a very likely place for the haunt of the bushrangers. He communicated this to the trooper, and having dined him, set out with him on horseback, accompanied by Jordan. Lionel had of course his carbine—Jordan pistols.

The ranges in which these gullies were situated were densely wooded, except in one or two places, where, on a spur which flanked one of the little glens, there would be an open, lofty place, of a few acres, free from timber, and just now blazing with flowers. With these exceptions, the forest was dense.

Coming to the most suspicious gully, and feeling themselves tolerably strong, they determined to give it some sort of a cursory examination. The trooper was to go on one side and they two on the other. There was no sign of the enemy whatever. The trooper rode round the upper end of the gully, with his sword dangling and his carbine on his knee, and very soon was pushing on through the dense scrub, on the opposite ridge, about three hundred yards from them.

They had gone about a quarter of a mile in this order, when something terrible, sudden, and unforeseen occurred. From among some dense acacia bushes there came a little flame of fire, and a puff of smoke. By the time the report reached them, even at that short distance, the poor trooper was lying motionless on the ground, and his horse had started madly off homeward with an empty saddle.

They were well concealed, and Lionel felt Jordan's hand on his arm.

"Be perfectly still," he whispered, "and watch."

There appeared from behind the bushes the murderer of the trooper. A very tall

man with a great black beard, dressed in a red shirt, a cabbage-tree hat (like a sailor's straw hat), breeched and booted, most beautifully mounted, and carrying a pistol ready for use in his hands.

"That is Marks," whispered Jordan, in an excited manner. "Can't you cut him over?"

"Not from here," said Lionel, in a whisper. "It is three hundred yards off, and my carbine is not rifled."

"Watch him for a moment," said the convict, "and then follow me."

The bushranger came out into the sunlight, and pulled up his horse to look for one instant at the body of the murdered trooper; then he turned his horse to the right, down the glen, and rode on at a foot pace, through the aromatic shrubbery, which brushed as high as his knees, looking around him defiantly yet cautiously.

The other two turned their horses' heads the same way as his, and kept parallel to him on the opposite ridge, but behind it, out of sight, and trotting. At a particular point, among some thick green scrub, Jordan laid his hand on Lionel's arm and turned his horse's head. Lionel saw that this was the place to wait for their man, now coming down the gully on the opposite ridge. The gully narrowed here, and it was evident from the rocks that the bushranger must come into the bottom, or even cross towards them; and on the opposite side was one of those bald, heathy, flowery spaces which I have noticed before. Up all around the forest rose sombre and silent.

They waited but a few minutes when he emerged from the denser forest, riding at a foot pace and loading a pistol; little dreaming, poor wretch, of the fate before him. Lionel was determined to arrest this man in one way or another. Five minutes before, just after he had seen him murder the trooper, he would have shot him down like a dog. But his temper had a little cooled, even in that short time, and he was no assassin. He got his carbine ready, his reins over his left arm, and waited.

The bushranger came slowly on among the flowers, which reached to his knee, gaudy with his red shirt under the blazing sun in the open. His horse turned down a cattle track under the rocks towards them. A vivid, gaudy figure, even among the gaudy flowers—a figure never forgotten by Lionel to the day of his death.

"He is near enough now," said the convict, in a fierce whisper. "Fire."

"I cannot fire without challenging," said Lionel, quietly.

"Fool!" hissed out the convict; but Lionel

did not mind. He rode quietly into the open, and, with his reins over his left arm, and his carbine at the "present," said, in a voice which rung through the peaceful summer forest,—

"Stand, in the king's name!"

The answer was only an ill-aimed pistol-shot. The bushranger hurriedly spurred his horse onwards; but Lionel had covered him with his inexorable unerring carbine. Under these circumstances he felt it his duty to society to take human life; and, keeping his foresight moving to correspond with the undulations of the horse, he fired, and raised a ghost which was never to be laid again.

The bushranger pitched heavily forward on his horse's neck, and then fell off on the left side, the side nearest to Lionel, the right leg hanging on the saddle for one moment, until the last spasm had kicked the foot clear of the right stirrup: then the man toppled headlong over, and lay perfectly still, as still as his innocent victim had laid not ten minutes before, and was lying even now.

Lionel's practice with turkeys and kangaroos had served him in good stead. He had riddled the earth of a foul and cruel fiend. It was mighty well. But the old unutterable horror which he had felt after killing poor Cornet Brabazon in his unfortunate duel was strong upon him now, and he shivered as though in an ague fit.

"By G—!" he said, turning to his companion, "*I have killed another man.*"

"You meant to, didn't you?" said his convict friend.

"No! no! no! a hundred thousand times 'No.' I call God to witness that I would give my own life twenty times, and fifty years of purgatory, to bring that poor corpse lying there to life again. It was the hunting instinct. I never meant it. I will swear!"

"Swear at me, if you want to swear," said the convict; "but stop that particular kind of noise just now. You have just done your duty to society and to law as a magistrate in a most honourable manner. The law is with you, equity is with you, and as for public opinion, *that* will crown you with roses. But you have lost your nerve, and it is necessary that you should keep it. You have done a thing a thousand times more awful than you think it to be. If you lose your nerve now, you are done for. Shake yourself together. You have shot Marks, the bushranger, haven't you, and earned the thanks of both houses of the legislature?"

With white, dry lips, Lionel said, "Yes."

"Is your nerve sufficiently good to go and look at him?"

"I am not afraid of corpses," said Lionel.

"I only fear the ghosts which their memories raise around one."

"I ought to see plenty of ghosts, then," said the convict, "if the memory of all that I have seen, and all that I have heard, is to return in the form of ghosts. But it don't."

"I speak of what you have done," said Lionel. "Have you ever killed a man?"

"Why, no. But stop this talk. We are in awful trouble. Perhaps I am to blame. Confound you, you know you have done right. What are you afraid of? You will find it necessary to keep this business dark, for your own sake, for your own entirely. I wish to point out to you that you want at this moment every bit of intelligence and nerve of which you are possessed. Leave the horses to graze, and follow me."

Nec coram, &c.—a good old rule. I had meant to describe the scene which followed, but find that I am getting too close to the edge of the unwritten canons which, very properly, confine the licence of modern fictitious literature. Worse accidents than this present one have happened; but little is gained by speaking of them. I have only to say this:—When the convict had removed the artificial black beard from the head of the corpse, the face which Lionel saw staring with open eyes out from among the orchids and *Kennedys*, was the face of his cousin Edward! My art might do more for you, but my muse holds up her fingers, as though she were already angry at my licence.

There followed a long watch in the silent summer forest, by one who strode up and down among the flowers, maddened with remorse, interrupted only by the flapping of fierce fowl eagles, who perched on the trees near by, disappointed of their feast by a wild man, who walked to and fro, making hideous, foolish, and vain imprecations on his own head. Then, when his faithful convict returned from the station with a spade, there followed a burial; and the eagles, harshly screaming, wheeled aloft, disappointed, into the higher regions of summer twilight, to seek for other prey, and Edward Hornby was buried, and his memory among human folks with him.

Then followed an interview at dead of night between Jordan the convict and Lionel.

"There is no need for you to say nothing at all," said Jordan. "It is done, and it can't be undone. If I'd known how you were going to take on about the doing of it, I'd have had it done by some one else. I thought you had a grudge against the man. But it is better kept quiet, and is easy enough kept quiet. Say nothing whatsoever of any sort

or kind to any human creature. Lord bless you, things are so easily hushed up in this colony! Your report is, that you and me saw a man with a big black beard shoot down a trooper without provocation, and that you afterwards, believing him to be the bushranger Marks, with whom you were not personally acquainted, shot him down. Don't say a word more than that. Remember the honour of your family, you know."

"Then you knew it was my cousin disguised?" asked Lionel.

"Bless the man, of course I did!" answered Jordan. "Your cousin was always a bushranger at heart. When he was took by them he see, for the first time, the fun of it, and he and Marks fell out, and he shot Marks down. Then he got the gang with him, and then he came sneaking into town, promising to come back and lead them. And they wasn't likely to refuse the leadership of a man who sat both sides of the hedge. And I couldn't give you the office; I only thought that you swells were as free among one another as we were. When I found you knew nothing, and thought that you had a grudge against the man, why then, seeing things handy, I put you on the job, and you've done it. But you needn't ride rusty with me, for all that."

"I wish I was dead. I wish I had never been born," was Lionel's answer.

The dear old Mohawk, originally started with the programme of putting a spoke in every wheel, of whatever colour, which they saw turning, put their spoke in here. [The Sentinel was so vague and feeble over the matter that I only notice it in brackets. It never knew anything more about the business than the Mohawk, which was nothing; but it made a washy attempt to generalise from the utterly false facts of the Mohawk, which was offensive.] The Mohawk's account of the business was this: that a foolish but perfectly harmless scion of the British aristocracy had been thrown accidentally against the poor bushranger, Marks, and had shot him dead. The Mohawk had nothing to say against the personal character of the Honourable Lionel Horton, but had only to remind him that private assassination was not exactly the same thing as public justice. If the lands had been unlocked, the Mohawk went on to say, such an event could never have occurred, and went on to prove it, which the Mohawk did, in a most satisfactory manner to all those who allowed the Mohawk's postulates, and so the story evaporated itself into politics. At another place in the Mohawk's columns was this paragraph:—

"Inspector Hornby has made a smash of it at last. His latest dodge was bushranger

hunting; and now, thank heaven, he seems to have bolted for good, owing the government a sum which is stated at from 500*l.* to 5000*l.* We have got rid of him cheaply on the whole. We only hope that Inspectors —, and —, and — [names stated in full, if you please; we don't mince matters in Australia], may go as cheap as our precious scion of British nobility, Inspector Hornby. The sooner they bolt the better."

So the whole thing went past. Only leaving a fresh horror and a fresh remorse in the heart of a very noble and good man. Young still, but getting grey.

Meanwhile, "Cousin Alice" had perfectly played her rôle as Lady Granton. One supposes that in a marriage of arrangement like hers, the woman is not always over head and ears in love with the man. In her case it was certainly so. She had been very lately fond of Lionel, and with all the assistance of a strong will and a very careful training, could not always forget him even when she had changed her name. Not that she loved him still, she only kept a memory of him which grew dimmer day by day, and preserved a feeling of tender kindness for him to the end.

Lord Granton probably knew that their marriage was one of arrangement, and that it was dimly possible that there might possibly be some one else who, under other circumstances, might have been preferred to himself. He determined that his imaginary rival, if such a person existed, should have no chance against him. He was clever, handsome, and wealthy, even for England, and he gave all these things to her, and to the task of winning her wholly to himself. There was no resisting the frank, noble generosity of the man. She got to love him better than all the world besides.

She was one of the first leaders of society, and had been so for some ten years—was in fact twenty-nine, in the full radiance of her splendid beauty: caressed in England, courted and flattered by the highest in Europe as wife of the English Extraneous minister—when she gave a party more select and exclusive than she had ever done before, a gold-plate dinner party; and when everything was ready she sat in the drawing-room with her husband looking a little anxious.

"It is a strange story," said he; "you should certainly let him know the truth. But why did you ask him to-night, of all nights? He will be the only person not in office in the room."

"He was in the Colonial government. He is an Australian statesman say. The Secretary for the Colonies will know him. And,

another thing, I wished to be very ostentatious and grand before him."

"I see."

Never having dined with a select party of cabinet ministers and ambassadors, I am unable to say what the thing is like. Lady Granton, however, was a little uneasy at every announcement.

At last. "Mr. Horton!"

Tall, as handsome as ever, very brown in complexion, and slightly grey in hair, though in age only thirty-three; a remarkable man even among the remarkable men present. Such was Lionel as she saw him again after so long.

Of course every one knew him, and knew who he was. He was only, after all, in his own order again. He was very charming. Australians were more so in those days than now, and he was a little of a lion even there.

It was late in the evening before Lady Granton got him to herself. She began thus:

"Come and sit near me, we are quite alone here. Lord Granton and myself have been talking over a very old matter to-day, and he is of opinion that I should speak to you frankly and honestly about it. We are older than we were, and possibly wiser. Do you remember a certain painful parting which we had, Cousin Lionel?"

He bowed his handsome grizzled head in reply.

"Also a letter, which I gave you as an excuse for a very rude dismissal?"

Another bow.

"So far, then. Do you remember the writer of that letter, Olara Brabazon?"

"I remember her well."

"Forgive me for giving you pain, dear cousin. Believe me that comfort got from believing untruths is not worth having. Do you know what became of Olara Brabazon?"

"No, cousin."

"Must I tell the whole sad story, then? After—after—"

"After I murdered her brother,—yes."

"After that unhappy duel, the truth about which was carefully concealed from me by my parents, she got into a state of morbid despair, and soon went into a decline. She sent for me when she was dying, and I went to her. She had a confession to make. She told me she was her brother's murderer. She had loved our mutual cousin Edward with all the fierceness of her nature and her race; and he had discovered it, at the same time that she discovered, or thought she had discovered, that his heart was set in another quarter. You understand me, Cousin Lionel?"

"I do, perfectly."

"These two unhappy people maddened themselves, and one another against you and me; she against me, he against you. He set my parents to watch us; she, at his instigation, wrote that letter about your use of my name in a mess-room, and she confessed to me on her death-bed that it was a falsehood from beginning to end."

"That was the letter which led to the duel," said Lionel, calmly.

"It was. Edward, our cousin, was the cause of the death of poor young Brabazon by his influence over that very foolish and unfortunate woman. According to the wicked laws of society as they now exist, you had no other choice. I hold you blameless. Edward, with his wicked machinations, was the cause of poor Brabazon's death."

How little did she dream that the hand which had shot down poor Brabazon had also so terribly avenged his death. Lionel saw it now for the first time; but he sat perfectly mute.

"Here is Lord Granton," said she. "We need not drop our conversation; he has perhaps a moment to join us. No; that Neapolitan ambassador has caught him. My dear cousin, I gave you an answer on that unhappy morning, I fear, curly and in anger. I wish you to understand that under any circumstances that answer could have been no other than it was. We, you know, are not free agents. I knew that before I was fifteen. I never could have given you any other answer but the one I did give you; only I gave it roughly and rudely, under the impression that you had been playing with my name. Do you forgive me?"

"What I have to forgive, my dear cousin, has been forgiven years ago. If it were otherwise, it is not for a man like me, with the mark of Cain upon my face, shut out from the pale of humanity, and I dread the hope of mercy, to forgive. If I could accept Rome and her doctrines, and buy masses for the dead, I might be happy; but then I cannot, and then, as Carlyle says, 'Thou fool, who told thee that thou wert to be happy?' I'll drag along my chain, cousin: I will try to get nearer to God."

Lady Granton was inexpressibly distressed. Her innocent hand was red with this dreadful business about young Brabazon, for it was she who had shown Lionel the letter, and she knew it. Hers was a rare and fine nature, and time, training, and the world had never deadened her conscience to the fact that the laws of that society which was her atmosphere, almost her religion, were, on the subject of duelling, brutal, barbarous, and unchristian.

With the deadly remorse of a very noble nature, shown suddenly to her, she felt it more keenly than ever. But what could she say? It is not *de rigueur* to show emotion in society, more particularly in a room full of ambassadors.

"I am so sorry for you, cousin," was all that she allowed herself to say. "God has been so good to me. I am so happy with my husband and my children, and my wealth and influence, that I can only pray, as I do, dear Lionel, that I may be worthy of them."

"I pray much also," said Lionel, quietly; "sometimes for death."

"We must change this conversation," said Lady Granton; "and if you please we will never resume it. Go to God, Lionel, go to God."

"I have been; but he has not heard me."

"Not answered you yet, I suppose you mean. Who are you that you should be answered immediately? Go again, and again, and again. Now this conversation must be changed once more. Let us talk of our mutual cousin, Edward. He is in Australia, is he not? How is he getting on?"

"He is dead."

"Dead! How did he die?"

"He was killed."

"Killed! How dreadful. How was he killed?"

"He was shot."

"Shot! Who shot him?"

"I——" said Lionel, calmly; but the French ambassador was bearing down on them, and there was a sudden *bouleversement* in his judgment, so he went on with a sentence which he had never thought of uttering,— "am not prepared to say who shot him, but I have the very best reasons for believing that he was shot."

And he carried the terrible secret so nearly let slip, to his grave with him.

Lady Granton was calmly smiling the next moment.

"My cousin Mr. Lionel Horton, Monsieur G——. My cousin is an Australian statesman, Monsieur G——. They are beginning already, these audacious Australians, to talk of a state down there, under our feet, more powerful than the original unexpandible mother country. Will you take this Australian in hand and convert him from his audacity?"

And looking at the Australian statesman, M. G—— found himself wondering what had caused that statesman to expatriate himself in the first instance, and whether that expatriation was voluntary or involuntary. For Lionel looked so old, so worn, and so strange,

that he puzzled good, honest M. G.— completely.

Lionel's father died at last, and he came into such barren honours as were left to that battered and worn out old line. He clung to his father, and his father to him to the very last. His magnificent and always accumulating Australian property put the old house on its legs again for a time. He never married nor will marry, and the title dies with him. Lord Poole will die with the deep regrets of the poor, and of all his friends, but he will die with his dread secret close locked in his heart, as mute as a fox. HENRY KINGSLEY.

KANGAROOS AND OPOSSUMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—Since my account of the Kangaroos was published in *ONCE A WEEK*,* I have received from an authentic source some further particulars of that very singular animal, which I now send you. They cannot fail, I think, of being perused by many of your readers with considerable interest, as serving to show some of the peculiar habits of the *Macropus* in question. (*Macropus major*). This is an extract from a letter recently written by a lady residing on an extensive pasture station, about two hundred miles west of Geelong, Victoria:—

"We had fine sport here the other day in running a kangaroo down on foot. They have been so little disturbed here of late years, that they are literally in swarms,—mobs of from ten to twenty we often see in our walks, within a mile of home; and Tuppenny, who is game to the back-bone, will always follow for a time, but he is either not fleet enough, or does not understand their way of running, which is in circles. However, on the day in question, he started a solitary one about a mile from home, where I was walking with the two dogs (Tuppenny and little Rag) and the children, and ran it down inside the home fence, where it took refuge in the Creek (they always fly to water), and it kept Tuppenny at bay till we got up to them with little Rag, and then the two dogs gave him no peace. Tuppenny at last got hold of his tail, and then the kangaroo tried to get away, and he kept bounding about, up the hill and down again and through the water, Tuppenny never letting go, and Rag snapping at his nose and paws. At last he took to his water-hole again—it was not very deep or broad, for Tuppenny still held on; then he tried to catch Rag, and drown him, which is what they always do. They will even catch a man up in their fore-paws, jump off to a water-hole, and hold him under till he is drowned. I did not know that at the time, and thinking all his enmity was against the dogs, I was really in such terror lest he should catch Rag, who every now and then, when he had expended himself, would go and drink within reach of the animal's claws, that I got a stick and gave it a good blow on the back, when it began to bound after me, but could not come far, as it was getting faint and frightened, I think, long before that. So seeing that it was likely to be a long and uncertain fight, I had sent one of the children up to the house for assistance. It was a good quarter of

a mile up-hill, and she brought back the housemaid, an excellent one in her way, but no good on the present occasion; so I set off home, for I was getting sick at the sight, and tired with calling the dogs off, for I would have been very glad to have seen the poor thing safe away, for his tail was in a dreadful state. I soon sent the boy down on horse-back with a gun, and he shot at it three times, afraid of killing the dogs; the last shot killed it, poor thing. I saw no more of it after I left, but they found that it was an 'Old Man,' between five and six feet high; and they say the 'Old Men' will always turn and fight with a dog instead of trying to get away. Tuppenny had completely broken his tail, which made us some capital soup, and all the pigs in the place got a feed that night. Rag showed more pluck than I ever gave him credit for. We look upon him as rather an idiot, though he is a pretty affectionate little fellow.

"I never wish to go through a similar excitement, so I keep the dogs very close when we walk now; but I really think we shall have to do something soon to stop the increase of the kangaroos, for it is not only that they increase in themselves, but it is as if they put in their local journal that on such a run the kangaroos were allowed to go in peace, and so they congregate here from parts where they are much hunted."

As a proof of the ferocity of the male kangaroo, when driven to extremity, I may be allowed to present the readers of *ONCE A WEEK* with the following extract from another letter, lately received by me from an old friend:—

"Speaking of kangaroos, I shall never forget what a struggle I once had for life with one of these creatures. I had been out kangaroo hunting on my run in Queensland, taking with me a black boy and a couple of dogs; and after a very fair day's sport, was returning home, when I fell in with an 'Old Man' who had escaped us in the morning. I chased him, and followed him into a water-hole, thinking he was pretty well exhausted, there intending to finish him with the knife I always carry in a strap round my waist, for the dogs had lingered some distance behind with the black boy, who also carried my gun; but no sooner had I reached him than he sprang upon me and grasped me so tight in his two fore legs, effectually pinioning my arms and rendering me powerless against him. Still I struggled to free myself, hoping every minute the dogs would be up. He succeeded in getting me down, still grasping firmly; while with his hind legs he kept flapping backwards and forwards close to my head and neck, evidently trying to score me with the powerful claws with which they are provided. It was not a pleasant sensation, as had he succeeded in tearing the jugular vein, of which I was in terror, it would have been all over with me. Moreover, I was beginning to feel my strength failing, when, with the expediency of despair, a thought flashed across me that my teeth, which, thank God, are good and strong, might prove a formidable weapon against him. Whereupon I seized him by the throat, and held on to him like grim death. In a very short time I felt his grasp gradually relax, and I breathed freer, and was soon enabled to liberate myself. I had throttled the brute. *A fact, unvarnished.*"

I am, &c.,
EDWARD JESSE.

Brighton, 20 Feb., 1867.

* See page 153.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AT LITTLE TRIANON.



CONSOLE

Marie Antoinette for not having appointed her favourite, the Duke de Choiseul—whom Catherine II. used to style the Coachman of Europe, because he directed all the cabinets—Prime Minister, Louis XVI. gave her the Little Trianon, which skirts the park of Versailles, and adjoins the gardens of the Great Trianon, to do as she pleased with. "You love flowers," said he. "Ah! well, I have a bouquet for you—the Little Trianon."

The repairing and embellishing of this miniature palace, the alteration and enlargement of its grounds, with a host of artists and gardeners subject to her sway, was for the next year or two Marie Antoinette's greatest delight. The building, erected by the architect Gabriel for Louis XV., is of a square form, and each of its four sides has a frontage of only seventy feet. It is in the Italian style, and its different façades are ornamented with Corinthian columns or pilasters and enriched with friezes and cornices. The depraved old king

in the last years of his life was enamoured with this "little corner of his grand Versailles." It was to his taste, for here he could live in retirement and at his ease. In addition to its flower-garden, laid out in the formal French style, it possessed a botanical garden, which Louis XIV. at the time he lived at the Great Trianon caused to be planted with exotic trees and shrubs of multifarious tints and perfumes, then almost unknown in France.

The principal entrance to Little Trianon leads immediately to the grand staircase, with its handsome gilded balustrade, in the interlacings of which the initials M. A. are prominently displayed. Facing the landing, as if in menace, is a head of Medusa, which proved powerless, however, to keep out scandal. After a small ante-chamber comes the *salle-d-manger*, decorated with paintings of the four seasons by Dejeune, and bathing and fishing subjects by Patel, and the rejoined *parquet* of which shows traces of the opening through which Lorient's flying table was accustomed to ascend at the orgies of Louis XV. In this apartment commence the ornaments upon the panelling—crossed quivers surmounted by wreaths of roses and garlands of flowers—

executed by order of Marie Antoinette. The little *salon* near the *salle-à-manger* displays in relief upon its sides emblems of the vintage and the attributes of the genius of Comedy. Hanging from festoons of grapes are bunches and baskets of fruit, masks and tambourines, flutes and guitars; and beneath the marble beards of the goats that support the mantel-piece more bunches of grapes are entwined. At the four corners of the cornice of the *grand salon* are groups of Cupids at play. Each panel, surmounted by the emblems of literature and the arts, springs from a stalk of triple flowering lilies, garlanded with laurel, and with a wreath of full-blown roses by way of crest. Four paintings by Watteau, of those graceful Decameron-like subjects in which he excelled, are on the walls of this apartment. In the little cabinet which precedes the queen's bed-chamber the finest sculptured arabesques run over the wood-work; here are Cupids bearing cornucopias overflowing with flowers, cooing doves, smoking tripods, and crossed bows and arrows hanging to ribbons. Bouquets of poppies intermingled with thousands of small flowers, all most delicately rendered, are scattered over the panels of the bed-room; the bed, with its light-blue silk hangings, the chairs and couches *en suite*, and the console tables, looking-glasses, clock, and chandeliers being, it is said, much as they were in the days of Marie Antoinette.

The most elegant façade of the little palace, with its four fluted Corinthian columns and its four flights of steps in the form of an Italian terrace, looks over the French garden, with its flower-beds of geometric shape, and the flowers themselves planted in straight lines. In the centre of this garden, which is bordered by cool green arcades, composed of trees clipped into formal shapes, is a small pavilion, with groups of Cupids surmounting each of its four entrances. This was the summer dining-room alike of Louis XV. and Marie Antoinette. At the end of one of these leafy arcades is the theatre, where the queen and her friends performed both comedies and operas. Sculptured in high relief above the principal entrance is a Cupid grasping a lyre and a crown of laurel, with torches, trumpets, and rolls of music lying at his feet. The interior decorations of the theatre are white and gold; the orchestra, stalls, and fronts of the boxes are covered with blue velvet, the panels being decorated with Cupids, suspending garlands of flowers. On either side of the stage two gilded nymphs gracefully twist themselves into candelabra, and above the curtain two other nymphs support the escutcheon of Marie Antoinette.

At the back and to the right of the little

palace is the queen's production—the English garden, as it is called, laid out with an absence of formality which almost rivals the productions of Nature's self. The waters apparently wind according to their own fancy; the trees and shrubs seem to have been sown at the will of the wind. Nearly a thousand varieties of trees, some among them being most rare, join their shade and mingle the different tints of their leaves, which vary from the brightest and deepest greens to dark purple and cherry red. The flowers appear to have been planted at hazard. The ground rises and falls at its will; paths wind and go out of the way with provoking pertinacity. Stones have been converted into rocks, and small patches of grass made to resemble meadows.

From a hillock in the midst of a thicket of roses, jasmine, and myrtle, rises a belvedere, whence the queen was accustomed to take in a view of the whole of her domain. This octangular pavilion, with its four windows and its four doors, and its eight sphinxes crouching upon the steps, has repeated eight times over in figures upon its skirtings and in emblems over its entrances the allegory of the four seasons, carved perhaps by the cleverest chisel of the century. The interior is paved with coloured marbles, and coloured arabesques run along its walls, with more bows and arrows and quivers, more bouquets and garlands of flowers and musical instruments; together with cameos and cages hanging from ribbons, and little monkeys and squirrels that scratch the sides of a crystal vase or play with the fishes. In the centre of the pavilion a table, from which hang three rings, rests upon three claws of gilt bronze. This is the table at which Marie Antoinette breakfasted, for this belvedere was her morning *salle-à-manger*.

From this spot she could overlook her grotto and group of artificial rocks; the waterfall, and the trembling bridge thrown across the little torrent; the lake, and, under the shade of the shrubs, the embarking and landing-places, with the galley dotted over with *fleurs-de-lis*; the temple of love, open to all the winds, with its statue by Bouchardin of Cupid trying to trim for himself a bow out of the massive club of Hercules; the groves that skirt the river's bank, and, finally, at the most remote part of the garden—the back-ground, so to speak, of the picture—the hamlet where Marie Antoinette had the king disguised as a miller, and his elder brother, the Count de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.), as a school-master. Here are the little houses of the village, nestled together like members of one family. The queen's is the prettiest of them all, for it has vases filled with flowers and grape-vines in front of it. On the opposite

side of the lake, and near to the water's edge, is the white marble dairy, with its four goats' head fountains, and close beside it, and near to a weeping willow planted by the queen's own hand, is the tower of Marlborough, so called from the nursery-song which the young Dauphin's *bonne* used to sing to him. Nothing is wanting to this pretty village of the stage, neither the curé's house nor that of the bailiff, nor the mill with its wheel which actually turns; neither the farm-house, with the stone troughs for the cattle and the little barns to store away the corn, nor the thatched roofs, the wooden balconies, the little diamond pane windows, and the flights of steps at the sides of the cottages. Marie Antoinette and Hubert Robert, the painter, had thought of everything—even of painting rents in the stone-work, cracks in the plaster, with here and there beams and bricks jutting out of place, as though time would not wither sufficiently rapidly this pleasantry of a queen!

The *habits* of Little Trianon—"The Queen's Society," as they were styled—comprised, first, her youngest brother-in-law, the Count d'Artois (the Charles X. of the second French Revolution), who danced with her, hunted with her, acted with her, and entered generally into the spirit of her amusements. Then there was his wife the countess, exceedingly short of stature, with a complexion as fresh as a rose, and a prepossessing, if not a pretty face, yet with a nose which, Marie Antoinette wickedly remarked, had never been finished. At one time, too, there were the Count and Countess de Provence, the latter an elder sister of the Countess d'Artois, and far from good-looking. Louis XVI., in his blunt way, told his brother that his wife was not handsome, to which the Count de Provence quietly replied, "Sire, I find her to my taste, and that, I suppose, is quite sufficient." Then there was the queen's sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth, her true and loving friend until death; and next the Polignacs, foremost among whom was the Countess Jules, the queen's most particular favourite, who was very handsome, had expressive blue eyes, a ravishing mouth, beautiful small teeth, a nose just a trifle *retroussé*, a forehead perhaps a little too high, magnificent brown hair, a skin almost as white as alabaster, low shoulders, and a well-set neck, which seemed to give height to her small figure. A touching sweetness formed the foundation of her physiognomy—looks, features, smiles, everything with her partook almost of the angelic. She had, moreover, wit and grace, and a natural ease and abandonment which were positively charming. Negligence was her coquetry, dishabille her full dress. It has been said of

her that she never looked better than when in a loose morning gown and with a simple rose fixed in her hair. When the queen first took notice of her, she and her husband, with her two young children, were living in a very humble style on a miserable income of 320*l.* a year. A pension of 6000 francs was immediately conferred on her, and ere long she was appointed governess of the royal children, with a salary of 50,000 francs, and her husband named Postmaster-General and Master of the Horse to the Queen, with a salary of 80,000 francs, in addition to which a joint pension of another 80,000 francs was conferred upon them, besides other considerable emoluments, which brought their income almost up to 300,000 francs. The count, who had been raised through the influence of the queen to the dignity of a duke, seems to have been an amiable sort of man, and very generally liked, for he had not allowed his good fortune to spoil him.

His sister, the Countess Diane, one of Madame Elizabeth's ladies of honour, was given, we are told, to gallantry and intrigue; her son, by the Marquis d'Autichamp, entered the service of Russia during the Revolution, and was killed at the battle of Austerlitz. The appearance of the Countess Diane was the very reverse of engaging. She was compared to a brown owl (she was a southern brunette) with all its feathers in disorder, and to a parrot with a crooked beak, and round eyes surrounded by dark circles. Nevertheless, she had only to open her mouth to have face, form, toilette—the little she had received from nature and the little she herself did to render herself pretty—entirely forgotten. It was impossible to know her and not to be prepossessed in her favour. Her arch way of looking at a subject, her piquant turn of thought, which was almost epigrammatic, her sudden changes from gaiety to sadness, from irony to sensibility, her audacity, which nothing could intimidate, her daring and contagious recklessness, made her a general favourite with the society over which she to some extent dominated. A woman like her was invaluable to a Court, over which there already hung a foreboding melancholy, to put life into the conversation, to dissipate dull thoughts, to defy alarm, to prophesy fine weather, and display a perfect disregard for the future.

The young Princess de Lamballe, one of the earliest friends Marie Antoinette made in France, ranked next to the Countess Jules de Polignac in her favour. She was a trifle jealous at having been supplanted by her rival, and rather held aloof from the Trianon *coterie*. Extremely beautiful, and amiable as

she was handsome, and left a widow when she was only eighteen—her husband, son of the old Duke de Penthièvre, having fallen a victim to early debauchery—a peculiar interest attached to her. A native of the sunny south, she, nevertheless, possessed all the northern graces. The sweet serenity of her countenance was its great charm; there was tranquillity even in the flash of her eye. On her beautiful forehead, shaded by her long fair hair, not a cloud, not a trace existed of the early grief she had been called upon to suffer. Her mind had all the serene beauty of her face. She was gentle, affectionate, full of caresses, always just, always ready to make sacrifices, devoted even in trifles, and disinterested above everything. Who has not felt pity for her subsequent unhappy fate?

No one occupied a more prominent position in the queen's society at Little Trianon than the Baron de Besenval, a handsome-looking man, past the middle age of life, tall and well proportioned, with sharply defined profile, and large, well-formed nose; quick, intelligent eye, and small mouth, curled up in a mocking and disdainful pout. Of cultivated tastes, full of insolent grace, perfectly content with himself, and ever ready to laugh at others, pleasure was the sole pursuit of his life, until the death of Louis XV. brought him into closer contact with the Count d'Artois, colonel-general of the Swiss Guards, in which corps Besenval, himself a Swiss, held a command. Of the count he made a friend, got presented through his influence to the queen, whose confidence he secured, and whom he almost directed; was appointed lieutenant-general of the army, grand cross, commander of St. Louis, and inspector-general of the Swiss guards, without seeming at all astonished at his good fortune. In the hour of danger, however, he was found singularly wanting, and it was soon evident that he was not the man to save the monarchy or stem the tide of revolution. His conduct while in command of the army of Paris has been very generally and deservedly condemned.

M. de Vandreuil was another prominent member of the Trianon set, who, entering early in life the highest and most exclusive society of Versailles, had come to the conclusion that human nature as it was to be found in Courts, was neither so very beautiful nor so very great as was commonly represented. Intellect charmed him, and above all, that intellect which sparkled with wit. He was the friend of all clever men, spoke but rarely himself, but would lie in wait behind the hubbub of the talkers, and suddenly discharge his arrow right at the mark. What made him a favourite with the queen was the fact of his

being the best private actor of his day. When young, he had been remarkably handsome; but the small-pox had destroyed his good looks. Suffering from disease of the lungs, and subject to nervous twitchings of the body and to frequent fits of depression, he had all the immunities of a sick person accorded him. The good nature of the Duchess de Polignac, and the indulgence of his friends caused them to tolerate his caprices and whims. His disposition changed daily, according to his bodily ailments; still, he was not without certain vigorous virtues, for he was noble, generous, frank and loyal, and a devoted and constant friend.

Next on the list of the queen's favourites comes the Count d'Adhemar, whose musical skill and admirable voice had procured him the applause of the master of the king's music. He wrote verses and songs, acted well, and accompanied himself on the harpsicord. His was but a little mind; nevertheless, under a guise of modesty and humility, he nourished grand schemes of ambition, and eventually succeeded in securing for himself the English embassy. His complaisance was proverbial, he courted every one, offended no one, made innocent jokes in an undertone of voice, and never lost his temper. It will be understood what manner of man he was, when we remark that the women spoke to him when they had nothing to say, the men when they had nothing to do.

The remaining *habitués* of Little Trianon were the three Coignys, the Duke de Coigny, the queen's most constant friend, whom the Trianon set intrigued to make her lover; the Count de Coigny, a big, good-tempered man, and the Chevalier de Coigny, an agreeable flatterer, whom all the women strove to secure to themselves, and who was a favourite wherever he went; the Duke de Guisnes, the Versailles Journal, as he was styled, who knew and repeated all the scandal of the Court, ridiculed everybody, and was consequently disliked by everybody, was an excellent musician, and prided himself immensely on having played the flute with the great Frederick; the Prince d'Henin, a philosopher at Court like a fish out of water; the Bailli du Crussol, who made jokes with the most serious air; the Count de Polastron, who played upon the violin in a most ravishing style, and his pale and languishing wife, the amiable goddess of melancholy, as she was called; the Count and Countess de Châlons; the Count and Countess d'Andlau; the sensible, witty and good-natured Madame de Coigny; the Duke de Guiche, captain of the King's guards, and his young and lovely wife, daughter of the Duchess Jules de Polignac.

Besides the foregoing, there were a few distinguished foreigners such as Prince Esterhazy, the Prince de Ligne, the Count de Fersen, a



Belvedere, in the Garden.

prominent member of the Swedish aristocracy, who was styled by the women the "*beau Fersen*," and who in subsequent years drove the berline in which the royal family sought to escape from France, and eventually lost his life in an *émeute* at Stockholm in the year 1810; and the baron de Stedingk, the intimate friend of Fersen, and a great favourite with Marie Antoinette, who said to him on parting with him in 1787, "Remember, M. de Stedingk, that under no circumstances can any harm happen to you," implying that her influence which she believed to be paramount would be exercised for his protection in whatever quarter of the world he might chance to be, and little dreaming that in a very few years there would not be in all France another woman so powerless as she.

Marie Antoinette put aside all regal authority at Trianon. Here she was no longer queen, but merely mistress of the establishment, which was like an ordinary country house, with its small retinue of servants, and all its unrestrained habits. When the queen entered the *salon* the ladies quitted neither the piano nor their embroidery frames, nor the men their game at billiards or backgammon. The king would come to Trianon on foot and unattended. The queen's guests arrived at two o'clock to dinner, and returned to Versailles at midnight. Marie Antoinette's occu-

pations were exclusively those of a country life. Attired in a white muslin dress, in a lace shawl, and a straw hat, she would run about the garden, or visit her farm, where she would take her guests to drink her milk and eat her new laid eggs. Or she would conduct the king to a summer-house where he could read his book undisturbed until she summoned him to a lunch on the grass; after which she would amuse herself by watching the milking of her cows, or with fishing on the lake; or seated on a rustic seat, would occupy herself by winding up the distaff of some young villager.

Private theatricals were in great favour at Trianon, and the Queen's *troupe* comprised the Count d'Artois, M. de Vaudreuil, M. d'Adhemar, the Duke and Duchesse de Guiche, the Countess Diane de Polignac, and M. de Crussol. The Count de Provence and his wife considered these diversions beneath their rank, and the king, moreover, disapproved of them. On one occasion when the "*Devin du Village*" was being played, and the queen was singing an air with more than her accustomed taste, all at once a whistle was heard from the back of one of the boxes. Marie Antoinette soon perceived that it was from the king himself this interruption proceeded. Advancing to the footlights, she bowed profoundly and said, with a smile, "Sir, if you are dissatisfied with the performers, you can leave, and your money will be returned to you." She then resumed her song, which she was permitted to finish without further interruption.

H. V.

"THE DEATH-WIND."

I.

A WHITEWASH'D attic, a truckle bed—
Only the rafters over-head;
All night long held the strong wind sway—
The wind that comes to fetch souls away!

II.

A wasted form and a hectic cheek—
Parch'd lips, never again to speak;
All night long, held the strong wind sway—
The wind that comes to fetch souls away!

III.

Clammy forehead and glazing eye,
Ice-cold limbs and a shivering sigh;
All night long, held the strong wind sway—
The wind that comes to fetch souls away!

IV.

The struggle's over! once more the blast
Came sweeping by as the Spirit passed;
A stormy night—at the dawn of day
The wind's loud sobbing had died away!

EVYLYN FOREST.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XLVII. FROM JOYCE DORMER'S
DIARY.

HAVE had a great deal of time to myself since Mr. Chester has been here, and have spent it, as usual, in the little porch-room. I have leisure now, after the strange, wild tumult in which the last few weeks have been lived through, to sit down quietly, and take a retrospective view of affairs, and to determine what shall be my future. Aunt Lotty says I must stay with her, and we must live out our quiet Dormer lives together.

After a storm comes a calm. So says the proverb, and so nature teaches us; and truly there has come a lull to this

house after the late exciting events and troublous experiences through which we have passed. Some call life a lottery, and speak of Fortune's wheel turning up blanks for some, and prizes for others. It may be a good simile, but I have ever preferred likening life to a game at backgammon, the board being placed before one, and free-will and destiny together working out the problem of success.

Skill is our own, to wield as best we may; but throws are for us or against us, as the case may be, and skill will not entirely overcome them. And so it seems to me that in life, our power, our genius, call it what we will, commands our destinies to a certain extent; yet ever against this power or genius, time, chance, and circumstance over which we have no control, are being shaken in the dice-box, and we cannot calculate what they may turn out. Perhaps, somewhat like the immortal Vicar, we find, if we only want a "quatre," that we "throw a deuce-ace five times running."

I have always felt, when any matter has been brought to a conclusion, that I have made a point in my table, and that there it would remain, waiting the end of the game to be thrown off.

Many points have been made during the last few weeks. The dice have determined them without much effort on my own part; and now I sit dreamily, with an imaginary dice-box in my hand, wondering what throw

will come out next. Four and two is the ordinary Dormer luck.

So I sit, half thinking over the late throws, and half calculating the future, trying to bring both together, and so to equalise and realise them. For I feel that I have made a step forward, and am fast advancing towards the Age of Faith.

I have seen the past slip away, and become as a dream—as a beautiful story that, once told, lives for ever in the memory, and has its influence, inasmuch as it cannot be forgotten. One smiles as one looks back upon the strange jumble that makes the antecedent of many a quiet life, such as I know mine is destined to be; for what can be more natural and Dormer-like than that Aunt Lotty and I should live in peace and prosperity all our days at Green Oake? Just like the ending of a little moral story-book.

Yes, reality is coming upon me, and the Age of Faith, for which I am not wholly unprepared, despite Aunt Letheby's railings against my father for allowing me to cram "heaps upon heaps of rubbish," as she termed it, into my brain.

Oh! those heaps upon heaps, how thankful I am for them now! I don't believe in keeping children from feeding amongst such rare pasturage as I fed in. They gain in those tender years what can never be gained afterwards—a living, loving faith in literature; they realise it without understanding it; they figuratively clasp the author's hand in theirs, firmly believing every word he tells them, and that his characters are real and not mythical. "Founded on fact" is a phrase they utterly ignore. Fact, and nothing but fact, is their belief. Then, again, children never think of authors as dead; they are ever alive to them, speaking to them through their own stories. I never thought of Goldsmith as dead. I believed the odd, kindly genius to be still wandering about, and able to give the latest information of the Primrose family, with whom I was on intimate terms, feeling as though I had been present at the green spectacle bargain, and had munched gingerbread with the "chubby rogues" on Mr. Burchell's knees. And secretly in my heart I was always sorry that Olivia had not married the baronet, though I have since come to see that Goldsmith managed it better than I should

have done. Shakspeare and his friends—Swift with Stella and Vanessa—Cowper in his scarlet mantle being drawn to school, were still in a certain sense living presences. And moving in the same orbit shone out Gil Blas, in his doublet and short cloak and rapier, and all the donnas of the story, and Scipio, Diego, the old negro, the robbers, and the alguazils took their places as actual living beings. And from Gil Blas, and the robbers' cave, and the ruby of the Philippine islands, it was easy to journey back to older times (though they were no older to me, for I had but one cycle, and peopled it indiscriminately); and then I saw by moonlight the fair Alhambra palace, made ever more real in that I had touched a carved morsel of it that had been sent from Spain. And then Moors, Spaniards, and Isabella faded away, and left me deep in the "Arabian Nights." And then I wept over the story of La Roche, or found myself at the theatre with Evelina and her vulgar relatives, and saw the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, Congreve, Colman, Otway, Cibber, and a host of others played out before me. Buonaparte was one of my heroes then, and I held Corporal Trim in no light estimation.

All these and many others of a like character filled their niches in my Wonder Age, and stepping down, performed many a masque for my edification. Such masques as only such a childhood can conjure up. Such pictures as such a childhood only can look back upon, for older hands would fail in harmonising the motley colours. Gorgeous in all their brilliant tints, rich in the fairest lights and darkest shades; storm, sunshine, green pastures and peaceful rivers all blent in one wonderful landscape that is of earth and yet has lost its earthliness. Or it all comes before me now like some prize essay from the pen of an admirable Crichton, taking in the genius of the writers of the past, and weaving strength, beauty, humour, pathos, into one splendid poem that is for ever sounding in my ears.

Yes, I feel its influence upon my life, my thoughts, my feelings, that no after study would ever give me. True, I may half forget it, but there will be the lingering music ready to start into life if one should touch the right chord. Then long unthought of harmonies will sweep across my heart, and I shall drink of a cup refilled with nectar from the vintage of the Wonder Age.

But why am I thinking of all this to-day? What makes me look back, stretching out my hands to the past? Is it that I would dream one more dream of romance ere I settle down quietly to the life that I see before me?

The spring is almost here, and it will steal on quietly and swiftly to throw itself into the

arms of summer, and when the summer comes, Doris will go. She and Mr. Chester are to be married then, and go to Italy, and my story will be over, and I scarcely think I shall have the heart to begin another.

I am sorry for Mr. Lynn; the link that bound him to his first wife is severed by this late counter revelation.

It was a terrible shock to him to find that Doris was not his child, I could perceive that, though he strove to conceal how deeply he felt Mr. Carmichael's cruel deception. I had broken it to him as gently as I could.

"Mr. Lynn," I said, "I have come to speak to you upon a sorrowful matter, something connected with the death of Mr. Carmichael."

"If there is anything in which I can be of use to you or to your aunt, pray let me know," he answered, his thoughts taking a direction quite away from himself.

"There is nothing, Mr. Lynn; though there is a request, a favour I shall beg of you when I have told you what I have to say."

I paused, and he waited for me to begin; but it required some courage, and mine was beginning to ooze away. My heart was beating so fast that I could almost hear it, and my lips trembled so that it seemed to me I should not be able to pronounce a single word distinctly enough to be understood.

At length I spoke.

"There was something upon Mr. Carmichael's mind when he died—something that he wished to tell you of, if he had had the power—something for which he would have asked your forgiveness, but it was too late."

"Yes."

"I know now what that something was, that weighed so heavily upon him in his dying moments."

Mr. Lynn was silent, he waited for me to continue.

And then I began to be a coward. How could I tell him what I knew, and dash away the cup of comfort from his lips?

And still he waited. Then I debated in my own mind how to break the disappointing intelligence to him. And the longer I waited, the more cowardly I became. I had no diplomatic skill to break the tidings skilfully; I could not lead him step by step up a ladder of suspense, stabbing his heart at every forward motion, a cruel, lingering way of telling a hard truth that has to be known; for the heart knows that there is more to learn, and waits in mute agony for the final blow. No, anything is better than suspense. Better to learn one's misery at once, better at once to feel the sore sharp wound than to watch in sickening apprehension the sharpening of the knife that is to make it.

I don't think I thought all this at the time, but somehow it came into my heart how I should like to be dealt with myself in such a case, and acting on the impulse of the moment I said,—

"Mr. Carmichael has deceived you; Doris is not the daughter of his sister."

Mr. Lynn looked at me as though he did not comprehend what I was saying.

"Doris," I went on, "is the daughter of the French lady who died at sea. Your own child was the one who perished."

Still Mr. Lynn made no answer, but looked at me.

"Your little child died sleeping on its mother's breast, her arms were round it; her lips kissed it to its wakeless rest. It never knew care nor sorrow. Oh! do not grieve over it, Mr. Lynn."

I was half crying myself. Why did Mr. Chester ask me to do this?

At last Mr. Lynn spoke.

"Thank you, Miss Dormer, for taking this errand upon yourself. From no one could the words have come with less pain."

And then I fairly sobbed, and perhaps that was the best thing I could do, for it roused Mr. Lynn and gave another turn to his thoughts.

"You said you had a request to make; what is it?"

I had forgotten it, but now it darted into my mind.

"Poor Aunt Lotty," said I, "she does not know how her husband has sinned. She has always been deceived in him."

Would Mr. Lynn understand me? Yes, he understood me, and he answered,—

"Your aunt shall never know the truth from me."

I placed Doris's packet in his hands, and then I went away.

As I went I mused how sorrow seems to come to some and not to others. How some lives seem blighted at every turn, whilst others are so brimful of happiness.

They say that if we take one life with another, that we shall find happiness and misery pretty equally divided throughout the world. But this is a proposition the truth of which I have not perhaps fairly investigated, and so I will not decidedly pronounce upon it; still I may remark that at present I do not believe in it. Perhaps I may think differently when I am safely moored in the Age of Faith, for then I may see with other eyes, but at present my eyesight fails me; it may be a mental near-sightedness that will wear off and leave me with clearer vision as time wears on.

Just as I reached the hall-door, Archie and Ernie ran after me. They wanted to know

where Doris was, and when she was coming to see them. And as I looked upon their bright, happy faces, I prophesied a fair future for Mr. Lynn in spite of his present sorrow. Yet what a pity it is that Doris is not their sister, and cannot take care of them. Still that would have been only for a time, for in the summer Doris would leave them. Yes, in the summer Doris and Mr. Chester will have gone, and perhaps I may never see them again. They are neither kith nor kin to any of us at Craythorpe, but have been drifted into the current and floated along with us for a time; but our way is not their way, and soon they will sail away.

And the last page of my book will record the marriage of my hero and heroine; my romance will be brought to a close; my dream will be ended; and I, Joyce Dormer, shall awake to matter-of-fact life once more, such as I used to lead at Credlington.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

"For thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

And having written this down, I pause to collect my ideas. I thought it would be so easy to write down everything just as it happened; but now it seems to me that all is confusion, and I know not where or how to begin. My hand trembles so that I can scarcely hold my pen, and the letters run into one another and are misshapen. How foolish I am! Is happiness so much harder to bear than sorrow? Sometimes I think it is; for sorrow is a stern disciplinarian, and teaches one to obey orders. Sorrow keeps one in file, and so one marches on and on with the same monotonous tread, never breaking the ranks.

But happiness is an easy, careless general, who gives no strict commands, and makes life light service to us; yet perhaps not quite so safe, as we are more off our guard when we need to be keeping a watchful look-out. Not that I have had much sorrow, but somehow there has been a weight upon me these last few months. I was trying to get rid of it, and I should have done so in time, but now that it is suddenly lifted off without any effort of my own, I feel as if I had not been brave enough—as if I ought to have dashed the weight to the ground long ago by my own strength. Perhaps, however, I cannot realise how great a weight it was, now that my happiness has cast it away. I feel now as if I had been crushed down too much by it, and that it took too firm a hold upon me. And so I have sunk in my own estimation, and see that I, Joyce Dormer, am a poor weak character, not fitted to battle with the world. And yet I

did my best,—my best! Ah, that is the mortification, to think that my best was no better.

How surprised Aunt Lotty will be when she knows what has happened; but she cannot be more surprised than I was when Mr. Chester told me.

And now I think the clouds are clearing away from my mental vision, and I can note down with more precision events as they happened.

Doris and Mr. Chester were in Mr. Carmichael's study. Not that I knew they were there, or I should not have gone in. I thought they had walked over to Lynncourt again; for Mr. Lynn seems able to talk to Doris about his first wife more freely than before this last revelation came to our knowledge. They have both received a shock through it, and can, perhaps, the better sympathise on that account.

I wanted a book, so I went in, and there I found Doris and Mr. Chester.

"Oh, Joyce!" said Doris, "you are the very person we were talking about. Gabriel wants to speak to you about something."

Mr. Chester looked very much confused, and I could see that he was not altogether pleased with Doris's speech, neither was I; but no one can guard against Doris's odd speeches, and I am beginning to get accustomed to them. Therefore I answered,—

"Some other time will do for that, Doris. I want a book now."

For I could see that Mr. Chester was annoyed. But Doris only laughed, and said that there was no time like the present; "and as it is half about myself, Joyce, I have a right to command Gabriel to tell you when I please."

And before I could make any reply she had darted out of the room, and left me standing by the bookshelves, and Mr. Chester opposite to me.

I think we both felt very uncomfortable, still I determined not to show it; so I sat down and said very quietly,—

"I am ready to hear anything you wish to say about Doris."

Mr. Chester did not seem as if he had anything particular to say, or at any rate as if he particularly wished to say it; for he made no answer, and evidently did not know how to begin the subject.

I tried to think what it could possibly be, in order to help him, and then it flashed upon me that it must be something about the wedding; so I said, "I think it is about your marriage, Mr. Chester; perhaps you would wish it to take place sooner than you think Aunt Lotty would like after her husband's

death. But, I am sure, in this case, Aunt Lotty will make no objection to anything you proposed. I think I can undertake any negotiation with her that you and Doris may wish. Please let me know if there is anything in which I can be of use."

I think my long speech had a beneficial effect, for Mr. Chester appeared to be more at his ease, and yet there was something so serious in his look that I could not understand it.

"No, Miss Dormer, it was nothing of the kind," he replied; "I am not going to marry Doris; she has broken off the engagement. She does not care for me."

"Not care for you?" I exclaimed, starting up; "not care for you, Mr. Chester? Surely you are mistaken."

"No," he answered, calmly; "there is no mistake; she does not care for me, and our engagement is at an end."

"Oh, Mr. Chester, I am so sorry; I am so grieved for you!"—He looked at me earnestly as I said this—"Oh, cannot I help you?—it is not true?"

"It is quite true; she does not care for me."

He spoke very slowly, and I was surprised even in the midst of my other surprise, to hear him speak so calmly, almost—it seemed to me, so indifferently of the matter.

"Cannot I help you?" I asked again; "can I not persuade Doris?" Here I stopped, for I did not quite know what there was for me to persuade Doris to do.

"No," he replied; "nothing can be done. Doris and I have agreed that we do not like one another well enough to marry, therefore nothing can be done."

I was almost too much astonished to speak, but I managed to say, "No," in a very faint and perplexed voice; then I added, "I suppose Doris did not like to tell me this herself?"

"I do not know; but though I had intended to have left it to her to tell, I am not sorry that she has left it to me."

I looked up at him in surprise.

"Miss Dormer," he went on, "I cannot say I made a mistake; for when I asked Doris to marry me, I knew that I liked some one else."

"That was wrong," I said, gravely, almost indignantly; for it seemed to me then that I comprehended how it was, and I knew what Doris's spirit was, and that she would at once give up Mr. Chester when she found out the state of the case.

"How could you do it?" said I; "poor Doris!"

Mr. Chester saw what turn my thoughts had taken.

"No," he said; "I am not to blame in the way you suppose. Doris never cared about me. She told me as much in the first instance; but we were both in doubt and difficulty and in some trouble, and so we trusted to getting out of it by taking a false step, thinking it to be a very safe and eligible one."

I was more puzzled than ever.

"Surely, Mr. Chester, that was not the way to overcome any trouble. The best way is to face it and look at it steadily until one can bear to have it gaze steadily back again (that is, after the first shock is over, for perhaps one can't quite do that at first), for trouble has to be borne in this world."

I had had a little experience of my own, so I felt that I could moralise with good effect. And so I spoke rather energetically, for I could not quite get out of my head that Doris somehow required compassionating. However, Mr. Chester replied,—

"You see Doris and I had not had time to get over the first shock. We were both harassed, and vexed and grieved; but when we came to consider everything, we saw that we had made a mistake, and so Doris——"

"Then it was Doris who found out——"

"Yes, Miss Dormer; it was Doris who found out that there was some one I liked better than herself. Doris found out my hopeless love when she was reading her story in the fire that evening, if you remember."

I did remember; and then, for the first time I also remembered that on that night I had felt the strange feeling of treachery to Doris, and then—no, I could not believe it—it was too incredible; and yet—— For Mr. Chester was standing close beside me, and he asked me, "Miss Dormer, have you no idea who that other person is?"

Then I knew it all in a moment, but I did not answer; and I suppose he knew that I knew it, for he asked again,—

"Joyce, do you not know?"

Then I said, "Yes;" for what else could I say but the truth? I did not speak very loud; indeed, it was quite a whisper, but Mr. Chester heard it and was satisfied.

And then—but I cannot tell exactly all that was said, so perhaps I had better not write it down as I like to be quite truthful in my narrations. I may, however, say that Mr. Chester made me fully understand all about his engagement to Doris, and that she desires with her whole heart that I should be his wife. And so this present marvel has come to pass; "the morrow" has brought forth that which I expected not; another river than that flowing through Dormer-land has rolled its waters at my feet; roses, such as grew not in Dormer-gardens, have bloomed forth suddenly

within my grasp; and as I close my diary for to-night, I note down in wonder at my happiness, that Doris will have her wish gratified.

CHAPTER XLIX. JOYCE DORMER'S LAST ENTRY.

WAVE follows wave in the tide of time with ceaseless flow; on, on, to the ocean of eternity. No end to that which hath no beginning; the ages back are as countless as the ages that are to come, and man comprehends it not.

How quickly time flies! I can scarcely realise that nearly six months have slipped away since Mr. Carmichael's death.

Yet so it is. The snowdrops peeped up in January to whisper that Proserpine was already beginning to weary of the darksome regions of Orcus; then the gold and purple crocuses crept forth to tell the same story, and soon the violets breathed forth the rumour they had heard underground of how Proserpine was fastening on her silver sandals, and that Pluto was grieving that he must part with his wife. But Ceres was getting impatient; so were the flowers; they had heard so much of the broad sun and the blue heavens, that they longed to wake up and look at them, but they could not open their eyes until Proserpine had come. Then suddenly upon a moonlight night she slipped through her prison gates and reached the wide free earth. And the forest boughs bent, and a deep murmur went through the woods to tell of her approach, and the waves lingered on the shore to sing a sweet song, whose burden was, "Hail, Proserpine!" And when the morning broke, the breezes wafted the news far and near, and the sun chased all the clouds away and sat on a throne of pure sapphire, so that the flowers awoke to find the skies bluer than they had dreamed of, and they worshipped silver-footed Proserpine as she passed by, and prayed that her reign might be long.

Fairer and fairer grew the flowers to welcome her, and now her reign has reached its summit of glory, and it is summer in the land.

Ah, why need I go back to old myths to describe how spring and summer stole over the earth and loaded it with bud and blossom?

Joyce Dormer, thou wert ever a dreamer; thou wert ever wont to look back with longing eyes into that beautiful past, more beautiful now, inasmuch as time hath spread a veil of magic tissue between it and thee.

As I write I am looking from the little porch window upon the same peaceful landscape that met my tearful eyes scarcely a year ago. But it is even more beautiful now, for the shadow of decay has not yet fallen upon it. Trees, pasture-lands are in their richest

garments, and my heart drinks in the beauty of the scene, and is refreshed and comforted as it was before.

O mother earth, how very fair thou art! how tender, how compassionate to thy children! How dost thou mutely appeal to them, suggesting thoughts of higher, holier, happier things than it is in the lot of most of us to grasp.

Well may the poor city toiler be tempted at sight of thee to fall down and worship, saying, "I have found heaven;" for peace comes with the sight of so much beauty—it is as if a voice were speaking to us:—

"'The earth is mine and the fulness thereof;' have I not made it for thee, O man? have I not given it unto thee? have I not cared for thee?"

Yes, I was comforted as in that time before, when my heart was sad and bitter, and well nigh rebelled against the cup I had to drink, and which I would fain have flung away. But better resolves came, and as I bent my lips to taste the bitter waters, behold they have turned sweet.

How short a time since I came here; and yet how much has passed! I seem to have lived through another lifetime, and to have gained the wisdom of a lifetime in the last few months. I came here a child as regards the world, fresh from my quiet home and book-worm dreams; but I leave Green Oake a woman. Yes, I leave Green Oake to-morrow, and it will be my home no longer.

To-morrow will be my wedding-day, and Doris is to be my only bridesmaid. And I thought all through my story that I should have been hers. But she tells me now that that could never have been. Furthermore, she declares that I'm not half so good a story maker as she is, for my stories are not so true to life.

Perhaps I differ from her, still I only answer,—

"But how could I look forward to such an ending?"

"That is precisely where it is," says Doris, "your imagination failed you at the most critical point. You are not fit to weave romances, Joyce."

And maybe she is right.

Doris is going to remain with Aunt Lotty, and seems quite happy in the thought of it. Aunt Lotty has been drawn towards her more than ever since she read that passage in the poor wife's story.

"Doris," she said, "she who was a mother to you had faith in me. Stay with me, and be my child, as you were hers."

And poor little Doris, throwing her arms round Aunt Lotty's neck, replied—

"I am a waif thrown on the kindness of strangers. I have nowhere else to go."

But that is not the reason that she stays, and Aunt Lotty knows it.

Doris is now known by her rightful name at Craythorpe. She is no longer Miss Carmichael, but Doris de Ligny, the adopted child of Mr. Carmichael's sister, and daughter of the widowed French lady who perished at sea.

Aunt Lotty holds Mr. Chester in as high estimation as ever, and I know it will be a life-long problem to her, which she will never solve, how it could possibly happen that Doris did not care for him.

Perhaps it may be a difficulty to me, also; but that is a fact I only note down in my diary.

Mr. Chester asked me the other day if he had yet found a place in my story. I did not answer him, but Doris answered for me.

"You have been the hero all throughout, Gabriel, but no one found it out but myself. You see I had more penetration than you, despite your superior wisdom."

And Mr. Chester laughed, and Aunt Lotty brought out her staple quotation—

"'The course of true love never did run smooth;' and I think yours is sure to be a happy marriage, Joyce, because there has been a mistake about it."

Which paradoxical argument appeared to be perfectly simple and satisfactory to Aunt Lotty; and as we all understood it, no one offered any objection.

Uncle Dormer is here. He and Mr. Lynn are the only guests to-morrow, for Aunt Lotty wishes the wedding to be as quiet as possible. So do I. Six bridesmaids, in tulle veils and wonderful dresses, would make me no happier; nor would they stand in the place of my dear Doris in her simple attire.

Aunt Letheby, as my father's eldest sister, was invited, but declines coming. She has her own views upon weddings, and does not think it fitting that a Dormer should be ushered into matrimonial life with so little pomp as will attend my wedding. But here is her own letter upon the subject:—

"MY DEAR JOYCE,—I can scarcely convey to you the feeling of extreme pain that it gives me to be compelled, from conscientious motives, to decline being present at your wedding.

"A wedding, like a funeral, is an important ceremony, though, unlike a funeral, it may happen more than once in a life-time. (Perhaps I am hardly correct in saying that a funeral happens in a *life-time*. If Dr. Letheby were at hand, he could inform me upon the

point; but he is not, and the post will be going almost immediately, therefore the remark must pass.) A wedding, however, being an important event, it should, in my estimation, be marked by that outward show which is seemly, and which betokens a regard to the recognised opinions of others.

"Constituted as society is at the present epoch, we owe it to ourselves and to the world in general not to have fewer than six bridesmaids in tulle veils, the bride to have a lace one (Honiton, Brussels, Nottingham, Irish, &c., as may be most convenient), a proper number of carriages, and a handsome wedding breakfast, with appropriate speeches.

"These requisites are within the reach of any one marrying from such a house as Green Oake, and I cannot sufficiently blame your Aunt Lotty for dispensing with them. True, she may hold it as an excuse that the late death of Mr. Carmichael would render these judicious pomps and vanities out of place. Therefore the marriage ought to have been deferred. I regard the hurried manner in which the matter is being brought to a conclusion as little better than an elopement. Possibly, my dear, from the amount of trash you have read in bygone days—(though I sincerely trust that such may not be the case)—you are imbued with the sentiments of *Miss Lydia Languish*, who is so justly held up to reprehension in the play by that excellent person her aunt. (N.B. If ever that play is performed I should like you to see it.) Still, this is an idea I would not willingly entertain of you. And, notwithstanding that upon principle I must decline attending your wedding, I wish you much happiness, and as a tangible expression of my affection I beg your acceptance of a packet that your uncle Dormer will deliver to you from your much-attached aunt,

SOPHIA LETHEBY."

Ah, well, we all have our peculiarities, and Aunt Letheby is a most excellent woman, in spite of her *Dormerism*.

But the shadows of evening are falling across the landscape, and I have been sitting here so long that Aunt Lotty will wonder what has become of me.

I must close my diary.

Wait! One more look back into the past ere I shut the clasp upon Joyce Dormer's last entry.

I close my eyes, and, lo! the pageant of the past rises confusedly before me. A little child beside a shining river points to a tiny boat, and beckons me to enter it, and float with her along the flower-crowned waters. And then she fades away, and I see a slender figure fleeing through a snow-storm. And

then a funeral sweeps across my vision. And all the while a medley of sights and sounds hovers around me, glimpses of light, and blotches of sorrow-spots, and nothing clear. Then I hear the low pealing thunder and the roar of heavy breakers, and through the blackness and the tumult can descry a stately vessel beating amidst the raging billows. Then comes a wail of despair, a shriek of agony. And then the storm is hushed, and, kneeling on her knees, I see a woman pray, and rise up patient and enduring. Oh! never will her story cease from my heart, but, like a dirge, sound ever mournfully therein, yet sweet and clear, for the strain floats upward to heaven, a long life-prayer that the angel Sandalphon weaves into his fairest garland.

The clouds dispel, the darkness flees away, and athwart the clear grey sky a rainbow of loveliest hues is thrown, and in its glowing colours I read one word—"Hope!"

And bluer grow the heavens, and in their midst a star is shining—a star so bright that the sun's light dims it not.

Shine on, O Star of Faith! shine on for ever through my life—through grief, through joy; in time of adversity, in time of wealth; through dark night-watches, and through fair bright days, until thou lightest me into the sure haven wherein I may find "the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved, and wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him."

I close my diary. Another epoch in my life is over, and with the morrow another epoch will begin.

The tale that I began half in my dreams to weave is told—"Joyce Dormer's Story" is ended.

(Concluded.)

HAUNTS OF HARMONY.

In Two Parts.

PART I.

MUSIC-HALLS are a development of the "Free-and-Easy," which no doubt claimed lineal descent from the "Mug-house Club," described by De Foe in his "Journey through England." Every Wednesday and Saturday a mixture of gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen met in a great room in Long Acre, where they drank "nothing but ale," each gentleman having his separate mug, which he chalked on the table as it was brought in. A harp played continuously at one end of the room, and from time to time some member of the company would rise and entertain the rest with a song. The guests were seldom less than a hundred in number, and order was maintained by "a grave old gentleman in his own grey hairs," and within a few months of ninety years old.

The "Free-and-Easy" is now going out of fashion, but specimens still exist near Sadler's Wells Theatre, in Swallow Street, Piccadilly, and in the Waterloo Road. Of these, the first named is supported by the Jewellers' Society, and meetings are convened every Saturday evening. On entering, a visitor is expected to deposit a penny in the plate at the door, and the money thus collected serves to provide an annual dinner for the aged inmates of the Jewellers' Almshouses. The day before Christmas' eve the old people call at the room where the meetings are held and receive their money. The regular supporters of the institution are allowed to be present and watch the proceedings.

The weekly re-unions take place in an upper room, furnished with one or two mirrors and a good many gaslights. The tables and benches are ranged on each side of a slip of oil-cloth which extends up the centre of the apartment, and connects the chairs of the president and his colleague. A couple of fireplaces diffuse the requisite degree of warmth; and the piano, near which the vocalists stand, occupies a vacant space between two windows and facing the door by which the visitor enters.

The performers are mostly amateurs. A young gentleman volunteers a song or a recitation; he commences an entirely new and original version of the "Death of Nelson," and breaks down in the middle of the second stanza. He coughs. "Extremely sorry, gentlemen, but—" "Try back, try back," cries the audience, encouragingly, and the vocalist is nerved to fresh efforts by wholly undeserved applause. He bows his thanks, makes a passing and mysterious allusion to the weather, and suggests the propriety of attempting a fresh piece. His arguments prevail, and everything goes like clockwork till the end of the last verse but one, when there occurs another *fiasco*. An energetic old gentleman twists his shoulders to and fro in the most alarming manner, and exclaims, with increasing emphasis, "Try back, try back, *try back!*" The young musician, thus adjured, commences a third piece, and ends it amidst tumultuous applause. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that his repeated failures were not so much the result of accident as of a deep-laid design. He loves the sound of his own voice, and not content with one song, aims at displaying his versatility in several.

We remember an elderly gentleman of begrimed appearance who flourished at the harmonic meetings in question, and whose pleasure it was to favour the company with recitations from the "Man of the World," delivered with a most undeniable Scotch

accent. Popularly regarded as a cobbler, he was much more remarkable for the peculiarly sombre tint of his shirt-sleeves than the extraordinary talent with which he read selections from "Pickwick" and "Little Dombey."

A pianist at a "Free-and-Easy" is expected not only to perform instrumental solos, but to "vamp," or extemporise an accompaniment for the various performers.

The chairman is elected week by week, and distributes cards among his friends, who rally to his support, and form a clique ready to applaud every effort, good, bad, or indifferent.

Sometimes a professional gentleman will volunteer a song, and his efforts are sure to yield unbounded satisfaction.

In conclusion, we may add that there is not much in the way of eating done at the "Free-and-Easy" here alluded to, but there is a fair quantity of drink consumed, and it is worthy of remark that the audience is wholly composed of the male sex.

There is a harmonic meeting held "every evening throughout the week" in a first-floor room at a tavern in Swallow Street, Piccadilly. The audience is mainly composed of gentlemen's servants and low betting-men. Intruders are apt to meet with rudeness, and a prolonged sojourn on the premises may entail consequences the reverse of agreeable. The performances are more remarkable for coarseness than for humour, and the "powerful company" described in the programme as "including the first talent of the day" is made up of fifth-rate professionals, in receipt of insignificant salaries, or aspiring amateurs, who "give their services for the sake of practice." The accompaniments are rendered upon a piano and violin, and when the vocalists have concluded their entertainment they deign to mingle with the audience and refresh themselves at the expense of their admirers.

There are "Free-and-Easies" in country towns, at which young ladies who can play the piano and have a tolerable voice command extravagant salaries, ranging from a pound to thirty shillings a week. In some instances they are provided with board and lodging in their employer's house, in which case the food is seldom too abundant, and the single apartment, without being overcrowded with furniture, may be airily situated on a third-floor back. The duty of ladies in the position described is to be present in the hall during the entertainment, to perform solos on the piano, sing songs, and accompany the amateur vocalists, who are generally common workmen, agricultural labourers, and "navvies."

About twenty years ago the list of metropolitan concert-rooms was headed by the "Cyder Cellars" and "Evans's." The en-

tertainties to be found in these places were none of the most select; and whilst the latter has been altered and purged of its iniquities, the former has disappeared altogether. The surviving establishment, half supper-room half music-hall, and one of the lions of London, is situated at the western extremity of the Piazza, Covent Garden. It is subject to peculiar and stringent regulations. Ladies are not admitted except on signifying their names and addresses, and even then they only enjoy the doubtful privilege of watching the proceedings from behind a screen. The whole of the performances are sustained by the male sex, and an efficient choir of men and boys sing glees, madrigals, ballads, and selections from operas. The accompaniments are supplied on the piano and harmonium. The comic element is contributed by Mr. Whatkins—possibly the Herr Pio Whautkini of ordinary music-halls. A celebrity of the establishment was Herr von Joel, famous for his imitations of “de troah, de plackbird, de lark, and de nachtingall.” After years of service he retired from the platform, but his name was retained on the salary list, and he employed himself in handing round cigars for the benefit of the visitors.

The new hall, one of the most elaborately ornamented in London, was erected under the auspices of Mr. Green, the present proprietor, and from designs by Mr. Finch Hill. Its proportions are grand, and the decorations, which have been described as “sufficiently classic,” entailed an outlay of about 5000*l*. To Mr. Green is due the honour of having raised the tone of the entertainments so as to render them not only innocent, but intellectual. On the occasion of our last visit we heard standard music, English, German, and Italian, performed with admirable precision, spirit, and delicacy. Books containing the words of the songs are left on every table, and previous to the commencement of each composition its number in the collection is held up to public view in front of the platform.

Gentlemen anxious to engage in conversation are recommended to confine themselves to the *café* department, for in the body of the hall unmusical vocalisation meets with no favour. The so-called *café* is a spacious room supported by pillars, and hung round with paintings of celebrated actresses. For this art collection we are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Green. Previous to the erection of the new hall, the chamber thus adorned was used as the singing-room.

During the early portion of the century the apartment in question was held in high repute as a dinner and coffee-room. It acquired the name of the “Star,” from the number of men of rank by whom it was frequented. It has

been said that previous to the formation of clubs it was no unusual circumstance for nine dukes to dine there in a day. The present hall, to which the “*café*” department forms a species of vestibule, was built on a plot of ground at the rear of the Covent Garden Hotel. It was erected at a time when the improved quality of the performances attracted more visitors than could well be accommodated in the music-room. The garden, which during the last stage of its existence degenerated into a receptacle for stunted and sooty shrubs, was famed for having been the property of the well-known Sir Kenelm Digby (1662). At a later period it contained a cottage in which the Kembles occasionally dwelt when in the full tide of their popularity at the neighbouring theatre. According to tradition it was in this cottage that their talented daughter, Miss Fanny Kemble, was born.

A curious head, described in certain numbers of the *Guardian* for the year 1713, and designed as a box for the reception of literary contributions, was purchased by Mr. Richardson, the late proprietor of “*Evans's*,” against the Duke of Norfolk, and treated to a post of honour above the chimney-piece in the old music-room. It bore a fanciful resemblance to a lion, and its claws were of the most formidable description. It was put up at Button's Coffee House in July, 1713, removed to the Shakespeare Tavern in 1781, and bought by Mr. Richardson on the 8th of November, 1809. It was described by its proprietor as being “indeed a proper emblem of knowledge and action,” for it was “all head and paws.” “Its features,” adds the writer, “are strong and well furrowed.” The “whiskers” gained the admiration of every one that saw them.

It may interest our readers to learn that the present proprietor of “*Evans's*” directed the chorus at the first performance of Mendelssohn's “*Midsummer Night's Dream*.” He likewise superintended the choral arrangements for the same composer's immortal “*Walpurgis Night*.”

It is but doing Mr. Green justice to add that he is zealous in carrying out the views with which he commenced his enterprise, and we recommend “*Evans's*” to the notice of “steady young men” who admire a high class of music, see no harm in a good supper, but avoid theatres and the ordinary run of music-halls. The performances commence at eight and conclude about one. The accommodation is excellent, the company select, the waiters are attentive, and the refreshments of the best quality.

It was on a moist and gloomy evening

within the last six weeks that we crossed the River Thames in a mood unusually pensive, and threading divers of those tortuous and fragrant thoroughfares familiar to the students of penny novels, found ourselves in full view of that neglected fane of the Thespian muse—the Bower Saloon, and in close proximity to Mr. Price's patent night-light manufactory, and that popular place of resort, the "Fine Arts Gallery and Canterbury Hall."

And whence did this structure derive its name? The archiepiscopal residence is in its immediate vicinity, and we believe that it is in this circumstance that we shall discover a reply to the query.

A few steps more and we had crossed the threshold, but our hopes of a fresh and sudden accession of liveliness were doomed to disappointment. The evening was as yet but little advanced, and area, stalls, and balcony were alike almost deserted. The waiters moved listlessly to and fro, and flourished their napkins as if to ward off the approaches of sleep, and the young ladies behind the bar either assumed contemplative attitudes and stared straight forwards in a fixed and stony manner, as if they were looking right through the back of the stage at some object on the far horizon, or with a view of dispelling *ennui* conversed with one another in low tones, and performed feats of dexterity with complicated bundles of needlework.

We strolled towards the "Fine Arts Gallery," and tried to console ourselves by examining Mr. Hughes's great picture of the "Riot in Hyde Park." We ascertained that on payment of an extra sixpence we should acquire the right of inspecting a cheerful design on the subject of the Santiago catastrophe, but our spirits were sufficiently depressed already, and we preferred confining our attention to a gigantic Quintus Curtius on an alarmingly fiery steed, and the various heathen divinities, emblematic figures, and scrawling monstrosities, without which no public picture gallery can be reckoned complete.

We paused for a moment in front of a view of the Thames from Waterloo Bridge, and then turning, suddenly discovered that, with the exception of one or two young gentlemen, who wandered despairingly up and down the room, and occasionally diversified their proceedings by vanishing through one door and reappearing a moment afterwards at another, we had the premises wholly to ourselves. In the meantime, the "company," represented by divers ladies and gentlemen in evening costume, were chanting what, we at first took to be a funeral dirge

to organ accompaniment. Our meditations assumed a deeper tinge of melancholy, and we were forcibly reminded of Westminster Abbey on a week-day.

When the introductory chorus—for such was the composition to which we have adverted—came to a close, we rushed post-haste up-stairs to secure a good seat, in longing anticipation of that part of the programme which referred to "opera, ballet, burlesque, and pantomime, by all the best artists in London." But alas! for those who put their confidence in handbills. An elderly gentleman, in black, stepped forward, and glided into a plaintive melody, with pianoforte accompaniment, and having his coat-tails towards an Italian landscape rather the worse for wear. No sooner had he retired than the chairman rapped vigorously with his hammer, and he reappeared to moderate the exuberant spirits of a very scanty audience, by means of a second song as depressing as the first. Upon this we resigned ourselves to circumstances, and gathered what consolation we could in examining the architectural peculiarities of the building, and the manners and customs of those by whom it was tenanted.

"The Canterbury," though a spacious and well-arranged hall, has not much pretension to beauty. The decorations are of a cheap and meagre description, and a prevalent drab-tint is the reverse of inspiring. On each side, and at one end, are projecting galleries; at the other is a stage of moderate dimensions. The ground-floor, divided into stalls and area, is supplied with tables and chairs; the balcony is reached by a handsome staircase, rising from a spacious vestibule fitted with a refreshment bar; and the picture-gallery is on the extreme left as you enter. The audience, which is perfectly well-behaved, seems to muster in force between half-past nine and ten, the hall being nearly empty during the earlier stages of the proceedings, and densely crowded from about eleven till the fall of the curtain.

The frequenters of the Canterbury are, as may be imagined, the reverse of aristocratic, being for the most part petty tradesmen, clerks, shop-lads, mechanics, and soldiers. Whole families may occasionally be seen in attendance, and since, as in most halls at a distance from the West-end, the olive branches are as efficiently represented as the parent stem, the comic songs are at times interrupted by penetrating tokens of disapprobation from a baby-in-arms. The taste of a Canterbury audience, though based upon correct moral principles, is the reverse of discriminative. A form of entertainment that would be coldly received or hissed off the stage at the Oxford, affords the most genuine satisfaction on the

other side of the water. Comic songs only redeemed from utter imbecility by a lively tune, are greeted with uproarious applause; and a popular air, vigorously performed by the band, seems to yield more genuine delight than a selection from "Faust," or even the eternal "Orphée aux Enfers." The Canterbury has acquired a deserved reputation for an ingenious form of entertainment introduced, we believe, by the enterprising Mr. Vanderveldt, and comprising the joint attractions of ballet, spectacular display, and vocal and instrumental music. A piece that achieved great popularity, and bore the mystic title of "Ko-ko-ri-ko," was of this cast, as was also another known as "Ri-fum-ti-fum," which we had the pleasure of witnessing, and enjoyed immensely.

But to resume our narrative. The gentleman in black having sung himself hoarse, we were informed that an eminent comedian would appear in a tragedy-burlesque, upon which the Italian landscape curled itself up and vanished into the theatrical heavens, and made room for a second landscape of the fine old English type, with the usual allowance of trees at the wings, and the conventional semi-circular arches by way of apology for clouds. In the middle of the stage stood an uncomfortable contrivance suggesting the idea of a superannuated trunk shrouded in canvas, but intended to pourtray a rustic couch composed of mud, turf, stones, and similarly sleep-provoking materials. The band, which was situated on one side of the stage, plunged into what was fondly held to be an air of much merriment, and by so doing brought on a gentleman curiously appareled, who, after singing one or two verses of a song in a way to deprive the words of all significance, commenced a not very entertaining burlesque of Mr. Charles Kean, and other tragedians of minor celebrity. A vigorous piece of ranting aroused the enthusiasm of the audience, by whom the performance seemed to be accepted in perfect good faith as a legitimate effort of high tragic art. Richard III. having been disposed of according to precedent, the chairman brought his hammer into play, and the "great comedian" returned to sing a comic song, which apparently yielded intense gratification, though the purport was wholly indistinguishable. After this the Italian landscape returned from the "flies," and a young lady essayed her powers in a ballad, the waiters supplying an *ad libitum* accompaniment by walking up and down the gallery, and requesting the occupants thereof to "make their orders." When this portion of the entertainment had been brought to a close, another "great comedian" appeared, and

achieved instantaneous popularity by thrusting his hat over his eyes, and assuming a nasal twang of particular humour. His song bore sarcastic reference to the comparative advantages of the married man and the bachelor, and elicited tokens of marked approval; encouraged by which the singer returned, in a tight-fitting costume of shiny material and a damaged felt cap, and to the air of the "Donkey Cart," promulgated some remarkable theories with regard to the independence and high moral status attaching to the vocation of a sweeper-boy. The applause with which this last effort was greeted, set the pewter-pots and tumblers dancing in the most alarming manner, and affairs grew worse rather than better when the popular favourite reappeared in a gigantic shako and tarnished suit of regimentals. He had just begun to brandish a broken sword, and hobble about the stage with bent knees and shoulders well rounded, when we rushed despairingly from the building, trusting that the entertainment might improve as it progressed, and pursued by the strains of the band which had struck up a medley compounded of "Tramp, tramp, tramp," and "When Johnny comes marching home."

A contemplative stroll down the New Cut, Lambeth, served to restore our equanimity, and trusting to find entertainment in the west, we hailed a passing "Hansom," and drove to the Oxford. The entrance to this popular place of amusement is sufficiently showy, if not in precise accordance with architectural rules. To the majority of our readers it is doubtless familiar; they have noticed it on their way to and from the city, and persons passing at a certain hour have possibly marvelled at the amount of litter, including dust, corks, and fragments of paper that are being swept from the arcade on to the pavement, or over the trousers of unwary pedestrians. At the end of an arched and richly decorated passage, the sides of which are ornamented with Ionic columns rising from gilt pedestals, springs a double staircase leading to the balcony, and beneath it are doors respectively conducting to the stalls and area. As regards its internal appearance, the "Oxford" is a mass of columns, arches, mirrors, chandeliers, gilding and paint, so combined as to form a whole generally pleasing, but with no great respect for received rules of art. The refreshment-bar and supper-room are on the left as you enter, and in conspicuous positions in front and on each side of the stage are numerous private boxes, handsomely fitted with crimson drapery. An audience at the "Oxford" is of a superior stamp to one at the "Canterbury," and is almost wholly composed of the male sex. We believe, however, that

the prices of admission are at both halls much about the same, being sixpence for the area and a shilling for the balcony and stalls.

At the time of our arrival, which was a little after nine, a negro gentleman, in conventional costume, was in the full tide of a comic song, the precise import of which we were unable to catch, and whereof the intervals between the verses were embellished with one of those complicated saltatory movements familiar to the initiated as a "break-down." The song being ended, the chairman arose, and "begged to call attention to a selection from Maillart's opera, 'The Light Dragoons.'" Upon this, the curtains in front of the stage entrances were drawn aside, and divers ladies and gentlemen comprising the band, chorus, and leading vocalists, appeared. The latter assumed a position facing the audience; the instrumentalists occupied a slightly raised platform in their rear, and the members of the chorus fell into order at the sides—the ladies in front, and the gentlemen behind. The conductor, who stood near one of the proscenium boxes, glanced round to see that everything was in working order, waved his wand to secure the requisite degree of attention, stamped lightly but decisively on the floor, and the performance commenced. It is not within our province to comment at length either upon the quality of the music, or the manner in which it was interpreted; it will be enough to remark that though containing much that is lively and agreeable, the "Light Dragoons" is rather deficient in originality, and so far as we can judge from the selection, inferior to the opera of "Lara," by the same author, which was produced a year or two ago at Her Majesty's Theatre. With regard to the merits of the performers, everyone did well, but the honours of the evening were reserved for Miss Russell and Mr. A. St. Albyn. It may be as well to add, that the selections at the "Canterbury" are rendered by the same artists as those at the "Oxford."

The opera being ended, a lively little man, in evening costume, bustled forward, and met with deserved applause in some amusing "character" songs and burlesque representations of popular singers. He was succeeded by Mr. Reynolds, of the Coldstream band, who played effectively on the cornet, and at the conclusion of a ballad sung by Miss Fitzhenry—a tall young lady, in a green velvet gown with a white satin border, the chairman rapped decisively with his hammer, and announced a performance by the "great comedian" who had made such painful efforts to burlesque Mr. Kean, at the "Canterbury." His entertainment—a mixture of prose and doggerel rhyme—was received with marked

coldness, but a supplementary effort proved too much for the good-nature of the audience, and the unlucky performer retired amid a pelting storm of hisses. However, he reappeared, and upon the restoration of silence, offered such remarks as he judged best calculated to appease the general indignation:—"He was extremely sorry; he had done his best, had never met with such treatment before, and trusted that there was no ill feeling in the matter. He had but lately returned from Scotland, and had been absent from the metropolitan stage for many years. Further than this, he was so extremely unwell that he ought never to have left his bed." Whereupon an energetic individual, of obtuse perceptions and an enviable power of lung, exclaimed, "Give us another song, old boy; never mind the geese hissing." But the motion was overruled,—the "great comedian" retired, and as even merited failures have a depressing effect upon the spirits, we invested a spare copper or two in refreshment, and soon afterwards quitted the hall.

The entertainment that had resulted in such unpleasant consequences was of an exploded and witless kind, which depended for effect upon grotesque attitudes, a nasal twang, hideous contortions of the countenance, and an extravagant costume. It treated of the peculiarities of the various young ladies with whom the comedian professed to have been at different periods of his life enamoured. The audience endured a great deal of rubbish with laudable equanimity, but the straw which broke the back of their patience was the following exasperating effort of the Comic Muse, recited to the air of "The Cork Leg":—

She was my beauteous Isabella,
• I knocked him down with an umber-rolle,
He tumbled over into a cellar,
And then he cried out "That's the feller!"

—a statement that aroused general indignation, and led to a *fiasco* for which the rhymester may have been more to blame than the vocalist. It is consolatory to reflect that compositions of the kind above quoted are things of the past, and that, though there is still room for improvement, the popular taste has progressed, if only a little.

Let those who regard matters terrestrial with a "jaundiced eye" seek a remedy for their depression in a timely visit to the Alhambra. It is certainly the most cheerful as well as one of the best-conducted places of amusement in London. Its architectural peculiarities need no description, for those who are unfamiliar with the building in its present state, have probably visited it either when it was used as a "Hippodrome," or struggled under difficulties as the "Royal Panopticon

of Science and Art." As a music-hall, it is not only admirably appointed and superbly decorated, but, unlike most theatres, it is seldom unpleasantly hot, and enjoys a happy immunity from offensive odours. The heavy chandelier which formerly hung from the dome has been replaced by an arabesque border of gas jets, and a central light so arranged as to diffuse but little heat, though it is at once picturesque and useful. The band is one of the finest in London, and if strictly classical music comes not within its scope, you may hear selections and favourite overtures performed in a manner to satisfy the most exacting connoisseur. The Alhambra ballets are not to be spoken of lightly. They are triumphs of art—saltatory, pictorial, and mechanical. The glories of such productions as "King Dragon-fly" and "The Bulrush Fens" set powers of description at defiance. The "comic pantomimic ballet" brought out at Christmas abounded with fun and bustle. The most astounding feats were performed by a showily-attired individual, who impersonated a "swell" of an undeveloped type and peculiar habits; and to judge from the applause of the audience, the *Clown*, *Harlequin*, *Pantaloon*, and *Columbine* were as efficient as any in London. In "The Mountain Gorge" we have an eastern ballet, and some useful hints to Mussulmans and Cretans. We learn from it that guns are not only of service in a fight, but wonderfully effective in a dance, especially when handled by ladies; also, that there is a degree of picturesqueness in an encampment by moonlight, which can be duly appreciated only when we are in perfect good-humour with ourselves and neighbours, and untroubled by any fear of the provisions falling short. The overhanging rocks, mountain defile, clear moon, and luminous atmosphere are marvels of scenic art, and all thoughts of the painter's brush or mechanical contrivances are effectually forbidden.

Whatever your position in the Alhambra, you will always see and hear to advantage. As much cannot be said even of our smaller theatres, and it should be remembered that the vast building in Leicester Square is capable of accommodating as many as 5000 persons. Had we space, we might enlarge on the new and convenient "crush-rooms," the improved means of access to and escape from the various parts of the building, the "greatly-enlarged" supper-room, "upwards of a hundred feet long," and the civility and attention displayed by every one connected with the establishment. The terms of admission are moderate, and range from sixpence for the upper balcony to three or four guineas for a commodious private box. We may add that, for the convenience

of those who object to mixing with the crowd, reserved seats have been provided, price four shillings each. Mr. Strange certainly supplies the best and cheapest evening's entertainment in London. There is constant variety, and everything is good of its kind. More than this we cannot say, unless it be further praise to add that the Alhambra Palace is about the only redeeming feature of Leicester Square.

On the site of an old-fashioned inn, known as the "White Lion," which formerly stood in the Edgeware Road, and within half a mile of the Marble Arch, there has been erected a handsome and spacious music-hall, bearing the title of "The Metropolitan." Its internal arrangements slightly resemble those at the Alhambra, though of course on a diminished scale; and whilst the prices of admission are surprisingly moderate—being sixpence for the area, ninepence for the balcony, and a shilling for the stalls—the accommodation is excellent, and the entertainments generally of a superior order. Of late, the whole of the interior has been brilliantly re-decorated, the audience has gained in respectability, and the refreshments have undergone a marked and much-needed improvement.

There is a stage, supplied with a picturesque act-drop and a fair stock of scenery, but too limited in extent to allow of extraordinary spectacular display. The band, though small, is efficient; and the entertainments include the usual allowance of serio and would-be comic songs, gymnastic feats, and theatrical dancing. "Mythological ballets" were attempted at one time, but have been wisely discontinued. "Sextilian," not inaptly termed the "wondrous," performs extraordinary feats with hoops and half-filled tumblers to an air from Haydn's "Seasons;" and the sensational element is supplied by a gentleman of reckless tendencies, who imperils his own limbs and other people's heads also by his "deeds of daring" on the "flying trapèze."

The "Jolly Nash" gains the thorough goodwill of the audience, and not only enjoys a double *encore*, but has to apologise for not complying with further demands. The popular favourite seems to possess but a moderate share of talent, though much tact. He has an air of frankness and good-humour which pleases his listeners immensely. He affects the bearing of a sociable host entertaining his friends. When the audience joins in a chorus, he smiles and keeps time with his hand. He is always apparently anxious to gratify reasonable desires; but when his friends are exacting he excuses himself, though in such pleasant terms as to carry conviction to every one, and arouse a fresh enthusiasm.

There are a couple of curious music-halls opposite the barracks at Knightsbridge. They are respectively entitled "The Sun" and "The Trevor;" and if the former is the most decorously conducted, the latter is decidedly the most amusing. "The Sun" has lately been rebuilt, and is now a commodious, well-lighted, and admirably-ventilated hall, in a composite style of architecture, of which the most prominent features appear to be columns of Gothic extraction, and classical friezes delineative of utterly-impossible men on conventionally-impossible horses. The passage at the entrance is of a gorgeous and bewildering description, and conducts to a spacious vestibule, whereof the roof is supported by a couple of elderly gentlemen, who, from the waist downwards are formed after the manner of mermaids. The hall itself, though spacious and substantial, savours much of the chapel. The "stalls" are approached by an underground passage, suggestive of the catacombs at Kensal Green, and having reached them, and glancing backwards, you observe a large gallery, resembling the spacious organ-lofts of old-fashioned churches. It is occupied by both civilians and military men, refreshing themselves with creature comforts, and attentively regarding the business of the stage.

The chairman, who occupies a raised seat in the "stalls," is strict in enforcing order, and it is pleasant to observe the snug little party which gathers round the table whereat he presides. In addition to being an energetic and courteous manager, he apparently possesses the gift of mental abstraction to an extraordinary degree, and even during the progress of a comic song, he may be observed making notes and abstruse calculations with a degree of calmness at once unique and impressive.

The performances usually commence with an operatic selection, and conclude with a composition of sterling merit—say the "War March of Priests," from Mendelssohn's "Athalia." It may be doubted whether music of so ambitious a cast comes within the scope even of the "greatly enlarged" orchestra, and we might have fancied that the audience would have preferred a waltz or a polka; but the conductor probably decides for the best, and it is gratifying to think that classical music is already on its journey to Hammersmith.

The "company" at the "Sun," or "Knightsbridge Music-hall," appears to be made up of a few "stars" and a good many "sticks." Amongst the former are the D'Aubans and Wards, who "brought the house down," in a species of farce, followed by some clever dancing, Sextilian the "in-

imitable," and the "great Vance." With regard to the last-named gentleman, if his merits have been unduly enlarged upon, they have also been unduly depreciated. His conceptions, though farcical, are seldom offensively extravagant. He does himself mischief by yielding to a clap-trap habit of "gagging," or extemporising witticisms, for the delectation of the "groundlings." If he could conquer this propensity, he might sink in the estimation of the "area," but would escape destroying some almost perfect illusions. In his delineation of a self-satisfied member of the *beau monde* he is peculiarly happy, and the artist is effectually lost sight of in the character represented. There is an ease and nonchalance in the performance that are irresistibly charming. Though the minutiae of the picture are filled in with extraordinary care, there is no undue straining after effect, and some of the most significant touches are the more admirable from being apparently spontaneous. The "make-up" is perfect; every gesture is appropriate, and the affected drawl and conceited strut are sufficiently marked, but not so decided as to degenerate into buffoonery. In "Costermonger Joe" there is much to admire, particularly the nervous fidgeting of the hands, the crafty smile, rapidly shifting changes of countenance, and gradual merging of awkward shyness into unabashed impudence. The "Life Guardsman" is a capital piece of costuming, and the dancing scene is life-like and humorous. The "great Vance" has an average voice, which he employs effectively. We have been told that he is not popular with the "profession;" but then he has enjoyed an extraordinary degree of success, and a prophet is rarely held in esteem by those of his own calling. His mannerism is closely copied by the majority of his censurers, but he possesses a certain quaint originality which is incapable of being reproduced in other persons. We are acquainted with one gentleman, who is a fair imitation so long as he refrains from action and keeps his mouth closed, but though clever in his "make up," his performances sooner or later degenerate into unmeaning buffoonery, and though there may be something particularly mirth-provoking in a squint, it is one of those efforts of genius to which recourse should not be had more than half-a-dozen times in five minutes.

But further remarks on the "Sun" and "The Trevor" must be reserved for our next and concluding paper, in which we shall describe the struggles and adventures of those whose energies are taxed for the great amusement of the British public.

ARTHUR OUGLIVY.



A HINDOO LEGEND.

UNDER the shadow of a tree—
 A tamarind tree—the Krishna played.
 His mother's hut was very near;
 Upon the roof the flickering shade,
 Netted with sunshine, cheerful spread.
 The earthen drum was sounding there,
 The market flag was fluttering red
 High o'er the crowded village square.

'Twas noon, and in the swamps' deep fens
 The buffaloes were wallowing;
 Torpid within their jungle dens
 The tigers, gorged, were all asleep.
 Even the feather grass was still,
 The lotus flowers had closed their eyes,
 The palm-tree waved not on the hill.
 The little Krishna in his play

Some milk had from a temple taken;
His brothers ran and told the deed,
Thinking the Krishna Heaven-forsaken.
The angry mother eager ran
To seize the thief and all his clan.
And hurrying with a wrathful speed;
She found him by the temple gate.
He sank upon his knees and blushed,
And bent before the rod too late,
Still that foul sacrilege denying.
"Open your mouth, nor, Krishna, prate;
Your breath will show that you are lying."
His mouth he opened angrily,
"There, mother, now I pray thee see,"
She looked into his mouth so dark,
And saw, with awe and ecstasy,
Rising up slowly, spark by spark,
Like bubbling fire through the summer wave,
Like golden flowers from a holy grave,
The three worlds and the seven seas,
The stars above the mount of heaven,
The guardian gods on the elephants,
Bright Meru's nectar-flowing founts.
The mighty tortoise that on its back
Poises the earth, and the floating rack,
All rolling thro' the deep blue gloom
As it will roll till the day of doom.
Then prostrate at the Krishna's feet
His mother fell, now contrite, weak;
And hailed him Lord of Earth and Heaven,
Of the three worlds and oceans seven.

WALTER THORNBURY.

THE UNSEASONABLE WORSHIPPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAPLE HAYES."

A Story in Five Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

"You'll find Mrs. Wartnaby very odd, sir," said the old parish clerk, in answer to my inquiries respecting the occupants of the great house of the village.

"In what way, Jennings?" I asked.

"Oh, all ways, sir," and he struck the bunch of keys he held in his hand smartly against the churchyard gate, as if it were of no use going into details.

"Do you know why she was not at church yesterday? I hope she is not ill."

"She never does come,—not at service-time," was the clerk's singular answer. "But she allus sends her dog," he added, with a chuckle. "Perhaps you saw it, sir, with the young ladies. A little brown terrier it is."

"Was it that that made the yelping noise while I was preaching?"

"Yes, sir, and I expect Miss Moreton kicked it, in hopes it would put you out, sir," and the old fellow tried to make his broad grin respectful by pulling at his hat-brim. "It sleeps just under Mrs. Wartnaby's seat, and if anybody puts a foot near it it allus goes on like that. Miss Black Curls—that is how they call Miss Moreton, sir—of course she knows it, and I should say she did it on purpose."

"I hope not," I could not help exclaiming. "I am a perfect stranger to her; she cannot have any ill-feeling against me. Black Curls! Then it would be she who sat nearest the door?"

"It would be your being a stranger would do it. She doesn't like strangers, she says. When the curate from the other parish first began to come, she bothered him badly," and Jennings paused to laugh at some humorous recollections. "But she's better than her aunt," he resumed, with a grave shake of the head; "for though she sneers at you to your face, Miss Moreton will do you a kindness behind your back. I shouldn't wonder a bit, sir, if she sends you a present to-day, just because she was rude yesterday. All anybody gets now from the big house comes from her; but nobody must ever thank her. Mistress Edith is allus very particular in saying that."

"Who may Edith be?"

"She is the housekeeper, sir, a nice old lady, and Miss Moreton sends her with the presents."

"Well, it is rather queer news you give me, Jennings, and I don't altogether fancy my visit," I answered, for I was then on my way to make a first call at the White House. "Is there anything peculiar about the other young lady? I suppose you call her Golden Curls? The one, I mean, who sat in the far corner of the pew. She is cousin to Miss Moreton, I believe?" I had noticed on the previous day that she was peculiarly attentive to the sermon; unusually so, as things go in these lukewarm times.

"Yes, Miss Daley. No, sir; she isn't called any name," and the old man chuckled. "People don't take much notice of her. I think she is a nice young lady myself, and she is very good-disposed, I've heard; but they say she has no money of her own, and her cousin keeps her at an under. Miss Moreton allus goes to the fore, sir."

"Does she? You said something about Mrs. Wartnaby not coming to the church for service. Does she come at any other times, Jennings?" I inquired, my thoughts reverting to a previous remark of his.

"Two or three times a week, sir. Of course she has the key to the side-door, and she lets herself in as she likes. Nobody knows what she does, and I'll defy 'em to know, for the dog is allus with her, and if you go near the big door it hears you, and yelps like mad." The indignant sparkle in the speaker's eyes suggested that his curiosity had in this way been baffled. "Pr'aps she goes to say her prayers there, instead o' worshipping like other people on a Sunday; but as she sends the dog

on th' Sabbath, maybe she thinks that's as good," he added, with a grin.

"Good morning, Jennings. It is all very strange," I said, turning away, and starting to make my not very grateful visit. I thought this conversation had gone far enough. If it went much further, I possibly should not have courage to venture to the White House.

"Thank you, sir. Don't be frightened at the dog," Jennings called after me. "She'll make it bark; but it won't bite you. She learns it to bark at anybody," he added, grinning through the iron bars of the gate, as he locked himself inside, and then hurried off to the church, to see about its dusting and cleaning, which he attended to himself, having, however, as I afterwards learned, special instructions never to enter the great White House pew, which was attended to by Mrs. Edith, the housekeeper, none of the under-servants even being entrusted with the duty!

Before proceeding further, I should explain that I had just entered on the curacy of P——, the rector of which parish, a distant relative of mine on my father's side, had been ordered abroad for the recovery of his health. It was expected that he would have to remain away for a couple of years at the least, a long absence from our climate being considered the only chance of alleviating a chronic disease under which he was labouring; and until his return I was to fill his place. He was a bachelor, so that I took possession of parsonage as well as pulpit; indeed, for all practical purposes, I was rector instead of merely curate. The parish was a very small one—the whole population did not exceed three hundred souls; and my relative's letters, I am bound to say, dwelt chiefly on a single family—that of the White House, the "big mansion" of the village. Gervase Moreton, Esq., the recent head of that household, was an old college friend of my father's cousin, which was how he came to get the presentation, it being vested in the Moreton family; but the Squire had died rather suddenly some eighteen months ago, leaving only one child, an orphan daughter, his wife having preceded him in her decease, and as the guardian of the heiress, who had been educated abroad, he appointed his wife's sister, a Miss Sophia Wartnaby, but who, though yet a spinster, was so far advanced in life that she adopted the style of "Mrs." Wartnaby on assuming the management of the White House. My relative in his correspondence, for I had never visited him at his own place, had impressed me with the necessity of standing on good terms with the Moreton family, it may be in the hope of my succeeding to the reversion of

the living when he ceased to hold it. Some vague hints were given of family eccentricities; but no details were supplied: and as I had only arrived at the village late on the Saturday night, greatly wearied, too, from a long journey, I had no time to pay a ceremonial visit. Next day, at both services, the big pew, with the oak frame draped with dusty red curtains, was occupied by two young ladies; but Mrs. Wartnaby herself was not present on either occasion. There was a private aisle leading to this pew, entered by a door on the opposite side from the vestry, so that I had no opportunity of accosting the ladies either on their entrance or withdrawal. I had, however, learned from the servants at the parsonage who they were, and found that the fair-complexioned one was not, as I at first thought, the Squire's daughter, but was her cousin, who also lived permanently at the White House. The snarling of a dog in the pew during the evening service, which did not seem at all novel to the scattered congregation, and also the strange behaviour of Miss Moreton, whose dancing black ringlets made her every movement discernible, had naturally puzzled me; and this morning, before proceeding to pay my indispensable visit to Mrs. Wartnaby, I had purposely got into talk with the old clerk, not liking to push the inquiries too closely among the parsonage domestics, with whom as yet I was not intimate. Jennings's conversation had not at all tended to reassure me, and it was with a curious feeling of apprehension that after parting from him I hurried along the path over the two or three intervening meadows, and approached the large, dusky, grey stone mansion, half-surrounded with trees. The blinds, I noticed, were missing from some of the upper windows, which always gives a house a comfortless look, and that and the not very well-kept walks and grounds made the place appear neglected. After waiting for a minute or two in the entrance-hall, while the servant-girl fetched an elderly personage, whom I knew from previous descriptions could not be Mrs. Wartnaby, and whom I suspected to be Mistress Edith, I was shown into a kind of large parlour on the left-hand side, where I found a little woman, with white hair, partly lying on a sofa, wrapped in a shawl, and with a small terrier-dog rising from the carpet near her.

"It was of no use her going to church, for she could not profit anything, owing to her deafness," Mrs. Wartnaby said, in a pause of the dog's barking, and the little heed she seemed to take of the interruption went to show that she must be very deaf indeed. The clerk had not mentioned this circumstance to me, and though not a valid ground of excuse,

it was to some extent an explanation of her absence from service.

I shouted my regrets above the din of the yelping, and I could hear behind me as I did so, suppressed laughter from the direction of the two young ladies. The fair-haired one was already in the room when I entered, and the other had almost immediately followed me, the barking of the dog having, I suppose, given notice of the arrival of a stranger. Mrs. Wartnaby had rather hurriedly introduced me to both of them, making, however, a marked difference in the case of the heiress, of whom I should almost then have said she stood in some fear.

"Her nieces had told her I officiated yesterday," the old lady resumed, "so that she was aware I had arrived, and she should have sent me a message in the course of the morning if I had not happened to call so early. She should be glad if I would come up at all times I felt it convenient, and if they could in any way help my comfort at the parsonage, they should be very pleased to do so. My good relative had laid them under so many obligations that it was incumbent on them to do anything they could, besides which," she kindly added, "being a clergyman, I was entitled to it on my own account."

This was said with such an air of sincerity that but for the surprising account I had received from Jennings of the lady's character, and the present singular incident of the dog, I should have got from it a most favourable impression of Mrs. Wartnaby's disposition. As it was, I thought her niece had the merit of much greater frankness.

"I don't expect Mr. — will have much leisure time," the heiress boldly began, and she unhesitatingly set me with her black eyes. "Everybody is saying how badly the parish has been neglected for many years past. The rector has the plea of being poorly very often, but those who have health and strength, — and all curates have those, I suppose — they ought to work hard."

"That was quite true," I said, feeling the blood tingle to my ears, "and I was very sorry my relative was not more robust. I was myself blessed with health, and I hoped to be able to discharge the whole of my pastoral duties."

"Have you had much experience, Mr. —?" inquired the niece, dancing her ringlets.

"I have been in full orders for more than two years," I answered.

"But I thought persons could not be made clergymen until after they were of age?" she defiantly said, pretending to survey me critically from head to foot.

"I have the advantage, such as it is, of reckoning several years in addition to that age," I replied, speaking as coolly as I could.

"Ah, it is the white neckcloth, I suppose, which never suits some men, and a rosy complexion also misleads, not being masculine," she remarked, with a shrill laugh, not shrinking in the least. I had no doubt my complexion at that moment was rosy enough; for there could be no mistaking the intention of this ill-bred attack — it was purposely designed to annoy me. Something, I felt, must be done, and at once.

"You said just now, Miss Moreton, that you hoped I should be attentive in discharging my sacred duties; but I can have no prospect of success if those I come to labour among indulge in personal criticism, for which, as your remarks intimate, I am little suited." I uttered this as little offensively as I could, for I did not quite forget my office.

"I can't hear the talk. Would you turn this way, so that I can see your lips, Lydia?" said Mrs. Wartnaby, who had for the time quieted the dog, and was leaning painfully forward, with one hand raised to her ear, trying to listen. "What is the subject, Mr. —?" she asked, shifting her look to me, her niece, who I now noticed had contrived to have her back turned towards the couch, not choosing to obey her relative. Indeed, she was fully occupied staring at me in a surprised kind of way, her brows knitting with anger. Of course, I could not answer Mrs. Wartnaby's question, and I remained silent. "Let it drop, Lydia," somewhat tartly said the old lady: "clergymen should always be respected, and especially by ladies."

"Respected!" sneered the young lady, whirling round; "they are not satisfied with that, they wish to be admired. Mr. — is talking of his personal appearance, and insinuates that I do not recognise it sufficiently."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Wartnaby, staring in amazement at me, as well she might do.

"Lydia!" and now for nearly the first time Miss Daley's voice broke in. "It is a misconstruction, aunt," and the fair-haired girl swept from the hearth to the centre of the room, her face as crimson as mine could possibly be, while her equal indignation had the further advantage of her brighter eyes. "Lydia introduced the topic, and she has unfairly turned Mr. —'s words."

"Oh!" burst from Miss Moreton, who either was or pretended to be very much enraged by this interference. "But I forgot, Mr. — may get as much praise as he wants from you. You admire his eyes, I recollect, and his mouth, you said, was like the rector's."

How dare you say I introduced it. Misconstrue that!" and gliding rapidly up to her cousin as she spoke, she deliberately struck her with a clenched fist on her pale forehead, a swollen mark instantly showing where the sharp knuckles fell. Then, uttering a kind of scream, she made for the door; but turned in the act of escaping through it, and presenting a face so distorted with rage it was almost devilish, she repeated the text of my Sunday evening's sermon in tones which, underneath their scorn, I could easily recognise as being intended to mimic my own, and then she added in a hiss, "I hate you, and did on the first look I got of you!" The door then closed after her with a loud bang.

"Oh dear me! Go to Edith and let her bathe your face," said Mrs. Wartnaby, addressing Miss Daley, whose face on receipt of the blow first became ghastly pale, but as instantly, from chin to forehead, grew so flushed at the words which followed, that the mark of the bruise was nearly indistinguishable. The young lady hesitated for a moment, and turned towards me as if intending to speak; she, however, checked herself and glided hastily from the room, without a word uttered.

"Uncontrolled passion is nearly the worst of evils, since it may be the cause of almost all others," I stammered, that being the only clerical common-place I could recall in the surprise of this unexpected scene. "It is scarcely a less misfortune to those who are its agents than to those who suffer from it."

Mrs. Wartnaby had fixed her keen eyes very scrutinisingly on me, and as I finished she gave a gentle shake of the head, and I overheard her mutter, "Though he is a minister, he is a very young man, too young for confidence in such a matter." She sighed heavily once or twice while settling the shawl on her shoulders, and then said, aloud,—

"I did not quite catch your remark; but you mean it is very wicked of my niece. So it is, and I am sorry you should have such a reception on your first visit. The fits don't last long, and she'll be sorry for it, and wish to make amends. But—but," and her look wavered a little, "don't take any notice to her afterwards of anything she does through Edith. You won't care to stay longer now, I fear, but you must not let this prevent you from calling on me."

I was not unwilling to take this last hint, and I rose, getting out an observation or two by way of making the best of it; but my rising was the signal for the ill-conditioned cur beside Mrs. Wartnaby to recommence its yelping. His mistress tottered from the sofa, and taking the noisy creature in her arms, accompanied me out of the apartment, and

through the hall to the door, without making any effort to silence the dog's furious barks until the very last moment, when a touch seemed to be sufficient for the purpose.

"I am much in want of an adviser, heaven knows! Come up now and then, so that I may know you better," she said, hurriedly, as I stood on the doorstep, and I could not avoid seeing the tears which chased each other down her worn cheeks.

"My relative, the rector, would wish me to be of any service that I can be," I answered, bending towards her ear, the dog now perfectly quiet.

"Thank you, we shall see. He was so often ailing that I did not like to trouble him. Good morning," she added, retiring, and gently closing the door.

I was completely bewildered by what I had witnessed on this first visit to the White House. Miss Moreton, who had displayed such an utter want of all feminine qualities, was a mere girl, not more, at most, than eighteen years old, and her cousin, whom she had so outrageously treated, was two or three years her elder. From some inquiries I made on my return to the parsonage, I learned that the heiress had been educated away from home, and that until her arrival with her aunt, a few weeks before the Squire's death (which I have already said happened some eighteen months ago), very little had been seen of her in the village since she was a child. The other niece made her appearance at the White House immediately after the Squire's funeral, and had remained there since. Not an hour after my return to the parsonage, and while I was still pondering the matter, Mistress Edith was unexpectedly shown into my room. As soon as the servant had withdrawn, she uncovered a plate of very nice hot-house fruit, which she said she had been desired to bring down to me, with Miss Moreton's best compliments. Almost before I had had time to collect a word of thanks, Edith dropped a curtsy, opened for herself the door, and was gone. This, like a great deal of the rest, was in strict accordance with the old clerk's prognostications; but it only made the whole matter more and more perplexing.

CHAPTER II.

THE oak-wainscoted, quaint-looking vestry of the small grey church was just as bright and cheerful a little room, as the study at the parsonage was gloomy and depressing. My relative, the rector, seemed to have discovered this before me, for already some books had been removed there, and were arranged on shelves in the corner. I added to these a few favourite volumes of my own, and gave

Jennings instructions to kindle a fire there early every morning. I was quite pleased with the arrangement, and promised myself that I should do my reading and writing there very comfortably.

The sense of the vacant church at one's back, in which the wind now and then made solemn noises, and the view one got through the diamond-paned window of the graves in the yard, over which the gay sunlight was streaming, or else the sad rain falling, had a tranquillising effect that favoured steady work. I quite enjoyed the picturesque privacy, getting a childish kind of pleasure from the thought that I should be there alone, without the knowledge of anybody in the parish, except the parsonage servants and old Jennings. But this dream of undiscovered seclusion was very early destroyed. It was the third morning after the events described in the previous portion of this narrative, and I was just commencing on the second head of what I intended for the Sunday evening's discourse, when the vestry window was suddenly darkened by a shadow. Looking up, I was startled to see Miss Daley's pale face pressed eagerly against the panes, her bonnet being pushed partially back, and her hand raised above her forehead, the better to enable her to peer through the sunlight. As I rose, she seemed to catch sight of me, for she started back a little; then she made a curtsy, and I could detect a motion of her lips, as if she were saying something, though what it was I could not distinguish. She, however, pointed towards the northern side-door of the church, and moved hastily away in that direction. There was no outer door to the vestry, which had to be entered from the interior of the church; and the northern porch was nearest to the parsonage. I hurried to that entrance, the door of which I had locked from the inside after me, and on opening it I found the young lady already there in waiting.

"I fear I am disturbing you, sir?" she said, with most formal politeness, making another curtsy, and hesitating a little in the act of entering.

"My time is quite at your disposal. I can fetch my hat in a moment, and will join you in the yard," I answered, turning back towards the vestry.

"No," she vaguely said, advancing into the church, and pushing to-the door; "you are the clergyman of the parish, and—and we ought to come to you for advice," she added, clutching with one hand at the top of an adjoining pew, and speaking in an agitated manner.

"Yes. Is anything the matter at the house? I made a call yesterday. I did so

early in the morning, but was told by Edith that all the ladies were engaged."

"We could not see you. It is about that I am come, although my aunt does not know it. That is my reason for not walking in the churchyard; I might be noticed, sir. My aunt could not see you yesterday on account of Lydia, and she is no better to-day. Something must be done with her," the speaker impulsively added.

"You mean your cousin? I sympathised with you most deeply in the violence I had the pain of witnessing the other day," I answered, much embarrassed.

"That was very little," Miss Daley answered, with a quick blush, her hand going up instinctively to her forehead, where a faint discoloration, visible through the flush, still remained as a vestige of the blow. "I do not so much mind for myself; it is my aunt whom she is fast killing."

"You surely do not imply that Miss Moreton uses actual violence against your aunt, who is also her aunt?" I asked, in amazement.

"She has done that! Yes, more than once. But my aunt is being worn out by her; she is fading every day, and gets weaker and weaker, all through her. She is murdering her!" and the speaker's voice suddenly rose, her eyes lighting up with fierce excitement.

"What can be done?" I inquired, soothingly. "If you will only tell me anything that I can do, I——"

"My aunt, sir, is a saint, a patient, forbearing saint," Miss Daley broke in. "Yet no one here knows it. She takes upon herself all Lydia's conduct, and makes the people believe that what good is done comes from Lydia."

"Your aunt told me that your cousin soon got over her fits, and then repented, and was anxious to make amends."

"I felt sure she would tell you so," was the instant answer, accompanied by a hollow laugh. "That is why I came to you. I knew you, who are a man and a clergyman, would not let it go on, if you were made aware of it."

"If you will only tell me what I can do," I answered; "but I fear I have no influence over Miss Moreton. She said she hated me! Why, I do not know, since we were perfect strangers. The present of fruit your house-keeper brought down that day showed she had repented of her rudeness; but you——"

"I tell you that she does not repent," almost angrily interrupted my companion. "The fruit came from my aunt, as all the other presents do. Lydia repent!" ironically remarked the speaker.

"The housekeeper said she brought it with Miss Moreton's compliments?"

"Yes; but pardon me. She would ask you, I know, not to thank Lydia for it, nor to take any notice of the present when you saw her."

"So she did; and your aunt did the same before I left your house; for she said it was one of Miss Moreton's peculiarities."

"My good aunt sent you the fruit," replied Miss Daley, with a shake of the head, tears coming into her indignant eyes. "She did it because she wants to hide Lydia's conduct, and to keep up the family credit. It was only the other week Lydia would have two of the poor cottagers expelled on account of their owing rent; and it was my aunt, not her, who got them into Farmer Seaham's houses, and paid a year's rent in advance for them. It is all my aunt, and Lydia knows nothing of it—nothing whatever, sir." A light began to break in upon me at this explanation.

"You seem fatigued; seat yourself," I said, for Miss Daley was very pale. She went past me into the broad aisle, and seated herself on a bench close by the baptismal font. "Did the rector know anything of this?" I asked, feeling how helpless I, a young man, and a stranger, was in such a domestic matter.

"No; or, at least, very little. My aunt would go to the grave without letting any one know. But she shall not do so, for something shall be done. Lydia grows worse; she was not so bad when the rector was here. I think she was a little afraid of him. The gentleman who has come to preach lately—the curate, I think, from the next parish—I could not speak to him, for he was altogether a stranger."

"Just so," I answered. "My relative might have some influence over her, but I am a new-comer, and I cannot hope to have much. So you wish me to see her, and—and reason with her?" It was not unnatural, I submit, that I should hesitate, recollecting our first interview; but I felt it was my duty, and I added, "I will do anything you wish, for I am very sorry at your position. Would it be of any use sending the account of it to the rector, and getting him to write to her?"

"Not to Lydia, no," she decisively replied; "but, perhaps, my aunt would take some heed of what he said, if he wrote to her saying she had some duty to herself. Would you have a talk with Lydia?" she hurriedly went on, looking fixedly at me.

"If you wish it, it will be my duty; but I think it would, perhaps, be better if I had your aunt's confidence," I ventured to say. "When we were parting at the door, she used some expressions which you have greatly ex-

plained; and I think it was only my want of age which prevented her advising with me. Could you not urge your aunt to have confidence in me?"

"My aunt has her own ways, and while she is making up her mind she will be worn to death. I will try that when I have an opportunity; but something must be done at once. It would be of no use your seeing Lydia, unless you were very firm," she continued, quickening her speech. "She must be terrified, and she is a coward. If you could overawe her?" and Miss Daley paused inquiringly, in a very curious manner.

"I can but explain to her the sinfulness of indulging evil tempers, and make an appeal to her conscience. You must not expect too much from me, Miss Daley," I said, for a look of strong hopefulness had risen on the speaker's face. "I have no authority of any kind to exercise."

"You have strong bright eyes," my companion strangely answered, gazing unreservedly into them.

"I do not quite understand you," I said, possibly a little embarrassed, for this most extraordinary remark sounded, in one sense, as a kind of personal compliment, though Miss Daley's manner of uttering it scarcely suggested that that was intended.

"And your features are regular, and strongly defined," she persisted, proceeding with her investigation. "I am sorry you blush. If she sees you blush, there will be an end of your influence at once," she added, in vexed tones.

"Excuse me, but the subject is Miss Moreton's want of self-control; and my features," I went on as jocosely as I could, "have already failed to find favour with her. I must rely upon the arguments and appeals which religion furnishes."

"Arguments? It will not be of the slightest avail reasoning with Lydia. You must awe her into submission," earnestly said the speaker.

"But I cannot pretend to any authority over your cousin," I repeated.

"Do you not believe in the power of the human eye over persons like Lydia?" asked Miss Daley; and as she put the question she gradually rose from her seat, pulling herself up by the font, her gaze still fixed on me.

"I have heard of something of that kind in certain cases; but I know nothing of it, and I certainly have no such power."

"Oh, yes, you have. Lydia shrank away from you when you answered her firmly in the parlour, and it was your eyes which awed her. For a little time mine had some power over her; but it must be a man's to properly con-

trol her." During this speech Miss Daley had been scrutinising my face; but she now lifted a trembling hand and averted her look, as if to protect herself from some influence I was unconsciously beginning to exert over her.

"You are labouring under a delusion," I said, again quite bewildered, but speaking as firmly as I could. "I am not a mesmerist, and I do not believe in it. My duty, too, as a Christian minister, is to discourage you in such a belief, if you hold it. Persons, by the misuse of their own imaginations, may make it a reality, so far as they are concerned, by yielding to a fixed idea on the subject; but the notion is a most dangerous one. Why do you keep your look turned away?"

"I will do as you bid me," she slowly answered, and her frightened eyes turned tardily in my direction, as, with an expression of pain upon her face, she sank again upon the bench.

"I cannot engage in anything of this kind, Miss Daley," I boldly went on. "If you wish it, I will write to the rector, asking him to use his influence by letter with your aunt; and I will also have an interview with your cousin, and appeal to her conscientious feelings. But I do not quite understand the position of affairs," I added, checking myself. "What is it you wish your aunt to do, or not to do? She is Miss Moreton's guardian, you must remember. I am not sure that I comprehend your ideas as to the condition of Miss Moreton. Your cousin is not mentally afflicted; you do not mean that?"

"Mr. Asnidge knows nothing about it. I think he should know. I cannot say what lawyers mean by being mad; I only know that we have no rest with her," she answered, after a second or two's pause, speaking now in a very subdued tone.

"Who is Mr. Asnidge?"

"He is the lawyer to the estate; but whenever he comes over Lydia is as meek as a baby; and I know my aunt will have told him nothing. Mad! I cannot say what it is ails her; but unless some steps are taken something terrible will happen. She is fast killing my aunt, I say again, and that shall not be."

"The lawyer seems to me to be the very person to interfere," I said, very glad that he had been mentioned. "Your aunt surely might confide in him; he is the proper family adviser, and is bound to keep such secrets."

"She will tell no one," and the speaker jerked her head and impatiently tapped the floor with her foot.

"Well, if from a mere feeling of family pride she is injuring herself in this way, I don't think you would be doing wrong, re-

lated as you are to both parties, if you told Mr. Asnidge. I conclude he is a discreet man, or he would never have been appointed lawyer to the estate. Can I help you with him in any way?" I asked, thinking that that would be my best mode of interfering.

"Hush! hark!" suddenly said my companion, starting up, and clinging to the font. "That is Trip's yelp; my aunt is coming to the church!" Listening, I could hear a faint barking in the yard on the opposite side of the church. "Good morning, sir. Excuse my abruptness, and I ought to apologise to you for intruding upon you at all; but you are the only one I could take counsel with. I shall know when you are in the vestry by the smoke in the chimney. Good morning, sir. I am much obliged to you." While speaking, she had hurried towards the door by which she had entered, I following her; in the doorway she turned to curtsy again, then tripped through the porch, and was gone.

I hastily pushed to the door, and turned to make for the vestry; but at that instant I heard the private entrance leading to the Squire's pew unlocking; and to have regained the vestry I must have passed the head of that short aisle in full sight of Mrs. Wartnaby, whose footsteps, as also the brushing paddle of her dog, I could now clearly distinguish. Acting under the impulse of the moment, into the right or wrong of which I do not feel called upon to enter, for I had not time for thought, I hurried the other way, round the corner into the chancel, where the high monuments of the Moreton tombs would conceal me. The dog began to snuffle, I could hear, as soon as he and his mistress got into the body of the church; and increasing his cry into a yelping, he ran, as I inferred, towards the vestry, the door of which I had doubtless left open.

"What is it, Trip?" asked Mrs. Wartnaby's thin voice, and the chancel echoes repeated the inquiry.

Trip had given several loud barks, which could not fail to reach even his mistress's ears. As she spoke he repeated them, the sounds indicating that he was returning from the vestry and hurrying along the aisle towards the northern porch-door. There, I suppose, he became aware of the recent presence of Miss Daley, for the barkings abruptly dropped into a kind of cry of recognition, and this, too, must have put him off from following his scent of me any further, for, just as I had resolved upon advancing from behind the monuments to anticipate the embarrassment of being discovered by him, I heard him going whining back to his mistress, whose voice, as she said something to him I could not make out, showed she had gone forward into the body of

the church nearly under the pulpit. A minute later, still talking to the dog, her footsteps shuffled back again, and directly after came the tinkle of a key, and then the click of the lock on the door of the Squire's pew. Almost immediately there were sounds of articles being moved on the floor, and after a brief interval there followed a metallic chink—chink, which an instant conviction assured me could only be produced by the contact of coins. This went on for several seconds, the noise once or twice resembling that of the lifting and pouring of handfuls of money. While I was puzzling myself afresh at this, the sounds of something dragging along the floor were repeated; again followed the sharp click of the pew-door, which was instantly relocked; and then the sense of relief I experienced at the prospect of Mrs. Wartnaby's leaving the church was suddenly changed into a more acute apprehension on becoming aware that, instead of turning into the short aisle, she had advanced into the nave, and was slowly coming, with trailing step, exactly in my direction. On the footsteps came, nearer and nearer, and instantly I had no avenue of escape, for, entering the chancel, she took the narrow passage on the north side, where the new monument in memory of the last Squire had been put up. Two or three steps further and she would unavoidably have seen me, where I stood shrinking between the old crusader's tomb and the marble angel attached to the wall in remembrance of a female descendant of the Moreton race; but when her shadow overlapped the end of the new statuary she stopped, and as it seemed to me, from the rustling movement of her dress and the sinking of the shadow, she knelt before the recently-erected monument underneath which slept Gervase Moreton and his wife.

"Oh, sister in heaven!" began the thin voice, now shaking sadly; "I can hardly bear up, though I try my best. For all I can do things get worse." Here one or two audible sobs broke in. "I am sure neither of you object to my putting the money by, and it is the only means of helping Clara now my own is gone. You know why I did with it as I did. It wasn't for myself I wanted it, and yet all turns out badly!" The voice now sunk into an inarticulate moaning, which lasted for some seconds. "Lydia's temper is worse, though I pray for her night and morning. God grant nothing bad may come; but both you and Gervase know I have tried my best, and I will try; I will try to my last breath, Sarah, but I must think of poor Ann's child, as well as yours that has plenty. And I must go on pinching for the money. Don't be angry with me; but I know you won't,

either of you." Again sobs supervened, increasing in rapidity and intensity until they grew almost hysterical. Under the influence of a mixture of feelings which I cannot pretend to describe, I stepped from my corner and advanced round the new monument, at the foot of which I then saw Mrs. Wartnaby huddled in a kneeling posture. Instantly the dog, though at some distance, began to bark sharply, running up in our direction. It appeared not to have followed its mistress closely, and until that moment had not become conscious of my presence. Mrs. Wartnaby, aroused by the dog, started wildly, looking all around before she saw me; but when her tear-blinded eyes met mine, and she had recognised me, their expression changed quickly from fear to rage. I went nearer to assist her, but pulling herself up slowly by the side of the monument, she rejected my help.

"Shame!" she cried, fiercely; "you, a clergyman, to act as a spy on an old woman! Shame!" and her bright eyes flashed as she indignantly shook her white head.

"I have not done so; I came forward to prevent it," I shouted, stung with indignation, endeavouring to raise my voice above the barking of the dog, the din of which was redoubled by the echoes of the vacant church.

"You have not been in the parish a week," she resumed, her passion increasing rather than subsiding; "what right have you, a stranger, to watch my doings? The pew is as much ours as the parlour at home; and am I not to come to my relative's tomb? The rector himself would not do so."

"I was here accidentally," I cried in my loudest tones into her ear; "I wish to explain, if you will silence the dog."

"Accidentally," she repeated, her thin lips writhing in a sneer, and her eyes flashing reproachfully, as she tightened the shawl on her shoulders. "I kept the dog and trained it, because I was afraid I might be watched. The sexton, I thought, might do it, but I never dreamt that a clergyman would do so."

"I was studying this morning in the vestry in preference to the dark library, until"—I hesitated, for to mention Miss Daley's name to her aunt would still further complicate matters,—"until a visitor came to speak with me here in the church; and hearing you enter as I was going back, I came up here to avoid you."

How much of this she, in her deafness, caught above the slackening yelping of the dog, I do not know, but it was clear it did not satisfy her.

"That money is sacred,—it is an orphan's portion." And as she said this her tones

trembled a little. "I am pinching for it, and it is only between me and my dead sister and her husband. Here, I thought, would be safer than at the house; for I did not expect this."

Again her eyes flashed angrily, and almost savagely.

"I only heard the jingle of money from this distance; I don't know where it is, further than I knew you were in the Squire's pew. It is certainly safe from me," I shouted, emboldened by my own indignation.

"Follow me, you shall see it," and turning about quickly as she spoke, she made some signal to the dog, at which he suddenly checked his nearly exhausted bark.

I called out that I did not wish to interfere in the matter at all; but either she did not hear me, or else she was determined on her own course, for she took no heed, but hastened along. I followed, repeating my protestations, and had only reached the head of the short aisle, when with fingers so shaking she could scarcely force the key into the lock, she once more opened the door of the great pew.

"Come!" she sternly said, looking round and noticing that I lingered; "now you have meddled in the matter, I shall hold you responsible for its safety," and she broke into a harsh chuckle, advancing into the pew.

"It is altogether a misunderstanding," I said, as I went forward; but excited curiosity (for I will not scruple to admit it) checked my intended explanation the next moment. On reaching the pew-door I saw Mrs. Wartnaby crouched down in the far corner, where the seat ran along by the side wall, and she was then in the act of rolling back the old carpet, having already tossed a hassock aside. Her next proceeding was to raise a square piece of board from the floor, revealing a small cavity, the original use of which I could guess at once,—it had been made as a receptacle for a vessel containing hot water to keep the feet of some one—most likely the Squire—warm during the service in winter time. But out of this hollow Mrs. Wartnaby now lifted a moderately-sized bag, apparently of considerable weight; slipping off, rather than untieing, a string which fastened it round the top, she turned back the sides of the bag till its glittering contents were visible—a shining heap of sovereigns.

"This is all the secret I have; there is nothing else there," she excitedly said, pointing to the hole. "I put the money here for safety, and there is nothing wrong in bringing it to God's house, for it is a poor orphan's only fortune. I am pinching to save it out of my allowance, without injuring anybody else; and if you wish to know the exact sum,

there is now two hundred and forty-six pounds. The reason why I send the dog on Sundays, is that I have trained him to sit on my hassock over it, and nobody has any right to enter this pew on week days, not even the rector himself," she added, with angry eyes.

"Certainly not, Mrs. Wartnaby; and I need not say I should never dream of doing so. If"—I eagerly went on—"if I could be of any help to you in the trouble you are suffering, I should be thankful from my heart." I said it most truly, for I felt keenly touched at sight of the old lady's painful excitement. "Let me replace it for you," and I went forward.

"There, you have handled it, and I shall hold you accountable for it!" she nearly screamed, starting up and trembling with excitement. "You are a clergyman, and the orphans have only God to protect them. I shall look to you for its safety. Yes, yes, I shall; you should not have meddled in it, but you have, and I shall look to you. The hassock does not stand there, it goes right on it; but just as you will,—it is you now. The money belongs to an orphan, I tell you again; and God's eye is on it. I'll leave you with it."

And before I could answer a word, she hurried away from the pew, making for the private entrance.

I was utterly astonished at this conduct, and calling out her name I hastily rose, and locking the door in which she had left the key, to which I observed that another larger one was attached, I followed quickly. On gaining the corner pillar, I saw her turning back from the outer door, which she must have looked behind her when she entered, and had forgotten that when she left the keys.

"Oh, you may as well keep them as me now," she obstinately said, as I held out the keys to her; and then she stood aside as if waiting for me to unlock her the door.

"It is unjust not to allow me to explain," I answered. "I must bring the keys to the house; perhaps, you will then hear me?"

"No!" and she snatched them from me; and after, in a very agitated way, unlocking the door, she faced round: "You are accountable for it now," she bitterly repeated, and then turned and walked hurriedly away, taking with her the keys, but leaving that door as she had left that of the pew, without relocking it.

I followed her into the churchyard for some distance, but she ran more than walked, and I gave up the pursuit. Returning into the church I fastened the little old door on the inside by putting a bench against it, and then went back into the vestry, where on the table lay my books and the idle sheets of paper.

But there was an end to all composition; the partly written sermon advanced no further that day.

PYGMALION.

THE feast was ended with the dying day,
The feast of Venus—slowly on the iale
The shadows of the night came down, and all
The world was dark beneath the folding star.
The weary Cypriots slumbered. He alone,—
Not unexperienced in woman's wile,—
Still waiting, saw three flakes of amber flame
Flash from the falling frankincense, and knew
His fond vow granted by the golden queen.

In a far chamber, full of mellow light
And burning odours, a loved image lay,
Lay, fair exceedingly, which as he gazed
Still fairer seemed to grow: a starry crown
Circled its waving hair, with asphodel
And yellow amaranth, and many a flower
Of thousand hues, while on its whiter hands
Were lilies white as snow, and amber tears
Of the Heliades,—such ornaments
As women love,—and yet its beauty asked
No aid from foreign ornament, but was
Naked by far most fair; the while it slept,
Or seemed to sleep, upon a tasselled bed
Of Tyrian dye, with grey chalcadony
Purified, and jasper, lovely as a dream:
Filling the deep air with hushed love it lay,
The idol of his hands, and heart, and brain;
With stony lips which seemed not stone, and limbs
Their former feared to touch, so far had art
Concealed itself, lest the rude chisel's blow
Might wound them with imaginary pain.
Gazing he gazed, and all his hopes grew dim
And fleet like a shadow into air;
For still his idol moved not, yet appeared
In act to move, but held by modesty
From motion, and he prayed, and Venus heard
Him praying not in vain.

* * *
Sudden his fingers sank into the stone,
Softened as wax is softened by the sun;
The marble breast beneath his brooding hand
Heaved as the heaving ocean, purple blood
Beat in translucent veins; those chilly lips
Disparted rosy; warm and warmer grew
That mouth slow waking into life and love.
At last, the lids revealed her wondering eyes,
For the first time beholding love and light
Together, in whose depths of silent blue
The early dawn he saw of fond desire,
While on her cheek in myriad dimples played,—
As starlight on the undulating sea,—
The smile of the immortals; as she wove
Her trembling arms around him, to his ear
The unexpressive music, which before
Had slumbered in its tenement of stone,
Woke into whispered murmur, "Thee I love."

J. Msw.

DOWNTON CASTLE, AND THE KNIGHTS.

THE bridge of Bromfield presents one of those small scraps of lovely rural scenery which leave a strong impression upon our imagination. On the right hand, as we pass it from Ludlow, or, in other words, on the

northern side, the river Oney, in its way southward from Onibury, spreads out in shallow waters which, as they are agitated by a variety of accidents of locality, and broken by green islands, sweep along sparkling and glittering in the sunshine, bordered by picturesque groups of trees and cottages. After passing the bridge it becomes deeper and darker, as it follows its course, in a channel confined between banks of higher ground, upon which to the right the picturesque old church of Bromfield presents itself, and overshadowed by nearer trees and thicker foliage, until, at a distance of two or three hundred yards, it mingles its waters with those of the Teme, and proceeds towards Ludlow, from which we are now about two miles and a half distant. Bromfield is a remarkably pretty village, remarkable for its picturesque timber-built cottages. After we have crossed the bridge, the road which turns to the left takes us by the churchyard, and by the interesting old gateway-house, also of timber-work, of the priory, a dependent of Gloucester Abbey, which once adorned Bromfield, and of which some of the masonry of the church is all that now remains, through Oakley Park, and along very pleasant lanes back to Ludlow.

But we must leave these, for our way now lies up the course of the river Teme, and altogether away from Ludlow. As we proceed, the prospects on each side become, if possible, more and more attractive, the road now bordered by pleasant green copses, and then lying open, and presenting to the right extensive and varying views over a rich and broken country, bounded in the distance by the hills which rise from the valley of the Oney. On the left, our view is limited by the high ridge of Bringewood Chase, from which we were farthest distant at Bromfield, and which we continually approach as we advance towards Downton, having below us the valley through which the Teme winds its course. A little farther, and in the close vicinity of Downton Castle, we come to the Castle Inn, a pretty rural building standing in the midst of gardens, where we may conveniently leave either horse or carriage. Nearly opposite the inn, a lane turns off from the main road to the left, and conducts us to the river, which is here crossed by a picturesque bridge. From this bridge, the view up the river is extremely beautiful, with Downton Castle crowning the heights on the right. Over the bridge, and a little up the bank of the river, which here approaches closely to the foot of Bringewood, are the remains of Bringewood Forge, an establishment intimately mixed up with the earlier fortunes of the distinguished family which has so long held these domains.

In the earlier half of the seventeenth century, an estate named Castle Green, in the parish of Madeley, belonged to a gentleman named Richard Knight, who resided upon it, but of whom we seem to know nothing further, except that there is every reason for believing that he represented a family of the name which had held a prominent position in Shrewsbury during two centuries, and one of whom represented that town in parliament in the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. Richard Knight, of Castle Green, had two sons, Francis, born in 1640, and Richard, born in 1658. The stirring period of the Commonwealth and Protectorate had transpired between the births of the two brothers. This second Richard Knight was a very remarkable man, and possessed of great energy and perseverance, which he threw into the iron trade, then a profitable field of speculation to those who understood it. Perhaps, if we may judge from the situation of the estate, he may have been only following in the footsteps of his father, and it may have been the pursuit of this trade which caused the removal of the family from Shrewsbury. The second Richard Knight successively worked forges at the lower end of Coalbrooke Dale and at Moreton in the parish of Shrewsbury, and finally the forge of which the remains are still to be seen at Downton, on the banks of the Teme, under Bringewood, besides possessing forges, and shares in forges, in Staffordshire and Worcestershire. The fitness of Bringewood for the site of a forge will be easily understood when we consider that the fuel then used was wood, and this forge is said to have produced iron of a very superior quality. The ore was brought to it chiefly from the Cleve Hill, and old Acts of Parliament relating to the turnpike trusts in this part of the country describe the carriages employed for the purpose. This Richard Knight was a man of peculiar habits, and many anecdotes of his eccentricity have been remembered. He settled at Bringewood about the year 1698, having taken a lease of the property for twenty-one years, of Lord Craven, to whom it then belonged, but before that term expired, he became its possessor by purchase, as well as of a considerable extent of other land adjoining. He died at a very advanced age, early in the year 1745, and left a large property, the results of his own talent and labours.

Richard Knight married a daughter of Mr. Andrew Payne, of Shrewsbury, by whom he had four sons and several daughters. It has been a subject of frequent remark, how often the talents and distinguishing characteristics of a family descend through the second sons

instead of the elder. This appears to have been the case with Richard Knight's second son, Thomas Knight, born in the year 1700, who entered the church, and held the two livings of Ribberford and Bewdley, in Worcestershire, though he resided at Wormsley Grange, near Hereford. He distributed to his two sons the favourite names of his own family and of that of his mother, calling the elder Richard Payne and the younger Thomas Andrew. Thomas Knight died in 1764, when his two sons, both destined to become highly distinguished men, were left at the several ages of fourteen years and five.

Richard Payne Knight inherited the Downton estates. He was a man of very superior talents, and at the same time of a refined as well as energetic mind, so that, although his early education had been much neglected, for he was never sent either to a public school or to the universities, he arrived at the distinction of being one of the most remarkable classical scholars of his day. At the age of eighteen he began to learn Greek, and began to show that taste for ancient art which became fully developed in a visit to Italy shortly before he came of age. Soon afterwards, when he was twenty-three years of age, he built for himself a mansion at Downton, in a castellated style of architecture, which at least displayed originality of idea. Downton Castle was completed in 1776, and became from that time his residence. Four years later, in 1780, Richard Payne Knight was elected to represent the borough of Leominster in Parliament, and in 1784 he was chosen for one of the representatives of Ludlow, which town he continued to represent during twenty-two years. Residing in the midst of this picturesque country, Mr. Knight devoted himself to an earnest study of the beauties of natural scenery, and formed views which he was soon induced to lay before the world.

During the century which was now drawing to a close, the principles, or we may rather say, the fashions, of laying out gardens and parks prevailed. In the earlier part of it, the cold, formal clumps and alleys of trees, shaved down to artificial shapes and outlines, which had risen to its highest popularity in France in the reign of Louis XIV., continued to prevail; but with William Kent, who died in 1748, and who, by profession an architect, appears to have formed his taste partly in Italy, we first had what might be called an English style of landscape gardening. Kent's style consisted in smooth bare lawns, out of which the house rose abruptly to display its architectural features. This school was attacked by Gilpin and others, and finally gave way to another, which was re-

presented by James Brown, a man of some talent, who had been originally a kitchen-gardener, and who went popularly by the name of "Capability"

Brown. His system has been characterised as that of clumps and lawns, for it consisted mainly of clumps of trees scattered over extensive lawns, its art consisting in the effect produced by the arrangement of the clumps. The next improver was Humphrey Repton, a native of Bury St. Edmunds, who was born in the year

1752. Repton's style consisted in a great measure of a union of the previous schools, or rather of selections from each, and he speaks of his immediate predecessor as "the immortal Brown." It was in great repute in the latter part of the last century, and Repton was employed by the nobility and gentry in all parts of the kingdom to improve their gardens. There were still, however, some who were opposed to Repton's style, and none were more earnest in their attacks upon it than Richard Payne Knight and his friend and not distant neighbour, Uvedale Price, of Foxley, near Weobly. Both have left the marks of their genius on their respective estates.

Uvedale Price was the first to enter the field of public criticism. Early in 1794, he published his "Essays on the Picturesque," in which he criticised with severity the principles advocated by Brown, and attacked also those of Repton. Very soon after this appeared, in quarto, "The Landscape: a Didactic Poem. In three books. Addressed to Uvedale Price, Esq. By R. P. Knight." This poem, which is by no means devoid of merit, appears to have made a greater sensation at the time of its appearance than Price's Essays. His verse is generally correct and often vigorous, and it contains lines and passages of great beauty. Its author begins with

some general remarks on the subject of taste, and states his objections to all formal rules for the character of the beautiful.

He then proceeds to apply his general remarks to landscape and landscape-gardening, and to speak contemptuously of the principles laid down and practised by Humphrey Repton. One of these was that the approach to a man of great wealth ought to be by a long, winding road, which should be contrived so as to lead the visitor sometimes

over emi-

nences and sometimes down into valleys, in order that he might be duly impressed with the vast extent of the landed property of his host, and, in an account of his improvements at Tatton Park, in Cheshire, Repton had suggested that this effect might be heightened by sculpturing his arms on milestones, &c., within the road. On this, Richard Payne Knight remarks:—

He, therefore, leads you many a tedious round,
To show th' extent of his employer's ground;
Climbs o'er the hills, and to the vales descends;
Then mounts again, through lawn that never ends.

But why not rather at the porter's gate,
Hang up the map of all my lord's estate,
Than give his hungry visitors the pain
To wander o'er so many miles in vain? "

He objects to formal and artificial modes of producing effect in the landscape:—

The best approach to every beauteous scene
Is where it's least expected or foreseen;
Where nought occurs to anticipate surprise,
Or bring the landscape piecemeal to the eyes.

After some further observations on the means of producing picturesque effect, the author proceeds to give his ideas of the picturesque approach to a gentleman's residence:—

So let th' approach and entrance to your place
Display no glitter, and affect no grace;



Downton Castle.

But still in careless, easy curves proceed,
Through the rough thicket or the flowery mead ;
Till, bursting from some deep-embowered shade,
Some narrow valley, or some opening glade,
Well mixed and blended in the scene, you show
The stately mansion rising to the view.
But mixed and blended, ever let it be
A mere component part of what you see.
But if in solitary pride it stand,
'Tis but a lump encumbering the land,
A load of inert matter, cold and dead,
Th' excrescence of the lawns that round it spread.

To illustrate further his views, Mr. Knight has here given two large plates, one a view of a handsome mansion, surrounded by patches of trees growing in picturesque forms as nature shaped them, with a pretty stream flowing below and crossed by a rustic bridge; the other representing the same view, with the trees cut up into formal clumps, the stream turned into an equally formal canal, crossed by a Chinese bridge. The contrast is certainly strongly in favour of the first. Our author continues to insist on the advantage of preserving unadorned the beauties presented by nature, and speaks with contempt of the practice of the new landscape-gardeners, represented especially by Humphrey Repton :—

Hence let us learn, in real scenes to trace
The true ingredients of the painter's grace ;
To lop redundant parts, the coarse refine,
Open the crowded, and the scanty join,
But, ah ! in vain :—see yon fantastic band,
With charts, pedometers, and rules in hand,
Advance triumphant, and alike lay waste
The forms of nature, and the works of taste !
'T' improve, adorn, and polish, they profess ;
But shave the goddess whom they come to dress ;
Level each broken bank and shaggy mound,
And fashion all to one unvaried round ;
One even round, that ever gently flows,
Nor forms abrupt, nor broken colours knows ;
But, wrapt all o'er in everlasting green,
Makes one dull, rapid, smooth, and tranquil scene.

The pleasures of retirement in these scenes where nature reigns uncontrolled are dwelt upon in the following beautiful lines :—

Let me, retir'd from bus'ness, toil, and strife,
Close amidst books and solitude my life ;
Beneath yon high-brow'd rocks in thickets rove,
Or, meditating, wander through the grove ;
Or from the cavern, view the noontide beam
Dance on the rippling of the lucid stream,
While the wild woodbine dangles o'er my head,
And various flowers around their fragrance spread ;
Or where, 'midst scatter'd trees, the op'ning glade
Admits the well mix'd tints of light and shade ;
And, as the day's bright colours fade away,
Just shows my devious, solitary way ;
While thick'ning glooms around are slowly spread,
And glimm'ring sunbeams gild the mountain's head ;
Then, homeward, as I sauntering move along,
The nightingale begins his ev'ning song ;
Chaunting a requiem to departed light,
That smoothes the raven down of sable night.

I need only mention here that in the second and third books of this poem, the author enters further into the details of the subject, and treats of the species of trees best calculated for producing different picturesque effects.

It may well be supposed that when men like Richard Payne Knight and Uvedale Price attack so boldly the opinions which then generally prevailed, they would rouse up a host of opponents. First of these stands the landscape-gardener Repton, who published his reply to the remarks of both in a letter to Uvedale Price, in which he complains of the rudeness of some of the remarks which had been made in "The Landscape." Price replied in a long essay, also in the form of a letter, and Knight, in the introduction and notes to another edition of his poem, which he published in the following year, 1695. The controversy was embittered by the political feelings which raged so fiercely at that time, for Richard Payne Knight was a decided Liberal in his politics, and he was coarsely attacked and even calumniated in many of the reviews, and in pamphlets, some of the latter written in doggerel rhyme. His attempts to reform public taste were treated by some of his assailants as another display of his radicalism. The warmth of the dispute, however, soon began to subside, and in the following year, 1796, he published another didactic poem—for didactic poetry was then rather in fashion—entitled, "The Progress of Civil Society," in which, from its subject, he naturally gave greater hold to his political assailants. In 1805, he gave to the public the most important of his writings of this class—"An Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste." At the close of his poem on "The Progress of Civil Society," the author again tells us of his affection for the beautiful scenery of Downton :—

Here, on thy shady banks, pellucid Teme,
May Heaven bestow its last poetic dream ;
Here may these oaks in life's last glimmer shed
Their sober shadows o'er his drooping head,
And these fair Dryads whom he sung to save
Reward their poet with a peaceful grave !"

Let us return from this digression to continue our excursion. A very short walk from the Castle Inn brings us to the mansion of Downton Castle, which is approached by a drive presenting certainly none of that artificial display which Humphrey Repton recommended and Payne Knight so earnestly condemned. The building answers very well to the brief description given by its founder in his "Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste." "It is now more than thirty years since the author of this Inquiry ventured to

build a house ornamented with what are called Gothic towers and battlements without, and with Grecian ceilings, columns, and entablatures within; and though his example has not been much followed, he has every reason to congratulate himself upon the success of the experiment; he having, at once, the advantage of a picturesque, and of an elegant and convenient dwelling, though less perfect in both respects than if he had executed it at a maturer age." The character of this building will be sufficiently understood by our view of it, which represents the entrance towers, which are, I believe, partly the work of its present proprietor. The Castle is, as we have seen, entirely modern, and without any very distinct plan, except the grouping together of a number of embattled towers, which form a picturesque object on the top of the hill. Internally, it is a very commodious dwelling, furnished with all modern conveniences, and especially with a large circular dining-room nearly thirty feet in diameter, which occupies the entire square tower placed near the middle of the front, with a domed ceiling, crowned by a lanthorn, from which chiefly it is lighted. The rooms are large and elegant, and contain some valuable paintings by the old masters. The great attraction of Downton Castle lies in the beautiful walks along the banks of the river, which display visibly the taste for natural scenery taught in the poem just quoted.

Downton Castle stands on the summit of a bank which rises to an elevation of about a hundred feet above the bed of the river. If, instead of entering the private grounds which surround the house, we take a lane which runs immediately under them, it will lead us down to a bridge. The bed of the Teme, between Bromfield and this bridge, lies, as already stated, in a valley, and is bordered by tolerably high banks, which, on one side, gradually slope upwards into the hill of Bringewood. Above the bridge, the valley changes into a narrow ravine, or chasm, formed by some primeval convulsion of nature, and the river runs down rapidly over a rocky bottom, pent in on each side by heights which sometimes present themselves in the form of vast masses of perpendicular rock. We pass over the bridge, and immediately on the other side a small wicket leads into the walk originally laid out under the direction of Richard Payne Knight, which runs at a little elevation along the side of the steep hill which here forms the bank of the river, and which is clothed above and below with thick copse. At a short distance from the entrance, the path passes through a cavern of some magnitude, under an overhanging mass of rock, on emerging from which the scenery of the river

bursts upon us in all its picturesque beauty. As the path winds round the side of the hill, this scenery presents a continual change, the river at one time rushing with violence through a narrow channel between precipitous rocks, at another settling into a dark and quiet pool, surrounded by woods which rise from its varying outlines. Seats are placed at some of the most beautiful points of view, on which the visitor may rest and enjoy them. At a distance of somewhat more than half-a-mile from the cave, we come to an open moss-house, furnished with seats inside, and situated in a remarkably beautiful position. Before us, looking up the river, stands a mill, known as the Hay Mill, at which, when our sketch was taken, the river was crossed by a picturesque alpine bridge, which, alas! has now disappeared, carried away a few years ago by a flood. This object added so much to the beauty of the scene that it is sincerely to be hoped that ere long it will be restored. A room attached to the mill is said to have been a favourite place of resort to Richard Payne Knight, when he sought to study in solitude. After we pass the mill, the road turns off from the river, to return to it again a little higher up, at a spot where it is crossed by a bridge of one arch, called the Bow Bridge. A lane runs hence up the hill to the village of Downton, usually called Downton-on-the-Rock. As we advance from the Bow Bridge, a little higher up the stream, a long extent of lofty perpendicular rock faces the river; but it has now been considerably broken into by the process of quarrying. From the village we may walk back across the park to Downton Castle.

Many, however, will prefer returning from the Hay Mill by the same path which led them to it, for it presents in the way back almost a new series of changes of scenery. Or, when the Alpine bridge was standing, they might have crossed over to the other side of the river, and at a short distance from it, two paths branch off, one leading up the hill to the castle, the other running down the bank of the river to the foot of the bridge by which we first crossed it.

In 1810, four years after he had relinquished his seat in the House of Commons, the love of solitude gained so far upon Mr. Payne Knight that he relinquished Downton Castle to his brother, Thomas Andrew Knight, and retired to a cottage in another part of the grounds. He died in 1824, and bequeathed his fine collection of works of Grecian art, the value of which was estimated at 50,000*l.*, to the British Museum, of which he had been appointed a trustee in 1814.

Thomas Andrew Knight possessed the same

love for the study of nature as his brother; but it took a more practical, and therefore more useful direction. He may be justly re-

garded as the father of modern English horticulture, and to him science owes many of the most important discoveries in vegetable physi-



The Hay Mill.

ology, in which the views and opinions which originated with him were, in almost every instance, afterwards confirmed and accepted. To him, too, we owe some of the choicest varieties of the apple and other fruits, which were produced in the gardens of Elton and Downton Castle. He received his earlier education in the school at Ludlow, and was entered at Baliol College, Oxford, where he never showed any great attachment to university studies, but an extraordinary memory and great natural talents supplied in some measure for the want of close reading. In 1791, he married and settled at Elton, where, although possessing then a limited income, he already entered upon his career of experiments in horticultural and vegetable science with the greatest ardour.

In 1797, he committed to the press his first work, a treatise on the culture of the apple and the pear, which soon became one of the most popular books of its class, and has passed through a great number of editions. Among his earlier and most intimate friends were Sir Joseph Banks and Sir Humphrey Davy. After his removal to Downton Castle in 1810,

Thomas Andrew Knight had a wider field and greater means of pursuing his labours, which he pursued with unflinching energy until his death, at a very advanced age, in 1838. On the 1st of January, 1811, Mr. Knight was elected president of the Horticultural Society, a distinguished office, which he continued to hold during the rest of his life. Thomas Andrew Knight had a son and three daughters; the former, a young man of very great promise, met with a premature death in 1827, by an accident while shooting in the woods of Downton with a friend. One only of the three daughters, Charlotte, who married Sir William Rouse Boughton, Bart., of Downton Hall, left any children, and to her second son the Downton Castle estates finally descended, after the castle had been for some years occupied by tenants. It is hardly necessary to add that on his accession to the property, Mr. Boughton assumed the name of Knight, a name from which it would indeed be a matter of regret if that of Downton Castle should be separated. As already intimated, Mr. Boughton-Knight has made extensive restorations and additions in the Castle. **THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.**

HEVER COURT.

BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD, AUTHOR OF "RALPH," &c.

CHAPTER I. CLARA.



HE White Horse, by Thos. Smithson," meaning not the artist but the host, was certainly the most prominent object in

the village of Bingwell. Between the courtyard of the inn, which was rarely unoccupied by the vehicle of some thirsty traveller, and the dusty turnpike road, this well-known sign-board swung on a little gallows of its own; while a ragged patch of green beneath seemed to warn irreverent wheels

from too familiar an approach to this emblem of hospitality.

For miles round, and far to right and left along the high road, the Smithsons were consequential people, far more important among waggoners and drovers than almost anybody, except perhaps the last notorious murderer. This was because everyone knew them, and they formed a common subject of conversation for passing acquaintance, and not unfrequently a ground of introduction. Tom Smithson, "old Tom," as he was familiarly called, had but recently died. He was still spoken of as a "very 'spectable man, a rare judge of a glass o' ale," but Mrs. Smithson was most often the subject of conversation. If the speaker were favourable, she was a "comfor'ble 'oman, with allus a word to say for herself; ay, an' a sharp un too;" but if perchance he had rudely felt the force of Mrs. Smithson's tongue, she was "Mother Smithson, as warn't none too good, and throwed all her money on to that there gal o' hearn."

Clara Smithson was a niece of the landlady of the White Horse: she had been for some years an orphan, and had occupied a position as lady's-maid in a nobleman's family before coming to live with her uncle and aunt. Rarely indeed do the rustic visitors of the tap-room catch a sight of Miss Clara, but they often talk of her haughtiness and her beauty. For hers is the beauty they admire, strong

and intoxicating. She is just now approaching the door, apparently returning from a walk. Through the gauze of her short "fall," her dark rich brown eyes shine out as if they were unveiled, and her massy black hair matches well with the bright red feather in her hat. She is well dressed, has a firm, graceful step, and a foot and ankle, the first sight of which condones the coquetry of the looped-up black silk dress, and rather short and very highly-coloured petticoat. Her face is beautiful; but at this moment she is paler than usual, and the lower part of her face, which has its bad features, appears somewhat heavy and prominent.

Paying no attention to the shy nods of one or two men standing about the door, Clara walked hastily through the house and up-stairs to her own room. When the door was shut and locked, she seemed to free herself from an effort of self-control too great to be long endured.

"Fool," she exclaimed, flinging off her hat and mantle, "what a fool I am!" Then her lips quivered with an emotion portending tears, but Clara shed few tears, and her eyes now defied the suspicion.

She was staring at herself in her looking-glass, conscious of every good point in her rounded figure; her face was fresh flushed with shame and anger, with jealousy, for she was in her thoughts now comparing her fine face with that of another girl about her own age, whom but a half-an hour since she had seen riding with a young gentleman in a wooded lane not far from her aunt's door.

"How I do hate her!" she muttered, and then stepping quickly to a drawer, she took out a photograph of a very young man, standing, but certainly not at ease, in the uniform of a yeomanry regiment. His face bore just the pencilled promise of a moustache; his features were regular, handsome, and manly, but refined rather than strong. His eyes could scarcely prove of such deep ultramarine as the photographer's artist had given to them, but the sun could not have been an untried witness to the straightness of his nose, or the delicate curves which gave a womanly sweetness to his mouth and chin, nor did it seem that the waving curls of his brown hair were merely artistic—they were too natural, too graceful, to be anything but real.

It was a wretched performance, and the trumpery gilt frame in which it was set was remindful of the itinerant artist; but evidently it was one of Clara's greatest treasures. As her eyes fell upon it, a passionate, longing love seemed to overspread her countenance; she appeared to have forgotten her jealousy. In a tone of relenting languor, "Edward" left her lips. Then, as if her recent anger again swept across her mind, she clenched the little portrait, and flinging it to the ground, stamped and stamped upon it till her sharp brass-armed heels had pounded it into an indistinguishable ruin.

"Why does he—how can he love that straw-faced little——" But Clara was in too great a rage to be able to find the epithet she wished to apply to her rival. And just now the sound of horses' feet cantering along the road outside her window, gave another direction to her thoughts.

She flew to the window just in time to receive a laughing nod from a young man, evidently the "Edward" of the photograph. Hesitating how to acknowledge it, she saw by the quick turn of the young lady, at whose side he was riding, that he had spoken of her. Shrinking from the recognition of the face she hated, Clara stepped backwards until they had passed out of sight.

"I never thought of having him myself; but if I don't, you sha'n't, Miss Lucy Denman, I will prevent that."

And after this vindictive resolution, Clara smoothed her hair, and went down-stairs to join her aunt in the parlour of the inn.

CHAPTER II. THE "MAUVAIS SUJET" OF BINGWELL.

HEVER COURT had been the residence of the Franklands for centuries. But the house had been rebuilt about a hundred years ago, and was one of those roomy, square, red-bricked mansions which one associates with moderate wealth, high respectability, and great comfort. The year's mourning, which was customary in the family for the departed owner, had nearly been accomplished for the father of the "young Squire," as the present incumbent was called. Mr. Edward Frankland, whom we have seen riding past the "White Horse," lived here with his widowed mother; and the gossips in the village said that soon after the mourning was over, he was to marry Miss Lucy Denman, the daughter of Sir John Denman, an old friend and neighbour of his father's. The grief of Mrs. Frankland and her son for the loss of their husband and father was, perhaps, rather dutiful than real. He had married late in life, and had always been extremely cold and reserved in

his manner, even towards his wife and child. He and Sir John had been companions and friends in youth and early manhood, and many strange stories were whispered throughout the neighbourhood as to the reasons which made Mr. Frankland so very uncommunicative.

But one fact was so well known in the village, that it had ceased to be thought a scandal. There was no doubt that Will Campbell, who was better known as "handsome Will," was a son of the late Mr. Frankland. His mother was well remembered by the Bingwell gossips. Amy Campbell was the pretty daughter of the village schoolmaster, who brought her father to grief, and at length, it was said, to his grave, by running away from him with the young Squire. After a year's absence, during which her friends had no tidings of her, and only suspected, from previous gossip, her intimacy with Mr. Frankland, she returned to Bingwell with her baby boy. She was lovingly received by her father, who was in his last illness. Hever Court was then in the care of the housekeeper, and uninhabited by any of the family until Mr. Frankland's subsequent marriage with the mother of Edward. Amy had no story to tell, or would tell none; she said she had not been married, but the avowal was evidently made with great reluctance; that she had quarrelled with Mr. Frankland and left him; that she never wished to see him again, and that all she feared was lest he should take her boy away from her. But her health was very feeble, her beauty faded; and before Mr. Frankland saw his home again, she and her father had died, leaving little Will in charge of a neighbour, who promised to be "a mother to him." And it was rumoured that on her death-bed she had made strange confessions.

Perhaps it was not Mrs. Prickett's fault that Will had become the notorious *mauvais sujet* of the village. She was a woman who, as she described herself, "got her own livin' by doing a bit o' nussin', and a bit o' charin', and what not, though she had a bit o' money as her old man left her, when he was took bad and died with the fever." But Mrs. Prickett had a stronger sense of natural rights than of self-interest, and very early in Will's life she had quarrelled with Mrs. Frankland, who did not like that he should associate in any way with her child, and neither the good washer-woman nor the lady were notable for conciliation. It may be owing to this circumstance, and to a suspicion which Mrs. Prickett always entertained that poor Amy had been married to Mr. Frankland, that she had, unconsciously perhaps, made Will an idle, discontented man, hating his father's family, and

regarding them, to some extent, as defrauding him of his natural rights.

His doating foster-mother set down all his faults as due rather to his father than to himself, and she seemed ready to make any sacrifice rather than that he should be in any way dependent on the Franklands. Time after time Mr. Frankland had made Will offers of employment upon his estate, or of recommendation to obtain a situation elsewhere. But Will repulsed them rudely. "He was quite contented where he was," he said, and "Why didn't the Squire want to send Master Edward away?" and so he had continued lazily to farm the dozen acres of land which Mrs. Prickett held of Bingwell Manor. But it was not upon twelve acres that Will had become the best shot in the country round Bingwell, nor on the profits of his husbandry that he kept a fast-trotting mare and a couple of lurchers. Indeed, it was well-known that Will was a deer-stealer and a poacher, and one of Mr. Frankland's most vivid troubles had been lest he should find his son brought as a prisoner before him as a magistrate. But this had never happened.

There were, however, two subjects upon which Mrs. Prickett "had words" with Will. He was not an idle, ignorant, rustic sot; on the contrary, he was cunning, cool, reserved; he was never seen to be "the worse for liquor," but he was incorrigibly lazy; with immense powers of enjoyment, but little of the honest energy of acquisition. Mrs. Prickett would have had him search every parish registry in England in the hope of finding evidence of his mother's marriage. She was never tired of scolding him for his indolence in this matter; nor did she patiently listen to his yawning assurance that "mother wouldn't ha' died without saying something about it, if there'd been any wedding." But Will had nothing to plead for himself when she rated him for his frequent visits to the White Horse. Whenever she saw Will making an extra-fine toilet, she broke out at him. For Mrs. Prickett had long ago found out Will's secret. She knew that he loved Clara Smithson—or, to say worshipped her, would be more correct. When his foster-mother told him Clara "would never have him as he was," the sad, conscious truth went coldly home to Will's heart. And when she followed this shaft up by another, directed at Clara's extravagance and expensive habits, saying, that they would "both be in the workhus in a month if they was married," Will couldn't venture to contest the truth of the remark.

Mrs. Prickett's friend and counsellor was Mr. Pitcher, the parish clerk and sexton of Bingwell. Many and many a time they had

talked together as to the possibility of Will's legitimacy. And Mr. Pitcher, whose faith in parish books was profound, often found himself thinking of it while he turned the mouldy pages of the Bingwell archives. About a month ago he had received a visit from a smart lawyer's clerk, representing a firm in Gray's Inn, who wished to refer to the registry concerning the births, marriages, and deaths of a family named Talboys; and Mr. Pitcher, thinking the opportunity too good to be lost, hazarded a question as to "whether there was parish clerks in Lunnun?"

Mr. Gribble, representing Messrs. Surcharge and Stamps, who had long since won his spurs as "a sharp young man," very soon saw that Mr. Pitcher had a purpose in his questions, and the conference ended by Mr. Gribble paying a visit to Mrs. Prickett, and leaving her with the conviction that somewhere, probably in London, might be found the certificate of Mr. Frankland's marriage with Amy Campbell. Mrs. Prickett had given him no retainer, but her manner had been so mysteriously confidential, she had so suspiciously impressed upon him the necessity of secrecy, of avoiding all advertising, of not giving the least publicity to his inquiries, which might reach the ears of the family, that as Mr. Gribble walked back to the railway station smoking a penny cigar and swinging gaily a sixpenny walking cane, he thought more and more that there was something in it, that "the old woman could say more if she liked:" in fact, he felt that he "had got hold of a good thing," and would spare no trouble in his search for evidence.

CHAPTER III. ISAAC AND ISHMAEL.

"You will come in and see mamma? you must," said Lucy, as she and Edward Frankland rode up to Sir John Denman's house.

They had met accidentally in the course of an afternoon ride. Friends from childhood, there was an undefined feeling between them which on Edward's part seemed to be rapidly ripening into love, nor did his attentions appear to be altogether disagreeable to Lucy.

"I have so enjoyed my ride," she said, as Edward assisted her to dismount.

"And so have I, thanks to our meeting in Rowton Lane."

"Ladies are exempt from the necessity of giving reasons;" and Lucy smiled and blushed.

"Not where the happiness of others is concerned," said Edward, in a tone which seemed to be unintentionally serious.

However, Lucy was too busy in giving a final pat to her horse's neck to answer this question, and when this operation was ended, she gathered up her skirts and preceded Edward into the presence of Lady Denman, who

was "very glad indeed to see him." Then turning to her daughter,—

"I'm so sorry you were out, dear; Lord Nantwich and his sister have been here. Sweet girl Ethel is! They had ridden over from Dropton, I believe, with no other object—"

"Than to see you, mamma,—so they were gratified; I am not so very grieved to have missed them."

This was a delicious remark to Edward, for Lord Nantwich was the one rival he feared.

"But, dear! Ethel wanted you to come over to Dropton for some archery, and I think if decency had permitted, Lord Nantwich would have sat here till you came home; as it was he did stay nearly three-quarters of an hour, but you know he is a good talker, and the time didn't seem long,"

"And did you accept, mamma?"

"Well, yes, dear; I saw no other way of dealing with the invitation. So we go on Tuesday if you like."

It doesn't follow because Edward saw in this a continuation of what he feared was Lady Denman's matrimonial policy with regard to Lucy and Lord Nantwich, that any one else in the room was occupied with the same thought.

"Did you see that girl Smithson at church last Sunday, Mr. Frankland?" asked Lady Denman, by way of changing the subject of conversation from matters personal to Lucy and herself. "She dresses in excellent taste, I must say, but whoever saw a lady's maid or a barmaid, or whatever she is, give herself such airs? I declare at one moment, when we were leaving the church, I thought she meant to bow to me."

"I think Clara Smithson is a very handsome, clever girl," replied Edward, quietly; "and if she is naturally above her station, I can't say I look upon it as a fault."

"Nor I, mamma; for some reason or other she seems not to like me, but I think she is very beautiful; I caught a glimpse of her face as we were just now riding past the White Horse, and it reminded me of a picture I have seen somewhere of Lady Macbeth."

"You'll make her out quite a heroine between you," interrupted Lady Denman: "now I think her a girl of wild, ungovernable, dangerous temper, and not less dangerous because of her undoubted beauty."

"Poor girl, I think she ought not to be living at that public-house: it is a great pity she left Lord Dunkeld's family."

"Well, but Lucy, I hear that it was not her own fault."

"I rather think she prefers doing nothing in the way of work, although that involves residence at the White Horse," said Edward.

He was standing, hat in hand, unwilling to leave Lucy's presence, and yet feeling that he could not stay much longer. He held out his hand to Lady Denman, saying,

"I'm so glad to hear from my mother that you and Miss Denman are coming to our festivities."

"I regard it as a duty; I'm sorry my husband is detained in London."

The festivities were in celebration of Edward's majority, though this had been attained three years before, but his father's failing health and then his death had deferred the rejoicings.

"Good-bye, Miss Denman. I count upon opening the ball with you for my partner. May I safely indulge the happy thought?"

"I suppose I must not refuse such an honour," replied Lucy, looking down and blushing; "but wouldn't mamma or some older lady be more correct?"

Lady Denman was not inattentive to these remarks. She heard, but not disapprovingly, indeed she had long resolved that Edward should marry Lucy; she glanced at them and thought them a very handsome couple; so indeed they were, for Edward, though above the middle height, was well proportioned, and his face always wore an expression which seemed to invite confidence and assure sympathy; while Lucy, whose graceful figure showed to perfection in her riding-habit, was at the moment holding his hand and looking up to him with an expression of smiling yet nervous deprecation of his proposal, the sunlight shining on her expressive countenance, lighting up her rich golden-brown hair, seeming to sink deep into her blueish-grey eyes, and to play with loving admiration around her faultless features.

They might not know it themselves, but Lady Denman felt quite sure at this moment that they loved each other.

And so they parted laughingly, Edward resolving as he rode homewards that after the rejoicings were over he would ask Lucy if she loved him and would become his wife.

But his happy thoughts were disturbed as he turned the corner of Rowton's Lane, and saw Will Campbell turn and recognise him. Will was walking in the same direction that Edward was going, and it was impossible to avoid overtaking him, as Will was slouching but slowly along the road.

Edward was several years Will's junior; he had always tried to be civil to him without the air of patronage, mindful of the relationship that existed between them, but it was a very difficult rôle to sustain, for Will was sullen, haughty, and overbearing, resenting the slightest kindness as an affront, and yet

more than suspected of committing depredations which the Franklands were fearful of punishing.

It was the old feud. There was Ishmael in the road and Isaac on horseback; and Ishmael coveted the horse and the belongings of Isaac, while Isaac wanted to retain these and all his advantages, and yet to make things pleasant with Ishmael.

"Well, Will, there will be a good many birds this year."

"What should I know about birds? That brute of a keeper of yours had the impudence to threaten me the other day, when I was merely looking at 'em."

Will had not removed his hands from the pockets of his velvet shooting jacket; but his strong legs, well cased in gaiters and corduroy breeches, seemed to quicken their movement as he made this reply, in order to keep up with Edward's horse. And as he said it he lifted his face to look at Edward. It was a handsome face. There was no sinister expression in his dark brown eyes. His forehead was broad, and from under his wide-awake there appeared some thick tufts of strong, curling, black hair, of which there was also a bushy plantation under his chin and upon his cheeks. His features were good but weather-marked. He looked the pattern of a strong, active, healthy man.

"You know, Will, you do make Thompson angry; I don't say it's you, but he thinks it is you that has been killing off those young pheasants, and I must say whoever did that is a fellow that deserves to be punished."

"How, if he can't get at 'em any other road, how then?"

"I don't say it was you, but you know you might always have a day's rabbit shooting if you asked for it."

"And leave the game for my betters, I s'pose; that's proper, ain't it? And go down on my knees to Thompson? I'll see him hanged first, and then I won't."

"You'll get yourself into trouble some day, Will. But I must be off. Good-bye," and Edward cantered homewards.

"Into trouble," muttered Will; "why, I've never been out of it. It's a good deal easier for you to get into trouble, Master Edward. Perhaps if you wasn't on the high horse she wouldn't care for you."

CHAPTER IV. MRS. PRICKETT LETS THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

MRS. PRICKETT was busy this afternoon cleaning up. She was a bright-eyed, active little woman of an uncertain age, probably between fifty and sixty, but, as she said of herself, "she'd never know'd a day's illness;

and though the Lord had sent her grey hairs, yet, thank his mercy, her teeth was good, and she'd never wanted for nothink." Her "keeping-room," into which the door opened, showed the results of Mrs. Prickett's labour, for the bricks of the floor were brightly, newly red, and the piece of carpet which ordinarily lay in front of the fire, was rolled up on the settle until the floor was dry. She had just been polishing three metal platters till they shone like silver, and was making her way across the room, under a beam well hung with hams and cheeks, to replace them above the dresser, on which stood her household gods in the shape of some odds and ends of dinner and tea services of earthenware and china, when Will came in. She looked at him with an anxious and motherly fondness.

"What's amiss, Will—what makes yer look so sorely?"

"Oh, I don't know, mother; is the tea ready?" and Will pulled one of the chairs up to the fire, and sat down looking between the bars as if all that he wanted lay there among the red-hot cinders.

"Did yer sell the cow?" asked Mrs. Prickett, with ill-concealed anxiety.

Will hesitated. Then he dived deep into his pocket and produced thirteen sovereigns. He looked at them for a moment, after counting them, and seemed to make a resolve, but not without a struggle.

"I won't tell yer no lies," he said, sullenly, "I sold her for fourteen pounds, and then I went and lost a pound playing at knock'em downs."

"Drat you men! if you ain't the most wasteful, spending creechures as the Lord ever made! There, I wonder why he did make yer. If a woman does try to get a honest crust, yer must needs take it out of her mouth!"

"Well mother, if I'd ha' had a pound about me you shouldn't a know'd of it."

"That I shouldn't, I know, Will," replied Mrs. Prickett, with ready forgiveness; "yer was always free with yer money, and a open hand is a good deal more to my fancy than a shut one. I wish you was more given to work," she continued; "and I must say it, Will, less fond o' public houses and them ungodly games,—which they're the evil one's games, who goes about—" Mrs. Prickett tried to remember the quotation, "like a stoat in a hen-hus."

Will sat sulkily looking at the fire, apparently heedless of her remarks.

"I don't mean to say," she went on, "but what all has their faults; but yours never was being unkind to yer mother. And when the Lord was a writin' the Commandments on the

top of Sinai, and he put a promise on to the fifth, it's my belief that He meant that ere like as though to say that all the others wasn't nothing to that. But things 'ud go on easier, and you'd be a deal comfort'bler in yer mind, Will, if yer was to give up thinkin' about that gal o' Smithson's, and to try to keep yerself respectable with a good character, because yer don't know what may happen one of these days."

Mrs. Prickett was thinking about Mr. Gribble, and speculating upon the possible success of his inquiries. But she had said nothing about her interview with him to Will, although her foster-son well knew that she hoped to see him master of Hever Court.

Yet he turned sharply at her concluding remark. "Ah! mother," he said, and there was a gleam of hope upon his face, "if something was to happen like what you mean, she'd have me then. But it's foolish to go harping on that; it ain't likely that them that's got Hever would let me have it if it was ever so."

"Ay; well, we shall see; I once see'd a lawyer, and he said to me, says he—he was a sarcy kind of a chap—but, says he—I remember his words as plain as if he was a settin' in that chair—law's all humbug, says he, and a poor man ain't no chance against ready money; but then, says he, a poor man's a rich man if he's got a good case, and he won't want for law, leastways not when Jim Gribble is on the rolls, he says."

Mrs. Prickett had said enough to make Will very attentive; too much, she feared; she had not intended to disclose the name of her legal adviser, or even to confess that she advised with any lawyer, because she was sensible enough to estimate how small was the probability of Will's legitimacy, and how hurtful to him was her uncontrollable curiosity upon the subject.

"For God's sake, mother! you don't mean to say you've heard anything."

But Mrs. Prickett did think that, in taking a lawyer's clerk into her confidence, she had done something very important. Indeed, she regarded this tremendous step in some vague, indistinct manner as the certain prelude to success. Therefore Will's question confused her.

"Well, no, Will; I can't rightly say as I've heerd anything, but——"

"What?" he exclaimed, with feverish impatience.

"I'm—I've—that is, Mr. Pitcher——"

"What's Sam Pitcher got to do with it?"

"Why, births and all that are in his way, don't yer see, Will?"

After some more questioning, Mrs. Prickett was forced to tell Will about her interview

with Mr. Gribble, and of his engagement to make search in London for evidence of the marriage of his father and mother. For a moment Will was infected with the sanguine hopefulness of his mother, but this quickly subsided.

"I hope you didn't give the lawyer-brute any money," was his first remark; "it's a deal worse than spending it at knock-em-downs, if you did."

"No, I told him sartin sure, and Pitcher was witness, as I wasn't to give him nought nor owe him nought."

"Then you may take your word, he's forgot all about it by this time."

"Well, he may, that's true," and Mrs. Prickett's face visibly lengthened at the thought; "but he was such a active and ready-spoken young man that I don't think he will. 'Sides," she added, "he axed such knowing questions as to where your mother had lived—whereabouts in London, I mean—and I told him all that the poor thing had told me."

(To be continued.)

HAUNTS OF HARMONY.

In Two Parts.

PART II.

WE were compelled by want of space, to bring our last paper to a somewhat abrupt conclusion in the course of a treatise on the "Sun" and "Trevor" Music-halls, Knightsbridge. We shall resume our observations by remarking that when the performances at these establishments have been brought to a close—which, as a rule, happens at about a quarter to twelve, the audience adjourns to the spacious bar of a tavern communicating with the premises, and in the midst of a seething crowd of soldiers, mechanics, low "horsey gents," half-drunken cabmen, slatternly women and dissipated shop-boys, you may observe an elderly gentleman attired in a costume resembling that of a park-keeper, to whom malt and spirituous liquors are assiduously handed by open-mouthed auditors, and who, acting as a sort of Mercury during the performance, is regarded with that mingled awe and admiration which the British public is always so ready to extend to anyone even remotely connected with the stage.

The ladies and gentlemen who have attended the performances at the "Trevor" usually drop in towards the close of the evening, and compare notes with their friends at the "Sun." The entertainments at the last-named establishment are of a more variegated description than those at the rival house, and

included on the occasion of our visit, a spirited and marrow-chilling performance, by a couple of gentlemen and a Newfoundland dog; the low comedian being murdered and thrown behind the scenes about every two minutes, and coming to life again towards the conclusion of the piece, in time to visit the ruffian with poetical justice, to an accompaniment of barks and plunges on the part of the dog.

A large proportion of the audience both at the "Sun" and the "Trevor" is of a military cast. You may observe three or four fine young fellows seated at a table, and might mistake them for gallant and distinguished officers, if you hadn't an inward conviction that they were merely "soldier-servants" in their masters' cast-off wearing apparel. They puff their pipes, sip their brandy-and-water, and criticise the performance in the most majestic manner; and if anyone of them fails to produce the desired impression on the minds of the fair sex, he straightway adjourns to the barracks, and presently returns to dazzle and command in his undress uniform.

Thus far of the general aspect of a few of the leading music-halls, the entertainments therein provided, and the individuals by whom they are patronised. We shall now step from the auditorium to the stage, and endeavour to furnish our readers with an insight into the early struggles and adventures of those who aspire to the proud position of public performers and popular favourites. We shall begin by detailing the experiences of a couple of young men who sought to win their way to fame in the capacity of "duologue duetists," but as true merit is always bashful, we shall make use of fictitious names, and dub our friends for the nonce Messrs. Jones and Smith. Both of these gentlemen had been educated for the stage, and in endeavouring to establish a reputation as theatrical dancers and pantomimists, had travelled much, and starved times out of number. Meeting once in the vicinity of the Haymarket they paused to compare notes. Mr. Jones had retired from the dramatic profession in despair, feeling convinced that unless an artist has marked talent, his chances of success are uncomfortably small, and had opened a lodging-house, which would have answered better if it hadn't been in a chronic state of emptiness. Mr. Smith was out of an engagement, and testing the capacity of his wife and family to subsist on that cheap and digestible article of food for which the chameleon is said to possess such a peculiar fondness. Jones, whose inventive powers were possibly quickened by reduced rations, suggested that, as his friend possessed a real talent for low comedy, they should endeavour

to better their condition by starting something in the music-hall line. Smith had no objection, but hinted that he was quite without funds, and that there would be some difficulty in finding anyone to make the necessary advances. However, his friend, who was of a saving disposition, and had managed to lay by a few pounds, proceeded to reassure him upon this point, and so, after an inaugural banquet in Jones's kitchen, an adjournment was proposed to the sanctum of Mr. Merriock, a composer of duologue pieces, who dwelt with his wife and child in a single room on a third-floor back, in Plough Court, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This gentleman, who had already made Jones's acquaintance, having written some songs for a young lady, whom he had endeavoured to bring out as a "serio-comic," courteously requested his visitors to be seated, and a quart of ale having been sent for at their expense, stated that if either of them could propose a subject he would be happy to write thereon at the extremely moderate rate of twenty shillings an entertainment. Smith hesitated for a moment, and then, as the subject of the Atlantic cable was engaging public attention, proposed that the piece required should have some reference to that great international enterprise. The "duologue" having been supplied, rehearsals took place in Jones's kitchen, and when the aspirants were tolerably perfect in their parts, they forwarded an application to the manager of the Metropolitan Music Hall, and stating that though they were members of the theatrical profession, they had not confined their exertions to the stage, inquired concerning the chances of a first appearance. We must here pause to remark that managers have a particular objection to dealing with amateurs. If self-satisfied ladies or gentlemen wish to make a venture in London, a preliminary step of absolute necessity, and likely to damp their ardour, is a month or two of practice in the country. But, to resume. It was agreed that on the night of the following Wednesday, when there was to be a waiter's benefit, and the proprietors had special licence to keep the hall open till 3 A.M., a *début* might be ventured. In order to get into proper working trim, Messrs. Jones and Smith made a preliminary appearance at "Lamb's," in Oxford Street, and as their entertainment abounded in radical sentiments, and the audience was anything but aristocratic, achieved a decided success. "Lamb's," we may observe, is an establishment situated at no great distance from the Princess's Theatre. Instead of paying so much for admission, you purchase a threepenny refreshment ticket for the "good of the house." The dresses, we may add,

were hired from Mr. May, of Bow Street, at the rate of five shillings a night.

The next evening, our friends hastened, all anxiety, to the Metropolitan; but, owing to some mistake in the transmission of a letter, their appearance had to be postponed from 12 o'clock till 1, and when the eventful hour arrived, the audience was at once drunken, noisy, and spiteful. A gentleman, whose father was a pantomimist at the Adelphi Theatre, had just danced with great success—having distributed three pounds' worth of tickets amongst his friends—but when Messrs. Jones and Smith appeared to commence their "great and original duologue entertainment," they received what is professionally termed the "goose." In other words, they were hissed, or, to borrow from their own expressive vocabulary, "chy-iked." Bearing in mind the condition of the audience, coupled with the circumstance that the new-comers had failed to purchase the requisite number of "free admissions," we cannot be surprised at the fact. However, as they were rather desperate, they persevered, and might have soothed the popular animosity, had it not happened that the nether garments of Mr. Jones, who personated a British tar, were of a build so peculiar, that he could dance only with difficulty, a circumstance that provoked the risible faculties of the spectators, and caused the whole entertainment to be brought to a speedy and disastrous conclusion. Further than this, the "Metropolitan" audience, which considered itself select and aristocratic, had no sympathy with the extremely liberal sentiments that had won the hearts of the "great unwashed" in Oxford Street. Groans and hisses prevailed, and Messrs. Jones and Smith broke down so utterly and unmistakably, that they apologised to the manager for having appeared at all.

However, with the next day came fresh resolutions, and agreeing to keep the fact of their *fiasco* in the background, they applied by letter to the manager of the "Oxford," who, with his usual courtesy, appointed an interview. Our friends laid in the requisite amount of Dutch courage through the medium of three pennyworth of pale brandy, and repaired to the hall, where they were met by Mr. Jonghmans, who inquired whether they were in a position to appear on the following evening. They replied in the negative; the fact being that they had no money left, and couldn't hire the dresses. Upon this they were told to call at the Canterbury in a week's time, with the view of giving the management "a taste of their quality."

Now a music-hall during the day-time abounds in influences the reverse of enliven-

ing, and when Messrs. Jones and Smith complied with the above intimation, the sun shone dimly in the Westminster Road, but something like a November fog prevailed in the Fine Arts Gallery. The decorations looked coarse and dingy; there was an appallingly loud echo, and the stage was denuded of its charms. A few carpenters busied themselves with repairs in the balcony; glasses were being washed out at the refreshment bar, and sundry professionals scattered here and there about the building, watched with languid interest anything in the way of rehearsal that might be proceeding on the stage. Our friends were depressed, but armed with the valour of the desperate, they proceeded with their entertainment, and as the eighteen or twenty "pros" in the body of the hall condescended to applaud, they retired in high spirits, shook hands in anticipation of coming triumphs, and celebrated their victory in an extra threepennyworth of pale brandy.

In the evening they called, by appointment, on the conductor, who thought he could obtain them a hearing, but as a gentleman of excessive modesty and surprising pulmonic vigour, chose to sing five songs in succession, Mr. Jonghmans had to return to the "Oxford" to lead the "operatic selection," leaving our friends almost as badly off as ever, and but little comforted with the assurance that they had a chance of procuring an engagement when a new company was organised in about six weeks' time.

In the meanwhile, having learnt that band-parts were required, they called upon the musical conductor at the "Raglan," in order to have them prepared. Having acquainted that gentleman with their position, he expressed surprise at their not having appealed to the "governor"—meaning the estimable Mr. Hart—a hint that our adventurers acted upon at the first favourable opportunity. An "appearance" was graciously accorded, and a not very select audience testified extreme approbation of the thrilling sentiments conveyed in the great duologue entertainment. A chance of an engagement loomed ahead, but again the financial condition of the duettists stood in the way of a substantial success. Nearly five pounds had been invested in a concern that had not yet brought in a farthing; the speculators had no means of immediately raising fresh funds, and by the time the entertainment was again in working order, Mr. Smith had procured an engagement as harlequin at a transpontine theatre, and, to the indignation of his partner, not only left him in the lurch, but even neglected to answer his letters.

It is worthy of remark that the aspirants to

music-hall celebrity are almost entirely at the mercy of the "agents." These gentlemen, on being paid a fee, refer to their books, and can, if they choose, procure you an early engagement. If the worthy to whom you have applied feels prepossessed in your favour, he will provide "a good berth," that is, work and wages for six weeks at a convenient distance. When the first engagement is concluded, he will find you another within easy reach. Thus you may be moved from Birmingham to Manchester, or from Edinburgh to Glasgow; whereas, if you fail to give satisfaction, you may be shifted from Dublin to London, perhaps from thence to Hull, and back again.

Should you chance to offend an agent by taking any other situation than the one offered, he will effectually baulk your intentions by communicating with the manager who has engaged you, and dropping a few hints to your prejudice. "So-and-so may be well enough in his way, but I could provide you with a better artist at considerably lower terms." A manager seldom cares to offend an agent, lest, when he is anxious to procure fresh talent, and has a difficulty in finding it, the great man should withdraw his assistance. Accordingly, you may find yourself dismissed at the end of a week for some fault of which you are perfectly unconscious. On applying to the agent, and stating your grievance, he will simply answer, "You chose your own road; now keep to it;" and it is not necessary to insist that unless you are backed by one of the fraternity, your chances of success are hardly worth considering.

In conclusion, we must draw a distinction between the leading music-hall agents and the unconscionable rogues who, taking up their quarters at a public-house, profess to be the media of communication with theatrical managers. We are acquainted with a gentleman of the former type, who feels that he has a position to maintain, and conducts his business in style. He has fitted up a front-parlour as an office, and is rapidly making a fortune by procuring engagements for artists in return for a booking-fee of eighteenpence, and five per cent. on each week's earnings.

If you offend an agent, he will erase your name from his list, and then, as we have before remarked, "Woe betide you." If, on the other hand, you are bent on securing his good opinion, hand him a sovereign when required to deposit the preliminary fee, and say nothing about the change. The chances are that he will penetrate your motives, appreciate your delicacy, and pocket the eighteen and sixpence.

A certain comic singer of note, whose portrait is to be seen in most music-shops, commenced his career by playing utility parts and

acting as a supernumerary in small country theatres. If he had talent it was not recognised, and the dramatic profession expressed no regret when he deserted the "boards" and took to singing at a low concert-hall in Liverpool. In process of time he was exalted to an establishment of higher pretensions, and, being lucky enough to scrape a little money together, laid it out in advertisements, and by degrees managed to puff himself into notice. Gifted with consummate assurance, he procured a situation as clown at one of the leading West-end theatres. During the progress of a rehearsal the manager was led to suspect that his newly-engaged "star" was not quite up to the mark. He was convinced ere long that he fell lamentably below it. He fretted in silence for a time, but at length yielding to his irritation, inquired sarcastically as to the clown's estimate of his own merits. The great luminary, in no wise disconcerted, briskly replied that he regarded himself as one of the most rising performers of the day. "Indeed!" returned the exasperated manager, "and if you want to know what I think, I believe you are a confounded impostor." However, the engagement had been contracted, and the provincial star filled his pockets. Some while after this he procured a situation at "The Metropolitan," Edgware Road, and introduced a vulgar and senseless ditty that hit the taste of the populace, and is still to be heard on the barrel-organs. From one step he advanced to another, and is now in receipt of about 30*l.* a week.

A short while ago we came across two young men who had encountered in their pursuit of fame adventures deserving of record. After some months spent in playing utility parts at a theatre in the north, they found themselves suddenly thrown out of employment, and reduced to the necessity of "busking." By this term is denoted the condition of those who earn a precarious livelihood by giving entertainments, generally musical, at the bar or just outside the door of a public-house. If the proprietor is generously disposed, he will reward the wanderers with a jug of beer, fancying that they attract customers, and either after or during the intervals of the performance they endeavour to collect money by appealing to the generosity of the audience.

Our two friends, who were living at the appalling rate of a pound of bread and half a pint of beer a day, and were endeavouring to journey to London, sought to recruit their finances in the manner described, but occasionally met with rebuffs that were particularly disheartening to those who had neither shelter for the night nor materials for a supper even

of the most meagre description. On one occasion they entered a roadside inn, and endeavouring to find favour by addressing a worshipful company of "navvies" as "gentlemen," proposed giving some representations of the lark upon a penny whistle. The suggestion having been favourably received, the performance commenced, and ended amid tumultuous applause; encouraged by which, the hungry wayfarers proposed an imitation of the thrush. However, this was condemned as being merely the lark over again, and a representation of the blackbird gave such general dissatisfaction, being in fact a third edition of the "herald of the morn," that the luckless performers found themselves summarily, and not too courteously, shown out of doors.

However, necessity roused them to fresh exertions, and entering a second inn they proposed giving imitations of popular actors, stating that they were members of the dramatic profession out of an engagement and journeying towards London, and that for some time past they had been performing at one of the principal theatres in the northern counties. The proposition gave pleasure, and affairs went on swimmingly so long as the representations were confined to "stars" at a distance, but an unfortunate attempt was made to imitate Mr. Charles Pitt, who had lately been travelling in the neighbourhood, and a critical navvy exclaimed, "Noa, noa, I don't know 'bout t'other chaps, but darned if that be loike Charley Pitt;" so the unfortunates were expelled for the second time, and again found themselves penniless in the high road.

However, by some supernatural means they managed to reach London, and procured an engagement at "Lamb's," in Oxford Street, where they worked a couple of "turns" a night, each performance lasting about half an hour, one being at the commencement, the other at the close of the evening, and received the extremely remunerative salary of fifteen shillings a week. It was at "Lamb's" that we made the acquaintance of these indefatigable aspirants to fame, and it was at the same popular place of amusement that we had an opportunity of witnessing their "unprecedentedly successful entertainment," which was of a nature thrilling and melodramatic. It had reference to the adventures of a Cockney, who, having emigrated to Australia, seized an early opportunity to wander into the "bush." Whilst there, he was attacked by a dog of a peculiar breed—one of the luckless duettists fantastically attired,—and, having beaten it off, he was confronted by a ferocious bushranger, who, in the deep tragic accents of the penny stage, expressed a desire to become possessed of his personal property. As a matter of

course, a terrific broad-sword combat ensued; but at the moment when the vanquished Cockney lay on the ground, and the robber was preparing to despatch him, a startled exclamation burst from that amiable gentleman, and, in quivering accents, he demanded his victim's name. On hearing it, he growled mysteriously, "It must be so," and proceeded to inquire, in tones deeper than before, "And had you not a father?"—"I had."—"Know you his whereabouts?"—"Alas! he emigrated to Australia, wandered into the bush; we thought him dead." (Tremendous agitation on the part of the ruffian.) "It must be! Yes!—it is! My own, my long-lost boy!!!" (*Embraces ad libitum, and exeunt amid tumultuous applause.*)

The duologue duettists were anxious that we should purchase the copyright of their entertainment for half-a-crown! We declined the offer, but gave a little spare cash to the performers, who then, feeling that there was an occasion to be improved, indulged in a lengthy dissertation regarding their late trials, and the impossibility of gaining a satisfactory footing in London. Considering the utter want of talent on either side, this last conviction failed to inspire us with an extraordinary degree of astonishment. The heavier of the two "heavy" gentlemen then complained of the condition of his wardrobe, and hinted that, if we had any cast-off garments, they would prove eminently serviceable and welcome. He then proceeded to inform us that the whole of his own and his friend's misfortunes were referrible to the fact of his having "gone mad" when on a provincial tour, a circumstance that resulted in the utter break-down of the entertainment, though he felt convinced that, with a little management, it might be made an extremely paying concern, and, in fact, even then he was looking forward to an engagement at Belfast—a nice little trip, from London to Belfast!—where he and his friend were sure to earn between three and four pounds a week, and so on, *ad nauseam*.

What became of the two duettists, we have never been able to learn, but a couple of gentlemen resembling them in many particulars are still to be seen in a shady nook near the bar at the end of the hall, where they converse confidentially regarding their prospects, and from time to time turn their heads towards the stage, either for the purpose of taking hints, or condemning the performance as inferior to their own.

Young girls toiling in the provinces lead but a sorry existence, and during the winter months it is no joke having to plod through snow and sleet from wretched lodgings to the cold hall and back again. They are usually engaged to

sing a couple of "turns," one early in the evening, the other late. During the interval they are perhaps sent to "the front," i.e., amongst the audience, and it is an understood thing that if drink be offered, it must not be refused. No matter if vice be encouraged, it is "for the good of the house." The second "turn" is frequently a failure, and for obvious reasons. But the proprietor has lost nothing, and if his victim didn't drink, she wouldn't long keep her engagement. Poor girls! in a year or two their voices are completely cracked, and they have no resource but the workhouse or the streets. It is not one girl in ten that can stand the ordeal of life in the country. It is consolatory to reflect that in leading establishments such as the Oxford and Alhambra, proceedings of the kind we have referred to would be quite without precedent.

With regard to the origin of the various performers, they have as a rule sprung from the stage or the "saw-dust;" their fathers have been strolling actors, clowns, harlequins, acrobats, etc. We could name some clever gymnasts now in receipt of good salaries who formerly earned a livelihood by wandering from town to town, or from village to village, and performing in the London streets. Some of the best acrobats are foreigners, and the high-sounding Italian names in the programmes are not always fictitious.

In halls where there are musical selections, the leading tenors and soprani are generally broken-down members of English or Italian Opera Companies. The exertion of singing in a selection is comparatively small, the vocal powers are not severely taxed, and though the position is hardly one of *éclat*, it brings in between five and six pounds a week. A lady, once a "star" of some magnitude at the Italian Opera, condescended to take an engagement at Day's concert room in Birmingham. A leading tenor at one of the principal London music-halls, held a post of honour at Covent Garden Theatre.

At leading establishments it is usual to employ one or two really excellent singers to maintain the reputation of the house, and a gentleman or a lady in such a position is able to earn from fifteen to twenty pounds a week. The great advantage of a situation of this kind is that the performer has a regular salary to depend upon, whereas if he aimed at a more dignified position, say as a member of a travelling opera company, or an attendant at concerts, his earnings, though they might be in some instances large, would as a rule be extremely precarious.

The chairman at a music-hall is generally a "professional." He may have been the principal basso, or the pianist. He announces the

titles of the different pieces, and if a disturbance occurs, he is supposed to exert himself in endeavouring to quell it. He must be a man who can face an audience, and if there is a delay in the arrival of any performer, he is sometimes required to "take a turn." His salary may vary from a couple of pounds to fifty shillings a week.

At good halls it is usual to hold a lady or gentleman in reserve, to supply any unlooked-for hiatus in the performance, and the occupants of such a post earn a weekly salary of from thirty-five shillings to a couple of pounds. The attendants at a music-hall are usually old soldiers, or policemen who have been tempted from the "force," by the prospect of higher wages. They are men of sober and respectable character, and rarely, if ever, broken-down members of the theatrical profession.

A good deal might be written about concert-room advertisements and music-hall literature—both of them interesting subjects—but our space is limited, and we may possibly treat of these and kindred topics in some future paper.

ARTHUR OGILVY.

IN AN ENGLISH PARK.

WERE a distinguished foreigner to apply to me to show him the most characteristic feature of England in my neighbourhood, I should not take him to our local Snowdon or Lodore, or to a paper-mill, or a cotton factory, but to one of our ancestral parks. There is nothing like them on the continent. Fontainebleau is too much of a forest, St. Cloud is lamentably deficient in the lush thick grass which is the glory of Great Britain, and the German parks are either too wild or too formal. The great beauty of an English park arises from the charms of nature it possesses, coupled with the unobtrusive presence of care and art. The first glance shows that though it is allowed to grow at its own sweet will, a hidden supervision of master, bailiff, woodman, carpenter, &c., is continually exercised over it. Vegetation is never suffered to become rampant; timber is aided in growing, and improved upon and carefully guarded from injury of cattle. It is not once in three years, perhaps, that the ladies of the household ever enter the skiff and row on the lake, yet its waters are kept pellucid; no weeds may overgrow it, the swans expatiate upon its glassy surface in summer as well as their wilder brethren, the widgeon, in winter. All is very peaceful and homelike. It is centuries since the roar of culverins and musketry was heard in the quiet precincts of these parks. No revolution ever drove the owners into exile.

From the Tudor princes father has handed down the domain in undisturbed succession to son. See! there is the hope of the estate at present being led under the chestnut-trees on a donkey by that page in buttons. The terrier that follows with the nurse is aristocratic to the backbone. The very rooks overhead caw in a far more pretentious manner than their vulgar bucolic brethren in anybody's ploughed fields in the next parish.

It is curious how the influences of a long descent affect all the dependents on such a property. Good easy men, they saunter to and fro from work morning and evening pretty much to-day as they did yesterday, and as they fully intend to do to-morrow. Sir Hubert would never dream of dismissing his tenantry, born and bred like their fathers on his estate. Everything on such a place has a tendency to slide into an easy, good-natured kind of groove. The gardeners step into the servants'-hall and drink beer whenever they like. The quantity of corn and hay consumed in the stables is enormous. Whoever takes the trouble to inquire into such things? They were always done; and the present generation takes due care to keep up the traditions. The head groom has a house and salary better than most curates. Many governesses would think themselves passing rich had they but half the money the cook receives for her services. What an enviable post has the village school-mistress, with her trim house and garden by the side of the park, and ruddy-faced charges, who curtsy and bow to every well clad person, as if this were the first article of their duty to their neighbours. Petted by the ladies from the great house, who so often bring them down oranges and cakes,—what a wonderful contrast they present to a London ragged school with its pale faces and squalid garments!

The next great charm of an English park, besides this immemorial peacefulness, consists in the abundance and beauty of its timber. This is essentially the product of long descent and lapse of centuries, strict entails, and fine rentrolls. However poor the family may be, it abates no whit of dignity so long as its noble elms overshadow the Hall. Nothing short of famine or ruin staring him in the face would tempt the heir to fell them. He may be hard hit on the turf, cheated out of thousands by some pettifogging lawyer or rascally agent, but he will retrench, go abroad, sell the family portraits, melt down the plate, emigrate, do anything sooner than touch a stick of his ancestral timber. The feeling is an estimable one, teaching us to respect the sanctities of home, the associations connected with bygone generations; and

so long as the fine old places scattered over England are allowed by the railways to exist, so long will the true gentleman and hospitable host be found in the country. The *parvenu* can vie with Lucullus in raising palaces and laying out magnificent gardens, but the one thing money will not buy is fine timber. It is easy to discern from afar through every county of our land—

Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and ordered gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.

There are the curving clouds of verdure cutting the sky and fading into masses of light blue shadow in the distance, *umbrosa cacumina* in very deed. As we draw near, clumps of luxuriant foliage meet our eye, with floods of light pouring between the boles, and casting black depths of gloom beneath the tiers of leafage, spires of silver fir rising behind all, or feathery-sprayed birches attending upon the monarch of the glades, whose "knotty knees" are well hidden in fern, and "branchy roots" driven far into the earth, like his brother of Sumner-place—

The fairest-spoken tree
From here to Lizard-point.

Besides this beauty of curves and lights or shadows, another fine effect which landscape gardeners sometimes obtrusively aim at, but which seems to come unsought to an old park, results from the happy blending of colour. The lighter tints of birch and beech are relieved by the sombre monotony of the oak, or the deep-green verdure of towering elms. In spring with pink and white thorns, many flowery-coned chestnut-trees, the *vivacious* colours of the purple beech (so different from the dark foliage it acquires later in the year), and the varied greenery of the newest pines somewhat sparingly interspersed, this effect is charming. The changeful character of these beauties is of course heightened by the broken ground of which every fine park is composed. Here will be a level space, an oasis of light amidst the surrounding forest-shades; penetrate them, and you enter a glade ruddy with bracken, the favourite haunt of the deer. Skirt it to yonder clump of larches, and the ground falls to a babbling rivulet overhung here and there with primæval thorn bushes, lichen-bearded, gnarled and riven with age. The air is cool here in the dog-days, tufts of hartstongue have grown on the banks undisturbed since William the Norman hunted in the adjacent chase: lady-fern and plumed shieldferns and the commanding *Osmunda*, *Aspleniums*, and *Lastreas*, the pretty little filmy fern and its half-brother the bristle-fern amongst the

rarest of our native treasures, uncurl and woo the grateful moisture and die into mould annually, unknowing and unknown of fern collectors and Wardian cases. Once more we climb the mossy bank, and irresistibly sit down on the summit as the eye wanders over a fair expanse of country, tilth and pasture, grange and village and forest, one succeeding another into the bluest distance where some grand cathedral (like Lincoln from the Ermine Street) closes the view, or the Malverns glitter,

"Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

It is impossible to write on an English park without resorting to poetry, for all poetry is in its many changing beauties. From the solitary glade marked by one lightning-riven ash-tree (where tradition reports that the second Sir Arthur was visibly carried off by the arch fiend, for his sins against the poor) to the mere, where the water-lily nightly

"Folds her sweetness up
And slips into the bosom of the lake,"

and the carp slowly sail round and round by day, as they did when Queen Elizabeth came here on a progress, every step and every glance discloses a fresh scene which reminds us of some favourite poetry. In the quietude of a moonlit night in July, or on the dreariest day of December, when winter hastens to involve grass and trees in his heavy snow-mantle, there is always something to admire in an English park. Though no sound is to be heard, in the one case you can trace the delicate leaf-work against the unclouded blue; in the other, the huge skeletons of boughs overawe you with their grim desolation.

I speak not of the red and yellow tints of autumn, for to my mind spring is when the park is in its glory, just when the first few sunny days of the year have come, and the oaks are timidly unclosing their crisped pale-green foliage, while ashes still without a vestige of leaf, look like black and wintry spectres come to trouble joy. The rooks and jackdaws scarcely deign to notice your approach. They know no gun can be fired at them on that sacred ground. Thrushes sing blithely from the old elms; sheep run anxiously to look up truant lambs; stray sunbeams glint among the trees, and the soft April airs tempt you to declare no beauty of vast glacier and dark Alpine ravine can cheer the heart like the peaceful tenderness of an English home-scene. Let Creswick paint its beech avenue, and Linnell flood the Western wolds beyond with his sunset; I have depicted as much as pen can describe of its delights.

Beside the above beauties which are in a manner common to all English parks, every

notable park ought to have a distinguishing feature of its own. None can very well surpass Windsor in the hoar antiquity of its trees, although some giant oaks of no despicable age and girth may be found at Welbeck and Clumber Parks, clearings from or part of old Sherwood Forest. But many are dignified by choice trees of one or more kinds, as Oarclew, with its conifers; Bieton, with its fine avenue of araucarias; and Bushey with its chestnuts. Blenheim, again, is remarkable from its trees being disposed in squares according to the order of battle drawn up by the great Duke at his celebrated victory. At Brocklesby Park, North Lincolnshire, the wonder is, not that the timber is fine, but that it has grown so well in an ungenial climate. The same may be said of other parks where constant care and skilful arboriculture conquer nature. Other causes besides fine trees make parks celebrated. Chillingham with its wild cattle, Chatsworth with its conservatories, are instances.

All shams in a park where natural objects grow so luxuriantly, are detestable. Thus we have seen in one what appeared to be the ruins of an old priory, but which were artificially built up some fifty years ago, when taste was at its lowest ebb, and which internally do duty as a cowshed. Similarly the old-looking portal, with its machicolations and battlements, that meets the eye on entering some parks, but which is really a lodge, all stucco, bricks and whitewash, is like a jarring tone amidst nature's manifold harmonies. Such monstrosities remind the wayfarer of Bacon's caustic remark on "making of knots or figures with divers coloured earths" in a princely garden: "they be but toys; you may see as good sights many times in tarts." Ice-houses, again, with Palladian porticoes in front, or modern hermitages used for picnics, are equally out of place in the simple greenery of an English park. The absurdity of the latter fancy is brought out in the story of the footman, who at one such park had to run down quickly to the under-keeper on the arrival of visitors, and order him to put on his serge-gown and flowing beard, and get out his wooden bowl and platter before they reached the hermitage! There is no need to ascribe this to Joe Miller, when we remember Lord Byron and his boon companions carousing in the dress of monks within the sombre precincts of Newstead Abbey.

One of the greatest charms of the country to a meditative mind is to watch a summer evening deepening into night in one of our English parks. First comes the grateful coolness after sunset, when all that is balmy and fragrant amongst flowers and leaves strikes freshest upon the senses; then the

last song of the birds for the day succeeds, and the grasshopper ceases his chirping, a partridge calls cheerily to his mate, and once more all is still. Meanwhile the "vapour-broidered blue" falls softly on the distant landscape, and creeps insensibly yet surely adown the green alleys and bushy hedgerows of the park. Now the hedgehog leaves his lair, and rabbits come out in playful troops from the plantations. Hie! they are off in an instant to their holes again! It is the keeper or a gipsy passing on the other side of the bushes. With his retreating footsteps you notice overhead the fitful flight of the bats, there is the little pipistrel, the prettiest of our native bats; and there the morose-looking *Rhinolopus*, with his curious nasal appendage, reminding us of his tropical kindred in the forests of Guiana. As the shades close in, the last thrush has ended his vigorous strain, and yielded to the "wakeful nightingale." We will finish the picture with Milton's unrivalled touches:—

She all night long her amorous decant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host rode brightest; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

An English park is not only full of poetry, but the chosen home of all that is heroic or romantic in our mediæval history. Standing amidst the stately timber and overlooking peaceful glades, the mind goes back at once to the knight who in Norman times held the broad acres of this park under his *suzerain*, and whenever his services were required was wont to ride forth at the head of his retainers along this hill-side. Advance a step onwards to the troubled times of the early Plantagenets, and the ruins of the old barbican to the left remind us of the civil warfare of the barons of those days. Through that crumbling archway the master rode home triumphant or was carried back on his shield. Many a fair pageant must it have looked down upon in old time, the lord attended by a gallant company going forth to the Crusade (his brass is yet to be seen in the little church below the hill), or returning with a faithful henchman or two to find, like the warriors who came back from Troy, many things changed at home, and his sleuth hound the only one to welcome him. Or perhaps the slanting shadows of evening remind us of quieter memories of the middle ages, highborn dames and damsels setting forth to startle the heron from his retreat and follow the bright-eyed hawks in their precipitate chase, the younger scions of the neighbouring gentry meanwhile

fixing their bolts in the crossbows. Anna Marie up with the sun to rouse the deer with hound and horn, Lady Jane Grey deserting Plato to accompany her, the Christmas mummers, the May-day dancings, the thousand fair spectacles of old England, no where so easily as in a well-wooded park can their shadows be raised. Nor are modern days wanting in pleasant memories amidst these bright spots of England, its parks. Who does not remember the cricket and archery parties, and merry makings he has enjoyed in them? A coming of age on one of these properties is still a scene of festivity and mirth; and as you return with dewy morn from the revelry you must not be surprised if John Thomas on the box incontinently drives you into the lake. There are still copses, and woodbine, and forget-me-nots for lovers, and shady walks for sedate old age. The sward is none the less rich and fully as green as in old Sir Egremont's days, who directed in his will that he should be borne round the park he loved so well on his serving men's shoulders before he was laid to rest in the vault. The past meets the present in an English park, and he who dallies in its pleasant precincts with a heart open to nature's influences and full of love to his fellow-men, may find his future not altogether unaffected by the peaceful sights, and home-like sounds, and gentle thoughts amongst which he has been straying.

M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

THE LAKE.

[AFTER LAMARTINE.]

ON, on, for evermore we seem to glide,
Past new-found meadows flower-starr'd and bright,
No hope of turning back, still side by side
On, thro' the dark and everlasting night.
Can we not ever still time's golden stream,
And on its ocean-bosom idly rest?
One day! One hour! May we not sweetly dream,
Here safely anchored on its glassy breast.

O summer lake! to thee the fickle year,
Whispers sad secrets which you dare not tell;
Mirror'd on thy fair face, I linger near,
Where she should come to bid a long farewell.
Look in mine eyes! Here where she ever crept
I'll sit me down upon this mossy stone,
Here where she sadly sigh'd and wildly wept,
Here, evermore, I'll sigh and weep alone.

Thus, under mighty rocks your hollow groan
Bellow'd incessantly, your hideous roar
Echoed for ever, thus your dying moan
Wash'd the torn splinters to the shelt'ring shore.
'Twas thus the wind-storm raged and shriek'd its
song
Of desolation round her lonely seat,
Tossing from wavelets hurrying along
Snow-crested foam-flakes to her fairy feet.



Canst thou forget one evening, friend of mine ?
 Lip-lock'd we wander'd, slowly, hand in hand ;
 The waves refused to murmur, stars to shine—
 An awful stillness reign'd through all the land.
 Silent the rocks, which thy still water laves
 No sound save rowers' voices far from shore ;
 Still, save the music of thy silver waves
 Thrown tunelessly from off the pulsing oar.

Then all at once a strange low stream of sound
 Fell suddenly, and nature's silence broke,
 And as its harmony was echoed round,
 The happy earth from slumber-dreams awoke.
 The wavelets stopp'd to listen, and to tell
 News glad enough to make all hearts rejoice ;
 Then on my anxious ears at last, sweet fell
 The summer accents of her golden voice !

"Oh! fly not from us, happy time!
And leave us thus behind you;
These are the hours for love and rhyme,
Keep fast the ties that bind you.
Come! let us taste the sweets of life,
Our hopes you must not sever;
Our merry hearts can know no strife
When all is joy for ever!

"There may be some who know distress,
And some who've suppd with sorrow;
Well! bear them off in kindness,
Return for us to-morrow.
But take with them life's gnawing pain,
Its bitter care and fever;
Forget us—well or call again,
Now all is joy for ever!

"In vain I beg a moment's peace,
In vain for rest I'm sighing;
The beating of my heart may cease,
But time is ever flying.
I say, 'Speed slowly, happy night,
'These hours I can't deliver;'
The morning puts my dreams to flight,
And Time wings on for ever!"

O summer lake! old Time will pass you by;
O speechless rocks! why talk to you of pain?
O darksome caves! you echo back no sigh;
O gloomy forest! you will live again.
But when at last in turn my sun has set,
And time has wing'd me far away from sight,
That hour, sweet nature, you will not forget,
Or all the rapture of that happy night!

Remember it, when nature seems to sleep,
And all around is calm and hush'd to rest,
When over thee the darkling rain-clouds weep
And fierce storms ruffle thy contented breast.
Remember it, ye plains and smiling hills;
Ye fir trees which the loving breezes shake;
Ye waving grasses and ye tiny rills;
Ye rocks o'ershadowing my peaceful lake.

O, gentle zephyrs! sing of it and blow
Its golden music every day and hour,
And every moment sigh and whisper low
Its sunny memories from flow'r to flow'r.
And when the heavens are silver-crown'd with
light,
And shed their starry radiance on thee,
Remember, then, the glory of that night,
And then, O summer lake! remember me!

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH is essentially the People's Heath. The loveliness of its scenery, the beauty of its view (*la buona vista*), the freshness and salubrity of its air, drew thousands to its breezy brow long before London could count its population by millions. Epping Forest may claim its partisans, Greenwich Park has had its admirers, but these were of a class, a section of the community. Every one, however, has visited and revisited Hampstead Heath and loved it—loved its green hollows, its shady lanes, its gorse and heather,

its sand-pits and weird pine-trees, its fishless ponds and rugged turf, its sunsets and cloud-scapes. Who has not admired its expansive survey of the metropolis on the one side, with the huge dome of St. Paul's looming out above a dense cloud-vest of smoke, and the Surrey Hills beyond; of the undulating plain, rich and verdant, which sweeps away to Harrow on the other side? Who would forget the historical Castle of Jack Straw, or the diplomatic hostelry of The Spaniards? Better than what Meudon is to Paris is Hampstead to London. It is a spot lovely and to be loved; a spot sacred to popular pastime and popular taste for the beautiful; a spot that has been virtually the people's for generations past, and which must be secured to the people for all generations to come.

And why should not the people have that which appear to be theirs by immemorial usage? Simply because there are such things as lords of manors, and one of these "lords of the manor" interposes between the people and their enjoyment of the Heath what he is pleased to call his Right, but which other people are pleased to call his Wrong. In many instances it is very doubtful what are the rights of lords of the manor, and the bolder their pretensions the more vague are generally their legitimate claims; and as time wears on, their claims become still more disputable. Originally there was the commoner, with his rights of levancy, conchancy, user, and turbary, to check the greed of the lord of the manor; and many a sturdy fight was fought by the poor and despised commoner against the encroachments of the latter. But now a third claimant makes his appearance and asserts his right to enjoy the fresh air and hedgeless expanse of our heaths and commons without fear of summons for trespass—and that is the redoubtable British Public. Especially in the neighbourhood of London is this claim being asserted with greater force every day. There are two reasons for this. As the population of the metropolis increases it has need of more recreation-grounds; and as the buildings of the metropolis increase, spreading themselves with leviathan amplitude in all directions, the value of the land increases, and the greed of the lord of the manor, if not engendered, is fostered to a very dangerous degree.

The lord of the manor of Hampstead Heath has shown himself peculiarly avaricious, and he would convert every acre of Hampstead Heath into eligible and well-paying mansions—that is, if he were permitted to do so. The lords of the manor of Hampstead Heath seem never to have been very

scrupulous about pushing their rights. Have we not before us an extract from the *Gazetteer* and *New Daily Advertiser*, of Tuesday, the 27th of February, 1781, just eight-six years ago? And what does it say?

"On Friday last a cause in the Court of King's Bench, between Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson, lord of the manor of Hampstead in right of his wife, and the copyholders of the same district, concerning the privilege of digging loam, sand, gravel, &c., it was determined in favour of the latter, who will continue, as usual, to open pits and cut turf in defiance of him and his agents. The verdict of the special jury afforded universal satisfaction to a crowded court; nor should those who are benefited by this welcome decision forget that their success was in great measure owing to the activity and good sense of Mr. White, bricklayer, of the place aforesaid, who (to use the language of Gray) may be regarded as—

'A village Hampden, who with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood.'

"It is to be hoped that this base tenure (for copyhold is but its modern title) will, for the future, be narrowly inspected by those who feel its inconveniences; it is no more than a despicable remain of feudal law, a relique of tyranny that disgraces a free country. The inhabitants of Hampstead will undoubtedly make a proper use of their late victory."

This prudent counsel seems to come with the force of a suddenly-revealed legacy to us, for we have in Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson a worthy descendant of Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson. But happily the copyholders of Hampstead have as last risen as one man on behalf of their rights, and have commenced an action in Chancery to defend those rights from usurpation, and for their public spirit they deserve the support and the pecuniary aid also of the public. If he had the will, Sir Thomas would enclose Hampstead Heath, oust the holiday folk from their ancient recreation-ground, and quietly erect upon it a lot of private residences. That he has the will is evident from the attempts which he has incessantly made for the last thirty-six years to get Parliament to give him permission to put the thin end of the wedge in; and that he believes he has the right may be gathered from his answers before the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the Open Spaces of the Metropolis.

The extract is from the Report of the Select Committee; the catechised is Sir Thomas Wilson:—

"Are you aware that many thousands of

people frequent Hampstead Heath on holidays?—They go there on holidays.

"Have you ever treated them as trespassers?—When there are *fêtes*, and people go up there to amuse themselves, they pay an acknowledgment.

"You have not treated pedestrians as trespassers?—No; I do not know that I have. It is unenclosed land, and I could only bring an action for trespass, and should probably get one penny for damages.

"You never have treated the public as trespassers?—Some people imagine that they go to Hampstead Heath to play games, but it could not be done; part of the Heath is a bog, and there are cases of horses and cows having been smothered there.

"But people go there and amuse themselves?—Just as they do in Greenwich Park; but they have no right in Greenwich Park.

"You have never treated people as trespassers?—No. Are they treated as trespassers in Greenwich Park?

"Do you claim the right of enclosing the whole of the Heath, leaving no part for public games?—If I were to enclose the whole of it, it would be those only who are injured to find fault with me.

"Would you sell Hampstead Heath?—I have never dreamt of anything of the kind; but if the public chose to prevent me, or to make any bargain that I am not to enclose it, they must pay the value of what they take from me.

"Do you consider Hampstead Heath private property?—Yes.

"To be paid for at the same rate as private land adjoining?—Yes.

"Do you concede that the inhabitants in the neighbourhood have rights on the Heath?—There are presentments in the Court Rolls to show that they have none."

The mole is a persistent animal, and so is Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson. The mole burrows underground, and has not Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson attempted to gain his ends by smuggling private bills through the House of Commons?

It is doubtful, however, whether the public are thoroughly acquainted with the whole bearings of this tortuous case; let me then endeavour to make it clear to them; that is, as clear as the nature of the grievance will admit.*

Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson's father, who had property in Middlesex and Kent, died in 1821, and by a will dated September 5th,

* For a complete statement of the whole case, see pamphlet, "The Case of Hampstead Heath, by a Member of the Metropolitan Board of Works." (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.)

1806, he declared that any person who should become entitled for life to the devised estates should have power, when in actual possession, to grant leases for any term not exceeding twenty-one years. Subsequently, by the eighth codicil of his will, dated April 14th, 1821, after reciting the power of leasing granted by his will, and reciting that his estate in the parish of Woolwich, in Kent, consisted principally of messuages or dwelling-houses and other buildings, and that it might be found more advantageous that repairing or rebuilding leases of such messuages and buildings, and also leases for getting buildings erected upon any of the ground there not built on, should be granted for a longer term of years, it was declared that it should be lawful for every person who would be entitled for life to such Woolwich estate, when in actual possession thereof, with the concurrence of the trustees to lease any of the said messuages, buildings, grounds, and hereditaments, in the parish of Woolwich, for any term not exceeding seventy years. By the ninth codicil of his will, dated April 20th, 1821, similar power is given respecting the property in the parish of Charlton, in Kent. Again the testator subsequently made three more codicils, but did not give any further leasing power.

It is clear, then, that Sir Thomas Wilson's father did not overlook the question of granting building leases, but referred to it at least on two occasions, first when he gave instructions for the eighth, and secondly when he gave instructions for the ninth, codicil to his will. That his Hampstead property did not escape his attention is shown by the fact that by the fifth and eighth codicils he charged that property with the payment of an annuity and a legacy; and, that he granted the tenants for life all the leasing power which he intended they should have is equally shown by the tenour of the will and codicils.

It is this will and these codicils which stand in Sir Thomas Wilson's way, and which he has made such strenuous efforts to have set aside. He justifies his conduct on two grounds: first, that the arrangements respecting the property of an individual are matters of purely private concern, and that the Legislature ought consequently to sanction and carry out any agreement that is come to by the parties interested, whether it be conformable or not to the settlor's own intention; and secondly, that the circumstances of the property in question have so changed since the testator's death, that it may be reasonably presumed that, if now alive, he would himself have made the alteration asked for: neither of these arguments, however, is in conformity

with the practice of the Legislature or sound in itself.

To return, however, to the original question.

Adjoining Hampstead Heath are two plots, containing together about eighty acres, in the possession of Sir Thomas Wilson as tenant for life. A plan for building upon the largest of the two plots, namely, that sloping down from Caen Wood to the Heath, was prepared about twelve years ago, and publicly exhibited at Hampstead and elsewhere. With a view towards carrying the plan into effect, roads have been constructed across the Heath, and the ground has been laid out for building. A brick-field, also, has been formed close by, boundary walls have been erected, foundations laid out, and part of the Heath itself actually enclosed and planted; and it has only been by the inability of Sir Thomas Wilson to procure from Parliament the power of granting building leases over this and his other Hampstead property, or to find individuals willing to build upon a twenty-one years' lease, that has prevented the scheme from being actually accomplished.

Some persons imagine that Sir Thomas Wilson has no wish, and never had any wish, to build upon the land adjoining the Heath, but only upon another tract adjacent to the New Finchley Road, and known as the Finchley Road Estate. It is true that the copies of leasing bills introduced by the honourable baronet into Parliament in 1854 and 1855 make no mention of the land by the Heath, and are confined to the Finchley Road Estate; but in five previous bills promoted in Parliament by Sir Thomas from 1829 to 1853 the power of leasing was sought to be extended to the whole of the Middlesex property, and in some of them the two plots adjoining the Heath are expressly referred to.

In the session of 1821, Sir Thomas Wilson made his first application to Parliament for powers to grant building leases over his Middlesex estates, including any portions of Hampstead Heath which he might *approve** as lord of the manor, and as might be discharged of commonable rights. The existence of this bill did not become known to the copyholders or inhabitants of Hampstead until it had passed the second reading in the House of Lords. It was then opposed, and some negotiations for compromise took place, which not coming to any result, the bill was withdrawn by the promoters when in the House of Commons.

A second bill for the same object, except

* Approve is a legal term, and means for the lord of the manor to enclose or appropriate a portion of the waste or common to his own use,—a course which a lord is by law entitled to take, provided he leaves sufficient pasture to satisfy the commoners.

that it contained no reference to the Heath, was introduced into the House of Lords in 1830. Against this bill the copyholders petitioned, and it was rejected by the Lords on the second reading. After this attempt no further proceedings were taken in the matter for thirteen years, namely, until the session of 1843, when a bill to the same effect with that of 1830 was again introduced into the House of Lords. On the petition, however, of the copyholders against it, this bill was withdrawn on the day appointed for its second reading. Another bill, the fourth in the series, was introduced in 1844, to authorise the sale of the testator's property at Hampstead; upon the petition for which bill being referred to Mr. Baron Parke, now Lord Wensleydale, and the late Mr. Justice Cresswell, those learned judges suggested to the House of Lords that, "If it should appear to their lordships that the testator, by giving a power to grant the long leases of parts of his estate, only intended that none should be granted of the residue, then by the bill such intention might be evaded." After another considerable interval, this time of nine years, a fifth bill was introduced into Parliament in 1853, by which Sir Thomas Wilson sought powers to grant building leases over all his freehold property in Hampstead. It particularly specified the two plots of ground adjoining the Heath, and stated the amount of building frontages available in each. This bill also was thrown out by the House of Lords on the motion for the second reading. In 1854, a sixth bill was brought into Parliament; in it, however, the plots adjoining the Heath were omitted, and only the Finchley Road Estate was mentioned. The petition for this bill having been referred to Chief Baron Pollock and Mr. Justice Williams, those judges reported as follows:—"We feel," say they, "great difficulty in certifying that it is reasonable that the bill should pass into a law." Notwithstanding the above opinion of the judges, this bill was carried through the House of Lords; but it was ultimately thrown out in the House of Commons. In 1855, a seventh bill was introduced into Parliament to the same effect with the sixth, but was withdrawn by the promoters upon their receiving the report of the judges upon it. Other bills with a similar object have since been introduced into Parliament, and have met with a similar fate. We have, however, enumerated enough to show with what persistency Sir Thomas Wilson has striven to gain his object. We may be well assured that one so "constant to his thought" will not let the matter rest, but will move heaven and earth to accomplish his end.

What, then, is to be done?

"If the merits of Sir Thomas Wilson's case are to be again tried," says the able writer of the pamphlet we have alluded to, "the proper course for him to take (irrespective of other considerations) is surely—instead of pressing forward an amendment bill with a view to a subsequent application to the Court of Chancery—to bring his case before Parliament in a straightforward way, and do at once by a single operation what he seeks to do by two. Parliament is urged to pass the amendment bill on the plea of the merits of Sir T. M. Wilson's case, and on that alone. But if these merits exist, he is in a position to demand that Parliament should itself give him the powers which he seeks, instead of sending him to the Court of Chancery to get them. If the issue were thus fairly raised before Parliament on the merits, the opponents of the application might meet it; but, unfortunately for them, the sanction of Parliament to the amendment bill is sought for under the plea of merits which the form of the bill does not afford Parliament the means of inquiring into; and the bill is at the same time so framed as to leave the Court of Chancery itself very little more liberty. In a word, Parliament is asked, under the pressure of a cry of persecution, to decide the case without trying it."

But, after all, would not the best plan be to purchase Sir Thomas Wilson's rights over the Heath and the adjoining land, and thus set the matter at rest for ever? Yet a question arises, What are these rights, and what is their value? Sir Thomas Wilson modestly assesses them at 10,000*l.* per acre!—a preposterous sum, which shows the difficulty of equitably dealing with him. Should an attempt be made to settle these rights by law, it will probably be found that the lord of the manor of Hampstead is a trustee of the freehold for himself and the copyholders, and if so, his valuation is worthless. If, however, the value were to be based on a calculation of annual profits derived from it, the manorial rights in the Heath would be dearly purchased at 10*l.* per acre; but, assuming the value of the lords' rights in the Heath to be put at 100*l.* per acre, and setting a liberal valuation on the adjacent land at present in pasture, the cost of the entire purchase would not exceed 100,000*l.* or 150,000*l.* It is submitted, that whether the acquisition be looked upon with reference to its value as an ornament to the metropolis, or as a contribution to the enjoyment of its inhabitants and a means of promoting their physical and moral well-being, it would be cheaply purchased at a much larger outlay than the foregoing.

But the next consideration, and that a no light one, is, what is popularly known as the "ways and means." How are the funds for the purchase of the manorial rights to be raised, and, when the Heath is purchased, what board is to be entrusted with its management? The Metropolitan Board of Works would like to undertake the task, and so would the Inclosure Office, whilst the Select Committee on the Open Spaces of the Metropolis suggest a separate board, who should act as "trustees for the preservation of the heaths and commons within the metropolitan area," Hampstead Heath, of course, included. As to the cost of the purchase, we do not think that a Parliament which has granted an outlay of some 4,000,000*l.* or 5,000,000*l.* for the sanitary improvement of London and its suburbs, would begrudge the sum necessary to secure so beautiful and healthy a spot as Hampstead Heath.

No delay, then, should take place: first, in strenuously opposing the bills, whatever they may be, which Sir Thomas Wilson shall introduce into Parliament; secondly, in seeing what reasonable terms he will agree to; and thirdly, for the public at large to help the copyholders of Hampstead in their effort to secure to the people perpetual possession of this favourite and lovely resort.

HAROLD KING.

THE UNSEASONABLE WORSHIPPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAPLE HAYES."

A Story in Five Chapters.

CHAPTER III.

I SOON quitted the vestry and hurried from the church back to the parsonage. There I shut myself up in the library to try and calmly collect my thoughts. A sense of being placed in a most embarrassing position grew upon me. The Rector had desired me to make myself as agreeable as I could to the occupants of the White House; and, before I had been in the parish one week, I was in an antagonistic relation towards every one of them. I began to understand what people mean when they talk of the force of circumstances, for all this had happened without any fault of mine. Miss Moreton, according to her own statement, had conceived a repugnance to me at first sight; and her cousin, Miss Daley, had formed some other equally mysterious estimate, which was, at the least, as objectionable; while, in the most innocent way in the world, the strange secret of Mrs. Wartnaby had been forced upon me, and she had altogether misconstrued my conduct. The latter lady, when she snatched the keys from me,

unmistakeably intimated a disinclination to receive further visits at the great house. But I could not rest under such a misjudgment by any fellow creature, putting aside the peculiar position Mrs. Wartnaby occupied, and I quickly determined to force an explanation. It was not so delicate an affair to manage in this one case as in the others. I summoned courage, and some half-hour later I set out for the White House. The plan I had resolved upon was, first of all to see Miss Daley, and endeavour to get her consent to explain to her aunt, with relation of only such particulars as the niece might permit, that it was with the latter I was talking in the church at the time she entered; and that, consequently, I could not have been concealed in the chancel for the mere purpose of playing the spy upon her secret. By what seemed to me at the moment a providential arrangement, Miss Daley was the first person I saw on approaching the mansion. She was bending over a flower-bed at the foot of the first gable, and as I neared the spot I saw she had gardening gloves on her hands, and in a slow, listless way was doing something to the plants. The gravel was so scant upon the path that my footsteps most likely made little noise; at any rate, she took no apparent heed of my approach until I drew quite near.

"Miss Daley, I am very fortunate to have found you without difficulty," I began, as she suddenly looked up with a frightened look on her fair face. "May I ask if you have seen your aunt since you were at the church?"

"No," she answered, in the softest of voices, straightening herself, though the moment she stood erect her pale blue eyes curiously shrank before my gaze, wavering downwards, and in a covert kind of way she slipped the gardening gloves off her hands.

"But she has returned home; I saw her come this way," I added.

"Yes, she has returned, I heard Edith speak to her in the hall as she came in. I believe she is in her parlour." Miss Daley's eyes were steadily fixed on the ground during these remarks, and I afterwards recollected that she breathed very heavily and grew very pale.

"I am placed in a very difficult position, Miss Daley," I went on. "After you left the church your aunt entered before I could get back to the vestry, and simply to avoid being seen by her I went into the chancel. I cannot go into the particulars, but she came in that direction, and——"

"Edith says she goes to sit by the squire's monument," interrupted my companion.

"She thinks I was acting as a spy," I said.

"My aunt cannot think that, sir!" she

answered, her surprised look now fixed full on mine.

"But she does do so, and the matter ought to be cleared up at once. Do you see any way of its being explained how I came to be in the church at that moment?"

"You had come there to let me in."

"Yes. Only for that I should certainly have remained in the vestry."

"My aunt will think it curious that I should go"—Miss Daley hesitated, perhaps while one could count five; then a tremor shook her, like a person suddenly chilled, and with a kind of scared look, her eyes slowly fell before mine; next, meekly bringing her hands together in front, she made a slight curtsy, just as she had done at the church, saying, "I will do whatever you wish." The tone in which the remark was uttered gave it an odd significance, and my companion's demeanour again became very puzzling.

"Thank you," I said, after a moment's pause, "but you just now hinted at the way in which your aunt might regard your step. If you foresee embarrassment to yourself, I will rely on my own assurances repeated more emphatically. Your relative ought to take my word as a clergyman."

"If I see my aunt, will you exert your influence over Lydia? I will bring her in your way," the excited speaker added, her eager, frightened eyes seeking mine, while she trembled visibly.

"Certainly I will talk with your cousin, if that is what you mean. I will remind her—" I was going on to explain that I would point out to her the duty we were all under to control our tempers, but at my first words Miss Daley had uttered a pleased exclamation, and turning about, started hurriedly for the house.

"Have you thought what you are going to do?" I asked, overtaking her at the foot of the steps. "I will reason with your cousin certainly."

"You will exert your influence on her, you said so," she quickly answered, throwing back the partly escaped yellow hair, that she might look at me over her shoulder. "You promised," she said, but even as she spoke the angry look vanished from her face, and a sort of awed expression succeeded. Her hand had previously touched the knob of the door, and instantly the little dog set up a yelping within, but its mistress' voice could be heard checking it, and as the door opened I saw Mrs. Wartnaby standing in the centre of the entrance-hall, her bonnet off, but, as usual, with a shawl on her shoulders. I concluded she had observed us pass the front windows.

"Why are you with her?" was her first indignant exclamation, gazing at me, but

pointing an agitated finger towards Miss Daley. "I had carefully kept it from her, and I wished her to know nothing of it. How dare you act so?" she demanded, with flashing eyes.

"It was owing to me, aunt, that——"

"Pardon me," I said, interrupting Miss Daley, "I have not told your niece anything, Mrs. Wartnaby, anything further than that you found me in the church and wrongly thought I had placed myself there purposely. She will simply tell you I had not done so, that is why I am here, and then I will retire instantly if you wish it."

"I do not catch all he says," she answered, looking from me to Miss Daley, and dropping the hands she had raised behind her ears to assist her listening.

"I called Mr. —— from the vestry, where he was writing, into the church, and was talking with him there when you entered," was the niece's firm reply. "I heard you coming in, and there was not time, he says, to get back into the vestry, so he went into the chancel."

"You at the church?" asked Mrs. Wartnaby in hollow tones of surprise, staring at the girl, appearing to follow all she said with ease, though the voice was hushed rather than otherwise. "Why were you there?"

"Where is Lydia?" inquired Miss Daley, sinking her tones still lower, and looking around.

"We must not stay talking," hurriedly answered her aunt, whom this question seemed to startle. "Go in," and she motioned Miss Daley forward.

"It was about Lydia I went, and he is going to make her better," the niece loudly whispered in Mrs. Wartnaby's ear, as she passed her.

"Hush! She is up-stairs. I will come into the parlour," and the speaker repeated her gesture, that Miss Daley should go forward. She did so slowly, and in a very singular manner, her face turned over her shoulder, and her eyes fixed with a painful expression on me. As she turned into the doorway of the parlour, I saw her totter, and the next second after she disappeared there was the noise of a rushing fall on the floor.

"Miss Daley has swooned!" I said, darting forward, unheeding the remark Mrs. Wartnaby had been making.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" moaned the aunt, following me. "Lift her on the sofa. Where is Edith?" and she ran to the bell-rope. "Leave us," she said, returning; "and do not come here again. Why did you come into the parish at all?"

"What is the matter?" asked old Edith,

entering; she must have been attracted by the other noises before the bell rang. "Put her head lower—lower."

"Go!" repeated Mrs. Wartnaby, still addressing me, while she was busy stroking her niece's hands. "You see the influence you had over her from the first instant. She had better not come even to the church for service any more."

"Let the gentleman out, Hannah," called Edith, speaking to a wide-eyed servant-maid, who just then presented herself in answer to the call.

"I can find my way; help your mistress," I said, pushing past the girl. I had previously stood rooted to the spot.

"She has fainted?" asked an intense whisper, as I emerged from the parlour into the hall, and half-way up the broad staircase, I saw Miss Moreton leaning over the balustrade, her dark face beaming with a kind of triumph. "I will follow you out in a minute," she said, running up to the next landing for some purpose.

I hurried out by the door, anxious to avoid her, for a quick repugnance shook every nerve I possessed, and I was already sufficiently bewildered; but, before I had reached the end of the broad path, footsteps sounded behind me, and I heard my name called. I stopped without turning, feeling fully conscious who my pursuer was.

"Never heed what aunt says; I'll see that Clara comes to church," Miss Moreton the next instant murmured in a chuckling kind of confidential way, quite close to my elbow. "She shall be sure to come," she repeated, passing to the front to see me better; and I, in turn, could not fail to observe that her black eyes were glittering with delight, and her ringlets dancing in unison. "I heard from the stairs part of what was said, but I will be your friend."

"I do not know what you may mean, Miss Moreton!" I said, trying to remain self-possessed, and forcing myself to gaze at her steadily.

"Oh, you may be quite confidential with me. I am Clara's friend; I am—no matter what she has told you. What objections does aunt make—why isn't Clara to come to church?"

"That is a point on which I must refer you to Mrs. Wartnaby; but I will say there is some misunderstanding all round. It is the duty of all the parishioners to attend at worship, and on that ground I shall be glad to see your cousin at church, if your aunt is willing. That is the only reason I can have for wishing Miss Daley to attend. Some other time," I went on, growing angry at her in-

creasingly supercilious stare, "I will ask the privilege of speaking with you on some serious matters concerning yourself, according to a promise I have made to do so."

"Ah! you wish to put me off," she said, breaking into a crafty smile, and placing herself in the side-gate through which I must pass. "I know you and Clara have been talking; why won't you let me be your friend? I have a great deal of influence with my aunt, and I tell you again, I will see that Clara comes to church. How came she to faint?"

"Miss Daley is your relative; would it not be better if, instead of allowing me to detain you, you went to her help?" I said, still endeavouring to be civil.

"Why don't you tell me?" was the answer, given with a stamp of the foot; but a second later the speaker's manner again swiftly changed. "You are anxious, thinking she is ill; oh, it isn't serious—she often faints. But why was it now?"

"I cannot talk with you upon the subject, and, if you please, I wish to return to the parsonage," I answered, making a motion towards the gate. "Would you tell your aunt that I say there is a complete mistake?"

"Do you think I will take your messages, if you will not tell me anything? I am not your servant," she added, drawing herself up, and a frightful expression of rage distorted her face. "Will you not tell me?" she nearly shrieked. "Then I will go, and make Clara do so. I will, I will, I will!" she screamed.

"You cannot but know how wicked this is," I said, turning about, after slipping through the narrow gate, from before which she had swerved a little. "In this temper, I suppose, you will not listen to me, but I must warn you against it. Your want of self-control is at the bottom of—"

"Do not warn me!" she broke in. "How many days have you been here altogether? and you have got her under your complete control. Better for me to be at the house, you said! Would it have been better for you to be visiting the poor and sick, instead of inveigling Clara?" The tones in which this incredible remark were made exactly resembled my own; but changing her voice, she went on, "She shall not come to church again! Warnings? You should have warned her, the great baby, who is always talking about your eyes. Oh yes, your beautiful eyes!" and she clung to the gate, laughing shrill mocking laughter.

"I cannot stay to hear this," I said, walking away.

"Who is the coward?" was called after

me. "She says I am a coward, but it is you! Run away; yes, run, run away to your duty, instead of causing girls to faint."

I wheeled round at this unbearable taunt, with a feeling something, I should say, like that of a creature at bay; but Miss Moreton's back was already towards me, short as was the interval since her last words, and she was flying back along the path towards the house. Turning once more, I hastened away, my brain in a complete whirl, for I felt that I was becoming entangled still more and more in the web of circumstances. I did not pause again until I reached the churchyard, and there I leaned on one of the tombs to think what now must be done next.

First of all, I decided to send my relative, the rector, a detailed account of all that had happened; but I recollected that it would be some little time before I could get any advice from him. The thought of Mr. Asnidge then flashed across me. Miss Daley had stated that he was the family lawyer, and surely he ought to be made acquainted with the singular state of affairs at the White House. It was an important step, I felt, to communicate with him, but I really did not know what might happen; and I could not support the sense of undivided responsibility. I finally resolved to write to him, as well as to the rector, and to do so at once. The housekeeper at the parsonage, regarding me with surprise on my return, expressed a fear that I was unwell. No doubt my appearance and manner gave her sufficient reasons for concluding so; but I shut myself up in the library, and did not issue thence until I had written both communications. I had discovered from the local directory that Mr. Asnidge resided in the neighbouring town, not more than a dozen miles distant; and I felt some relief in thinking that the next morning he would get my communication, and would share the burden of my unsought secrets.

CHAPTER IV.

"MAY I mention, sir, what Miss Moreton asked me to say?" inquired Jennings, the clerk, lingering in the doorway of my room at the parsonage on the evening of the following day, having had occasion to come there on a matter of business.

"Certainly you may," I answered, not wholly taken by surprise, for I had seen that young lady, in the churchyard talking with Jennings, as I looked through the library window some hours before.

"I was tidying the front path a bit, sir, for the children do so kick up the gravel in walking from school, and Miss Moreton came up to me close by Wilkinson's tomb. It

wasn't of my seeking, sir, and of course I don't understand it; but she said would I take care to mention it, and I couldn't say no, sir, could I?" and Jennings shuffled about, looking very apologetic.

"What was it you were to mention?" I rather nervously asked.

"She said I must say, sir, that it wasn't Miss Daley's fault she hadn't seen you, for her aunt had forbid her to walk anywhere but in the back garden."

"I was not expecting Miss Daley to see me, and Miss Moreton had no right to put the matter in that way," I hastened to reply, for the curious look with which Jennings accompanied this statement, suggested the kind of impression he had received from the conversation.

"You would want to know, sir, she said, how Miss Daley was after what happened yesterday, and I was to say she was quite round again, and you needn't be afraid, sir, for it would all be right."

"Afraid!" I demanded, but I checked myself at sight of Jennings' surprise. Of what use was it explaining things to him? "Very well, that will do," I added, as collectedly as I could.

"I hope I am not giving offence," and the old clerk turned his hat round, looking very sheepish; "but I was to say that she would see Miss Daley was at church on Sunday morning. That is all, sir," he hastily wound up, and coughing very respectfully, he sidled out, as if not wishful to embarrass me by waiting for any answer on my part.

"Jennings," I called out, following him into the passage, "I cannot explain this matter to you; but it is necessary to say that the impression Miss Moreton's remarks are calculated to make is a very wrong one. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir," Jennings doubtfully coughed back out of the darkness, his manner convincing me that he did *not* understand.

"At any rate, what she said must go no farther, Jennings. You might accidentally mention something of it, and it would not be regarded rightly."

"Oh, I'll not mention it. Good night, sir. You may rely on me, it shall be kept quite secret, sir," he confidentially replied, hobbling away for the door, and I heard him chuckle as he went.

This was outrageous. I did not as yet know enough of Jennings to feel convinced that he was reliable, and a rumour like that circulating would give the parishioners fine ideas concerning me. My only relief was in the hope that the morrow would bring Mr. Asnidge, the lawyer, and that then the whole

matter might be in some way cleared up. I had been a little disappointed that my letter to him had not brought him over at once; and in the anticipation of its having that effect, I had remained indoors all day awaiting his arrival, chiefly occupying myself in sitting gazing through the window at the adjoining grey church, which had put on quite another look since I knew that underneath its floor, at a particular spot on the other side, lay night and day a little yellow heap of this world's treasure, which Mrs. Wartnaby had mysteriously accumulated there, and of which she had so startlingly constituted me the guardian. My expectations respecting Mr. Asnidge's arrival were now necessarily postponed until the morning, and hurrying on my story, I may say that when the following morning came, they were only very imperfectly fulfilled. The post brought me a letter from Mr. Asnidge's managing clerk, stating that his master had been up in town upon professional business since the beginning of the week, but he was expected to return home on the evening of that day, and then my communication, which in Mr. Asnidge's absence he had, according to instructions, opened, should be laid before him, and would no doubt be attended to in due form at the earliest convenience. Here, again, was a result on which I had not reckoned; the secret affairs of the Moreton family had passed into the knowledge of another person. Circumstances were plainly working out a combination in which I seemed to be a mere agent. I dispatched another note by the return post, still more strenuously urging Mr. Asnidge's instant interference in the matter, and this done, I felt I could only further await his deferred arrival with such patience as I could muster. That day was Friday, and it would necessarily be mid-day on Saturday before I could hope to see him. To guard, however, against the lawyer's return home sooner than he was looked for, I again did not go far from the parsonage, and I carefully kept away from either vestry or church, in order to avoid the possible risk of meeting any of the inmates of the White House.

I had sufficient reasons for caution in this respect, for during the day Miss Moreton sauntered down the meadow path to the village no fewer than four times, lingering most unnecessarily in the churchyard on each occasion. I had little doubt her motive was the hope of seeing me, and the last time I had a very narrow escape of gratifying it. I had gone into the parsonage grounds to get a little fresh air, when she suddenly came up from the row of cottages, which she must have reached by a roundabout way. Luckily I got

among some shrubs before she caught sight of me, and from their shelter I distinctly saw her inquisitive glances directed at the parsonage, searching every window; and when at length, tired out, she finally retreated round the angle of the church-tower, the jerking of her head, and the quickening of her steps sufficiently indicated the temper she was in. I should not have been much surprised if, instead of retiring, she had advanced and hammered on the parsonage door.

The next morning the post did not bring me any note from either Mr. Asnidge or his clerk, and I concluded that the lawyer reached home on the previous evening too late to catch the post. No doubt he would himself arrive by noon, since he would be certain to lose no time that day in driving over. Again my expectations were disappointed; the morning passed, noon came and went, but the quiet of the village was not broken by any arrival, nor did any visitor present himself at the parsonage. Towards evening I went down to Jennings's cottage, for the idea had suggested itself whether Mr. Asnidge, distrusting me as a stranger, had not gone direct to the White House, which might be approached by the low road without passing through the village. I boldly told Jennings, whom I found sitting by his hearth with his wife, that I had been expecting a gentleman on some business in which Mrs. Wartnaby was concerned as well as myself, and as he had not come to the parsonage at the time I reckoned on, I was anxious to know whether he had first made a call at the White House; could he go up and learn whether any visitor was there? He instantly assented, and it appeared that he had to go up either that night or next morning about some errand which he had been doing for the family; but he lingered in a curious way about the house before starting, and at length he asked me if he must wait for any other message.

"Any other message!" I mechanically repeated.

"Please you, he means the young ladies, sir, but he does not like to speak out. John is so very bashful, sir," put in his wife, smiling knowingly, as she picked up a corner of her apron and dropped a curtsy simultaneously.

"You have told your wife, I see, of the conversation you had with Miss Moreton?" I said reproachfully to the perplexed clerk, who was busy making telegraphic signals to his partner.

"Man and wife should never have any secrets from one another, sir," confidently responded the dame. "John would be very proud, sir, to be of any help, I'm sure; and I very often go up to the house myself. I shall

be there early on Monday, sir, helping to clean some feathers."

"It is all a mistake," I said, with more ill-temper, perhaps, than was befitting. "There are no messages for John to bring me, and I have none to send by you. The matter shall be cleared up to everybody's satisfaction soon," I added, hastily quitting the cottage.

Jennings followed me, mumbling out apologies, and asseverating that his wife had not breathed, and never would breathe, a word of the matter. On that point I had my own opinion, which started a pretty firm conviction that this most embarrassing rumour would shortly be the common gossip of the parish. I waved Jennings off in the direction of the White House, assuring him that I should be most gravely offended if he ever repeated to me another word of any conversation of Miss Moreton, or brought me any message relating to Miss Daley. All that I wanted, I again told him, was to know whether Mr. Asnidge had called on Mrs. Wartnaby that day. He hurriedly departed on his errand, about which I had some compunctions; but it really presented itself to me as a sheer measure of self-defence; for I was growing very anxious at the thought of the possibility of the lawyer having misconstrued my object, and gone direct to his client and communicated the substance of my letters! In about three-quarters of an hour, which seemed to stretch out to the length of a day, I was relieved from this suspense by the return of Jennings with the information that there had been no visitors at the White House that day. He had, also, learned that Mrs. Wartnaby was more than usually unwell, and was keeping her room. Whether or not he had seen Miss Moreton or her cousin, or if any message had been sent to me by one or other of them, I did not know; for, although he almost seemed to have something further to communicate, I of course did not ask him, and he silently and slowly took his leave. I had not had a glimpse of either of the young ladies that day, which had rather surprised me, after the experience of the day previous; but I soon forgot that minor wonder in the recurring perplexity concerning Mr. Asnidge's silence and non-appearance. Unfortunately, too, some days had yet to elapse before I could hope to hear from the rector. If Monday morning arrived without any communication from the lawyer, I decided in my own mind that I would reverse my plan, and, in default of his coming to see me, I would go over to the town to see him. Tomorrow, however, was Sunday, and I was but ill-prepared for its solemn duties. I tried to forget these matters in renewed preparations, stretching on into the night; but in my sub-

sequent ill-refreshing slumbers, the bag of gold hidden in the church perpetually destroyed my rest. Morning—a calm bright Sunday morning came—little indicative of its turbulent fortunes as they affected me.

"It is very odd, sir," said Jennings, as he was helping me on with my gown in the vestry, "but Mrs. Wartnaby hasn't sent the dog this morning. *They*"—and he laid much stress on the word—"have come without it; for they've just gone in, sir, and it wasn't with them. It is the first time I ever knew it to miss for many a month. I wonder if anything has happened to it? But it won't disturb you this morning, sir," he added, with a grin. "Yes, the vestry is chilly, rather, and mebbe I ought to ha' put a bit o' fire in the grate," he continued.

"Oh, it will do," I said, mustering my resolution. My involuntary shiver, to which his last remark had reference, was attributable not to the chilly atmosphere of the vestry, but to this news. The absence of the dog, I thought, was a practical intimation to me that henceforth Mrs. Wartnaby was really going to hold me responsible for the safe custody of her treasure under the pew floor! And the presence of both the young ladies, for Jennings had emphatically said "*they*," was a fulfilment of the promise or threat, whichever it might prove, of Miss Moreton to that effect, first made to me in person at the White House gates, and then subsequently repeated in the message sent through Jennings. I had a very curious foreboding kind of feeling as I passed out from the vestry into the church.

As I entered, the buzz of the school-children sank, and in the silence, as I was going up the steps to the desk, I distinctly heard a sharp giggle from the direction of the Squire's pew, which I had no doubt originated with Miss Moreton, although I carefully refrained from looking in that direction. It was my intention to continue to do so during the whole service, but after the prayers and the lessons had been gone through, I found it to be no easy task. One of the figures I was vaguely conscious of as sitting or kneeling or standing in the great pew, under the floor of which I was for ever remembering that Mrs. Wartnaby's gold was secreted, kept on a ceaseless series of movements. Of course I knew which one it was, as also the object aimed at. It was Miss Moreton, and she wished to attract my attention. Resolutely I tried to keep my eyes turned away; but in the delivery of the sermon it is so habitual to glance around to see that your words reach all the congregation, that after a time I mechanically let my eyes wander to that quarter. In doing so I got two or three

glimpses of Miss Daley's face, who was sitting nearest the door of the pew, and the striking paleness of her countenance surprised me, as also did her curiously luminous blue eyes, which even my hurried glance showed me were beaming with a very unusual expression. Perhaps I had been preaching for ten minutes when I observed all the heads on the left side of the church simultaneously change their line of direction; then the rest, in other parts of the church, instantly did so, all turning from the pulpit towards the large pew. Instinctively following them, I was startled to see that Miss Daley was slowly rising to her feet, gazing fixedly at me with glittering, unwinking eyes, and was in the act of stretching one arm out to the pew-door. Moving forwards, with a strange kind of gliding motion, she passed out into the aisle, turning towards the nave, her face still eagerly upturned towards me; as she came along her step quickened, and both hands were gradually raised appealingly, till her arms were uplifted at their full height by the time she approached the foot of the pulpit.

"I will do whatever you want," she musically whispered, and as she spoke she tottered forward one step further, and then, before the clerk could reach her, she fell headlong on the hard stone flags, just as she did previously on the carpet of the parlour at the White House. Screams rang out from the children and the women, and the men uttered excited exclamations; but above all the other sounds came the shrill, piercing laugh of Miss Moreton, who had clambered part way up the framework of the great pew, and now actually waved her hand triumphantly.

"He has fascinated her!" she called out, her malignant face looking demoniacal in its glee, as she hung there, not taking a step towards her cousin's help.

"My friends, it is a mesmeric swoon," I cried, hastily quitting the pulpit, for the service was necessarily at an end. "Let the women remove Miss Daley into the open air, and let the men follow me into the vestry," I said. "Your conduct is not more inhuman towards your relative than it is sacrilegious, considering what place this is," I added, pausing and turning expressly towards Miss Moreton, who, answering something in an under-tone, sank, with a sneering yet partly-abashed look, out of sight into the pew.

I hastily explained to such of the wondering worshippers as followed me to the vestry what mesmerism was. It was, I stated, a weak surrender of the will by one person to a fancy of superiority in the case of another; which, in the event of bodily weakness, might almost happen accidentally, as it might be

termed, neither party being strictly accountable for it. I denied absolutely that I had ever exerted, or sought to exert, any influence over Miss Daley, who, I reminded them, was scarcely a week ago an utter stranger to me, and I attributed what had happened to a state of nervous ill-health on her part, coupled, it might possibly be, with some inopportune resemblance in my case to a preconceived fancy she had indulged. These were, indeed, the train of thoughts I had previously pursued upon the subject for my own private satisfaction; but the stolid farmers, and still more stupid labourers, gaped at me and stared at each other in an evident state of complete mental mystification. I finally announced that there would be no further service that day, and that early in the ensuing week I would call them together for fuller explanations after I had communicated with Mrs. Wartnaby in the matter. Some of the women now came noisily flocking through the church into the vestry, and it appeared from their statements that Miss Daley had partly recovered in the yard, under the influence of the open air, and was being assisted to the White House.

I dismissed the people, and, in a state of mind I cannot describe, hurried over to the shelter of the parsonage; where, however, I found the servants all in an uproar among themselves. Again I had to offer what explanations I could, for I gathered from some of their remarks that Miss Moreton had at length made her way to her cousin's elbow, and that her observations to the women in the churchyard had still further complicated matters. I once more retreated to the library, nearly crushed to imagine the gossip then going forward on every hearth in the village. My first impulse, upon recollecting myself a little, was to go up at once to the White House, and there force an interview with both the cousins in the presence of their aunt; but second thoughts reminded me of the sanctity of the day, and those reasons also urged themselves against the idea of an instant journey to the neighbouring town, where the lawyer lived. I had another miserable afternoon, evening, and night before me; but the morrow, I firmly pledged myself, should see something decisive done to release me from this strange entanglement.

"GOOD-BYE."

JUST as every one holds some days in the calendar dearer than others from the memories they evoke, so have most men favourite words which speak of past and fond associations. Indeed, many words are national favourites, and the consideration of the influences they

exert upon national character opens a wide field of inquiry which philologists are too apt to neglect. What marvellous pages of history do we owe, both in ancient and modern times, to that one word "Liberty!" Who can tell what depths of affection are stirred up in the Swiss peasant's heart by the "*Ranz des vaches*," or in the expatriated German by hearing mention made of his "*vaterland*"? Amongst words most dear to a domestic people like ourselves are "home," "welcome," and "good-bye." They recall some of the most touching remembrances of our life, instantaneously bringing before us scenes and conversations and persons around whom cluster the fondest memories. The mere mention of "good-bye" at once calls forth our sympathy. It is one of the dearest and yet the saddest words in the language.

That "good-bye" eminently belongs to domestic life admits of easy demonstration. When the devoted three hundred parted from their friends before Thermopylæ, or when Regulus put aside his weeping wife before leaving Rome for Carthage, they bade them farewell. The fire of patriotism burnt so fiercely within them that it consumed self and all the ordinary human affections. Their farewell (as we call it) was altogether objective and heroic. Again, when Mary Queen of Scots, as in that picture we can all so well remember, strained her eyes to catch the last faint outlines of "*la belle France*," she waved it her adieux. She left with it, once for all, her best wishes and fondest regret, and then betook herself resolutely to her task of taming rough Scotch hearts.

With the parting of the queen or the soldier are none of the tender associations contained in "good-bye;" it would not suit these cases, and is repugnant to the dignity of history. But whenever in daily life the heart parts from a person to whom it is deeply attached, it wishes him "good-bye." Just as it takes two to make a quarrel, so there must be two warm and responsive hearts for a true "good-bye," though one is amply sufficient for the more frigid "farewell." We can bid "good-bye" to a lovely prospect, or a subject which has long engaged our thoughts, or a house where we have been happy; but it is only because we personify them in some sort, and fondly dwell on them until affection has transfigured and rendered them sentient, as it were, to our regard. In common with all our noblest feelings, the sentiments of good will which find utterance in "good-bye" belong to our better nature. Of course custom in too many cases dulls the full perception of all that is contained in the fervent wish "God be with you!" but even in the porcine and leguminous affections of the agricultural labourer (to quote

the type least removed from earth), next to the grief that refuses to be comforted because his bacon rations are scanty, must probably be placed his sensations on wringing his sweetheart's hand and saying, "Well, old girl, gude-bye!"

"Good-bye" has an immense superiority in comprehensiveness over the ordinary valedictory formulas of the ancients, and in warmth of feeling over the modern "addio" and "adieu." Perhaps in the "*salve æternum æternumque vale*" of the Latin poet are best blended the two notions of good wishes from oneself for another—the subjective and objective views—that meet so happily in our "good-bye." The saddest side of the sentiment which finds vent in "good-bye" comes out in epitaphs. Its grief cannot be veiled even under those ludicrous creations of the village artist, so often found in our country churchyards. Doubtless the sorrow of the parents for their son told in the epitaph,—

Him shall no more come to we,
But us shall one day go to he,

was none the less poignant because expressed in the purest Devon dialect, of which the first rule for proficiency is that you misplace as much as possible the cases of all pronouns. In the boy's "good-bye" there is no sadness, for hope paints to-morrow in brighter colours than yesterday; manhood's "good-bye" is thoughtful, and slightly sad, for who can tell how often he may return? But the fulness of a sorrowing "good-bye" is in the old man's parting. Humanly speaking, he cannot reckon on another meeting after even the briefest absence. A woman's "good-bye" is usually less of a trouble to her than it is to a man, except in cases where her affections are most concerned. He is more reflective, more apprehensive of change even in the commonplace partings of life. It is curious to remark how nature sympathises with our parting at some times more than at others. How much worse is it to part with a friend in winter than in summer, at evening that at midday, on a gloomy day than on a bright one! On such occasions nature seems more than usually clairvoyant of our souls.

No poet has expressed this more admirably than Dante,—

Era già l' ora che volge il disio
Ai naviganti e intenerisce il core,
Lo di' o' han detto a' dolci amici addio,

though our own Tennyson has subtly seized on this tendency of nature to colour our thoughts in the scarcely less beautiful lines,—

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge.

Seeing that life is mainly made up of partings, it is no wonder that we dwell with the fondest affection on those separations where the intervening gulf is spanned by the electric heartiness of "good-bye." With us, the terminus of our good wishes in such a case is Heart's Content.

"Good-byes" are seldom pleasant. Perhaps they are least unpleasant at a country-house in autumn, when the natural feeling of regret as we part with one round of acquaintances is put to flight by the arrival of a fresh circle of friends. Then the sentiment so aptly expressed in Pope's celebrated line,—

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest,

robs the "good-bye" of its bitterness. Still, this applies only to those remaining; departing friends are in no wise aided in taking a philosophical parting by the remembrance of past happiness. Doubtless, as in every other parting, some of their eyes dwell with a last fond gaze on a loved face, or the walk beside the beck or the mountain side, purpled with heather and golden with gorse. For many a long day the cadence of that last song will linger in their ears, and memories of those restful hours haunt their dreams. Perhaps next year brings them back, and though everything seems much as usual, something is sure to be different. The old days never come back again. So man loves to think, and one by one we garner up the precious relics of the past into our hearts to be evoked in the fulness of future happiness, as a miser hangs over his store, or a lone man takes out of his desk a ribbon or a few faded violets, eloquent in their silence of other days and faces long since mouldered into dust. Such ghosts as these do not come to trouble joy, but rather to intensify it. They are echoes, mellowed by distance, of the most touching "good-byes" of life.

What is the most sorrowful "good-bye?" Not that into which the element of time, but that of distance chiefly enters. Friends can part for an indefinite time without anxiety, if not far separated by space. The further the distance we are apart, the more easily does thought seem to bridge it over, and then return to pain us with the contrast and cause the mind to forbode trouble, just because the actually intervening distance is so great. Lovers' partings are proverbial. But probably few "good-byes" exceed in sorrow a mother's parting from her soldier-son on the platform, say of Rugby, late on a bitter January night. The mail stops five minutes: a whistle, and he is borne off to India, while she is left alone with her grief. Yet, even in this case, "good-bye" is more bitter

if said at home. The heart sinks lower as the wheels run further down the drive; then the gate shuts, and the mother has to go in to be momentarily reminded by every home association of the absent one.

Amongst pleasant "good-byes" may be enumerated good-byes to business, to "idle sorrow," to quarantine, to London in July or Paris in August, to a bad habit; the east wind, or a channel packet, perhaps a chancery suit and a waterproof coat might be joined to the list. We thought of adding a faithless love, but forbear for fear of ulterior consequences were any lady in whom we are interested to read this. Loves are stubborn things, and will not admit of "good-bye" being said to them all at once. We are not all as high-minded as the blameless king, or as pitiless as Brutus; and whatever women may say, too many men have hearts to make even parting with a faithless lover altogether pleasant. Memory speedily avenges her.

Much of our national reserve may be seen when Englishmen say "good-bye." The parting may be for a few days, or a decade of years, and nothing is noticeable in their demeanor beyond the hearty clasp of hands and the steady look into each other's eyes for a second. "Good-bye, old fellow, take care of yourself," and it is all over. None of the theatrical poses are visible in which Henri and Eugène indulge when the former is going to disport himself at Trouville for a fortnight, and assumes an attitude of despair, with a hand on his heart, which is the signal for Eugène, *ce cher Eugène*, to embrace him. What wonder that Jones, as he views this little scene at the *table d'hôte*, remarks in that fine nervous French so affected by English tourists, "*Je couperai mon bâton*," and departs with his insular prejudices much strengthened? These peculiarities may even be remarked in English and Continental dogs. What a world of bustle and excitement is there when a French poodle or a German spitz meets a strange dog! My smooth terrier simply puts himself in a fighting attitude: if the stranger will try a round with him he is delighted to be able to accommodate him, if not he evidently regards him as a snob and passes on. Skye, on the contrary, is too well bred even to express surprise; he has caught the manners of the drawing-room, and cuts all strange members of the canine family with an air of jaunty indifference. At the same time, if any of them ventures to growl at his beard, insinuate that his tail is not the finest in the village, or indulge in any other of the insulting tricks common amongst butcher dogs and dogs of the lower orders in general, Skye is perfectly ready for a mill. No Irishman whose coat-tail has

been trodden on at Donnybrook engages more cheerfully. Still, the slight exertion necessary to thrash a vulgar street dog disarranges Skye's coat, therefore "defence not defiance" is his motto. The more contemptuous his good-bye, he thinks, the less need will he have to chastise the offender.

As palæontology can construct a saurian from the last foot-prints it left in the sandstone, so archæology frequently discloses to us the most touching of "good-byes" in the relics dug up from old graves. In their presence thought and fancy go back centuries, and the sameness of human affections makes us akin to the handful of bones or drift of white dust before us, which once walked and breathed, and was agitated by hopes and fears like ourselves. We picture the last "good-bye," the weeping survivors, the "sit tibi terra levis" of bereft wife or parent.

In 1863 excavations at Kempston near Bedford opened some Saxon graves. In many cases, from the bones yet remaining and the ornaments lying by them, it was possible to realise the domestic life of the Saxon period far more vividly than by reading many histories. Here was a child's grave, the skull indicating a forehead of great beauty, with two bronze clasps lying beside it, which may have secured the shroud in which it would most likely be buried; there was disclosed the framework of a woman's skeleton, surrounded by glass beads, silver ornaments, the fragments of what had probably been ear-rings; and by her side a workbox of bronze with the gilding yet fresh on it, containing a fragment of worsted and scraps of linen of three different qualities. What a world of touching memories and affectionate farewells was buried there? In another case, a woman's grave disclosed abundance of well-worked ivory and silver ornaments, three coins pierced to be suspended from the person, and a silver ring of chaste and elegant workmanship, which still encircled the bone of one of the fingers. The diameter of the ring, $\frac{1}{4}$ in., with the delicate character of the bone, we are told, indicated a small hand. Imagination has plenty of materials here. How easy to call to life again the young wife, to see her untimely death, to hear her last faint "good-bye." Then her funeral, with all her dainty ornaments lovingly disposed about her, her husband's death, forgetfulness, the lapse of thirteen centuries, the moralist at the same time whispering over our shoulder, "This day is mine and yours, but ye know not what shall be on the morrow."

Not uneldom our first "good-bye" is the bitterest of our life, the one we can most vividly remember,—that black Monday when

John was waiting to convey us to Miss Smallove's academy for young gentlemen. With others life passes so easily that the memory retains no traces of sorrowful "good-byes." Like a swallow's flight on a bright day, it dashes through shadows too rapidly to notice them. This may be a pleasant temperament to its possessor; but most of us, I fancy, love to keep a store of sweet and bitter thoughts, for meditation occasionally to take out of their shrine and fondly hang over when working hours are past. Amongst these treasures how many "good-byes" are made up? How many last looks, last kisses, last tears? A soft accent, a lovely sunset, a strain of solemn music,—these are the best pass-keys to unlock such memories of the past.

Once upon a time a prince found himself straying within a fairy's flower-garden. Forthwith such a glamour was cast over him that he could never find his way out through the yew-tree walks and pillared cypress shades that encircled it. Such seems to be our fate at present. Many fair and sunny associations blossom round "good-bye," but we are perpetually finding ourselves stopped by the sombre barriers which close in upon them. Doubtless it is so even with life's most cherished mysteries. We can break out into sportive sallies every now and then, but work, not play, is the true end of life. Beings "darkly wise" are never suffered long to forget, even in their brighter hours, that solemn issues hedge them in on every side.

Such a word as "good-bye" is like a finger-post set by our daily walk to remind us when we come to it that life is not altogether the gay pageant we might otherwise deem it. Dinners at the *Trois Frères*, sensational novels, and opera boxes are very good things in their way; but follow my lady home, and why does she sigh in her boudoir? Why does her liege lord sit so thoughtfully under High-flown's pulpit oratory in that hot town church? Let not the young divine be flattered. His mind is far away watching by a grave in a lonely churchyard of North Devon, where the bee hums over innumerable daisies, and the sea mew's scream intensifies his sadness: or perhaps he is shaking hands for the last time with one who steps on that outward bound packet, and his cheery "good-bye" even now floats to him over the intervening waters. No one is the worse for a few serious thoughts. In the whirl of modern life they come too seldom for me to apologise for my quota—my handful of withered flowers. Who knows but one or two may yet be fragrant? At all events, I offer you them with my best bow, my best and heartiest "good-bye."



"Will any gentleman be pleased to trid on the tail o' me coat?"

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

THE first time I went to a fair
I saw a man *shreelin'* his coat in the gutter,
With a shout and a splutter,
And thought it was *quare*;
"What's that for?" says I to my mother,
Who was minding both me and my brother.

"Don't you see it was out of that tint that he
wint,
Where all the M'Carthys is dhrinkin' so gaily?
And *them* and th' O'Mayley
Is never contint
Till they prove to each other their merit,
'Tis a proof," says my mother, "of *spirit*."

Then I saw a man rush to the fray
And stamp on that coat that was dragged
in the gutter;
But a shutter

Was very soon call'd for to take him
away,
For the coat-shreeler, with his shil-
laley,
Crack'd the crown of the headstrong
O'Mayley.

But other O'Mayleys soon gathered,
And, rattling down swiftly, the cudgels came cluster-
ing,
With blustering,
And oaths that M'Carthy for ever be *smather'd*!
And in mutual defacing "God's image"
Both clans had a darlin' fine scrimmage!

Well, when I grew up to a man,
I copied the doings of them went before me
In glory;

But I've now changed my plan,
"For," says I, "'tis but spoilin' of friese
For gainin' sore bones and black eyes."

And my Molly, that fondly I dote on,
She used to complain of the numberless
patches
To cover the 'gashes
She stitch'd my long coat on;
So, to shun all temptation to racket,
I now go to fairs in a jacket.

LARRY O'LEATHERUM



Witness, SAMUEL LOVER.



HEVER COURT.

BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD, AUTHOR OF "RALPH," &c.

CHAPTER V. "HE LOVES; HE LOVES ME NOT."



HERE stood in the window of Mrs. Prickett's room an ornament, than which no finer could grace the boudoir of a princess. She had given half-a-dozen rabbit-skins for it. But in her keeping it had grown from a slip into a splendid shrub. It was a red camellia, and bore three fine blossoms.

Will had left his chair, and was standing near the window, looking out through the leaves of the camellia, pondering and irresolute, as to what he had heard from his foster-mother, thinking how it

might affect his future fortunes, when his eye fell on the most perfect of these blossoms, and hastily turning to see if Mrs. Prickett was observing him, he snipped it off, and concealed it in one of the huge pockets of his coat.

The old woman had not noticed the larceny.

Then he went up the old, creaking staircase, and presently Mrs. Prickett saw him leave the house by the back way, on purpose to avoid her. She well knew where he was going.

"Ay, poor moth!" she soliloquised; "he's a going flyin' round the candle, and that hussy won't care how much he burns himself, not she."

Will was certainly taking his way to the White Horse, with the overt intention of drinking a glass or two of ale, but really with the hope of seeing Clara Smithson.

It was Mrs. Smithson who greeted him at the inn-door. She was a double-chinned woman, of incalculable diameter. One-half of her would have been considerably larger than Mrs. Prickett. She was the terror of the curate, Mr. Fipps. "Not that she was an open scoffer," as that gentleman had once explained, "or in any way improper, but she was not amenable to religious teaching." The fact is, that Mrs. Smithson laughed at Mr. Fipps. Whatever her religion was, it

was not that of the curate. She always spoke of Mr. Bustard, the rector, with respect; but her merry eyes twinkled, and her mouth wreathed with fun, when she irreverently discoursed of "Little Fipps."

She liked Will, forgiving his laziness and willing submission to any circumstances that favoured it, because she thought it the consequence of his unfortunate birth. And perhaps the spice of scandal that he carried about with him made him not less agreeable to the hostess of the "White Horse." It was not her habit to dislike men or things because they were a little incorrect. Yet she herself was a model of cleanliness and good housewifery, and Will knew well enough that she would never let Clara marry him. But then he knew, also, that Clara would do what pleased herself in this matter, and that her aunt's voice would avail nothing against her will.

She wagged her fat face reproachfully at Will.

"Pity them stocks has gone out o' use, you lazy-bones; they'd ha' fitted them ankles of yours to a t."

Will looked down at his ankles, and both laughed heartily.

"You forget; I haven't got anybody to work for, Mrs. Smithson."

"Ah! well. 'Tis to be hoped you'll mend your ways. Yes, you may come into the parlour and rest a bit."

"Good morning, Miss Clara," said Will, glad, and yet not glad, to see her sitting there. There was a languid ease in her manner, which made her appear so unapproachable to Will. She seemed now to be rather annoyed by the interruption to her reading, for she held in her hand a volume of "Aurora Floyd." Her reception of Will seemed to express a passive readiness to accept the homage which she knew he would offer, and which she would accept, not quite unwillingly, as her due.

Even Will could read all this in her handsome features as she turned towards him, laying her book in her lap, but without moving a neatly-slippered foot from off the fender, and shaking, with a most attractive gesture, the single curl that lay upon her shoulder.

Nothing could be more easy than her attitude while Will was sitting on the corner of his chair, nervously sipping his ale as an excuse for his silence.

"And that man thinks he may marry me," was Clara's thought, while Will began to wish he hadn't plucked the camellia. But she spared him from the difficulty he anticipated in approaching its presentation by asking—

"Are you going to the dance to-morrow night, Will?"

"No," he replied, reddening; "mother and me never go up there; but I was sure," he added, with a glance intended to be slightly malicious, but failing utterly when it encountered Clara's cool, superior stare, "I was sure you would be going, and I brought you this."

He produced the flower from his pocket.

"I heard you say once, at mother's, that you should like one to put in your hair."

Clara was really pleased.

"How very kind of you, Will. I am only so sorry we shan't have a dance together. It's just the right shade, too, for my hair."

Will was quite happy, and felt that he could brave the scolding he knew he should get from Mrs. Prickett for plucking the flower.

Yet he had a painful suspicion of the cause of Clara's pleasure, but he didn't know how entirely it was because this flower would give her another claim to Edward Frankland's favour at the ball which, in honour of his majority, was to come off the next evening. It had no other value in her eyes, except, as she thought it might, by enhancing her charms, diminish the effect of those quiet graces for the possession of which she felt she hated, while she envied, Lucy Denman.

"I'm so much obliged, Will," she said, as he rose to go.

"It ain't half good enough for you. I wish, Miss Clara," added Will, in a burst, "I'd something so good to offer you that you'd take me with it." And Will's dark eyes rested with an eager look upon her face.

"And if you were ever so rich it isn't me you would bring flowers to, Master Will," she said, with a smile, little embarrassed; "but here comes aunt."

The entry of Mrs. Smithson choked the protestations Will was about to make, and he was glad to leave before she had seen and questioned about the flower he had brought for Clara.

But his happiness was of short duration, for at the door he met Edward, who nodded at him, and passed, with the liberty of a favoured patron, into Mrs. Smithson's parlour.

"Come to engage you for the first waltz, Mrs. Smithson," he said, laughing, nodding at the same time to Clara, who blushed and glanced hastily at the camellia, wishing it would disappear under her sight.

"Lor! Master Edward. I know better

than to get my best cap tore by the young'uns. They'd think I was going to run off with you." And Mrs. Smithson shook the parlour with her laughter.

Edward gave her some directions about supplying refreshments for the labourers on the estate, whose feast was to be provided from the "White Horse." Then, with a gay, courteous smile, he addressed Clara—

"And I should have all the young men in the village against me, Miss Smithson, if I asked the same privilege of you."

Clara tossed her head disdainfully.

"What do I care for all the young men in the village?"

"No; all I said was, that they care for you; and if you wear that flower in your hair"—Edward pointed to the camellia—"you will be quite irresistible."

Clara's lip curled scornfully, and Edward, thinking that "he never could make out that girl," bade them good morning.

He didn't know that her eyes followed him, expressing petulant anger, and yet with it a longing that he would turn, if it were only on the threshold, that she might see his face again.

She was biting her red lips with vexation.

"He fancies I care what these louts think of me." Then, glad to escape from her aunt, she ran up-stairs, and watched Edward from her window as he walked homewards by the field-path.

Had he been vain, perhaps her feelings might have betrayed her before this; but he would have had some excuse for being conceited could he have seen this handsome, proud girl struggling to hide even from herself a tear as she pressed his portrait to her lips, or rather the ruin of it, which, in the passing of her fit of passion, she had again treasured.

It had cost her no little shame and trouble to get this from the travelling photographer, who, after taking portraits at Hever Court, had exhibited the negatives at the "White Horse."

CHAPTER VI. HEVER COURT "EN FÊTE."

HEVER COURT had been all day *en fête*. Even Mr. Fipps had become hilarious. He had taken upon himself the duties of a swing, and had swung all comers till his arms ached. But all his Sunday scholars were candidates for the seat, and would not dispense with his services, though he looked sometimes rather longingly to where Lucy Denman was seated on the grass surrounded by a little crowd playing a quieter game. The bigger boys had run races and jumped and climbed, with Edward for master of the ceremonies; and Mrs. Frankland, surrounded by her friends,

had given the prizes to the winners according to his award.

Adjoining the house, a large square tent had been erected, in which a tremendous dinner had been eaten at midday. Edward had made two or three speeches, one for the queen, another for himself, and a third for his mother, which everybody cheered, and now evening had come and the dinner-tables had disappeared, the floor of the tent looked bright and clean, and the company were assembling for the dance which was to conclude this festive day.

Now and then from the platform on which the musicians were stationed there came the sound of tuning, the squeaking of the fiddle-screws, and occasionally the thrum-thrum of a harp.

They were awaiting the "house party" to open the ball. Among the company already assembled Mrs. Smithson loomed large in a satin dress of that indescribable brownish green colour which is so favoured by women of her size and class. She might well look proud of the handsome girl at her side, though it was evident that Clara didn't return the compliment. Clara seemed of quite a different class to the rest of the company. Fortunately for her, there had been little difference in size between her late mistress, Lady Anne Dunkeld, and herself, and the dress she wore had made its first appearance in very high society. It was of some white material, thin and gauzy, with here and there bunches of red ribbons, quite in keeping with Will's camellia, which lay nestling in her black hair. Mrs. Smithson was greeting everyone she came near, but Clara scarcely deigned to take any notice of those to whom her aunt spoke. They had just reached a seat, when "the gentlefolks" were heard approaching.

"No, thanks, I don't dance," said Lady Denman, withdrawing her hand from Edward's arm.

They were followed by his mother and Bustard, the rector, who looked so comfortable that, apart from the impropriety, no one would have thought of asking *him* to dance.

Edward would have liked to claim Lucy from Lord Nantwich, who led her into the room, or at least Nantwich's pretty sister, Lady Ethel Morley, who followed, charitably engaged in drawing out Mr. Fipps, spite of a sort of professional horror of the revels he was about to witness.

But the voice of duty told Edward he must open the ball with the wife of the most considerable of his tenants. She was a Mrs. Strawson, and pranced through her part with evident satisfaction, affording great amusement to Nantwich, who, when Lucy accepted the

offer of some young farmer, had selected Clara for his first partner.

For the next dance Lucy was engaged to Nantwich. Edward could scarcely repress the look of annoyance with which he heard it. She seemed not to wish to dance with him. He felt he loved her so much that he thought he had a right to monopolise her, especially this evening. He rather wished to show all his neighbours and tenants that she was the lady of his choice. Probably this was the reason that made Lucy hold back. But he was troubled with the thought that she preferred Nantwich, and he was not quite happy as he led out Clara for the waltz.

But he could not keep his eyes from Lucy and Nantwich, who were already gliding with easy grace through the dances. He could see Lucy's strained attention to catch the remarks which Nantwich in his usual quiet cynical manner was dropping into her ear.

He was not a handsome man, at least it was often remarked, not until you had known him for some time. Yet there seemed an immense reserve of strength in his impassive face. But for his good breeding he would have looked a coarse man; as it was, even his strong features, his smooth but mobile countenance, his well-knit, though somewhat broad frame, and his stiff, straight brown hair, had nothing of a *bourgeois* appearance.

"Don't you think, Miss Denman," he was saying, "there's a great deal of hypocrisy about this sort of thing?"

"About what? I don't understand you."

"These rejoicings, as they call them; what's the proper thing to say?—'mixture of all classes,' I think that is the proper phrase."

"Does the condescension annoy you?"

"Not a bit, but I trembled just now to see you in the hands of that clodhopper."

"He was very nice, and his politeness was very sincere."

"But might I suggest he would have been happier with his Molly?"

"Doubtless," answered Lucy, laughing, "but then he couldn't have studied deportment as exhibited by Lord Nantwich."

"Well, if you think we are elevating the masses I withdraw my objections, especially as I am perfectly happy at present; but may I ask you for the next dance?"

"Certainly not, I am engaged to that young man near the window with the high collar and shining hair."

"I declare it's wicked, Miss Denman." Lucy laughed and blushed as she regained her seat, and told Nantwich "to go and do his duty."

Meanwhile Clara had detected the wandering glances of her partner, but she did not

resent them against Edward, her feeling was one of increased hatred of Lucy.

"If I can separate them!" was Clara's thought.

"Your last partner was the best dancer in the room," said Edward.

Her eyes were modestly cast down as he spoke. Then she looked up with just one glance expressing glad preference for him, and felt that she had pleased him as they began to dance.

"I think Lord Nantwich is very haughty," she said, timidly.

"Why?" Edward increased his condescension. "He was not so to you, I'm sure."

Clara smiled, as if she cared little if he were so.

"He is going to be married to Miss Denman, isn't he?" she asked, in the most innocent and unconcerned voice.

She felt the thrill, though, which her question sent through Edward, extending even to his arm which encircled her waist.

"No!" he replied, with faint emphasis, "I never heard so," yet she read in his face an evident annoyance that he should be disturbed by a question put by so incompetent a person. This nerved her to cut deeper into his heart.

"I thought it was settled," she said, carelessly.

Edward strove for a moment to appear uninterested, but it was a failure.

"Who told you such nonsense?" They had finished dancing, and he spoke angrily and looked in her face for an answer. But her eyes met his with a lurking smile, which told him he had betrayed his love for Lucy, and made him feel a momentary sense of Clara's superiority to himself. Not a word had been said to give him such a thought, but yet he was certainly conscious of being to some extent in her power. It was the natural triumph of a stronger over a weaker character in a moment of perplexity.

"I don't clearly recollect," she replied, "it may have been, yes, I think it must have been Lady Ann Dunkeld; you know they are cousins."

"I suppose all women love titles," he said, bitterly, and then directly felt ashamed of himself for allowing such an expression to pass his lips with regard to Lucy.

"Not all," Clara's voice here was low and soft. "I am only a poor girl, but if I marry it will be for love."

Edward made no reply, yet there was something soothing and sweet to his ear in the remark. It seemed for a moment to heal his wounded heart.

Clara perceived this, she felt that there was

something like a confidence re-established between them.

And when Edward afterwards danced with Lucy she found him silent, dull, and pre-occupied.

CHAPTER VII. A TRIAL WITH CLOSED DOORS.

I THINK Mr. Pitcher believed in his inmost heart that there was a special heaven for parish clerks; that they were the real elect of the congregations. I think he had a vague idea that they would be for ever fuglemen in everlasting divine services. But he had some doubt as to whether there would be beadsles in a better world. He held both offices, and among the advantages of this world he regarded one of the chief to be the privilege of wearing the golden-braided coat of office in Bingwell church; yet it was clearly a terrestrial function, because among the recollections of his boyhood were two former unregenerate wearers of this identical robe. His features were small and his face ruddy; he was as like a well-fed red-faced pig as a human being can be. He spoke with the drawling indistinctness of a Hertfordshire peasant, and his ecclesiastical utterances were always prefaced by a long drawn "y-a-h," which served to raise his voice. During the reading of "the lessons," and the delivery of the sermon—at which times he seemed to intimate that he might venture to leave the parson without danger to the congregation—he would sally out from his box, with about two feet of willow switch in his hand, for the punishment of evil-doers and the repression of drowsiness and ease among the Sunday-school children.

If he caught an urchin in a state of somnolency, lulled, perhaps, by the sing-song pomposity of Mr. Bustard, he wasn't to be balked of his prey by the hurriedly awakening pinch of a kindly little neighbour. No, he was the personification of justice, and couldn't pardon such wrong-doing. Perhaps he thought the Thirty-Nine Articles would have been in danger if he had. Down came his stick upon the little knuckles. Now and then a sharp boy would draw his hand quickly, and then Mr. Pitcher's switch made a scandalous noise on the wooden seat. This, however, was only one of the painful contingencies of justice: but if the offender blubbered loudly, then Mr. Pitcher became majestic, and seizing the little criminal by his garments at the neck—because this was the orthodox mode of handling murderers, and burglars, and all such dangerous characters—hurried him out of church "boo-whooing" down the long aisle. And when he got this wicked goat divided from his sheep by the heavy church-doors, he not unfrequently dis-

missed him into the outer world with some spiritual warning, compared with which the fire and brimstone of the rector was not terrific.

Mr. Pitcher had shaken the church teaching out of many a boy in whom, but for him and the system of which he was the type, it might have produced the fruit of a happier and better life. But he had faith in himself, and Mrs. Prickett had faith in him; indeed the only shade that had clouded Mr. Pitcher's life had been his refusal by Mrs. Prickett, whom he sought in marriage shortly after her husband's death. But though Mrs. Prickett respected the parish clerk as a friend, and as a pillar of the church, yet she felt independence was even a greater privilege than the hand of Mr. Pitcher. And although Will was then but an infant, yet she foresaw the possibility of a time coming when Mr. Pitcher might question her right to do what she pleased for her adopted son.

But now Mr. Pitcher was hastening through the village, bound for Mrs. Prickett's cottage with so much unusual haste that it betokened an important summons.

Such was the case. Mrs. Prickett's boy-of-all-work had just called at the clerk's house and delivered a message to the effect that, "Missus wanted to see him theractly; he'd know what it was for if he wur to tell him that that gent from Lunnun had called on ahe."

Mr. Pitcher was not disappointed, for before he entered the cottage he saw Mr. Gribble sitting on a corner of Mrs. Prickett's table.

"Well, old gent," he said, when he saw the clerk enter, "here we are again." And Mr. Gribble recommenced sucking his walking-cane.

Will sat on one side of the fire in a moody silence, and Mrs. Prickett on the other.

"Lor, Pitcher!" she said, jumping up, "I'm so glad yer come. This gentleman and I have been a talking till I feel quite dazy like. So I ses I won't say another word, says I, till Pitcher and me's heerd it all over agin together; 'cos yer want witnesses with lawyers, don't yer?"

"Of course yer do," replied Pitcher, solemnly.

Will made an impatient movement, but Gribble checked him.

"Witnesses," the lawyer laughed; "now then, we'll do it in style. Here, old fellow!" and he drew the clerk by his coat-tails to the table. "You sit there; you shall be the judge. Now you, Mr. Will, you be jury; and you, ma'am, you're to be the witness. Thank'ee, Mr. Will; that's quite right, to draw the blind down; you can't be too quiet

in these cases, that you can't. Do you hear, Mr. Pitcher?"

"This ere's a pretty caper!" said the judge, sitting uneasily on the table.

"Silence! my lud, if you please." And Gribble assumed the solemnity of office.

"You ain't up to no larks?" suggested Pitcher.

"If you were not the judge I'd have you turned out of court." Gribble was rather pleased with the effect of his joke, for he saw that the mock tribunal had affected the simple minds of his audience, and he felt that he should more easily discover all they knew upon the subject of his visit.

"Now, ma'am," he turned to Mrs. Prickett, who sat leaning back in her chair—her face puckered with a sense of self-importance, "the evidence which you shall give before the court and jury, between our sovereign lady the Queen and Mr. Edward Frankland, touching the rights of the gentlemen of the jury, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Your name is Mary Prickett?"

"'Tis Betsy," said the parish clerk, brightening up.

"Thank 'ee, m' lud."

"Did you know the late Mr. Frankland, Mrs. Prickett?"

"For more 'an a seven years."

"And his name was John Frankland?"

"Yes."

"Did you know Miss Amy Campbell?"

"Yes, sure."

"What year did she run off with the old Squire?"

"In the summer of '28."

"How do you know it was Mr. Frankland that took her away?"

Mrs. Prickett looked puzzled.

"Cos I see the letter from her to her feyther," broke in the clerk.

"Oh! you saw the letter, m' lud, did you?—ve-ry well."

"Now, ma'am, you were with this poor woman when she died; will you tell us what passed between you?"

"Ay, poor dear, she was a sweet, pooty gel; and after her trouble was over and she was a layin' with that there blessed baby," pointing to Will, whose downcast face seemed as though he were listening to a dream, "and with never a mite o' ring on her finger, nor no lines to show, she says to me, as mild as milk, she says, 'Mrs. Prickett, you're a good woman.' Says I, 'My dear, I'm what the Lord made me.' I could see she was a dyin' fast. She turned her head a one side and the tears was running down her cheeks. I see what she was thinkin' of, and I ses, 'I'll

be a mother to him, my dear.' And the poor young thing's eyes brightened up as if all her troubles was gone. And she ses, quite low, 'God—bless—yer,' and then there was a kind of a flush come over her face, and she whispered, 'Under—my—pillow—for—him. I—did—love—him so.' And then it all went away, and her face come white and bright like a hangel's, and—yes, I allays will say it, Mr. Pitcher,—she went straight away to heaven."

"You never tould me what was under her piller," said the clerk, reproachfully.

"No, Pitcher, I didn't; I've been afeerd to tell anybody till this werry hour."

"Well now, what did you find?" asked Gribble.

"I found a ring, but it warn't a weddin' ring, in a bit o' paper, and that paper was directed to John Frankland, Esquire, and on it was wrote: 'For the wrong you did his mother, do justice to our son. Your loving Amy.'"

"And you've still that in your possession?" Gribble put the question eagerly.

"The trouble it's been to me, the Lord only know. But if you'd ha' seen what a sweet babe it was, and then you know no one heerd a word o' Squire Frankland not for years afterwards, not till he came back married to my lady up at the Court. And that's just where it was, the boy growed so pooty that I couldn't bear the thought of partin' with him, and the Squire brought a wife home with him, and once, when he did speak to me about the boy, we had words about him; and then you know how sudden the Squire died."

"Now I'll get into the box," interrupted Gribble.

"Please, m' lud, my name's James Gribble. I'm an attorney-at-law, and managing clerk for Messrs. Surcharge and Stamps. At the instance of my clients, Mrs. Prickett and Mr. Pitcher—"

Both made a movement of objection, but relapsed on a sign from Mr. Gribble's hand.

"—I made inquiries in the parishes of West-end district for a certificate of the marriage of John Frankland and Amy Campbell, and I produce the certificate of the marriage of those parties. The year is that mentioned by Mrs. Prickett. I have compared the signature with those of the parties, in one case by inspection of the late Mr. Frankland's will, and in that of the lady with the signature of a letter addressed to her father, which was given in by Mrs. Prickett. I must confess—as I believe your lordship means to ask what I think of this point—that there is but little similarity in the writing of either party. But this appears to me to be immaterial, and admits of easy explanation. For nothing is more likely,

gentlemen of the jury, than that the parties to a secret marriage would attempt to disguise their handwriting. The witnesses I have traced to their addresses, but both have disappeared, and it is thought they are emigrated or dead. They were people of humble station in life. Neither the clergyman, nor the parish clerk in whose presence they were married, have the slightest recollection of the appearance of the parties.

"Upon these facts I rely, and I claim your verdict, gentlemen of the jury, for the plaintiff, Mr. William Campbell, or, I should say—I trust your verdict will enable me rightfully to say—Mr. William Frankland, of Hever Court."

There was silence when Mr. Gribble ceased speaking.

Will was trying to grasp the possibility of his good fortune, but couldn't fancy himself master of Hever Court; his mind ran round and round on the one thought—"What would Clara think of it?"

Mrs. Prickett looked triumphant, while the clerk, still seated on the table, was troubled with the reflection that he had not enjoyed her entire confidence, and he was thinking too of Will in the Squire's pew—a view which did not altogether please him.

"But you ain't there yet," resumed Mr. Gribble; "yet if this good lady will give me the note and the ring she referred to, and if you," addressing Will, "will sign this small agreement, Jim Gribble will put you there before the year's out."

"Her own handwriting without a doubt," exclaimed Mr. Gribble, when Mrs. Prickett produced the note. The agreement bound Will to pay James Gribble, Esq., the sum of one thousand pounds upon obtaining possession of the Hever Court estate, the same to be in addition to his professional charges and costs in the matter.

Without much hesitation Will signed the agreement, Mrs. Prickett and Pitcher being witnesses. The lawyer carefully buttoned his coat over it, and promising that they should hear from him soon, set out on his return to London.

(To be continued.)

ANA.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.—Those who take an interest—and who does not?—in the faithful attachment of dumb animals to their owners, may peruse with pleasure the following anecdote, which, from the character of the journal relating it (a French scientific periodical of high repute), doubtless possesses the element of truth. The proprietor of a château, in the neighbourhood of Cassel, died a short time since, and his remains, amid a wide-spread grief, were lowered

into the family vault, and deposited on a sarcophagus in the subterranean chapel, pending the completion of certain operations necessary to prepare the place destined to receive the coffin. The deceased had owned a hound, to which he was particularly attached, and Lucy returned him his affection with double interest. At the death of her master the poor beast would not quit his death-chamber, and was seen on the morrow, with head bowed down and eye mournful and sad, following with measured steps the funeral cortège, accompanying to its last resting-place the body of him of whom she had been so fond. After the ceremony, when the friends and neighbours had retired, the outlets of the vault were carefully closed, and for a time no one thought of Lucy; but when at length they sought her she could not be found, notwithstanding the active search made over all the estate. The servant specially charged with the care of the kennel suggested that, as Lucy was with young, she had been prostrated in some cave or hollow in the neighbourhood, as she had been in times before. In the meantime the workmen were sent for to complete the details of the interment, but it was not till after a lapse of ten days that they could get to the tomb. The first visit to the remains of one so justly lamented was made with a ceremonious solemnity. . . . But what a spectacle presented itself to the view of the visitors! The pall had been pulled off, the lid of the coffin torn open, and upon the breast of the deceased there lay another corpse—that of poor Lucy, who, without doubt, after having borne her litter, had come to die upon the body of her master. In a corner of the vault were found, expiring, the seven little ones, whom the poor mother had ceased to nourish because she had ceased to live. It is difficult to imagine the labour the faithful creature must have gone through in order to lay bare the body of her master whom she would seem to have wished to bring to life again. The cover of the coffin had been gnawed open; the shroud was in pieces; but the corpse remained intact.

J. C.

INDIAN TEXTILE FABRICS.

THE people of India at the present time number at least two hundred million souls, affording, in the language of the commercial world, a "splendid market" for the looms of England. If it were incumbent upon us to clothe all these people, our machinery, it is scarcely necessary to say, would be utterly inadequate to perform the task. But there is no such necessity, India in many fabrics need not depend upon her foreign lord; indeed, the servant in many respects is called upon to supply the master. Whilst it is admitted that in all matters of art the native has a much purer taste than the British manufacturer, yet we suspect it will be a surprise to the latter to be told that many Indian calicoes are both superior and cheaper than those imported from England. Of course this is not the rule, as we may know from the very large amount of cotton goods manufactured annually for the Indian market. Large as this importation is, those who have lived in India

will not be surprised to hear that it is diminishing. We have treated the natives, who were intelligent manufacturers long before the light of civilisation had reached these islands, just as we treated South Sea Islanders: the most barbarous designs, the most glaring colours, the most adulterated materials, are thought good enough for the "d——d niggers," as they are termed by some young puppies in regimentals, just fresh from school. The natural result is, that British manufactures of any pretence to art are avoided most cautiously by all the better classes of India. When we are told that our colours will not wash, or that they are so loaded with size that they become mildewed on the voyage, that the variegated face of damask is imitated by stamping the pattern upon the size with which they are plastered, it is no wonder that we are losing our footing in our own dependency, and that even Prussia is supplanting us in dyed goods.

Great as is the damage to our credit brought about by such frauds, there is a still more disastrous source of loss to us in our ignorance of the wants of the native, and our failure to appreciate their art requirements, which are always based upon refined taste. Our manufacturers seem to think that because the native is scantily clothed he is little better than a savage; the real fact is that the Hindoo possesses a delicacy of organisation and an instinctive appreciation of appropriate form and colour in design, which is wholly foreign to the nature of the thick fingered Anglo-Saxon. A native, with a rude bamboo loom, will with his fingers and toes finish a piece of muslin which cannot, by all the application of our most delicate machinery, be produced in Europe.

Clearly, then, there is a physiological reason why our effort to compete with them is a failure in the more delicate fields of operation, but there are other fields that remain open if we will only fit ourselves to the task. In the cheaper calicoes we are, of course, unrivalled; but immediately we attempt print goods for the Indian market, the inflexible nature of the Briton comes out. Forgetting the difference in climate, and the nature of the garment, &c., he persists in sending out patterns which may delight the eye of Molly the cook, but which sorely offend a people trained for thousands of years to the appreciation of the pure and simple in design and to the subdued harmonies of colour.

It has long been clear that our manufacturers are very inadequately informed as to the requirements of her Majesty's Indian subjects. Indeed, their ignorance is inevitable.

The distance of this great dependency renders the market a sealed book to our manufacturers in the best sense of the term. Our productions would sell in almost unlimited quantities, if the Manchester manufacturer took the same care to consult the tastes of the Hindoos as they take to consult the markets of the continent. The Government of India, in the interests of commerce, have just taken a step which it is hoped will diffuse among our manufacturers a juster view of Indian wants, and among the natives themselves a more accurate estimate of the requirements of Europeans. In order to bring about this reciprocal benefit, it has caused a set of volumes, containing working specimens of all the textile fabrics of India, to be distributed throughout the great capitals of our textile manufacturing districts, and, together with these, a volume containing photographic sketches of the different Indian tribes, habited in the peculiar and diverse fashions of the East. Upon the nature of the garment worn depends, more or less, the nature of the ornamentation required. A print which may be admirably adapted for a trouser pattern—for many of the natives wear trousers, good reader—may be utterly unsuitable for a saree, or the scarf-like wrapper which forms the whole body and head-dress of a large portion of the native women. Again, the turban is folded in the East in wonderfully diverse manners. Here, again, texture of material as well as ornamentation has to be consulted. In some turbans as many as sixty yards of material are employed; hence the necessity for great lightness in the fabric used for this purpose. It is also necessary for the manufacturer to know that the clothing of nearly the whole Hindoo race consists of mere wrappers wound round the body. Needle and thread is therefore not required in making them up. The Mahomedans, on the other hand, of the better class, use made-up clothes—jackets and trousers. These differences of race and religion require to be known in order to fabricate materials suitable to the market. A pattern that may suit a tunic, for instance, would be utterly out of place in a waist-cloth or a turban. As a rule, the natives like small patterns, and the reason is obvious. A garment that is worn folded would cut a large pattern, and make it look utterly ridiculous. Checks and tartans are in much request in India; indeed, the natives have copied many of our English plaids, a proof that they are not averse to those European designs which fulfil their own ideas of what is fit. If we wish to succeed in securing the Indian market, we must give them what they like, and not what we may imagine will be suitable for them; and once secured, the trade is likely to

last, for there is nothing more remarkable in the tastes as regards dress of that vast country than its fixity. The Hindoo does not look for spring, summer, and winter dresses, as we do here. The dictum of dress-makers do not change in a week the style of the make, or the colour of the costume. Many of the patterns now worn are the same as they were centuries ago. The simplicity of the costume, no doubt, has much to do with this fixity—or, in other words, the unvarying mind of the people finds its expression in dress as in all other matters. This conservatism is of the utmost importance to the manufacturer. A pattern happily caught, a combination of colours once accepted, he may go on for years with the certainty that the market will not cry out for a new design. He has only to know the appropriate lengths and breadths of the scarf-like articles of dress generally used, and he may go on making them for centuries, for there are no fashionable tailors or milliners to interfere with him. As the material leaves the loom it is ready to be worn.

It may not be uninteresting to give a sketch of the nature of the garments—male and female—that have been for ages, now are, and probably will be for ages to come, used as the costume of the vast majority of the native population. The simplest and the commonest article is the dhotee, or waist-cloth. It is almost universally a white cotton scarf wound round the loins, and then brought up between the legs. In some cases the dhotee is so small as barely to fulfil the purposes of decency. It is scarcely necessary to say that this scanty costume is worn only by the working-classes and the poorest people. Nevertheless, such is the population of India, that even to supply these insignificant garments the looms of Lancashire would have to be doubled. The longee is a scarf worn over the shoulder and upper part of the body. This article of dress is made of silk as well as cotton, and it is ornamented in both materials with gold. The dhotee, on the contrary, is invariably made of the softest cotton, and as it requires to be constantly washed, it is rarely ornamented. This, with the turban, comprises the sum of the dress of the working population. The saree of the women, as we have said, is still more comprehensive, as it serves for body garment and head-dress at the same time. The native women array themselves very gracefully in the saree. Its ample folds can be turned to the purposes of coquetry with great skill, and the agile fingers of a dark beauty can arrange the dress with such quickness and art, that we are told by a gentleman who has been in India, they often change the garment in public places after bathing without the slightest im-

propriety—slipping off the wet saree and replacing it with a dry one without exposing the skin in the slightest degree.

Cotton being the material mostly in use, it seems extraordinary that our power-loom should not have swept away the rude hand-loom of the natives; but this, we are told, is far from being the case. Indian cotton goods are much softer, we are told, than the English make. This is a matter of great importance to a sensitive people like the Hindoo; it is more porous, again a very necessary quality in the tropics, where so much moisture is perpetually passing off by way of the skin. There are certain colours again that are favourites in these body garments, and the method of ornamentation with gold is a matter respecting which the natives are very fastidious.

But in these matters of detail, the most ample information is given in the 700 working patterns to be found in the volumes provided for the manufacturers by the Indian Government. If he goes wrong after the pains that have been taken to put him in the right path, the fault is his own.

But whilst the larger market is for the kind of garments that leave the loom ready for use, there is still a great demand for jackets, coats, and trousers, worn by men, and for bodices, trousers, and skirts or petticoats, worn by women. The Mahomedans have always worn these articles of dress, and in course of time their example has been sparingly followed even by the Hindoos. These articles of dress do not quite answer to those worn in Europe; but they are made with needle and thread, and have a general resemblance to those worn by ourselves. In these latter kind of dresses we have not hitherto competed with the native manufacturers. They are in most cases ornamented, in some instances very richly so, and here the Oriental is our master, and if we hope ever to compete with him we must sit patiently at his feet and learn the lesson which he seems to have acquired by some instinct of his nature. The sun—that great natural institution of the east—no doubt has much to do with the native's aptitude for dealing with colour. The first thing that strikes the European in looking at a collection of Indian fabrics is the sobriety and harmony of hue which they present. But if we only consider for a moment, we shall see how this comes about in the most natural manner. If English or French dyes were used, they would reflect so much light as to be unendurable. The dead look of Indian colours is fully compensated by the superfluity of light in which they are seen. Take a Coventry ribbon, a blue for instance, and place it beside an Indian ribbon; the first appears the brighter and more cheer-

ful in this country; but under an Indian sun its garish tone would be intolerable, whilst the Indian blue would be, comparatively speaking, cool and refreshing. But there is something more than the deadness, which strikes us as peculiar to Indian tints, their tones are wholly different. Their green is by no means the same mixture of blue and yellow as with us; the same with their purples and oranges. Again, their primaries are different; their whole chromatic scale, in short, is pitched a note or two lower. All these niceties our manufacturers must patiently acquire if they desire to serve the upper ten million in India. For our part, we scarcely dare to hope they will ever succeed; the sources of the art lie deep in the very nature of the Indian mind and climate; we believe there is but one kind of dyed goods that we have ever succeeded in making palatable to Orientals, and that one is "Turkey red," which still sells extensively in the East; we are not certain, however, whether it is much used in India proper: the East is a wide field, and covers the peoples in the Indian archipelago, China, and Japan, all of which are far inferior, artistically, to the Hindoos.

But we may be customers to India for their fabrics to a very much larger extent than we are at present, if we fail to imitate them for the Indian market. As a rule we look upon them, as we do upon a Cashmere shawl, as articles *de luxe*, beyond the means of the middle classes. This is true of the rarer qualities of these precious fabrics, but by no means true of a very large portion of them. Dacca muslins, for instance, have long been imported into the country, and might be used far more generally than they are. The highest qualities of this fabric are splendid examples of the superiority of intelligent labour over the most elaborate machinery. The native woman spins with the finger a yarn which surpasses in fineness the trophies of machine-spun yarn paraded in the Great Exhibition of 1862 as a marvel of European skill. There is a class of muslin termed "woven air," the fabric of which is so marvellously fine, that the Hindoos themselves are fond of relating all kinds of strange tales respecting it.

Mr. Bolt, in his "Considerations of the Affairs of India," speaking of the Dacca muslins, says that according to report, the Emperor Aurungzebe once "was angry with his daughter for showing her skin through her clothes, whereupon the young princess remonstrated in her justification, that she had seven *jamahe*, or suits, on: another tale was to the effect that, "in the Nabob Allaverdy Khawn's time, a weaver was chastised and turned out of the city of Dacca for his neglect in not preventing his cow from eating up a

piece of 'Abrovan,' which he had spread and left upon the grass,"—the muslin, of course, being so fine that the animal could not see it upon the herbage.

The "woven air," or "king's muslin," was formerly made only for persons of distinction and to order. Since so many of the native courts have been swept away—and especially since the Great Mogul has disappeared from the scene—this high-class muslin has not been made in any quantities; but still there is a sufficient demand to keep the art of making it from falling into disuse.

So delicate is the manufacture of the short staple of the Dacca cotton, that it can only be woven into yarn at certain times of the day. The morning is generally so employed before the dew has left the grass: if spinning is carried on after that time, the spinner, who is always a woman under thirty years of age, spins the yarn over a pan of water, the evaporation of which affords sufficient moisture to prevent the fibres from becoming too brittle to handle. Delicate as the muslin is, it will wash, which European muslins will not. The durability of the Dacca muslin, notwithstanding its surprising fineness—a piece of "evening dew," one yard wide and four yards long, only weighing 566 grains—is said to be owing to the greater number of twists given to the Dacca yarn, as compared with the finest muslin yarns of England or France. The time taken to spin and weave the threads in a piece of "woven air" is very great, the reader will not therefore be surprised to hear that it sells at the rate of a guinea a yard.

The "Abrovan," or "Running-water," is considered the second class of muslin; Sabuam, or Evening-dew, is the third quality. It is so called because it is so fine that it can scarcely be distinguished from dew upon the grass. There are several other very fine Dacca muslins that are known by distinctive names, but the three so poetically designated are the most famous. The Dagh-dhobeas, who remove iron-mould from this precious material, use the juice of the amroold plant for that purpose; and to remove other spots or stains, a composition of ghee, lime, and mineral alkali. There are Mahomedans who also repair this "woven air" with a skill equal to that of the Hindoo, who weaves it. For instance, it is said that an expert Rafuger, or danner, "can extract a thread twenty yards long from a piece of the finest muslin of the same dimensions, and replace it with one of the finest quality." It is said that they execute their finest work under the influence of opium.

A still more exquisite and expensive work of the Indian loom is the figured muslin. A

piece of this fabric, measuring twenty yards, made in 1776, cost as much as 56*l*. The splendid yet subdued effect of weaving gold and silver thread into the different fabrics made in India has never even been approached by Europeans. Some of their silks have a sheen upon them like the breast of a pigeon, or indeed of the Impeyan pheasant. In nature we never find that even the most splendid effects offend the eye by appearing garish. The Indian artist seems to have caught the very art there is in nature, and he uses his gold and silver with a caution, a prodigality, and an economy fitted for the occasion. The native never throws away gold where it will not be seen. Thus in the turban-cloth only the end that hangs down by the neck is thus ornamented, in the waist-cloth the fringed end, &c. The gold thread is so very pure that it never tarnishes, and it *washes* just as well as the other threads of the garment. The thread of the precious metals is called kullabutoon, and is manufactured wholly by hand. Captain Meadows Taylor gives the following description of its manufacture:—"For gold thread a piece of silver, about the length and thickness of a man's forefinger, is gilded at least three times heavily with the purest gold, all alloy being previously discharged from the silver. This piece of gilt silver is beaten out to the size of a stout wire, and is then drawn through successive holes in a steel plate until the wire is literally as thin as a hair. The gilding is not disturbed by this process, and the wire finally appears as if of fine gold. It is then flattened in an extremely delicate and skilful manner. The workman, seated before a small and highly-polished steel anvil, about two inches broad, with a steel plate, in which there are two or three holes, set opposite to him and perpendicular to the anvil, and draws through these holes as many wires—two or three, as it may be—by a motion of the finger and thumb of his left hand, striking them rapidly but firmly with a steel hammer, the face of which is also polished like that of the anvil. This flattens the wire perfectly; and such is the skill of manipulation, that no portion of the wire escapes the blows of the hammer, the action of drawing the wire, rapid as it is, being adjusted to the length which will be covered by the face of the hammer in its descent. No system of rollers or other machinery could probably ensure the same effect, whether of extreme thinness of the flattened wire, or its softness and ductility." This flattened wire is then wound round silk thread, and is ready for use. This affords another example of the fact that intelligent human labour can always excel the work of the most elaborate machinery.

The hand is educated to a delicacy of touch that is marvellous, and that delicacy is transmitted through succeeding generations, until the native manipulator acquires a kind of instinctive aptness which gives him all the unfailing regularity of a machine directed by the intelligence of man. The embroidery on the woven garments, in which this absolutely pure gold is employed, never tarnishes. An instance of the value of using nothing but the pure metal was afforded at the late Dublin Exhibition. Several Irish poplins, in which gold and silver thread was used, had to be changed during the progress of the Exhibition on account of their becoming so tarnished, whereas the gold-embroidered fabrics of India there exhibited retained their lustre unimpaired throughout. If Dr. Forbes Watson, by his labours, in pointing out this fact to our manufacturers, can get them to imitate the truthfulness of the native artizan, he will deserve their warmest thanks, and if he can induce the dyers to send nothing to India that the dhobie can wash out by his rough method of manipulating with stones upon the wash-board, India will reap the benefit of European science and skill, which at present she holds at little worth, in this matter at least. The native has found out the way to print fast colours, and Dr. Forbes Watson has been at the trouble of indicating them to our manufacturers; but there are some other people besides the Hindoos who are difficult to move from their old methods of doing things. The machinery of Manchester certainly prints better than the native can do with his rough methods; but even here a certain variety is given by the hand work which in some measure makes it more agreeable to the eye than the monotonous repetition of the same exact form produced by machinery.

With the Indian embroideries every lady is well acquainted. The price of labour is so cheap in India, that there is no reason why she may not export a very much larger amount of this kind of work than she does. Lace, again, is work just suited to the patient fingers of the Hindoo women. We understand the fabrication of it has lately been introduced into that country, and it is likely to succeed admirably.

But we must come at last to that article of attire which is in every woman's thoughts—the Cashmere shawl. We are told that, in consequence of a famine which occurred in Cashmere, a great number of so-called Cashmere shawls are now made within our own territory. The report of the Lahore Central Committee for the last International Exhibition, states, that with respect to shawl manufacture,—

“This is now by far the most important manufacture in the Punjab; but thirty years ago it was almost entirely confined to Cashmere. At the period alluded to, a terrible famine visited Cashmere, and in consequence numbers of the shawl weavers emigrated to the Punjab, and settled in Umritsur, Narpur, Dinangar, Tilaknath, Jelalpur, and Loodianah, in all of which places the manufacture continues to flourish. The best shawls of Punjab manufacture are manufactured in Umritsur, which is also an emporium of the shawl trade. But (and we must entreat the attention of the ladies to what follows) none of the shawls made in the Punjab can compete with the best shawls made in Cashmere itself; first, because the Punjab manufacturers are unable to obtain the finest species of wool, and secondly, by reason of the inferiority of the dyeing, the excellence of which in Cashmere is attributed to some chemical peculiarity in the water. The wool, on which the purity of the shawl depends, is from the domestic goat of Thibet, whence it is exported, *via* Yarkanal, to Cashmere. The wool is called pashum, and is the fine growth that lies under the hair and close to the skin. Many animals in cold countries have a similar kind of wool underneath the hair. The camel, the yak, and the shepherd's dog also have this winter underclothing, which they cast off in the summer; but in neither of these animals is it so fine or of such good colour for dyeing purposes as that of the shawl goat. The Cashmere emigrants, not being able to obtain the true wool, use the best they can get in place of it, and the result is, that European firms have lately been complaining of the adulterations of the texture of the Cashmere shawls. This is done by mixing up Kirmanhee wool with real pashum. It is now sought to provide against this falsification by forming a guild of trades in these shawls, which shall have the power of affixing on all genuine shawls a trade-mark guaranteeing it to be genuine pashum, and fixing a heavy penalty on all counterfeits.” We trust our statement has not rendered any lady suspicious of the integrity of her Cashmere; but we confess that when we hear of the price even at the place of their manufacture of the genuine article, we look with some suspicion on the so-called Cashmères that we sometimes see in the windows of the London dealers in them. We are told that “a woven shawl of the best materials, and weighing seven pounds, will cost in Cashmere as much as 300*l*. Of this amount the cost of the materials, including thread, is 30*l*.; the wages of labour, 100*l*.; miscellaneous expenses, 50*l*.; duty, 50*l*.” If we add to this the cost of carriage to England and in-

surance, it will be clear that very few will be able to afford such costly garments, even in this country of nobles and merchant princes.

The Cashmere shawl is really a warm garment, but what keeps out the cold also keeps out the heat. There are plenty of warm fabrics made in the northern parts of India, and many of the woollen garments are very much like our Scotch plaids, even to the pattern. It must refresh the eye of the Highlander to see in these far distant lands garments that remind him of his home, and it shows that, under like conditions, the results of human labour are wonderfully similar. We cannot conclude this article more appropriately than by recommending the manufacturers who would aspire to feed the almost limitless market of India, to visit the Indian Museum, Whitehall, where he will find a most curious collection of fabrics collected with great care by the government from all parts of India, and where he may learn all the details he requires from Dr. Forbes Watson, who has made the subject of the textile manufactures of the people in India his study, and by his writings* has done good work in bringing the customers of both countries in contact with each other to their mutual advantage and enrichment.

A. W.

MY LADYE LOVE.

SEE! my longing eyes behold her,
She has come, and I am blest;
Nearer! nearer—till I hold her
To my warm and doting breast.

Never yet was Maiden truer
At the olden, trysting shrine;
Never maiden met a wooer
With a love surpassing mine.

What a winsome, dainty creature
Is my charming, darling one;
See! she dresses her fair tresses
With the gold-braids of the sun.

See how gaily she is wreathing
Green with white and purple bloom,
Till my veins beat high with breathing
Such a sweet and fresh perfume.

Hark! she speaks—soft sounds are coming,
Rich and varied music floats;
Now below, in brooklets humming;
Then above, in wood-lark's notes.

Look upon her dimpled fingers,
Gemmed with apple-blossom ring;
Wonder not my fond kiss lingers
On the hawthorn pearls that cling

Round her neck with dewy lustre,
Adding fairness to the fair;
While the young bees swarm and cluster,
Feasting on the nectar there.

Hand in hand we blithely ramble;
She may lead me where she will;
Tripping now o'er heath and bramble,
Resting then on bosky hill.

Beautiful she seems when sitting
With her face one happy blush,
Till her gauzy cloud-veil, fitting,
Softly shadows down the flush.

Wistfully I watch her treading
Where, beneath each step she takes,
Deeper tints of green are spreading,
And a brighter earth-star wakes.

Now she breathes through mossy valleys,
Shaking every lily-bell;
Now she threads the tangled alleys;
Now she tracks the cowslip-dell.

See! her light-filled eyes are beaming
Where the woodland runnel plays;
And the ripples now are gleaming
In a flash of diamond rays.

On she wanders—all who meet her
Pouring welcomes in her ear;
Every bud becoming sweeter
As it feels her presence near.

Cherished one! I bend before thee
With a homage saints might own;
Blest and blessing! I adore thee,
Messenger from God's high throne.

I am yet thy constant wooer,
Doting with a fervent zeal;
Never wilt thou have a truer
Worshipper to serve and kneel.

Never will my soul's affiance
To a brighter idol cling;
Never own more pure alliance
For my "Ladye Love" is "*Spring*."

ELIZA COOK.

THE KLOÄREK OF VANNES.

I.

WHEN the notable Duchess Anne passed away from this world, the independence of Brittany passed away also—that is to say, Brittany was no longer a separate province, ruled over by a monarch of its own. When Anne married the French king, or rather the second of her royal husbands, Brittany became part of the heritage of the French crown. For, despite the conditions which the proud lady made in favour and for the benefit of her beloved land, in the hope that it might remain for ever an independent state, the marriage of her daughter Claude with the Duke of Angoulême, afterwards Francis the First, sealed irrevocably the fate of Brittany.

* "The Textile Manufactures and Costumes of the People of India," by J. Forbes Watson, M.D. Printed for the Indian Office, 1867.

Time stole on; but though Brittany had now become part of France, the Bretons were not French in feeling and aspirations; they did not march onward, were not progressive; they preferred an "*ancien régime*," an old-fashioned state of affairs, and went plodding on, with their feudal seigneurs living like minor patriarchs amongst them. There was not much money, much energy, much talent to boast of; but they were a simple, honest folk, who went on their way peacefully, and at the conclusion of their uneventful lives descended to the grave well satisfied with the manner in which they had performed their various duties.

And yet there are Breton names that will live as long as history is history; heroes and men of letters, from Du Guesclin to Georges Cadoudal, from the monk Abelard to the renowned Le Sage and Descartes.

Throughout the north-west and western provinces of France the primitive state of life existed to a great extent, and simplicity extended even to the priests, who were, we are told by a French historian, "ignorant, but pious and irreproachable," a half-and-half commendation; but the blind led the blind in the right direction, and it needs not a learned man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Throughout these provinces a very old-fashioned attribute—namely, loyalty, reigned supreme, and was as much in vogue with the "*bons Bretons*" and the "*Vendéens*" as in the days when it ranked as one of the cardinal virtues.

One scarcely knows whether loyalty in the present age is more than a sentiment, or whether loyalty exists at all in its full and original signification. Days have gone by wherein a man would cheerfully lay down his life at his sovereign's bidding, deeming that by such act he was all but working out his own salvation. True, armies go out to fight the sovereign's battles, and there are soldiers found willing to be shot at and to take the risk; but whether the trifling sum per diem is not a stronger argument with them than any virtuous and abstract idea of loyalty, is perhaps less than doubtful.

Loyalty was loyalty in the olden times as it never can be now; for those were the days of chivalrous feeling and knight errantry, and venturous youths grew into courtiers, and gained the hearts of kings and queens romantically, in a manner quite impracticable in this unromantic age. A poet's verses or a velvet mantle, work not the results which they wrought in those days of poetry and romance. But those half-misty days might well linger long among the Bretons, for has not Merlin found a grave in their midst, and is not Arthur still sleeping in Avalon? Perchance he

lulled them into a half-enchanted sleep, like to that of the king and queen and all the court in the legend of the Sleeping Beauty.

And as they slept, a hedge grew up around them, and they were as dead to the outer world; and they woke not up until a prince should come to kiss the princess who reigned in the hearts of these "*bons Bretons*." And the name of the princess was Loyalty.

The prince who touched her lips was a Bourbon, he was the heir to the throne, the legitimate monarch, so these Bretons argued, and therefore their allegiance was due to him. No matter that the Bourbons had faults, imbecilities, shortcomings of all kinds, the Bretons were blind to them, for loyalty, like love, can overlook many failings.

Far away from the stir of the great world, in villages where the lives of fathers and sons for many generations were but as the same story told over and over again, they with their simple habits and ignorant but irreproachable priests wished for no change—they comprehended not the need of a revolution for which they felt no individual necessity.

The Bretons were content; and content in itself, and in a certain sense, is a blessed possession: but in another sense it has a degenerating tendency, for, as a modern writer truly observes, when a man sits down perfectly satisfied with himself and his surroundings, he has "reached his culminating point," he will go no higher, and the probability is that he will henceforward go downward. For the world is a gigantic see-saw that is ever in motion, and if one is not going up, up, up, one must be going down. True, it may be said that at this rate each will have his turn; but some by dexterity, favour, time, chance, or opportunity, seem to be ever at the rising end of the plank.

The Bretons, however, were content with things as they were; they were content with the Bourbons, they were content with the present system. Was not the dethroning of a monarch a sacrilege? The Bretons shuddered in their quiet villages. Was not——? But my peroration has lasted longer than I intended, and with this sketch of the state of Breton feeling in the year 1793 or thereabouts, I begin my story.

II.

"And thou would'st go to Vannes, my son, and become a great man. What has put that thought into thy head?" asked Madame Ohabot.

"No great man, mother," answered the youth, "but a priest; to help forward our holy religion, endangered by the wicked decrees of those who rule over France and deluge the unhappy land with blood. I would

lift up my voice against their false god, and bear witness that there are those yet left who will not bow down to any but the one true God." And René's eye kindled, and a flash of unwonted animation lighted up his pale, intellectual countenance.

"Ah, my son," returned Madame Chabot, "rest quiet in thine own home; surely there need no more martyrs to swell the ranks. Thou hast caught the fever that is raging in Brittany, and dost believe that Georges Cadoudal is destined to be the deliverer of his country."

"He is a brave man; see how he fought at Granville," said René.

"And remember how he did but just escape from the prison at Brest," interrupted the mother. "René, if needs be I will not urge thee against lifting thine arm in defence of thy country when the time comes; but stay in thy home now. Remember that thou art my only child; thou art not wanted as I want thee. Wait René, wait."

"So did Madame Cathelineau argue with her husband," answered René; "and what came of it?"

"Nay, if he had but listened it might have been well for him," replied Madame Chabot.

"And his work have been left undone. No, mother, this is not the time for men to be hiding away in safety. No man's life is his own in these days."

"Thou art scarce a man yet," responded Madame Chabot, sadly, as she gazed upon the slender figure of the youth before her.

"So said Georges himself," returned René, half sorrowfully.

"Thou hast seen and spoken with Cadoudal?" exclaimed Madame Chabot. "Then my words go for nothing, for they say that Georges can persuade men to follow him as the bird lures its young from the nest. He has made many a Breton home desolate, and many a wife a widow. When I hear the wild cry, Chou!—chou! resounding through the midnight air, I close my ears and shudder."

"That is not spoken like a Breton," answered René; "when our good priests dare not perform their holy rites on land, but steal away in frail boats far out on the open sea, and there, with the dark night heavens for a roof and the waves for an unstable resting-place, speak comfort to their congregated flock, is it a time for any to hold back? I will go to Vannes. Georges himself said, 'thou art too tender for our rough work, my lad; go and pray for us, for we need the prayers of true hearts.' I have made up my mind; I will go to the college at Vannes, and become a klostrek."

"And then a priest?" ejaculated Madame Chabot, interrogatively.

"And then a priest," repeated René, calmly.

"And Ninon?"

A shadow passed over the face of the youth.

"Ninon is young. I have never told her that I loved her."

"René, dost think that she knows it not already?"

"These are no times to think of marrying or giving in marriage," replied the young man, evasively; but despite the cold words, Madame Chabot knew that a struggle was going on in his breast.

"Poor Ninon!" said she.

"Mother!" answered René, almost sternly, "tempt me not. My duty lies before me. It is for you to strengthen me, and not to wring my heart."

Poor Madame Chabot! She saw not with the eyes of the young enthusiast. She had looked forward to the marriage of her son with the good little Ninon as the joy and solace of her declining years. And to have the pleasant picture painted out was too much for her.

She was, it is true, a staunch royalist; and if M. le Comte d'Artois had suddenly appeared on the scene, she would have gone down on her knees in a paroxysm of loyalty and yielded up the last tithe of her possessions to aid his cause.

But M. le Comte was in England, and doubtless the great English nation was looking after his interests; so wherefore was she, a lone Breton widow, to be deprived of her only son on his account?

She knew her duty to her sovereign, and would not be behindhand in performing it "when the time came;" for Madame Chabot held that there was a fitting time for all things, and that the best the Breton peasants could do at the present crisis was to remain quiet until the revolutionary storm had passed away, and the clouds should discover the sun shining on the legitimate monarch, when she and all other good Bretons would step forward and tender their loyalty.

For Madame Chabot's loyalty was not effusive, it was of the sentimental character—quite unlike that which burned in the heart of the enthusiastic René.

III.

"Poor Ninon!"

The words rang in René's ears as he turned from his mother's cottage, and they seemed to draw him unconsciously to the spot where he should find the girl. Ninon was drawing water at the well, and looking into its depths to see the bucket come up.

She started as René approached.



Ninon and Margot. (See p. 334.)

"What is the matter, René?" she asked, as she caught sight of the grave face looking down upon her.

But René made no reply, for somehow it occurred to him all at once that it would be much more difficult to confide his projects to Ninon than it had been to his mother.

Ninon unfastened her bucket from the chain, and placed it on the ground beside her. At another time, René would have done this

for her, but to-day he seemed absorbed, and she looked up at him again.

"Vannes is a fine place," said René.

"Yes," answered Ninon, wondering what should make René think of Vannes at that particular moment.

"And the cathedral, Ninon, and the solemn music. One almost envies the good priests their calling."

Ninon made no reply, but she felt a sudden

pain shoot through her heart; though why René's words should have caused it she could not imagine. However she turned quite white, so that when René looked at her, he said, as she had said to him—

"What is the matter, Ninon?"

"Nothing," said Ninon; but no sooner had she said it than she knew she had spoken untruly. Then she was silent, because she could not answer René's question.

"I am going to Vannes," continued René, after a pause.

"Thou art going to Vannes?" gasped Ninon, trembling so that she held on by the handle of the windlass to steady herself. "Wherefore art thou going, René?"

"I am going to be a priest, Ninon," answered René in a low tone.

"A priest, René—a priest?" murmured Ninon, as if she did not quite understand what he was saying. And everything was going round before her, and she almost felt that she should fall to the ground. It had come upon her so suddenly, and it came just at the moment that she seemed to know for the first time how much she cared for René.

And she had thought that René cared for her; but of course that was impossible, or he would not think of becoming a priest. She stood quite still, looking down upon the ground; she was afraid that René would find out the truth if she looked up, for the tears were coming into her eyes.

"Wilt thou not wish me well, Ninon?"

Then Ninon with a great effort spoke. Her voice was very faint, but René heard the words.

"I will pray for thee night and morning, René."

And so René went to Vannes, and was enrolled among the "*kloäreks*" of the college.

And Ninon grew pale and quiet, and one would scarcely have believed her to be the same Ninon that but a few months ago was so gay. She looked older too, and graver; and little Margot, with a great pear in one hand, waiting for her basin to be filled from Ninon's pitcher, said—

"Ninon, why art thou so sad? I have not heard thee laugh for so long."

But Ninon only kissed the child, and bid her go and play.

Ninon could not see into René's heart, or it might have consoled her to know that there had been a struggle between love and duty in the breast of the young *kloärek*.

IV.

RÉNÉ pursued his studies at Vannes, and the war of the "*Chouannerie*" went on. Cadoudal had made common cause with La

Vendée, and rumours were afloat that a great enterprise was in hand, which, if successful, might reseat a Bourbon on the throne of France.

Whether a Bourbon were a fitting person to fill it, entered not into the calculations of the "*bons Brétous*." Their horror of the Revolution and their old-fashioned virtue of loyalty amply sufficed to enlist their sympathies in behalf of the royalist cause.

And René listened eagerly to the news that penetrated within the college walls; how that Cadoudal was ranging the country, inspiring the peasants with zeal, and enlisting all who would join him; how that the cry through Brittany was "*Vive le Roi!*" for the ancient spirit of loyalty was waking up, and men were arming themselves with what weapons were within their reach, and joining the Chouan chief. For Georges was a man whom men were bound to revere, a man of calm, unwavering resolution, of dauntless energy, of cool, collected courage, a man to be trusted in times of emergency.

And so, in their rough goat-skins or picturesque costumes they came, a motley company, yet with stout hearts, determined to defy the "*Blues*" of the republican army.

Unfortunately the royalist party was somewhat divided amongst its leaders. Stofflet and Cormantine were the leading spirits of the Paris faction, whilst Charette and de Puisaye held divers opinions on the opposite side of the Channel.

And the rumour of the enterprise came nearer and nearer; and soon upon the ocean glided forth a stately fleet. The *émigrés* were on their homeward way to battle, and, they hoped, to victory. To victory, for had not a favourable omen greeted them already? Had they not put to flight the ships of the enemy, and now they were in sight of Quiberon?

Southward they should have steered their course, but they turned aside, and made for the shores of Brittany.

Meantime, the inland provinces were in agitation. Men, rudely armed, rose up on every side, from the smuggler on the sea-coast to the peasant at the plough, the red-scarfed Vendéen, the Breton chevalier; and onward to sustain the disembarkment of the troops marched Georges Cadoudal with his trusty Chouans.

And René, in the quiet college, heard the echo of the war-cry, and his pale face lighted up. He, too, would fight for his country.

"Up, comrades! our country calls; let us enrol ourselves under the banner of Georges Cadoudal!"

There was a dead silence when René's voice

had died away, and the kloäreks gazed in astonishment on the pale slender student, whose eyes still sparkled with unwonted fire.

And then a thrilling cry ran through the hall,—

"*Vive le roi ! Vive Georges Cadoudal !*"

A spirit of enthusiasm reigned throughout the college. And as the call to arms went on, the kloäreks of Vannes enlisted under the standard of Georges Cadoudal.

V.

WHAT need to recount the disasters of Quiberon; the indecision of the chiefs of the royalist party; the skill and activity of the republican general? What need to tell how the elements warred against the unfortunate *émigrés*, and beat their vessels back when they would fain have fled to them for shelter? What need to tell of the horrors of the after-massacre? These are all matters of history.

There is a wounded soldier lying under the walls of Fort Penthièvre, so still, so motionless. Hundreds are dead around him, and he is dying.

Feebly he lifts his head, there is a sabre-cut across his brow, and the blood oozes from a wound in his side.

He has not long to live, and amidst the awfulness of the scene, and the anguish that is upon him, old memories come crowding into his brain, and he sees a lone Breton widow weeping for her only son. And then another memory that has been with him and never left him, starts up before him, so real it seems to him that he mutters faintly,—

"Ninon."

What matter for earthly vows now that the earth is passing away; the poor kloärek is too feeble to battle against the old love that once filled, that has ever filled, his heart.

"Ninon!"

"René!"

How came she there? How had she followed on the footsteps of the Chouan army? How had she braved and been preserved from all the dangers of the wild warfare? René knew not, thought not, wondered not. Her arms were round him, supporting his drooping head, and he eagerly drank of the draught she held to his parched lips. It seemed quite natural that Ninon should be with him, by his side.

"René! my René! you will not die."

"My Ninon!" gasped the dying soldier; "my own Ninon!"

They were the last words of the Kloärek of Vannes.

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In the convent chapel of La Chartreuse a

nun might be seen, at early morning and at the vesper hour, praying beside a small stone tablet, on which these words were inscribed:

"Quiberon, 1795.

"Pray for the soul of René Chabot."

JULIA GODDARD.

FALLING RAIN.

I.

ERE the Spring cometh
Gentle and mild,
While the wind bloweth
Rudely and wild,
From the dull college line
Dark o'er the main
Sharp as the arrow
Falleth the rain.

II.

Dreary, oh! dreary
Is all around,
Leafless the woodland
Sodden the ground.
Streams hasten onward,
Sweeping along,
Murmuring hoarsely
Winter's dull song.

III.

When the Spring cometh
Pleasant and fair,
When the clouds silver grey
Float in the air,
While the blade springeth
Upward again,
Midst golden sunbeams
Falleth the rain.

IV.

Like tears in childhood
Soon wiped away,
Brief thoughts of sorrow
Soon lost in play;
So in the spring-time,
In the green lane,
While hedges blossom
Falleth the rain.

V.

While the long summer
Parches the ground,
While droop the flowers
Mournful around.
Oh! then how pleasantly,
Once more again,
From the dimmed heaven
Falleth the rain.

VI.

When golden Autumn-days
Once more have fled,
When all their treasures are
Dying or dead,
When all earth's glories
Day by day wane,
Oh! then how gloomily
Falleth the rain.

VII.

Like tears in bitterness
Shed by the old,
As life's light fadeth
As joys grow cold;
When they no longer
Here may remain,
Mournfully, mournfully
Falleth the rain.

H. R. W.

THE UNSEASONABLE WORSHIPPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAPLE HAYES."

A Story in Five Chapters.

CHAPTER V.

THE night had scarcely passed into the morning when I was startled from an uneasy doze, into which I had only just fallen, by a loud clamorous knocking on the front door of the parsonage. When I opened my casement a woman's voice, in answer to the housekeeper, whose sleep had also been broken, was asking for me by name. I called to her, and on my speaking she piteously begged me to hurry up to the White House, for Miss Daley, she horribly added, had gone mad and had killed her cousin! The scream of the housekeeper was echoed by the cries of the other servants, whose windows had successively opened. For the moment I lost power of speech, and before I could ask a question, the grey figure of the woman was hurrying back across the shadowy churchyard. I recollect that I dressed in a kind of stupor, taking, under the circumstances, a long time in fumbling over it, and I scarcely made an attempt to quiet the alarmed domestics as I passed them in the corridor, crowding together. No one had thought of getting a lantern ready, and the housekeeper, with trembling hands, unbarred the door, and let me out into the darkness. "*Miss Daley killed her cousin!*" I murmured to myself as I issued from the house. There must be some mistake. If the awful news were true at all, it was more likely to be the other way. But then I recollected that the woman had said Miss Daley had gone mad! Almost immediately after turning the corner of the church tower I could see two lights in the dim distance, and from their position I knew they must be illuminated windows at the White House. My excitement increased, and I remembered afterwards that I felt more than once, owing to my getting off the path. There was no moon, and not many stars out, and the damp winds swept past, howling hoarsely over the meadows towards the sleeping village. At last the iron gate opening into the White House garden clanged behind me; and, a minute later, part way up the

gravelled path, I suddenly observed a woman advancing. It was the one who had come to the parsonage to summon me, for I recognised her voice; in her anxiety she was again returning to fetch me.

"John is gone on the horse for the doctor, but all is over with poor Miss Lydia," she moaned, wringing her hands.

Some yards before we reached the door, through the partly opened aperture of which the faint rays of a candle, set upon the floor of the hall, were struggling, a shrill, blood-curdling burst of laughter smote on our ears.

"That is her!" whispered my companion. I think I should, untold, have recognised the tones of Miss Daley's voice in the silvery harshness of those fearful sounds.

Snatching up the candle as we entered, the woman made for the staircase, and on reaching the second landing-place she stopped, and shaking in every limb, pointed to a door a little open, where light could be seen within, and whence the sounds of sobbing came. The terrier dog came whining about my feet as I advanced into the doorway, and a crying servant maid, taking her hands from her face, bent instantly down to a partly dressed figure lying across a bed, beside which the taper stood. She twitched at this figure, and after repeated pulls, Mrs. Wartnaby's face, its wrinkled pallor lit up by the burning eyes, was turned towards me, without her rising much. But at sight of who it was she suddenly sprang up, and directing a finger to a second form, which I now saw stretched on the bed, "See! see!" she screamed. A single glance was enough to tell me that the heiress of the White House was indeed dead. The body was lying on the left side, partly coiled up, and around the swollen and discoloured face the torn black ringlets had escaped from the papers in which they had been dressed overnight, while the slender neck, about which a lace cap had loosely twisted itself, showed distinct purple streaks, like finger-marks.

"She is dead! Dead!" repeated Mrs. Wartnaby, fiercely confronting me, but still pointing to the corpse. "It is Clara who has done it, and she'll be hung. Go to her," and she shifted her finger to the door, "it is no use coming here. What have you done to her? She was mad when they brought her from church, and Lydia said you did it. You shall answer for it,—you shall both answer for it. I know she was bad," she went on, looking towards the corpse. "But she is dead! Oh, my poor dear sister's child is killed—killed!"

"This way," said a fresh hollow voice in my ear; and turning, I saw old Edith, her haggard face, which was nervously twitching

all over, showing red scratches on it. Either she had heard her mistress talking to me, or else the woman who had fetched me had gone and told her of my arrival. I mechanically followed Edith from the room, and she turned along the passage towards another chamber just adjoining. A second burst of the maniacal laughter, as we were approaching it, indicated who the occupant of this room was. The two women who stood just within the door, one of them holding a chair partly uplifted as if in self-defence, gave way for us to enter.

"I'll not be used so by anyone, no matter how rich they are. It is cruel, very cruel; I will not bear it. But he'll not be offended; no, no, no," she said, in a panting voice, as we passed within. Miss Daley we found standing at the foot of the bed, with an arm clinging about one of the pillars, and gazing fixedly upwards at the ceiling, her flushed face smiling just then most sweetly.

"He is here!" said Edith, going straight to her; and dragging a covering off the bed, she threw it over Miss Daley, who had on only a night-dress.

"I told you I would not!" she incoherently screamed, her features instantaneously convulsed with rage, and she turned on old Edith, savagely tearing her hair and scratching her face.

"You must not do so, Miss Daley!" I said, going to the old woman's help; "do you not know the mischief you have done already?"

At the first sound of my voice Miss Daley's arms dropped to her side, and in the very act of turning her head over her shoulders to look at me, her face rapidly smoothed and grew calm and placid as an infant's. Her large blue eyes, after a moment's surprised and delighted gaze, went slowly down, and bringing her hands together in front, she bent before me, as if she were a slave and I her master.

"I have done what you wished; I will always do so," softly escaped from her lips in a startling whisper.

"It is not true!" I cried out, for the women had begun to utter exclamations at the first strange show of the power I involuntarily had over the maniac. "I did not wish it!"

"Not wish it?" she faintly echoed, glancing up at me like one astonished.

"I have had no communication with you since the day you came to me in the church," I added; "and you know I then told you mesmerism was wicked, and that I would not meddle with it. It is your duty instantly to clear me by admitting it."

An expression of the wildest perplexity

mixed with intense pain, came upon her features, and once or twice indications of returning passion struggled through, but the gentlest smile finally succeeded as she answered,—

"Yes, it was so; you are clear, quite clear. I will do all you wish," she added, sinking into a curtsy.

"I have exerted no influence upon her, I call God to witness!" I ejaculated, turning to the others present, for I felt that the toils were still more critically closing in around me.

The village surgeon at that moment showed his pale visage in the doorway, and I at once gladly advanced towards him.

"The girl is stone dead; I can do nothing there," he whispered in my ear.

"Dead! dead! Well?" said Miss Daley, to whom the words had reached. "She should not have done so; and it was so always."

"What was so always?" asked the surgeon, passing to the front.

"She said you were—— You are not he?" she broke off, knitting her forehead angrily. "She said you were offended," she continued, looking past him to me, her voice instantly becoming surcharged with tenderness. "I did not care about the people in the church all laughing at me, but she said you were offended."

"Do you know Lydia is dead? The doctor says so," excitedly uttered the sharp voice of Mrs. Wartnaby, who had come after the surgeon. "Then, there is nothing can be done?" she inquired, laying a hand on his shoulder.

"Not there, but here I may be of use," was his answer. "Bid her go to sleep," he suddenly added, turning to me.

"Oh, nobody will blame me. Who is this lady? She is not my aunt!" and Miss Daley advanced in a threatening manner towards her relative.

"Send her to sleep, I tell you. Lift your arms so," the surgeon said, roughly grasping my arms and lifting them. "Now make two or three passes, and say, 'Sleep!' pronouncing it firmly."

"Sleep!" I said, as a touch from his finger attracted her gaze back to my direction. Instantaneously her eyes closed, and her limbs stiffened till she grew rigid as marble where she stood. The next moment the surgeon, with the help of the women, had carried her to the bed, and laid her on it.

"You see the power he has over her? Oh, you wicked man!" shudderingly gasped Mrs. Wartnaby, motioning with her hands to push me away.

"He is not wicked," called the good sur-

geon from the bed. "I heard of what passed at church, and he can't help it. I understand it clearly enough; there have been such cases before. But please go away now, Mr. —," he continued, coming to me. "Go back to the parsonage, and I'll call on you."

"Such cases as this before! — Never! never!" excitedly shouted Mrs. Wartnaby, raising her arms, and appearing to be fast losing all self-control.

"What the surgeon has said is as true as that we are living. I have had no hand in this, I call God to witness!" I again solemnly adjured.

"Do leave the room, Mr. —;" and the surgeon, as Mrs. Wartnaby gave utterance to a wild hysterical cry, led me to the door, the women shrinking from me in evident affright, and a couple of men, who were now in the passage outside, regarded me with unsympathising eyes.

I did not pause to exchange a word, but hurried from that ill-fated house, in which death and madness were abiding, and plunged again into the darkness, so excited and bewildered I was scarcely aware of what I did. Where I wandered I never could quite recal; indeed, I was fresh to the neighbourhood, and did not clearly know where I went. I have now a confused recollection that sometimes I was on the turnpike and sometimes in the fields; and when morning broke cloudily, and with a drizzling rain falling, I was behind the windmill belonging to the next village, nearly four miles from home. The sight and sounds of the people stirring at the cottages and at the farms (all unconscious as yet of the frightful tragedy), brought me to my senses, and I made an effort to conquer the repugnance which had seized me against returning to the parsonage, or passing within sight of the White House. When, subsequently, I drew nearer home, some of the villagers greeted me with shouts, and I found that, in addition to all the rest being known, I had been missed, and that the affright of the parsonage domestics at my absence had added another alarm to the already sufficient horrors of the recent events. The rest of this sad story may be put into few words.

Old, white-headed Mr. Asnidge, the lawyer, now that all the fatal mischief was done, arrived before eleven o'clock that forenoon. He had picked up the horrifying news in the village, which was making sad holiday on the occasion; but, before going to the White House, he called at the parsonage to get the incredible news corroborated. In a very agitated and incoherent manner, he explained to me that he was delayed in returning home from London till late on Saturday night,

adding that he had attended to my application at the earliest possible moment. He then went away, apparently very reluctantly, to the White House, and from thence, some half-hour later, he returned, accompanied by the surgeon, whose visit I had so long been painfully awaiting. Mrs. Wartnaby had herself it appeared, been seized with a succession of hysterical attacks, and at that moment was in a more critical condition than even Miss Daley, who had partially recovered from the curious swoon into which she had so singularly fallen at my bidding, and then lay stolidly calm, as if only half-conscious. Another medical man had been fetched from a village several miles away, and my friend the local surgeon was now on his way home for some purpose, intending, however, to return to the White House forthwith. Mr. Asnidge, of course, had not been able to see his client, the guardian of the dead heiress; but he had seen the lifeless body of the ward, and had gathered what information he could from members of the household.

"One of the women found these in Miss Daley's room," said the surgeon, producing from his pockets three books. "This," and he laid on the library table a thin blue volume, "is a 'Treatise on Mesmerism;' that"—showing a larger, gaudily-bound book—"is a French novel, in which an alchemist keeps a female clairvoyant; and this other"—putting down a little volume—"is a collection of 'Essays,' in which animal magnetism is treated of. I thought I would just look into them before giving them up to the constable. It shows how she has been turning her wits upside down for a long time past, and yesterday's scene at church only marked where her self-command finally broke down. The brain generally gives way suddenly at last. She ought to have been placed under control at once; and if I had been at church she should have been. Oh! anybody who has any brains will know you have had nothing to do with it," he continued, as I could not refrain from grasping his hand in thankfulness at the disclosure of this striking evidence.

"I sympathise with you deeply; the doctor has explained it to me," said Mr. Asnidge; "but how terrible it is! It is fortunate, in one sense, she has gone quite mad, or she would have been hung assuredly. The old gentleman's voice was so tremulous he could not very distinctly articulate as he went on. "From what I gathered from Edith, the cousins quarrelled in the course of yesterday afternoon, after Miss Daley had got over the strange illness which seized her at church; and I almost fear, from what Edith admitted,

that Miss Moreton, whom I am now informed was much more violent of temper than I ever thought, used violence to Miss Daley. Really it is almost incredible," and he paused to wipe his forehead. "If Miss Daley had done it then, on the spur of the moment, the law would have regarded it in a very different way; but they say she was very quiet at supper, and she must have stolen from her chamber to that of her cousin after they had all gone to bed, and when Miss Moreton was asleep. The first anybody knew of it was through their being aroused by loud shouts of laughter from that room; and going there, they found the maniac young lady gloating over her victim, who was just dying. Oh! it is dreadful!"

"I have myself seen the unhappy young lady strike Miss Daley," I observed; "and Mrs. Wartnaby can confirm it, for she was also present."

"Whether Mrs. Wartnaby's brain will not give way, I do not know," remarked the surgeon. "It is a hard strain for her, and I knew before that there was madness in the Wartnaby family. My predecessor told me that Mrs. Moreton herself showed traces of it after the birth of her child, and I attributed Miss Moreton's conduct since she came here from school—abusing persons one minute and sending them presents the next—to this hereditary tendency."

"It was not she who did send the presents, but Mrs. Wartnaby," I said, to his evident surprise. I then told them of the noble self-abnegation on Mrs. Wartnaby's part for the family credit, according to the information Miss Daley gave me at our interview in the church.

"You must not think it was by my advice that Mrs. Wartnaby, good as it seems she is, was made Miss Moreton's sole guardian," tremulously put in the lawyer; "but the Squire would have it so, and I could not say much to the contrary, for his motive was a good one. Miss Daley is an orphan, like her cousin was, only Miss Daley was so when the Squire made his will, and he told me that her father was a wild rake, a captain in the army, I understood, who spent all Mrs. Moreton's sister's fortune early; and Mrs. Wartnaby, or Miss, as he then called her, for she is a maiden lady, she, he said, had lost nearly every farthing of her own means in unlucky speculations entered into in the hope of securing a fortune for Miss Daley, whom she had adopted. And so he made her the sole guardian of his daughter, leaving her a liberal salary for housekeeping during the minority, as the only means of helping her, for it seemed that he and she had quarrelled many years

before about the conduct of Miss Daley's father, which Mrs. Wartnaby, for some reason, was disposed to excuse. That was how she came to be Miss Moreton's guardian, which ought never to have been."

This instantly threw a flood of light on the mystery of the hoarded gold secreted in the church, which Mrs. Wartnaby declared to me was an orphan's portion; and, to the further astonishment of my companions, I disclosed that circumstance, begging the lawyer at once to take possession of the money on behalf of his client.

The surgeon gathered up his books again, and left us, to hurry home before returning to the White House; and Mr. Asnidge, though he at first showed some reluctance, ultimately accompanied me into the church. We easily forced the door of the squire's pew, and underneath the floor, resting quietly in the wooden cavity, I found the money-bag, which I placed, with a sense of much relief in the lawyer's arms. It was somewhat heavy, but it was the old man's agitation, not the weight of the bag, which broke down his hold; for, in the nave he let it tumble, scattering the treasure in a ringing yellow stream upon the flagstones, the coins leaping towards every nook and cranny. We got most of it together again; but the lawyer had to go back to the White House to meet the magistrate who had been sent for; and leaving him for a moment on guard, I went to the parsonage, and sent a message to Jennings, the clerk, and also to Mr. Asnidge's groom, who was waiting for him at the inn, and we set them to search for what was missing of the gold. The clerk would, in this way, at length discover the secret of Mrs. Wartnaby's unseasonable visits to the church.

Not to prolong the narrative, I may briefly mention that, four days afterwards, I performed the melancholy office of reading, in the presence of a crowded church, the solemn service of burial over the heiress's remains, as they were placed alongside those of her parents in the chancel vaults. The new heir to the property, who belonged to quite a collateral branch, was there, a middle-aged gentleman, already wealthy and residing in Leicestershire. In accordance with the instructions of the legal authorities, Miss Daley, who had sunk, since the inquest, into a harmless taciturn melancholy, was removed under police surveillance to an institution for criminal lunatics. Mrs. Wartnaby remained for several weeks in a state of great danger; but, by-and-by, she rallied a little, and so soon as she was strong enough to bear the fatigue of removal, she insisted on quitting the White House, although the new Squire, it was understood, urged her

to remain. She went back into Dorset, the part of the country she resided in before she entered on her most unfortunate duties as guardian of her ill-fated niece. I made more than one effort to see her before she left; but, perhaps, she was afraid of the recollections the sight of me would awaken; she always evaded an interview, and left without answering a note I sent her; but she bore me no ill-will, for, through Mr. Asnidge, she begged me to accept twenty sovereigns, to be used as I thought well. No doubt it was a portion of the money she had hoarded in the church, and the poor of the parish were the richer for it. Mrs. Wartnaby not long since died; but I reverence her memory to this hour. The devotion she showed to the interests of her relatives was of that self-denying kind which only a woman is capable of; and often do I ponder over the unmerited misery which seemed to be her reward in this world, as forming one of the most inscrutable dispensations of Providence I have ever known.

My relative, the rector, on receipt of my first letter, wrote expressing much surprise at the news I sent him, for Mrs. Wartnaby had well kept the secret of Miss Moreton's ungovernable temper from him, but his epistle fully approved of the course I had taken in communicating with Mr. Asnidge, the family lawyer, with whom he seemed to have some acquaintance. On my second far more startling letter reaching him, informing him of the sudden tragedy which had resulted, he, at the risk of his health, made a rapid journey home. I need not attempt to describe either his astonishment or his distress. The doctors again ordered him abroad, and I am still filling his place; and the sad catastrophe has brought me and the parishioners into an intimacy, which it would have taken me, under ordinary circumstances, years to win. I even hope that awful as the events I have related were in their occurrence, some good has flowed from them by their profitable application in the case of those who were necessarily spectators of them, and, in my own instance, I may add, an unwilling actor. W. C.

OUR IRON-CLADS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—The national importance of the above subject must be my apology for trespassing on your space with a few remarks in reference to the article under this title in your number of Feb. 2nd*; but as one or two statements therein are, I think, likely to mislead some of your numerous readers, I venture to send you the following observations:—

In speaking of H.M.S. Amazon, you say, "The collision of the *iron-clad* Amazon, last July, with the steam-ship Osprey, in the Channel, offered

another instance of the vulnerability of our floating defences, which ought not to be lightly passed over;" and again, "She was fitted-up with a ram, and designedly strengthened, to enable her to run into and sink any hostile ship in case of need;" also, "Had she (Amazon) been engaged in action, she must inevitably have been a vast *iron* coffin to her noble, but too confiding, crew."

Evidently the writer of the foregoing was not personally acquainted with the ship he thus described. As I visited her in Devonport Dockyard shortly before her fatal cruise, I beg to state that she was a wooden sloop of war of 1081 tons, 300-horse power, and mounting 4 guns: she was coppered, and never intended to be armour-plated at all. The Amazon was designed by Mr. E. J. Reed as an "improved Alabama," and was a sister-ship to the Niobe, Nymph, and Daphne; her speed, however, was only twelve and a half knots, and instead of being the "crack ship" described, she was considered to such an extent a failure that the *Blanche*, *Danaë*, *Sappho*, &c., were afterwards designed to secure if possible a greater speed by increased size—1268 tons and 350-horse power.

The whole of these ships are *unarmoured*, and by a visit to either of them your correspondent will find that the "ram" he refers to was merely an elongated bow or stem, expressly intended by the Chief Constructor of the Navy to render the ship buoyant forward, and with no idea of its being used for running-down purposes. A precisely similar bow is met with in H.M.S. *Helicon*, one of the new paddle despatch boats, and proved to be one of the fastest in the service.

With reference to *sea-worms* having drilled holes in the *iron* plates of the French iron-clad *Taureau*, can the writer furnish any authority for the letter from Toulon in which this statement occurs? I am inclined to think the *sea-worm* would not so readily adapt itself to *iron* in lieu of *wood*, and would suggest that *other causes* might doubtless explain why the armour-plates are thus injured. I am under the impression that this extraordinary vessel (mounting one gun in a turret) has a wooden frame (like the *Gloire*), and is plated thereon; if so, the ship's bottom, being coppered, would at once cause galvanic action, in exactly the same way as in H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, whose four and a half inch armour-plates were indented to the depth of half an inch, and whose examination in dry dock at Devonport, previous to her departure for the Mediterranean, led to much discussion at the time. If the writer's statement of the ravages of the *sea-worm*, with regard to *iron*, is true, what is the effect on our first iron-clad, the *Warrior*? and by what means can he explain the fact of the Great Britain having been twenty-four years afloat without her plates under water being yet drilled through, or having been renewed during that long period, though they are not of one-fifth the substance of the *Taureau's* armour-plates?

I am quite aware that *iron* is affected most seriously by rust and the action of marine plants, &c., and would merely mention H.M. steamers *Triton* and *Sharpshooter* as examples. In both cases the plates were reduced to little more than the thickness of writing-paper in some parts, and in removing the barnacles, &c., from them, the ship scraper penetrated the plates, on one occasion.

The instance of an iron-clad's anchor having been forced into her bow by collision is quite correct, and I believe occurred to either the *Hector* or *Defence* at Spithead. I think, however, the notice of it as it stands in your columns likely to cause some misapprehension, as the vessels in question were only

* See page 123.

plated over their central battery, which was divided from the stem and stern by armour-plated bulkheads four and a half inches thick; thus leaving both ends unprotected, though at the same time light and buoyant. From the shortness of the ship, 280 feet, this was necessary, and it was through the ordinary plates at the bow that the anchor was forced, and not through the armour plates as stated. This apparent weak point was remedied, "partly in consequence," in the *Agin-court*, *Minotaur*, and *Northumberland*, though at an enormous cost, and by increasing the length of the ships to 400 feet, and their tonnage to 6621.

Finally, with regard to the quality of the armour-plates in the British navy, I do not consider that the writer of the article to which I refer has any cause for complaint. I believe them to be unequalled; and I think that the very severe test to which they are subjected before being accepted by the Admiralty from the contractors, is a sufficient reply to the remarks made on their inferiority. I may add that the plates used in the construction of *H.M.S. Achilles* in 1862, at Chatham, withstood a strain of 22 tons to the square inch with the grain of the iron, and of 19 against it.

I am not personally interested in this subject in any way, and I have merely addressed you with a wish to rectify what I consider one or two errors in your interesting paper on "Our Iron-clad Ships."

I am, sir, yours, &c.,

JOHN STAPLES.

Robin Hood Lane, Bristol, March, 1867.

PETÖFI.

THE name and fame of Alexander Petöfi have blazed through Hungary and Transylvania, and have penetrated every region where the Magyar tongue is known; his writings have been welcomed to an elevated place in the world's literature by some of the most eminent authorities in Germany, and have found interpreters in French, Flemish, Polish, Italian, and other European languages, and have finally made their way to our own in a sort of experimental volume of Translations by Sir John Bowring,* who more than a third of a century ago informed his countrymen that Hungary possessed large stores of original song, of which he gave a volume of specimens to the world. Little attention has been paid, till lately, to the literature of the Magyars. Eichhorn, who wandered over the world to collect materials for his elaborate volumes, does not think Hungary worthy even of mention. Göthe, who explored Serbia and Illyria, seems never to have heard of an Hungarian bard. Talvj (Teresa Robinson), who devotes a large portion of her "Characteristik der Volkslieder" to Asia, Polynesia, Africa, and America, has not a word for Hungary; nor in the "Poets and Poetry of Europe," by Longfellow, are the Magyars represented by a name or a song.

The star far brighter than any that then

shone in the poetical firmament is he, Petöfi Sándor, whose portrait we present, on p. 348, to our readers, and propose to record some passages of his strange history, made up of vibrations from want and woe to luxury and enjoyment,—from the meanest and the most degraded, to the most influential and dignified position,—now a despised wanderer, a common soldier,—anon one of the lights and leaders of his native land, passing from the obscurity and silence of solitude to speak in a voice so potential as to find an echo in every Magyar heart, and at last, sad destiny! to be trampled to death on that battle-field, where for a time all hope of his country's redemption seemed to be interred.

Mystery enwrap his cradle; mystery covers his tomb. When he was born has been a matter of controversy; where he is buried—if buried—is still an unsettled problem, for there are Hungarians who believe—as the Portuguese believe of their lost king Sebastian—that he is miraculously hidden, and will appear again when the freedom of his country shall be restored. The mingling of romance with reality in the whole course of his history has few parallels; and if events which have occurred in our own time, and under our own eyes, had been recorded as belonging to the past, it might be fancied that imagination had lent some false colouring to the living portraiture.

Petöfi's personal history may be traced in his "Lyrics." That history has not only been called a romance, but a romance (Tokai) has made it the subject of a history. An English lady (the Countess Teleki) has been one of the most diligent and fortunate gleaners of the poetical fragments (many of them unpublished in their original dress, but of which translations into French and German have appeared), fragments collected since the death of the hero-bard. Kertbeny has well remarked, that two strange contrasts mark the summary of Petöfi's biography:—One, a miserable story of want and wretchedness; then a sudden bursting into fame and fortune; and all culminating in a mysterious death in battling for the freedom of his fatherland.

Not rejoicing like the Swiss in their Alpine mountains, nor like the Poles in their boundless forests, nor the Indians and the Egyptians in their Ganges and their Nile, nor like the Netherlanders in their canal-intersected pastures, nor the Americans and British in their sovereignty of the ocean, nor the French in their magnificent capital and rich vineyards, the Hungarians have their *puszta*, the boundlessly-wide and singularly variegated plains, with their moving sands, which glitter in the sunlight; their verdant pasturages,

* Translations from the Poems of A. Petöfi, with a Biography, by Sir John Bowring, LL.D., &c. Trübner, 1866.

covered with their high-horned oxen; their fields of maize and wheat waving in the breeze; their mirages and their fairy *delibats* (Fata morgana), furnishing such fine materials for poetry. The inhabitants of the Puszta, believed to be the descendants of the last wave of the tide of oriental migration, are the genuine representatives of the *Magyar-ember*—the Hungarian man. His white cottage, seen from a distance, resembles a tent; his broad-sleeved shirt, his *gatyá* (fringed trousers), his spurred boots, his *bunda* (cloak lined with sheep-skin) on his shoulder, his *shako*, or large round hat, for dress. In person high-browed, bright eyed, moustachioed, his long hair generally floating on his neck, agile, a centaur on his horse, ever forward in fight, gloomy and pensive when unexcited, but passionately fond and proud of his country and his ancestry. From the Puszta Petöfi derived his brightest inspirations, while its inhabitants awakened his warmest sympathies. The Puszta's expanse; its distant horizon bounded by the Carpathian mountains; its fresh breezes; all breathed of liberty to the poet, while the *betyar* and the *czikos*, and the poor hovels which gave them shelter, were images of the degradation and the vassalage from which the patriot sought to redeem his country.

We select one of the humorous sketches of Puszta life :—

The shepherd on his donkey see—
And on the ground his toes;
A big and jolly lad is he—
Bigger his woes.
He played his flute amidst his flock,
While pasturing on the heath,
And heard his sweetheart,—O, the shock !
Was near her death !
He urged his ass to gallop fast—
Come, come along ! he said ;
But when they reached her house at last,
Oh ! she was dead !
What could he do ?—Alas ! alas !
What could he do or say ?
So he belaboured his poor ass,
And rode away.

No just estimate of Petöfi's writings can be formed, unless we plant ourselves in his own position, and associate with his songs the circumstances with which he was surrounded. We must remember what Hungary was when we hear him mourning over the sad condition of his country and his countrymen, pouring out his indignation on the absence or the helplessness of self-sacrificing patriotism,—or bursting forth in dreams of exstasic hope that, despite long-during darkness, light and liberty would break through at last. With such anticipations Mickiewicz, Niemeiwick, and Lelewel supported themselves in their

exile, while deploring the fate of Poland. In such strains did Alfieri, Fillicaja, and Manzoni deplore the doom of their compatriots.

"Schiavi, ai, ma schiavi ognor frementi."*

To these, as to the Magyar bard, has been denied the privilege of hailing the redemption of their country, but their language was prophetic. Italy has broken her chains, and stands aloft and erect in the strength and security of freedom. Hungary, too, is marching towards emancipation. Nationalities have become potential, and the vital germ embedded on the cold soil, so long harrowed by despotism, is bursting forth and blossoming and ripening for harvest.

It is impossible to turn over the pages of his writings without observing how permeated and penetrated they are with the passionate love of his country.

To love ! to liberty !
Will I devoted be !
For love most willingly
I'd cease to live—
And yet for liberty
My love I'd give.

There is, indeed, in the poetry of Petöfi a pervading nationality that is almost oppressive; its impatience and vehemence are scarcely intelligible to those who enjoy, and have long enjoyed, the blessings of liberty and self-government. But these passionate outpourings are the genuine expressions of a patriotism condemned to muse and moan, but to which free utterance and heroic action is denied. It is the bitter acknowledgment of servitude and humiliation; it is the groan of a suppressed volcano; the shriek which tells how cruelly the fetters wear out the body, how scathingly her iron enters the soul. It is a Magyar voice crying in the wilderness.

The annals of Hungarian emigration would afford materials for a hundred pathetic stories. We have seen a list of more than eighty suicides among the Magyars driven from their homes, and seeing no end of their exile—no hope of their return—no salvation for their fatherland. And what bitterness is in the thought that those who tyrannise are so few, those who are tyrannised over are so many ! that the means of redemption are everywhere, the desire of emancipation everywhere, and yet there is no emancipation, no redemption at hand !

Of all this there is no sadder expression than that enforced and unnatural gaiety which breathe out in so many of Petöfi's songs. Under the garb of mirth and jollity there is a soul of melancholy, a voice of mourning distinguishable even in the loud bursts of tran-

* "Yes, we are slaves ! but raging in our chains."

sitory mirth. The wild music often dissolves into a melancholy finale. The tongue trembles at its own utterances, and pays its tribute to truth before it becomes silent.

The midnight hour was striking which ushered in the year 1823, when Alexander Petöfi was born. His father, a butcher and small landowner at Kiskörös, sent him to the Evangelical school. He made little progress in learning, but much in the exercise of his imaginative faculties. The overflowing of the Danube in 1838 destroyed the family property, and reduced them all to pauperism. The event was described by the poet in these words:—

Money, house, garden, lands he had; his bees,
His steeds were numberless; the Danube bore
His house away—his gold was stolen by thieves!—
And the old man was pitifully poor:
Oh! let two-handed heaven reward him more and more.

Petöfi was better suited for song than for study. Some verses he had written and signed fell into the hands of his schoolmaster, who accused him of forgery, and of appropriating to himself the property of others. "Give me a subject to versify," said the boy. The subject was given; "the numbers came;" but Petöfi never forgave the man who doubted his veracity. He fled from the school at fifteen, and was accepted by the manager to fill a mean part among a party of strolling players. He was claimed by his father, and sent to the Szepreny Lyceum. Again he rebelled against authority, ran to the barracks, and enlisted as a common soldier in the Austrian service. He soon repented, and in many an outpouring gave expression to his feelings.

In one of these he says that he was admitted to the ranks, but had never been raised above them—no, not to a corporal's grade; that he entered them a gay and buoyant youth, but left them a broken-down old man, though not twenty years old; that he had never been reproached for neglecting his duty, and his final recompense, when invalided, was a slap on his back from the general. The "learned soldier" was the name by which he was known to his fellows; and what follows is a rendering of one of the many poems which recommended him to the notice of his companions-in-arms:—

On Duna's shore—on Duna's shore
The cottage of my mother lies;
And tears in cataracts fill my eyes,
When my heart turns its memories o'er.

What strange desires had pierced me thro',
What fancies wild impatience brings;
I fled, on folly's outstretched wings,
Our cottage, and my mother too.

Yet when my mother said farewell,
Did I not hear her panting heart?
For when she saw her son depart,
Her tears like frozen pearl-drops fell.

She clasped me—prayed me not to go—
"Stay, stay,—beloved son!" she said;
And surely, surely I had stayed,
If I had known what now I know.

My dreams had for the future weaved
A lovely garden, full of flowers;
But time, that comes with darkening hours,
Soon undeceived the much-deceived.

'Tis but the common doom, you say;
For in this world of misery,
Tell me, O tell me, who is he
That finds not thorns upon his way?

If any happier far than I
Their blessed homeward way shall wend,
Take they this message from a friend:
"Pass not my mother's cottage by.

Tell her to weep not; say that I
Am happy, tho' it is not true;
For if my sufferings she knew,
Crushed by her sufferings, she would die." *

When, in later days, he became an officer, his feelings towards his former comrades—the common soldiers—were thus expressed:—

The soldiers, when I pass, present
Their arms; I wear an epaulette;
I blush; and blushing, I regret
How little in that regiment
I've done to make those honours mine
More than the meanest in the line.
Honour the rank and file, for far
Nobler than their own chiefs they are.

With us they march against the foe,
And we—we know the reason why:
We see preferment's tempting show—
We reap the fruits of victory:
We wear the garlands: loud-voiced fame
Speaks of our deeds, and gilds our name.
Honour the rank and file, for far
Nobler than their own chiefs they are.

What reck they of the why or how?
Their country is a hard step-mother,
Who for their outpoured blood will throw
A crust of bread, a rag. No other
Reward is theirs. She gives not aught
For services she values naught.
Honour the rank and file, for far
Nobler than their own chiefs they are.

Glory! they know not what it means;
And if they knew, what then? What then?
They're but inglorious citizens;
And history for the meaner men
Opens no page: the mingled mass
Must to oblivion's darkness pass.
Honour the rank and file; they are
Than their superiors nobler far.

Some will return, supported by
The broken crutch of poverty ;
And for the happier ones who die,
Forgetfulness their destiny.
Yet in the field they faultered not.
What matters it ?—they are forgot.
Honour the rank and file ; they are
Than their superiors nobler far.

Returning to his parents, with his dismissal
in his pocket, he salutes his beloved Puszta :—

Weaving its garniture of golden corn,
Midst which the fairy Delibab was born,
And fancy's spirits play around her throne :
Will they acknowledge me and call me son ?

He calls upon all the old associations—the
poplar shades, the flocks of cranes like a V in
the heavens, the remembrance of the mother's
benedictions, the blanks he finds at home, the
miseries he had suffered abroad in the great,
sad school of experience—

The very furrows left by tears of joy,
The harrows of vicissitude destroy ;
Wee fills life's cup with wormwood to the brink,
Whose bitterness is worse than death to drink.

But he checks his murmur :—

Not here, not here ! here was my cradle rock'd,
Here in his mother's arms the babe was lock'd ;
Here was my home, and here shall dawn again
The bright and blessed days I witnessed then.

Haunted by his passion for the drama, he
refused to pursue the studies in which for a
short time he was engaged in the Pápa Col-
lege. He appeared on the stage at Székes
Fehervár to be hissed at and hooted down,
though aspiring no higher than to one of the
meaner characters in "King Lear." He thus
describes the state of his mind :—

A player I, my first essay
In fiction's art
Was on the public stage, to play
A laughing part.
I laugh'd—I laugh'd most lustily,
My rôle to keep ;
But soon I found the part for me
Was but to weep.

He was at last dismissed for his blunders.
Often passing through days and nights, some-
times without shelter, sometimes without food,
yet he amused himself with verses such as
this :—

'Tis very well th' Eternal will
Has made of bone the teeth of men ;
For had their teeth been made of steel,
Mine would have rusted—and what then ?

But other days were dawning. His verses
found admission to the newspapers, and Hun-
gary discovered that she had a great poet
among her sons.

His reputation had preceded him to Pesth,
and in 1844 he became the secretary to a
Member of the Diet ; but when the Diet dis-
persed he was then left without resources.

To wander in a savage poverty,—
His only drink the stream, his roof the sky.

It was not long after this that an introduc-
tion to Vörösmarty, who was then called the
prince of the Hungarian poets, changed
Petöfi's destiny—Vörösmarty, whose passion-
ate appeals to his countrymen had awakened
a widely-spread enthusiasm. There are in
the whole field of literature few things more
touchingly pathetic than the address of the
bard of the Puszta to his friend and patron
when he believed him to have been tempted
to desert the popular cause.

TO VÖRÖSMARTY.

Can I be silent ?—I who prove
For thee a more than filial love ;
I whose sad utterance gives to me
Far deeper sorrow than to thee.
O tell me—tell me, Magyar son !
How could'st thou do what thou hast done ?
I tear no laurel from thy brow ;
No, Vörösmarty ! no ; 'tis thou !

O, faithless to the Muses ! say
Why hast thou flung thy lyre away ?
O why extinguish heavenly fire
In earthly mud and earthly mire ?
I see upon thee mire and mud—
O would to heaven 'twere Magyar blood !
I tear no laurel from thy brow ;
No, Vörösmarty ! no ; 'tis thou !

Look at that eagle ! o'er the land
Soaring, how noble and how grand.
But when the exalted clouds he nears
He but a little speck appears.
How grand thou wert in heaven, but now
On earth how small a thing art thou !
I tear no laurel from thy brow ;
No, Vörösmarty ! no ; 'tis thou !

And did'st thou not our country see
Awakening from its misery,
And flinging off its slime and shame,
Uprising to its ancient fame ;
And thou wouldst hurl her down again
To slavery's foul and fetid fen !
I tear no laurel from thy brow ;
No, Vörösmarty ! no ; 'tis thou !

I know thou dost not stand alone ;
Thou'rt not the only faithless one.
What is the herd of slaves to thee,
Who wert the poet of the free ?
Alas ! the very heart it wrings
To see thee break thy lyric strings.
I tear no laurel from thy brow ;
No, Vörösmarty ! no ; 'tis thou !

Thou—thou ! the patriot poet ! who
Pierced with a patriot passion through
Each Magyar heart, when thine appeal
Made slumberers wake and corpses feel,

How could'st thou, to thy land untrue,
The glorious work thou didst, undo?
I tear no laurel from thy brow;
No, Vörösmarty! no; 'tis thou!

I thought thy glory, glancing far,
Was a fixed star—a fadeless star—
Alas! 'twas but a meteor light,
That leaves behind a darker night;
And me to weep my soul away
O'er that delusive, treacherous ray!
I tear no laurel from thy brow;
No, Vörösmarty! no; 'tis thou!

In the short space of less than six years, from 1843 to 1849, Petőfi explored almost every part of the field of literature. Poetry in all its measures and all its varieties, from the epic to the rustic song—from the drama to the epigram—romances, rhapsodies, pastorals, elegies, epithalamiums, lyrics, ballads, patriotic odes and hymns, prose novels, travels, tales,—criticisms, political, social and personal, musical and artistical, public orations, and leading articles in newspapers. What, indeed, did his versatile and prolific activity fail to create and to adorn!

The potency of nationality is found in a national tongue. No despotism, however powerful,—no domiciliary visits, however penetrating,—no vigilance, however active, can prevent the child from imbibing either from mother or nurse, the elements of language—the materials out of which expression is to be given to early thought. An idiom may be expelled from schools,—it may be ignored by tribunals,—it may be interdicted by arbitrary decrees,—but it cannot, like a weed, be extirpated; as the limpet clings to the rock more closely when most strongly pressed, so the attachment to a mother tongue becomes more decided when attempts are made violently to supersede it. And Petőfi, more than any other man, gave to the Magyar language a firmer hold upon the Magyar people.

His first love was a beautiful girl, Etelka, to whom he addressed many charming verses. Living she was his idol, and his saint when dead.

As stands that lovely central isle,
While Duna's waters round it roll,
So on the centre of my soul
Thine angel image throws its smile!

The verdant overhanging trees
Bathe in the waters as they move;
Bathe thou, my thirsty soul, like these—
Bathe with the verdant hopes of love!

We select one from the "Cypress Leaves" which he flung upon her often-visited grave.

The stars are falling from the skies;
The tears are falling from mine eyes!

Why falls the star? why falls the tear?
Is she not sleeping on her bier?
Heaven's stars—earth's tears—coming ling all;
Fall stars, fall tears—for ever fall!

After the death of Etelka he lived for some time in solitude. Some of his verses were suppressed by the censorship; in others his patriotic passion was so wrapt up in obscure imagery, and its irony so felicitously masked, as to pass muster with men—sometimes more disposed to be indulgent than their masters would have sanctioned, if consulted.

The stagnation of Hungary is described with a simple but delicate art, in a poem called "The Four Bullocks." These heavy beasts lumberingly drag the waggon along the old road, with the "best of the community." Then the winds come scattering the fragrant flowers, as a widow visits her husband's grave. Then a sweet passing word is given to the maidens who are enjoying themselves in careless revelry. Then the bright star in heaven, the omen of future happiness, while still "the bullocks slowly march on the road."

'Twas not in Pesth, O no!—'twas not in Pesth—
Where such romantic sights we never see—
There came a waggon, crowded with the best,
The very best, of the community.
It was a waggon drawn by bullocks four,
And two and two abreast they dragged their load;
Slowly the waggon marched the old road o'er,
For slowly marched the bullocks on the road.

The night was bright, the moon moved quietly
Through the cleft clouds, even as a widow moves,
When pensive, sorrowful, and silent she
Seeks the green resting-place of him she loves.
The soft, fresh breezes o'er the meadow bore
The perfumes which they stole and spread abroad.
Slowly the waggon marched the old road o'er,
For slowly marched the bullocks on the road.

And I was there, and Orzsi there with me,
My neighbour fair; we listened to the crowd—
The many-coloured crowd—that lustily
Sang their rude songs, and talked and laughed aloud.
One word I said to Orzsi, and no more—
"Come let us choose a star from heaven's abode."
Slowly the waggon marched the old road o'er,
For slowly marched the bullocks on the road.

"Come let us choose a star, my Orzsi dear!"
As in a dream I spoke. "We'll choose a star,
A lovely star, which shall conduct us where
Joy shall be present, sorrow distant far;
There shall life's troubles visit us no more."
And so we chose a star from heaven's abode.
Slowly the waggon marched the old road o'er,
For slowly marched the bullocks on the road.

In 1845, for the longest poem he ever wrote, "The Hero János," Petőfi received the brilliant recompense of a ducat and a half, equal to fifteen shillings.

In 1846 he married Julia Szendary. He

celebrated his new happiness in songs of delight; but even in the whirlwind of his passionate love his country was never forgotten. His patriotism found new elements in his domestic felicity—"wife and sword" were linked together in all his thoughts. The voice of love was to strengthen the claims of patriotism. The sympathy, the encouragement of the woman was to give new ardour to the man. His Julia was not insensible to the glory of being the chosen one of such an eloquent lover. She was not without poetical enthusiasm; and the publication of some of her letters gave evidence of her impassioned feelings.

The year 1848 brought with it the culmination of Magyar abhorrence of the Austrian yoke. If anything be calculated to intensify hatred against a ruling power, it is when and where, from its own weakness or unpopularity, it calls in the aid of foreign sovereigns or foreign soldiery to put down the spirit of discontent. To this unhappy condition Austria has been frequently reduced—indeed, the very foundation of her policy has been to wield one against another the prejudices and the nationalities of the many tribes and tongues which comprise the heterogeneous empire which bore the Austrian name. Nemesis has indeed visited the presumptuous impertinence of Metternich, who proclaimed Italy to be merely a geographical designation. Italy, which has gathered into one fold all the Italian races, and is infusing into all a spirit of *Italianism*, which will absorb and amalgamate in good time Lombardian, Piedmontese, Tuscan, Roman, and Sicilian feelings under the genial and cementing influence of a common language, a mutual interest, and an united policy. It is Austria, not Italy, that has become only a geographical and historical name—the separate parts are undergoing a process of alienation. Despotism in days like ours can only provide a temporary cement, which will not keep the rugged fragments together when the cement is weakened by the action of time, and the masses are shaken by the elements of revolution. If ever there seemed a moment for Austrian exaltation, it was in 1849, when, thanks to Muscovite mercenaries, the Magyar liberties were overthrown and overwhelmed.* Less than the fifth of a century has passed, and Austria is the suppliant for conditions, and Hungary the determining judge. Austria will raise the cry of distress, and stretch out the supplicating hand in vain. She has been building upon the sand: the rains are falling,

* Austrian policy towards Hungary found fit expression in the ferocious language of Cardinal Kolonek, "*Faciam Hungariam captivam, postea mendicam, deinde Catholicam.*" We will make Hungary a slave, next a beggar, and then Catholic.

very penetrating rains, the winds are blowing, and very tempestuous winds they are.

It is difficult to select from the multitudinous lyrics poured out by Petöfi in those days of passion. Their history may be said to have been written in,—

Flashing swords and scorching words,
Scorching words and flashing swords.

Impetuous excitement takes every form of fierce expression. Was ever a monarch addressed in language more bitterly wrathful, more scathingly insulting than those which Petöfi flung at the Emperor of Germany, the Hungarian king?

THE KING AND HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT.

Lo! he sits proudly on his throne,
The throne so tottering that stands,
And there the valets of his own
Crouch at his feet and lick his hands.

That tottering throne, it shakes—it shakes;
Is it an earthquake? Earthquake! No.
It is the popular storm that makes
That throne of tinsel tremble so.

As the dammed river flowing o'er
Its banks inundates vales and plains,
The people will be bound no more,
But turn to swords their ancient chains.

And while the throne in ruin falls,
The crouching flatterers all are gone,
Abandoned are the royal halls
By all, except the king,—and one.

Who is that one? Inquire, and guess,
Who can that silent spectre be?
With pale white cheeks—with bloody dress,—
His hand is *Death*! the hangman he!

"By all deserted?" said the king;
"I look around, we are but two;
Thou only dost thy service bring,
Thou midst the faithless only true."

"Yes! I am here, but am not thine!
Time other occupation brings;
For even a hangman will decline
To be the tool of tottering kings.

"Know those that stand round royal shrines
Are shadows in the light of day,
Seen while the sun of favour shines,
And when it sinks they pass away.

"I'll not desert thee yet,—indeed,
My daily bread depends on thee;
I'll not desert thee in the need
I have of thee as thou of me."

He appealed emphatically to the kindred races of Transylvania to unite in a common purpose. Their language is the same, their grievances the same, their early history blended with that of Hungary, and the consumma-

tion of their hopes was delayed, if not destroyed, by the want of unity.

TO ERDELY. (TRANSYLVANIA.)

The rustling of the autumn breeze
Shakes down the dry leaves from the trees,
Which trembling dance upon the ground.
Be still, thou noisy breeze! I speak,—
Still as a woman's accents weak,
Are still when bursts the thunder-sound.

O nations! in two nations riven!
Hot words from my hot heart I bring,
And fling as the volcanoes fling
Their fiery lava up to heaven.
What makes that heart so hot? I see
Two countries for one people. Why
Should Magyar land and Erdely
Divided and dissentient be?
It makes my heart a desert rude,
With tigers in its solitude,—
Tigers of rage with bloody eyes,
That glare upon the reveries
Which fill my vacant soul at night.
What tempted us to blot the words,—
The *Aurea Bulla* of our rights,
Won by our fathers with their swords,
And steeped in their own blood? But time
Hath severed us, and sand and slime
Cover the charter won of old
By those heroic fathers bold.
And we were crushed in dust; and there
We call on God in our despair,—
He hears not slaves. Why should he hear?

The slave who forges his own chain
May wear it—and a slave remain!
O had we been cemented one,
Our glory through the world had shone;
In freedom's temple we should be
In fellow-worship with the free.
O had we been cemented one
Our eyes had not been filled with tears
When turning o'er the chroniclers
Of what we did, and left undone.
A grain of sand that stands alone,
A zephyr or a breath may take;
But gathered sand a rock will make,
Which tempests will assail in vain.
Remember this, all Magyar men!
Time moves with slow and steady tread,
And in its silence leaves the sand
At rest; but when the whirlwind wakes,
The pillars of the earth it shakes,—
Scatters the atoms o'er the land,—
Scatters as we are scattered.
Up, then! up, Magyars, to the strife!
Hail! glorious day of destiny.
Hail! day of death—hail! day of life.
Stand, Magyars, stand, and hand and hand,
Giants determined to be free.
Our hands, our hearts in full communion,
Who shall withstand that sacred union?
He that cements it shall receive
What love and gratitude can give.
He that repels it, let him bear
The maledictions which the slaves
We call our sons, upon our graves
Shall fling,—for ever festering there.

And thus reproachfully he addresses the various peoples dependent upon Austria whom she led against the Magyars, reminding them of the debts due to the ancient heroes of Hungary, and threatening them with future vengeance for their servility to the call of the tyrants and their abandonment of the common cause of freedom, which to all sections of the empire should have been equally dear.

LIFE OR DEATH.

There raged a fearful tempest far
From Kárpáth high to Duna low;
There stood the lonely Magyar,
With streaming hair and haggard brow.

And were I not a Magyar born
I'd share my destiny with one
So all-abandoned, so forlorn,
So helpless, worn, and woe-begone.

Poor orphaned people, thus bereft,
How hast thou sinned, that thou should'st be
By deities and demons left
To ignominious misery!

The sacrilegious hands that laid
Their axes to the Magyar tree,
Were those who 'neath its sacred shade
For ages found security.

Ye are our foes—ungrateful foes!
Wallach! Croatian! Saxon! Serb!
Who taught you, in your time of woes,
The Turk and Tartar how to curb?

You shared our bliss when we were blest—
We left you not to weep alone;
The weight that on your shoulders preest
We bore as if it were our own.

And this is our reward—a king!
One of the perjured says "obey!"
And on our bleeding hearts you spring,
As springs a vulture on his prey!

But know, though you are vultures, we
Are not dead corpses; and our eyes,
When dawns the day of liberty,
Shall see your red blood tinge the skies.

And if it must be so, come on!
No stranger shall invade our plains,
While but a single Magyar's son
To shield the Magyar soil remains.

No peace! no parley! treachery rends
The old alliances; and those
Who might have found us faithful friends,
Shall find us unforgiving foes.

Then arm thee! arm thee, Magyar!
And overwhelm th' invading hordes!
Ours is a holy, holy war,
And ours are conquering, conquering swords.

Look at the deeds our fathers wrought,
Read of their history every line;
Shall we who have with lions fought,—
Shall we—shall we succumb to swine!

Remember what our fathers were,
Remember what their sons should be.
Ten centuries look upon us here,
From Attila to Rakoczy!

Had we but half our fathers' heart,
The invading, vanquished multitude,
Scared by our shadows, would depart,
And lose themselves in mire and blood!



A. Petöfi. Drawn by T. Scott from an Original Photograph.

Some of the principal actors in the events in the scenes of 1848 and 1849, have passed away. Among them, Dembensi, who, when the Magyars had to encounter the Austrians alone had often been the conqueror on the battle-field. Bem, whose successes in Transylvania have something in them more than romantic, and who died in Syria, where he had joined the Ottoman army, and most remarkable of all, our young hero-poet, who had sung the praises and has immortalised the names of both.

In the battle of Segezvar, fought upon the 29th of July, 1849, immense corps of Russians, among them a large body of Cossack cavalry, surrounded and overwhelmed, after a desperate resistance, a small body of Magyar soldiers commanded by Bem, who was severely wounded and left on the field for dead. Whether Petöfi was crushed under the hoofs of the Muscovite horses and flung into a great pit which received the corpses of the undis-

tinguished dead, or whether he escaped to perish in the wild depths of the Carpathian mountains, is not known, and never will be known. In all probability he met with the fate which he so ardently desired in these burning lines:

Where every fettered race tired with their chains,
Muster their ranks and seek the battle plains;
And, with red flushes the red flag unfold,
The sacred signal there inscribed in gold—
"For the world's liberty!"

And, far and wide, the summons to be free
Fills east and west,—and to the glorious fight
Heroes press forward, battling for the right:
There will I die!

There, drowned in mine own heart's-blood, lie,—
Poured out so willingly; th' expiring voice,
Even in its own extinction shall rejoice.
While the swords' clashing, and the trumpets' sound,
And rifles and artillery thunder round;
Then may the trampling horse
Gallop upon my corse,
When o'er the battle-field the warriors fly. J.

HEVER COURT.

BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD, AUTHOR OF "RALPH," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—LUCY HAS TWO ADMIRERS
AND AN OVERTHROW.

AS a matter of fact Mrs. Frankland was not anxious that Edward should marry. She was not averse to marriage as an institution; but she liked to reign at Hever Court. Mrs. Frankland was frequently spoken of as an elegant person. In days gone by she had been a beauty. But she was frivolous and weak-minded, and the establishment of a younger Mrs. Frankland would have been a death-blow to her happiness. She never admitted this even to herself. She argued that Edward ought to marry, and that she would wish him to marry—if he chose rightly. She had observed his preference for Lucy Dunman, and convinced herself that he might do better. And being thus convinced, she lost no opportunity of impressing her opinion upon her son.

Mrs. Frankland felt that Edward had made this preference so obvious at the ball, that there was no time to lose if she wished to stop a proposal from him to Lucy.

But she had had no suitable opportunity for approaching the subject for some time afterwards, until one day when her son lounged into the drawing-room after luncheon. He had been shooting during the morning, and seemed wearied. Perhaps this encouraged Mrs. Frankland.

"Edward, dear," she began; "have you been over to Dropton since the ball?"

"No, mother," he replied, lazily, without lowering the newspaper he was reading from before his eyes.

"I really think you should do so."

"For heaven's sake, why, mother?" asked Edward, testily; "I am not so very fond of Nantwich."

"Your inattention to Ethel Morley was so—so unlike yourself."

"I'm sure it was quite unintentional," said Edward, twirling his moustache, with a look of vexation.

"But the *amende* is not the less due. It should not have been owing to such a sweet girl as Ethel." There was a just sufficient tone of reproach in Mrs. Frankland's remark to produce the desired feeling of shame in Edward, who began to feel quite angry with himself for a rudeness which he was previously ignorant he had committed.

"You don't think I was really rude, mother?"

"Well, dear, you might have given less evidence of your preference for Lucy; it would have been better taste, I think."

Edward reddened, but fortunately for him his back was towards his mother.

"Ethel is a very handsome girl, and all that, but she's rather too much of a fine lady for me."

"He will be a very fortunate man who marries her."

"I don't deny it, mother. He'll have a handsome wife, and I suppose a handsome dot with her, *wouldn't* you?"

"And are you in a position to despise those advantages?"

"Not exactly; but—she's incapable of love."

"Stuff! No woman is incapable of love."

"Well then, mother, she's incapable of loving a second-rate commoner like myself."

"You are too modest. A Frankland of Hever might easily deserve a peerage."

"Baron Frankland of Hever!" laughed Edward. "Really, mother, I'd rather not."

"It won't be thrown at you," replied Mrs. Frankland, peevishly. "I must say, however, that I think you don't appreciate Ethel Morley. Apart from their difference in social position, I don't think Lucy is to be compared with her. She has no style, and Ethel is far more lovely."

"Mother!"

"Well, dear, I cannot for the life of me see what you find to admire in Lucy Dunman."

"You don't know her, or you would not say so."

"And then her mother is such an odious, intriguing person!"

"She did not choose her mother."

"There is that disgraceful affair hanging over them, though Lady Dunman does shut the closet so tightly on the family skeleton."

"And have we no family scandal?" demanded Edward, impatiently. "If Lucy had a scapegrace brother, is that more shameful than Will Campbell's? But forgive me, mother; I only meant that we could not afford to throw stones."

Mrs. Frankland said no more. But she felt she had not gained anything by her remonstrance. Indeed, she perceived that her son's avowal—for it amounted to that—of his love for Lucy would make him bolder in his suit. But she trusted something would intervene to turn the course of his love.

A few minutes afterwards Lady Dunman and Lucy were announced. Mrs. Frankland could not but regard this inopportune visit, as she thought it, a bad omen for her hopes.

While the two elder ladies talked together, Edward and Lucy strayed to a window.

"I feared our horses would have run away just now," said Lucy. "It was quite as much as Rayner could do to hold them."

"I can't be angry with them for bringing you quickly," replied Edward. "I hope they will behave well in returning."

"How we shall manage with them in London I don't know. We are going to join papa there next week."

"And Bingwell endures a total eclipse of its sun."

"I thought the sun was masculine."

"Well, I mean it will seem very dark when you are gone."

Lucy blushed. Perhaps she felt conscious of the fact that nothing but the presence of the mammas restrained Edward from a more definite expression of his feelings.

"The sun is certainly on us now," said Lucy, hiding her embarrassment. "Shall we leave this window?"

Edward was not very willing to move.

"But see, mamma is going."

"I was wishing I was a lotos-eater or something, in a land where 'it was always afternoon.'"

"We must take it as it comes, must we not?" And Lucy smiled sweetly, lifting her eyes and looking frankly in his face as she held out her hand.

"Must we?" asked Edward, with earnest but subdued emphasis, as he took and held her hand. "May we not choose for ourselves?"

But Mrs. Frankland interposed in time to save Lucy from the necessity of reply, and also to witness the blush which Edward's question and his rather prolonged hold of her hand had called to Lucy's cheek.

"I was asking Lady Dunman, Lucy," she said, "if you would like to have our carriage, as your horses are restive?"

But neither Lucy nor her mother would hear of this, and entered their carriage, which was open, assuring Edward that the horses would certainly go quietly homewards.

These hopes were, however, to be disappointed. The horses were trotting briskly through a narrow lane, hedged by thick underwoods, when the sudden report of a gun, fired close by, startled them into a full gallop, a very few strides of which assured Rayner that they were no longer under his control.

At the same moment Will Campbell, who had fired the gun, hearing a scream from Lady Dunman, jumped from the hedge, and stood in the roadway watching the carriage. Within two hundred yards of where he stood, at the junction of another lane, lay a heap of stones for the repair of the road.

The horses flew along towards this point, the carriage swaying from side to side in a most terrifying manner. Their way homewards lay round the corner.

"By —, I thought they would," muttered Will, as he commenced running towards the point.

The horses, making an attempt to round the corner, had drawn the wheels of the carriage, on the side on which Lucy was sitting, over the heap of stones. The coachman clung to his seat, and Lady Dunman lay huddled up in the hood, but Lucy was thrown out upon the road and lay there motionless. When Will came up to where she was lying the carriage had passed out of sight.

He felt a momentary impulse to run away, fearing that the accident would be attributed to himself. His second thought was inspired by Lucy's beauty. He lifted her on to the grass by the side of the road, and dipping his hatful of water from a brook, began to bathe her face.

"She can't be dead," he said to himself, "there'd be blood somewhere if she was dead." The exquisite refinement of her features seemed even more apparent in their paleness. Her hat had fallen off, and her rich brown hair lay somewhat disordered about her head. Will felt awed by her loveliness, with a deepening anxiety for her recovery, and so absorbed did he become in this that he was quite forgetful of himself.

At length to his delight Lucy opened her eyes and looked wonderingly at him. He was beginning to make some explanation or apology, when they closed as she fainted again.

Then he took her up in his strong arms, and laying her head gently over his shoulder, walked at a quick pace towards her home.

He could feel her heart beating against his own, his arm was round her, and his imagination rioting in the recollection of her delicate

beauty as she lay inanimate before him. He was faithless to his love for Clara at this moment. Coarse and strong in its passion, yet weak in its fidelity as his nature was, he was now thinking of Edward with hot anger, because he believed him to be Lucy's lover; then a joyous feeling came over him as he looked forward to Edward's dispossession by himself. Perhaps Lucy's affections would be transferred to himself when he was master of Hever Court. He had no doubt that then she would prefer him to Edward. He pressed her closer to him as he thought this.

But now he was met by a pony carriage driving rapidly in search of Lucy. Lady Dunman had arrived unhurt but sadly frightened. As Will laid Lucy in the carriage he saw she had regained her senses. She was murmuring her thanks when the carriage drove off and left Will standing in the road looking after it with longing eyes and beating heart.

CHAPTER IX. IN WHICH WILL PRODUCES A SENSATION.

THE Bingwell "fly" was an institution of the village. Commonly it mouldered and rusted in a back shed at the White Horse. At rare intervals Tom the ostler was ordered with it to the railway-station, or now and then what he called a "night job" occurred. But he assumed no post-boy airs when he harnessed the poor old hack in the stables, and putting on his black-sleeved waistcoat, coaxed "the old hoss" into its swinging tedious trot. With a pretentious air of mystery and self-importance Will had looked in at the White Horse one morning, about a week after Lucy's accident, and had ordered the fly to meet Mr. Gribble at the Bingwell station.

Mrs. Smithson couldn't get a word of explanation from Will. Clara was not visible. But her aunt could see that Will was excited, and that something very unusual and important was about to happen to him. "Are you goin' to ride in the shay?" she asked. "No, he wasn't goin' to ride in the shay. He was goin' back to his mother's." "I dessay it's Lord Pummiston as is a comin' down to take pot-luck with yer," said the hostess, with a good-humoured sneer. Will looked very knowing, as though the possession of his secret was a great pleasure to him. "You'll know who 'tis one o' these days, but you shouldn't holler when you're goin' to take a nest—hey, Mrs. Smithson?"

He left her much puzzled, and walked quickly to his mother's house. It was two hours before the lawyer could arrive, but Mrs. Prickett had already set out a meal for three.

There was a piece of streaky bacon, a loaf

of huge size and inexhaustible appearance, and a large white wedge of American cheese. Finally, there was Mrs. Prickett in her Sunday dress, apparently doing her best to sit still and look "the lady," but falling short by a good deal of either.

"Go you and clean yourself, Will, but lawk o' me, if yer should ever come to be the Squire, I shan't know what to call yer."

"Ever should! why I'm sure to, ain't I?" replied Will, angrily, as he turned to go upstairs to make his toilet.

"He don't speak handsome, nor he don't act handsome," mused Mrs. Prickett, her old eyes becoming watery; "he'd never ha' ferried it out for hisself, nor he'd never ha' darkened the doors o' Hever Court if it hadn't ha' been for me. When I've been a thinkin' on it scores o' times, I've kinder felt as if I was a drivin' the Lord's enemies out o' the promised land. But now it's come to it, it seems shockin' like to go and tell 'em of it hisself and bring it on the poor things like a thunderbolt."

At length Will reappeared, looking smart and sulky, and at the expected time the fly drove up and Mr. Gribble joined them. Tom was told to wait at the door.

Any fourth person of sense would have seen at a glance Mr. Gribble's contempt for his clients. He would have seen in the lawyer's quick reading of their faces and anxious yet deliberate adoption of his voice and manner, that he was intent upon his own purposes in this business, and would, when he could, use all his power over such people as these.

And there was an appearance of restless, scheming activity about Mr. Gribble which boded ill for those who thwarted him of his purpose. He was not clean nor tidy, but both these personal defects seemed to result from want of time; indeed, his mode of doing business had so impressed Mrs. Prickett that she had a vague notion he never rested from his work. He was tall and thin, pale-faced, and his cheeks were rather hollow; but Mr. Gribble never looked really unpleasant till he laughed. In truth, he never did laugh; but when he made that long or short series of little jerky breaths which sounded like a stage "he! he!" by a very raw performer, then would the wise client have been warned and fled from Mr. Gribble. There was falsehood always written on the lawyer's face, though to most persons the ink was invisible, but when he laughed the writing seemed disgustingly plain, and his grey eyes staring witnesses to it, for they never joined in the laugh, but steadily kept their cold watch upon their master's purposes.

"Well, Mr. Frankland,"—Will looked

helplessly astonished at Mr. Gribble's first mention of his newly-gotten name,—“you see I have obeyed your wishes, even in adopting a most unprofessional course—most unprofessional.”

“I don't see that,” grumbled Will.

“It is usual to open matters of this sort by correspondence; Mr. Edward Frankland may decline an interview.”

“This is how I put it,” said Will, doggedly: “s'pose there was a feller that had always had the whip hand of you. S'pose the gals always took to him and passed you by, well then, I ask you, if that feller was goin' to have a thrashin' wouldn't you like to be there to see it?”

“There's a good deal in that,” replied Gribble, as though convinced by his client's argument.

“'Tain't the way to get a blessin' on it,” said Mrs. Prickett, suddenly and sharply, as though this was all she would say.

“You may have the blessin', mother, if I get the property.”

“Let us see what we can do towards it,” said Gribble, rising and making for the door.

Will felt very bold and confident as he got into the fly and told Tom to drive up to “the squire's;” but his heart fell as he passed the lodge gates, and he felt sure the woman who opened the gate thought he was in custody, and was being taken before Edward Frankland, who was a magistrate.

He made no response to the reluctant nod of the old servant who opened the door. “Ay, master's at home,” was the reply to his question, when Mr. Gribble stepped forward, and handing his card and looking at Will, said, “you know this gentleman's name.”

The servant found his master reading in the library. The room was not large, but it was handsomely and appropriately furnished. The walls were panelled in dark oak, and where they were not hidden with books there were a few choice pictures. The curtains and furniture were of dark green colour. The chimney-piece was of handsomely carved oak, and upon the central ornament was emblazoned in heraldic colouring the arms of the family. A large dog lay sleeping on the Turkey carpet at Edward's feet, who, reclining in an easy chair, was reading a newspaper when he received Mr. Gribble's card.

For a moment he thought of telling the servant to inquire their business, but reflecting that it was probably concerned with some scandalous conduct of Will's, he preferred to see them, or he thought it might be connected with Lucy's fall from her mother's carriage. Edward had heard all the circumstances of the accident, and had no doubt that Will was both

trespassing and poaching when he fired his gun, but no one was disposed to be inquisitive, as he had afterwards assisted Lucy.

He didn't rise as they entered, but negligently saying, “Good-morning, Will,” told the servant to place chairs for them; and dropping his paper, looked to Gribble for an explanation of their visit.

The lawyer's opening, “You know, sir, this is your father's son,” surprised Edward; but as he went on presently to say, “We have come, sir, to show you that he, and not you, is Mr. Frankland, of Hever Court,” a scornful smile played round Edward's mouth as he regarded them with a look which said that they were not a very prepossessing pair of conspirators. But as Mr. Gribble, with unobserving persistence, unfolded his case, produced the marriage certificate of Amy Campbell with his father, carefully detailing the evidence connected with this document, confessing that there was no similarity in the handwritings, that the entries as to addresses and other particulars were evidently false, then producing Amy's note and his father's ring, Edward became grave and attentive. Mr. Gribble read in his face that he was convinced of the truth of the evidence; and Will made no attempt to conceal his triumph.

“It was more than a year after her death when my father married?” was Edward's first and anxious question.

The lawyer reassured him on this point.

There was an expression of bitter suffering on Edward's face; his love for Lucy and his mother, his pride in his ancestral house and in himself, seemed to be shattered in one moment. All his hopes lay broken before him; but he struggled to be master of himself, though he nearly choked with the effort. It was very repugnant, yet it seemed to be his duty to congratulate and to regard Will as his elder brother.

“This will be a great blow to my mother,” he said, slowly and solemnly; then rising and offering his hand to Will, he added, “But if this place is yours, Will, I won't contest your claims; I shall be sorry we have kept you out of it so long.”

“So you want to shake hands now,” said Will, putting his deliberately in his pockets; “you didn't do that afore.”

“No, I don't;” and Edward quickly withdrew his. He preferred it so, and felt almost glad that Will had thus refused his advances.

“As to keeping him out of his rights,” said Gribble, in a quiet yet firm voice, “for that of course you will have to render an account to Mr. William Frankland—I mean of the rents received since the death of your father, but we don't propose to press you for these

beyond your ability to meet the demand, if you do all you can to facilitate the surrender of the estate to us."

The shock was passed, and it had strengthened Edward's character. What is to some gained only with the experience of years, had been compressed into these painful minutes. He could think now that this might be a conspiracy to dispossess him wrongfully, an attempt he was bound to resist. At all events it was necessary that a full investigation of the facts, adduced by Mr. Gribble, should take place. Yet there lay the certificate on the table.

"You would doubtless think proper to examine the registry from which this was taken," suggested the lawyer, who followed Edward's thought; "and will take note of the parish church."

Edward did so, and then rose as if to signify that he wished them to leave.

"We shall expect," said Gribble, accepting Edward's movement, and brushing his hat with his sleeve, "a communication from you within a week, saying, I trust, that you are prepared at once to give up possession; and if not we shall at once serve a writ of ejectment, and commence legal proceedings to obtain possession."

"Very well," assented Edward, as he held the door open.

Will looked confused and malicious, as, following close upon the heels of his adviser, they left the room.

But in the corridor they met Mrs. Frankland, who frowned haughtily as she recognised Will. Edward was following them, and she glanced from Will to him, wondering and annoyed that the man she regarded as a disgrace to the family should be there.

Will couldn't resist the opportunity.

"How d'ye do, mum? he's"—he added, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of her son—"got a little bit of a story to tell you."

"What does this man mean, Edward?"

"I'll tell you presently, mother; when they're gone."

"She'd better hear it now," said Will, with a hateful grin.

"It's nothing less than proof, madam, of the fact that this gentleman," said Mr. Gribble, pointing to Will, "is the eldest legitimate son of your late husband, and therefore the rightful owner of this house."

Mrs. Frankland's face expressed an agony. She gazed with dumb horror, which to see was frightful, towards her son, and read the worst in his grave and sympathetic look of love.

She uttered one low cry, and would have

fallen but for his supporting arm. In the confusion that followed Gribble and Will left the house. Edward carried his mother to a couch, and seeing that she did not recover her senses, sent for the doctor; there was only one in the village. When the medical man arrived, he said she was suffering from "cerebral apoplexy," and that her "nervous system must recently have sustained a severe shock."

She was carried insensible to her bed, and lay there for two days and nights, anxiously and lovingly watched by Edward; and on the third day she died.

CHAPTER X. IN WHICH, AS USUAL, EROS WAITS ON PLUTUS.

THE funeral of Mrs. Frankland was a very sad affair. The occasion of Will's visit to Hever Court had become known, yet no one was sure whether he or Edward would have the estate. The little that Will said to Mrs. Smithson and others showed that he felt confident of success, but in answer to a letter from Edward to Gribble they had consented to allow him another week for deliberation before serving the writ of ejectment. The day after his mother's funeral Edward went to London, and calling on the family solicitor, Mr. Royds, of Lincoln's Inn, found him—the picture of a respectable attorney—ready to accompany him to inspect the parish register from which the certificate presented by Gribble had been extracted.

Any one who knew Edward Frankland well would at once have observed the difference which the events of the last few days had produced in him. He was grave and thoughtful: and there was an occasional hardness about his mouth which at one time it would have seemed almost impossible for the beautiful and almost womanly curves of his lips to assume. Unconsciously he had been measuring himself against what he felt was his future in life, and though the standard was excessively trying, yet he felt his force equal to an unaided struggle with the world, if it should come to that.

"We'll not talk of this matter, Mr. Frankland, until we have been to the church. I've no doubt that the same thought in both our minds prompts our desire to see the register together, and to form our own opinion."

Edward assented, and they drove to a church in a quiet western suburb, which could have been but a village when his father and Amy Campbell were together in this neighbourhood. The clerk was soon found. He was a fat, doughy-looking, asthmatic man, slow of speech, and of gait, and of breath.

"Not the man for a forgery, not—at—all—"

the—man," thought little Mr. Royds. Something of the same mental conclusion was arrived at in Edward's brain. The clerk wheezed and moved as though he wanted oiling inside and outside, while he placed the register for 1828 before them.

"Frankland, yer want—ugh!—ugh!—we had a pardy after that marriage t'other day."

"Oh, indeed!" replied Mr. Royds, his little bright eyes seeming to aim at getting behind the stolid visage of the clerk; "and how did the party know the marriage was solemnised in this church?"

The parish clerk appeared to be struggling with his asthma.

Edward thought he was doing this only to gain time for a false reply, and made an impatient gesture.

"It ain't often I'm garspin' like this," said the clerk. "How did he come to know? why he come here and he ses, 'I want to search your registry of marriage for '28;' and then when he finds what he wants, he ses, 'I want a certificate o' this 'ere weddin'.'"

"'Ere's the one as you want," and the clerk laid his fat finger on the middle of a page. There was no doubt about the genuineness of the book and page; neither had been tampered with. There were no erasures in the leaf. It was all in vain that Mr. Royds scanned the page through his golden-rimmed eye-glasses. He saw nothing wrong there. To be sure nothing but the names identified Edward's father and Will's mother; but then he had not expected to find any further coincidence.

"The tail of that 'y' looks queer," said Mr. Royds, in a low voice, but with the air of a man determined to find a flaw, as he pointed to the word "Amy."

"Certainly there is a slight difference of colour in the tails both in the column and in the signature, but there is nothing in that," remarked Edward.

"No, there's not much in that," assented Mr. Royds. "But we must advertise; there may have been another John Frankland and another Amy Campbell."

"It isn't likely," said Edward, yet he seized with hope this last chance of saving his inheritance.

"You were here while the party made his search?" asked Mr. Royds, turning to the clerk.

"Well, I was in and out, never out of sight yer know."

"We can't be sure of that," said the attorney, sententiously; "but I think we may return, Mr. Frankland?"

Mr. Royds advertised in all the newspapers; but nothing came of it, and when all the

delay he could obtain had expired, Edward was again with his solicitor.

He professed himself thoroughly satisfied. He would have liked to fight for his inheritance with any one else, but Will was certainly the elder son of his father, and now there seemed to be proof of his legitimacy. He even felt glad that it was so satisfactory, and that it left no doubt in his own mind about giving up the estate. But he asked Mr. Royds for his advice.

They were sitting in Mr. Royds' snug sanctum, and the attorney pulled his chair round and linked his hand over his knee as he replied,

"I never felt so much difficulty, so much pain, in advising, but my instinct in the case seems so clear that I shall not recommend you to any counsel's opinion. I should make the best possible terms for myself, and surrender everything. I know their case has many very weak points, very weak points, but it is one which every judge would refer wholly to a jury, and one which nine juries out of ten would give against you. Juries are romantic, you know, they rather enjoy putting a good-for-nothing, idle fellow into possession of a fine estate; their sympathies would be with him and not with you, and with a verdict in his favour you would be at the mercy of this man and his adviser,—who, so far as I can learn, is not very nice in his practice."

Edward accepted this advice without hesitation, and it was arranged that Mr. Royds should communicate to Gribble his readiness to surrender Hever Court to Will, receiving security against all future claims, and being allowed to take a few relics of his home.

"You bear this sad blow bravely, Mr. Frankland; but a young man of your abilities, with five thousand pounds which you inherit from your poor mother, is yet in an enviable position. It is early to ask what you purpose to do?"

"My notion is to come to London, and—do something," replied Edward, vaguely.

It was a sad blow, he felt it in its full force as he returned homewards. He must not only give up his old home, and all its proud and happy associations, but, harder still, he must resign his hopes of Lucy's love. In the full enjoyment of his prosperity he had feared her preference for Lord Nantwich; now he could not venture to ask her for that love of which he more than ever craved the possession.

Sad and lonely he sat in the fire-light of the spacious dining-room on the first evening of his return. All around him were mute reminders of a happiness which appeared to have died with his dear mother. The whole

house seemed eloquent of her, of her death and of his own downfall. He tried to convince himself that it would be good for him to be forced thus to resign a life of mere indulgence for one of useful labour. But he had not been brought up to any profession, he had a very modest estimate of his own abilities, and felt a shrinking from the hard conflict with the world which he must endure. Yet he would brace himself for the struggle, on the success of which all his hopes of winning Lucy for his wife must rest.

He clung to his love for her as the only object which gave value to his existence, the only motive sufficient to spur him onward in a new career.

The next day he wrote to Will. He could not feel any regard for the man whose brutality he considered had caused his mother's death. But his letter displayed no ill-feeling, nothing but cold formality. He was so anxious to get away from Hever that he couldn't wait to hear if Will accepted the arrangement he offered through Mr. Royds. He assumed that Gribble had communicated it to Will, and that Will would accept it, and named an early day for Will to meet him and take possession.

Then he found relief for two days in arranging his affairs and selecting the few articles he was to take away.

On the second day, when he had finished this task, he was surprised to find Will and Gribble seated in the dining-room. "They had come," so Mr. Gribble announced, "to say they accepted his proposals, and would accept possession on Friday."

"But you ain't to take your chestnut mare, mind that," said Will.

Edward looked scornfully at him.

"Are you going to remain here till I leave?" he said.

"We're only going to take a look round," sneered Gribble. And they rose leisurely, leaving the house.

It was necessary that he should pay a farewell visit to Thistlewood. He had fixed upon this afternoon for going there to take leave of Lady Dunman and Lucy, so he ordered his horse and set out.

"Would they have heard of his disposure?" He hoped so, that he might be spared from telling them the story. Were it otherwise, he thought bitterly how, as he announced his departure, Lady Dunman's manner would become politely cool and formal, yet telling as plainly as the most cruel language that he must lose not only his house but his love, and Lucy? She would not love him less—Edward felt sure of that; but did she care for him at all? that is, other than as a

friend? He feared not. "And yet no one," thought he, "can be insensible to such love as mine. If it has not positive dislike to overcome, it must win some increase of regard."

Now that he must go he was anxious to leave Hever Court. Whatever his new life was to be, there would be at least a sense of relief in escaping from his present false position. And Will's manner to him of late had not been such as might have been expected from one who gained so much, and without a struggle, by his downfall. He couldn't account for Will's harsh and somewhat brutal behaviour. He knew that Will coveted Clara Smithson for his wife; he had heard so; it was at one time the talk of the village; but Edward was far too modest, and she had given him but little reason to suspect her passionate love for him, while he was much too proud to suppose that Will could be jealous of the ordinary attentions he had paid to Mrs. Smithson's handsome niece. He couldn't account in any way for the increased animosity which Will showed towards himself.

But this did not occupy much of his thought. As he approached Lady Dunman's house, he was engrossed with the importance of this interview to himself. He had nothing to say but good-bye. He would never more be their neighbour at Bingwell. But perhaps Lady Dunman would ask him to call upon them in town. He had nothing more to gain. He couldn't ask Lucy to marry a man with a couple of hundreds a year, and with no means of increasing his income. He must work for years, and with success, before he could venture to ask her. He felt he could do this with ever so little encouragement. He should be able to-day to see if she threw him off altogether. Then he felt he would indeed be careless of his life. His heart told him how anxious he was now; he could feel it beating as he dismounted and inquired for Lady Dunman.

She was at home, but he found Lucy alone. He affected an unnaturally easy manner as he entered the drawing-room, intending to show Lucy that he was not broken down by his troubles.

He was saying, "I'm come to take leave, Miss Dunman," and she, "Mamma will be here presently," when their hands and eyes met, and Edward read such a tender expression of sympathy in Lucy's eyes, and felt it in the momentary lingering of her hand in his, that his artificial courage broke down within him, and he thought tears were coming to his eyes. His own loss of fortune could not have summoned them, but they came out of his grateful love of this

gentle girl for her unspoken sympathy—sympathy which he felt he needed most as he crushed down the almost irresistible impulse to clasp her to his heart.

(To be continued.)

TREES AND GARDENS OF OLD LONDON.

THINGS are sadly changed with the streets of London since Leigh Hunt wrote his delightful work, "The Town." At that time there was "scarcely a street in the City, or beyond its pale, from some part of which the passenger might not discover a tree." Within the last few years, however, many of these trees to which he alluded have disappeared. Such, for instance, were the luxuriant elms standing in the "Upper Green" of Charterhouse some thirty years ago, still fondly remembered by many a Carthusian, and the memory of most of our readers will readily supply numerous other instances. At present there certainly still remains a sycamore at the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside, another in front of Stationers' Hall, two or three in Salters' Hall Court, and a few trees more may be found overshadowing the graves in the quiet little City churchyards; but Leigh Hunt's assertion on the whole holds good no longer. Here and there also, in the heart of the City, a poor, forlorn-looking little garden may still be seen; its soil, damp, cold, and greasy-like that of a dungeon, only by a violent effort succeeds in producing a stunted, feeble, and lanky vegetation of melancholy wallflowers and consumptive marigolds. But these are only the poor deteriorated remains of so many that once gladdened the eye. Century after century the process of deruralising London has been going on, steadily and constantly. Innumerable trees and gardens have disappeared before the march of brick and mortar; smoke and foul air have done the rest.

An old manuscript tells us about a mulberry tree in the garden of Carlisle House, Lambeth, called Queen Elizabeth's tree, which was full of fruit as late as the summer of 1753. Its shade was nearly fifty yards in circumference; between four and five hundred pottles of fruit were gathered in one summer, whilst the ground all under and about the tree looked as if soaked with blood, owing to people treading upon the fallen fruit. Two other large mulberry trees were growing in 1722 in a little yard about sixteen feet square, at Sams' Coffee House in Ludgate Street. In the same year a vine at the Rose Tavern, at Temple Bar, "where the sun rarely comes," had ripe grapes upon it; whilst figs came to full maturity at the Rolls' Garden in Chancery Lane, and also in a garden belonging to Bridewell.

About a century ago, the Rev. William George Barnes, then lecturer of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, planted a fig tree in the fore-court of Wine Office Court, the history of which is that it was a little slip cut off a famous old tree at a house in Fleet Street, which house had been known by the sign of the Fig Tree. The tree in Wine Office Court attained considerable size and beauty, when, about 1820, the greater part had to be cut down, owing to its having been blasted by lightning during a severe storm. But the amputation preserved it, though now only a wreck, and two slips were planted in the area, which have flourished there despite soot and smoke. A great number of fig trees have been propagated from this stock, and many of them are planted in the country, the fineness of the leaf in such a situation surprising all the *cognoscenti*.

In 1831 there grew in a small space behind a house in Artillery Court, Finsbury Square, a fine old lilac tree, which was known to have been upwards of a century old. It grew in a box of small dimensions, filled with earth, but it was supposed that its roots had found their way out of this confined place into the soil underneath. It was, at that time, sixteen inches in circumference in the largest part, and eighteen feet in height, and still flowered every year, but not so abundantly as in the days of its youth. A few years since there was a fine old fig tree at the back of a house in King Street, Covent Garden. The trunk was finally cut down in order to erect a wall on its site; but shoots continued to spring from the roots for many years after. This tree was perhaps the last remainder of "the Convent garden," which anciently bounded the Strand on the north, extending from the present St. Martin's Lane to Drury Lane, these two lanes then being the only approaches to the neighbouring village of St. Giles'.

Gower Street, Bedford Square, was still so perfectly healthy and free from smoke forty years ago, that grapes were ripened by the sun in the open air in the garden of one of the houses. Lord Eldon often used to speak of the fine fruit which he raised in the garden of his house in Gower Street, and also mentioned in court the sad effect which the smoke had upon his garden. A still more extraordinary fact is that even so late as the year 1800, Mr. William Bentham, of Upper Gower Street, had nearly twenty-five dozen of the finest-looking and most delicious nectarines, all fit for the table, gathered from three completely exposed trees in his garden. The same garden, even long after, continued also to produce the richest flavoured celery in the greatest abundance.

But these are solitary instances of what

formerly were common occurrences. How abundant vines at one time were in London the names of various streets attest:—Vine Street, Saffron Hill; Vine Street and Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane; and Vine Street, Westminster; all these are so called from the vineyards whence the good prelates of Ely and of Westminster derived thin and unpalatable table wines for the daily use of their religious communities. Saffron Hill, again, refers to the old Ely gardens, in which this sunny bank was appropriated to the rearing of crocus plants, from which the monks derived their saffron. A glance at the maps of old London will show that the metropolis anciently abounded with open areas and gardens. The more remote the period, the less valuable the ground, and the greater the number of gardens. In the time of Henry VIII., for instance, when Sir Thomas More wrote his delightful historical romance of "Utopia," he describes London under the name of Amaurot, and thus notices its horticultural attractions:—"There lie gardens behind all their houses; these are large, but enclosed with buildings, that on all hands face the streets, so that every house hath both a door to the street and a back-door to the garden. They cultivate their gardens with great care, so that they have vines, fruits, herbs and flowers in them; and all is so well-ordered, and so finely kept, that I never saw any gardens anywhere, that were both so fruitful and so beautiful as theirs. And this humour of ordering their gardens so well is not only kept up by the pleasure they find in it, but also by an emulation between the inhabitants of the several streets who vie with each other, and there is indeed nothing more beautiful belonging to the whole town, that is both more useful and more pleasant." There is one of the old London streets in which those pleasant old gardens remain, namely, in Worship Street, Shoreditch. Every house in that street has still its little garden in front of it, several of them still can boast a few trees, but of a stunted city growth. With a little stretch of imagination, however, one may picture to himself what they were a couple of centuries ago, when each garden was one blush of roses, pinks, and carnations; when pretty, trim City dames and damsels sat there on summer evenings in bowers of honeysuckle, whirling their spinning-wheels, whilst pater-familias was smoking his pipe and pondering over the columns of the London Gazette.

Earlier still we find places, now in the heart of the City, to have been lovely spots, with gardens such as the mediæval poets describe, and the limners pourtray in illuminated manuscripts, with square flower-beds and narrow

footpaths, bordered with box, lilies, and crown imperials in vases, and seats of turf, on which the fair ladies read romances of chivalry and the gentlemen played at chess. Other gardens, again, were for use as well as ornament. Such were those of the Earl of Lincoln, which occupied twenty acres of ground, and from which Lincoln's Inn derives its name. There is still extant an account rendered by the earl's bailiff in the year 1295. From that interesting old document it appears that apples, pears, nuts, and cherries were produced there in sufficient quantity, not only to supply his lordship's table, but also to yield the comparatively large sum of 9*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* (equal to about 135*l.* of modern currency) by their sale. The vegetables cultivated there were beans, onions, garlic, leeks, and others; hemp was also grown, and a plant, perhaps sorrel, which yielded verjuice. The only flowers named are roses, of which a quantity was sold, producing 3*s.* 2*d.* There was also a pond or vivary in the garden, in which pikes were reared. This account further shows that the garden was enclosed by a paling and fosse.

Attached to the town-house or hostel of the Bishops of Ely, in Holborn, was another large garden, comprising vineyard, kitchen-garden, and orchard. The choice strawberries they produced appear to have been celebrated in the time of Richard III. Shakespeare alludes to this circumstance when he makes that king, when Duke of Gloucester, thus address the Bishop of Ely:—

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them.

This passage Shakespeare has taken almost literally from Hall's Chronicles. In Queen Elizabeth's time this garden abounded in roses. The poor bishop, who was ejected in a rather unceremonious manner by good Queen Bess, in favour of her handsome Lord Chancellor Hatton, for a rent of 10*l.* a year, ten loads of hay, and a red rose at Midsummer, highly valued these gardens. Though driven from them, his soul hankered after their fresh shade, and he took particular care to reserve for himself and his successors free access to them, and the right of yearly gathering there twenty bushels of roses; a fact which speaks well for the quantity the gardens produced.

The Strand, in those early days, was mainly a road lined with noble mansions, those on the south side having large gardens attached to them, extending down to the Thames. Izaak Walton quotes an allusion to these gardens from a contemporary German poet:—

So many gardens dress'd with curious care,
That Thames with royal Tiber may compare.

Even as late as the reign of George I., many of the houses in Craven Buildings, Strand, had trees before them; and one large elm stood at the upper end of little Drury Lane, nearly opposite to the well-known Cock and Pie alehouse. The greater part of this neighbourhood remained open until the reign of Charles I., when it began to be built over, and became a fashionable suburb, with bowling-alleys, gaming-houses, and taverns in every direction. There were also numerous gardens, the names of which still survive, as in Short's Gardens, Brown's Gardens, &c., all of which have long since been formed into streets. Some of the bowling-greens even remained in the time of Charles II. A French traveller, M. Moncony, who visited England in 1663, remarks that he passed by several of them—"where it was as pleasant to observe the facility with which the bowl ran over the smooth grass, as to see the dexterity of the players." Large gardens, which once had been private property, in after years frequently became places of resort and entertainment. Old London abounded with them in every direction, and many of them being built over, gave names to the streets and buildings erected on their site; such were, for instance: Baldwin's Gardens, Holborn; Booker's Gardens, Leadenhall; Coxe's Gardens, Wapping; the Great Gardens, St. Catherine's Lane; Hop Gardens, St. Martin's Lane; Parker's Gardens, Heydon Square; Pye Gardens, Willow Street; Shepherd's Gardens, Minories; Strype's Gardens, Kent Street; West Gardens, Gravel Lane; and many more whose names are now utterly forgotten.

All the streets which were then outside the walls (i.e., beyond the present London Wall), were composed of country residences. Bishopsgate, Shoreditch, Houndsditch, and all those outlying neighbourhoods were lined with the houses of the rich City merchants, and had beautiful gardens behind them. It is hard to realise now, that *mutata mutandis*, those dirty, smoky neighbourhoods once bore much the same appearance as St. John's Wood, Fulham, and other favourite suburban localities at the present day. Yet so it was. From the gardens and enclosures to the northern side of Whitechapel and Houndsditch, the grounds were merely shaded by trees; and Spital fields were entirely open. The old plans represent horses grazing and men shooting with the bow in that now densely-populated locality. From Houndsditch a line of detached edifices with gardens between and behind them extended to Shoreditch Church, which was nearly the

last building in that direction. Bishopsgate Without was the favourite locality for the rich City merchants; there Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the first Exchange, had his suburban residence; and there Sir Paul Pindar, in the reign of Charles I., possessed a magnificent country-house. The remains of this last mansion are now degraded into a public-house bearing Sir Paul's Head for its sign, and are still remarkable for their bow-front and ample extent of windows. What a different view there was in those days enjoyed from these windows, over—

Hedgerow elms, and hillocks green,
leading into meadows where cattle grazed,
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistled o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe.

All was an open field then between the gardens of Bishopsgate Without and Hackney, Hoxton, and Kingland. All these were quiet rural parishes, so entirely distinct from London that the inhabitants spoke a broad country dialect, utterly unintelligible to the cockney, as may be seen in Ben Jonson's play of "The New Inn." At a little distance from the Sir Paul Pindar's alehouse, in Half-Moon Alley, there is another old structure ornamented with figures, probably allegorical, but now too much obliterated to show what they originally meant. This building is traditionally reported to have been the keeper's lodge in the park attached to Sir Paul's residence. This, however, from the style of the building, appears scarcely probable. Of the gardens, vestiges were remaining even in the beginning of this century, when shoots of mulberry trees, fig trees, vines, and various other fruit trees frequently used to make their appearance in open bits of ground in this locality, sprouting, no doubt, from the roots of the trees which had provided fruit for Sir Paul Pindar's table.

Old Street, St. Luke's, was so open and airy in the time of James I., that the choicest fruits of the kingdom were reared there in the garden of one John Milton. A piece of land in that same street, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, bore the name of the Rose Ground, a name which sufficiently speaks for itself. The neighbourhood of Houndsditch is another most striking instance of these continual encroachments of the town on the surrounding country. Hog Lane, three centuries ago, notwithstanding its unpleasant name, was a sunny, rural lane, with hedgerows of flowering hawthorn and lofty elms. So delightful was this spot that many rich gentlemen built houses there, the Spanish Ambassador Gon-

domar being one of them. Stow's remarks upon this place are very pertinent, and though rather lengthy, are well worth quoting in full. That worthy old chronicler, in 1603, regretting the disappearance of verdure and open spaces, thus mentions Hog Lane, "with the passing tribute of a sigh." "Within these forty years, Hog Lane had on both sides fair hedgerows of elms, with pleasant bridges and easy stiles to pass over into the pleasant fields, very commodious for citizens therein to walk, shoot, or otherwise to recreate and refresh their dull spirits in the sweet and wholesome air, which is now within a few years made a continual building throughout of garden-houses and small cottages, and the fields on either side be turned into garden-plots, tenter-yards, bowling-alleys, and such like, from Houndsditch in the west as far as Whitechapel and further towards the east. On the south side of the highway from Aldgate were some few tenements thinly scattered here and there, with many void spaces between them up to the bars, but now (1603) that street is not only replenished with buildings outward, and also *pestered* with divers alleys on either side to the bar, but even to Whitechapel and beyond."

Besides the above-mentioned private gardens, Old London contained a fair allotment of walks and gardens for exercise and recreation, where the good citizens were wont to take their evening walks in summer when the shops and counting-houses were closed. Pleasant little spots they were, with grass-plots, garden patches, and *parterres* of spring and summer flowers, all drawn by the square, neatly gravelled walks, and pairs of trees, clipped hedgerows and hawthorn bushes, here and there certain mysterious arbours, love-making retreats for young Cheapside milliners and gay beaux from the Inns of Court, dress-makers and smart apprentices from Eastcheap. One of the oldest was the Drapers' Garden, Throgmorton Street, originally the garden of Thomas Cromwell's residence, and bought with his house by the Drapers' Company on his attainder in 1541. How this arrogant favourite had formed his garden by taking those of his neighbours, may be seen from Stow's narrative, who was one of the sufferers. "His house being finished, and having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden, he [Cromwell] caused the pales of the gardens adjoining to the north part thereof on a sudden to be taken down; twenty-two feet to be measured forth right into the north of every man's ground; a line to be drawn, a trench to be cast, a foundation laid, and a high brick wall to be built. My father had a garden there, and a house

standing close to his south pale. This house they loosed from the ground, and bare upon rollers into my father's garden twenty-two feet, ere my father heard thereof; no warning was given him, nor other answer when he spoke to the surveyors of that work, but that their master, Sir Thomas, commanded them so to do. No man durst go to argue the matter, but each man lost his land, and my father paid his whole rent, which was six shillings and sixpence the year, for that half which was left." This Drapers' Garden continued a favourite walk with the City beaux as late as the time of Queen Anne. Spring Gardens, Charing Cross, existed already in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; the Mulberry Gardens, St. James's Park, were formed by her successor, James I. Both these gardens were in great vogue for many years, and were only done away with in the reign of Charles II.; but owing to their distance they were more especially frequented by the Court gallants; the citizens could only show off their finery there on Sundays. Moorfields was formed into walks in 1606; it was laid out in four large square grass-plots, surrounded with shady elms, which formed very pleasant avenues and walks, at the end of which was the open country, even as late as 1663. All about the place there were music houses, in which the men servants and maid servants and the City apprentices generally spent their holidays.

To those various other public gardens were added after the Restoration. Gray's Inn Walk (where Mrs. Pepys "went to see the fashions," and which Howell calls "the pleasantest place about London,") and Lincoln's Inn Gardens, were both made about the same time. Goodman's Fields, once Goodman's Farm, where Stow, in his boyish days, used to buy "never less than three pints of milk for a halfpenny in summer, and a quart in winter, hot from the kine," was also used as a walk in those days. Pall Mall then really had "sweet shady sides," elm trees, a hundred and forty in number, were growing on both sides of the walk, "in a very decent and regular manner." But walks and gardens, like all other things, had their day. In course of time Drapers' Garden gave way to Moorfields; Moorfields to Gray's Inn; Gray's Inn to the Mall in St. James's Park; the Mall to the Long Walk in Kensington Gardens; whilst in our own time the walk by the Lady's Mile in Hyde Park is the only one frequented by the *élite*.

Of the health of the vegetation of Old London we find but scanty mention; though from the open spaces and absence of coal-smoke we may assume the verdure to have

been more luxuriant than that which clad the turf and green of the metropolis in our times. It should be remembered that coals anciently had been proscribed as a nuisance; and their use became not universal in London until the reign of Charles I. These circumstances would materially aid the rural character of the old metropolis. The great fire of 1666, however, swept away the old houses with their pleasant little gardens. Ground by that time had become too valuable to admit of their being added to the new houses erected in their stead. But in Sir Christopher Wren's noble plan for rebuilding the City, public walks to make up for the loss of private gardens were not forgotten. Private interest, however, interfered and prevented the execution of his magnificent design. JACOB LARWOOD.

THE STORY OF THREE HEARTS.

(FROM A. PETÖFI.)

I.

THERE was a knight bereft of native land,
For it was crush'd beneath the foeman's hand,
Laid waste and desolate; the fitful glare
From burning homesteads fill'd the heavy air;
The scorching flames, with their ill-omen'd light,
Badly illumed the features of the knight.
His blood, which erst was for his country shed,
Still trickled; but, alas! in vain he bled;
That blood his nation's fortunes to restore
Served not; he lives, his country is no more!
Despised and banish'd from his home at last,
He is a branch torn by the wintry blast
From off the parent tree whereon it grew,
And wildly hurried on, the wide world through.
The tempest bore him onward, tarrying not,
But when his footsteps reach'd the sacred spot
Where erst his country's boundary stone did stand,
He threw himself upon the burning sand,
And there the last drops of his tears he gave
Unto the earth, now made his people's grave.
Tears were his only fortune now, so he
Must needs expend them only sparingly.
He then arose, to wander far and wide,
His mute grief like a shadow by his side.

II.

When weary with his wanderings, and distress'd,
Within a silent vale he sought for rest,
In a strange country, 'midst a foreign nation;
And there it was his secret consolation
That death would find him out more easily
Than if he wildly roam'd o'er land and sea.
The greatest prize upon earth's face the knight
Full surely deem'd to be death's blossom white.
For this he waited in the vale each day
Whither he came, and where he now would stay.

III.

Within that valley lived a maiden fair,
A very paragon of beauty rare;
And yet the knight her beauty could not see,
His soul saw but his country's misery.
He saw not how upon his countenance
The maid was wont to cast her timid glance;

He was unconscious of the fiery glow
That glance was wont upon his face to throw.—
So pass'd the maid's sad days within that vale,
Her face grew paler than the lily pale
With the fierce pain of yearning long suppress'd;
For she, the peasant maiden, ne'er confess'd
(Although she was of wealthy race) that she
Did love the high-born knight so tenderly.

IV.

In that same valley lived a homely youth,
Honest but poor, of humble birth in truth;
He spent his days in hopeless misery,
And would have surely perish'd, had not he
From time to time his drooping strength restored
By gazing on the maiden's face adored.
Only in secret he her charms dared view
Which o'er life's gloom their magic lustre threw,
For he, who deem'd himself well off whene'er
Somewhat more food than usual was his share,
How could he tell the wealthy peasant maiden
How with love's pangs his heart was deeply laden?
Yet he was happy and of cheerful mien,
Could he but see her at a distance e'en.

V.

At length the solemn hour arrived which bore
The hapless knight to that eternal shore
Where 'gainst brave nations no proud tyrant churl
His puny thunderbolts has power to hurl.
Back to his mother earth his corpse they gave,
But, ah! no stone was there to mark his grave.
The maiden's heart, with speechless grief oppress'd,
Was turn'd to stone already in her breast;
And when the heart hath lost its feeling thus,
What charms can this vain world hold out to us?
She died, borne down by her great sorrow's burden,
And slept where pain was still'd, and peace her
guerdon.

And the poor wight, disconsolate and lonely,
How could he live a life of sorrow only,
When she, for whom alone he lived, had died?—
He heal'd his bleeding heart by suicide!

VI.

At midnight, when the graves give up their dead,
The poor youth rose from out his narrow bed,
And wander'd forth to seek the grassy dell
Where they had buried her he loved so well.
That face now glorified he fain would see,
Whose earthly eyes had beam'd so tenderly.
Yet in her tomb he found her not; alone
Had she along the spirit pathway gone
To the knight's grave, once more to see him there:
His grave was empty, vain was all her prayer;
The knight had gone to a far land, to see
If his dear native country yet was free!

EDGAR A. BOWRING.

A RAMBLING PAPER.

I DON'T know why I should care so much about elder bushes, but they have been favourites of mine ever since I was a child. There is something very grateful to me in their cool, delicate flowers, blossoming in clusters on fragile stems, and in their fresh, tender leaves; and I always fall into a pleasant reverie when an elder bush or tree is within sight. Perhaps, too, they bring



"COME BUY MY PRETTY WINDMILLS."—BY G. J. PINWELL.

summer and winter together in one's thoughts, for, looking a little in advance, one pictures the purple-black berries taking the place of the feathery bloom, and then one is led to dream of the future fate of the rich, ripe fruit, how it shall be pressed into the homely wine-cup that gossips recommend as a rare cordial to keep out the cold on a wintry night. And though summer has scarce done more than peep out shyly to see if mother earth quite expects her, and has made everything ready for her welcome before she really comes, and though one is longing to see whether she is as lovely as she was last year, one cannot help knowing that her stay will not be long; and it is pleasant to think that when her reign is over, and the winds are freed from their prisons, and the snow is driving across the moor, that there are cheery, crackling fires to sit by within doors, and many a wintry joy to look forward to, that is cared for only in its due season.

I am thinking now of an elder tree that shaded the window of an old house that I have not entered for many a year, and probably shall never enter again. Doubtless the elder tree is cut down, for the house is sadly changed and looks gloomy enough; and other houses have sprung up around it, and the place where it stands is no longer country but the outskirts of a town. Possibly before long even the poor semblance of country that it so pitifully boasts at present will fade away; and I may hear the great wheels of some monster mill whirring, whirring, till the sound makes me dizzy, or I may see the smoke puffing out of some giant chimney, and keeping up a constant supply of dreary black clouds between the smoke-stained earth and the clear blue heavens.

But, dark and dingy as the place is now, it was once country; and country people lived there, and country children played there, and farmers' wives went forth from thence to market, laden with eggs and butter, to say nothing of fine fat poultry. There are fowls straying about there now and a few antediluvian ducks; but the fowls have the sober, depressed air of town-fowls, and the ducks are so deplorably muddy that they seem to be almost conscious of it themselves. Once upon a time, too, Hetty Lovell lived there, but that is many a year ago. I had well-nigh forgotten her existence, until a splendid elder bush, that straggled far out of its proper limits in the hedge-row, somehow reminded me of her existence, and made me think of many an old picture that had been packed away in obscure corners of my mental storehouse.

Sometime or other I must go through my gallery and examine my pictures and see

what I have of value and of rubbish there. They have been hidden away for so long that they have been as good as lost to me.

The elder bough to-day brushed some of memory's cobwebs away, and the picture of Hetty as I first saw her was revealed to me. Hetty was the orphan niece of a well-to-do farmer in the place, and in return for her maintenance took care of two little cousins. She might have been at the time of which I am speaking, a bright, rosy girl of thirteen or fourteen, somewhat sentimental, and given to stray bits of reading whenever any, reading came in her way, which was only occasionally, for books were not so very plentiful in those days.

Yet perhaps one read as much worth reading then as now, and literature not of an inferior type, for I often speculate as to whether the best books have not been already written, and whether we are really making the great advance upon which we flatter ourselves.

It might naturally be thought that with all the writers of the past to profit by, an author should in these times be something super-excellent; but I suppose that authors, like other human beings, do not profit by the experience of others, they usually start in life with an atmosphere of "self" surrounding them, which prevents their seeing anything else clearly, and it takes them some time to discover that higher up there is a purer air to be breathed. Sometimes, however, they don't emerge from the atmosphere of "self" at all, and then one may be sure that they are not good for much.

Whether the insatiable craving after amusing literature that now exists is a true sign of the advance of the age as a reading age, is doubtful. Whether the exciting, harrowing, sickly, sentimental, morbid trash that people swallow does not prevent a healthy appetite for higher, better things, is scarcely doubtful. But it has an answer—people must be amused; ay, amusement and pleasure are the aims of people now. Pleasure is made a duty, and it is a harder duty to perform (so people find to their cost) than duty itself. It is very hard work to do nothing but amuse oneself; so hard, indeed, that no one is able to do it, and, breaking down under the task, wants some one to do it for him. Amusement must be found, the more exciting the better. So the market is kept supplied. There is a hot-bed pressure going on, everything is unnaturally forced forward. Can it be helped, or is it the true result of an advanced age? It is a question that admits of argument, there is more than one stand-point from which to view it. Children can no longer amuse themselves, alas!

soon perhaps there will be no children, but a race of prematurely old-young beings, who will scarce have had a babyhood. For we are in the "Fast" age. Fathers, mothers, nurse-maids, and a whirling-world pressure are bringing on unconsciously this development. But to return to Hetty, and how I made her acquaintance.

I was staying at the rectory, and had been initiated by the rector's kindly wife into all the mysteries of the schools, and the parish, and the people, and my attention called to Hetty Lovell in particular, as the model girl, and carrier of all the prizes; "and she's as good out of school as in, and I daresay you would find her at this moment on the village green, taking care of those two children as carefully as any mother," said the good lady; and so it turned out, and in my stroll I perceived a girl standing with an air of slight perplexity, for she had evidently had to make the best of a difficulty which she could not overcome. Crouched at her feet was a child who had been indulging in what is technically termed "a good cry," and had now subsided into spasmodic sobs at gradually protracted intervals.

An elder child spinning a "windmill," stood at a little distance.

"You must let Bessy have a turn just now," said Hetty, stooping down and lifting the younger child from the ground.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

The child, who had lost sight of its grief in its bewilderment at seeing a stranger, now began to sob again, as its eyes sought out a man with a basket of treasures similar to the one its sister was twirling.

"If you please Susan had a ha'penny," explained Hetty; "but a ha'penny only buys one."

"And Bessy had no money, I suppose. Here, Bessy," said I, putting my hand into my pocket.

Bessy's eyes brightened; she shook away the two great tears that were rolling down her cheeks—they were the last, the sobs were hushed as if by magic. Bessy had recovered her equanimity. She took the penny, and trotted off to make her purchase in as old-fashioned a manner as if she had been a dozen years older, and returned with her windmill and her ha'penny change, which I desired her to keep for another day.

How very soon children learn the value of money; there is something almost sad in it.

After that I had many a talk with Hetty, and at parting presented her with a book which I daresay she keeps to this day in her drawer amongst sprigs of lavender. I have

never seen her since, and but for the straggling elder bush should probably not have thought of her. Yet now I wonder what has become of her. I hope she has married a farmer, and is living in the country; or else she must look back with longing to those early days of hers. Perhaps not, for the mind seems to have a wonderful capacity for suiting itself to the circumstances into which it is thrown. And then there is the picture-gallery of memory always with us, and sometimes it may fall to our lot to revisit old haunts, and conjure up some of the feelings of days gone by.

Here I make a pause, and enter into a disquisition with myself as to whether there is not a good deal of unreal sentiment talked about the pleasure of revisiting old scenes. I believe there is oftentimes as much pain as pleasure in it. For what has once gone by can never be the same again, and we return not to the old haunts with the feelings with which we left them. We find the old picture changed; new figures are painted in, or old figures are painted out, it does not look quite like the original, it does not quite come up to the image that has dwelt with us since we left it, and with the throb of pleasure comes a touch of pain, an undefined pang.

It may be different in extreme old age, when time has to a certain extent blunted the feelings and bridged over the gulf that roars and foams between our childhood and our later days. When the silver cord is nearly loosened, and as we draw nearer the shores of the great kingdom, we become again as little children; our minds purified from the dross that clogs them on the battle-field of life, our weapons laid aside, and the evening-time is flooded with a gentle light, soft and mellow like a delicious autumn day. The sun has lost its burning heat, and shines steadily and mildly; and by the aid of those chastened rays we perhaps see more clearly than we could when the noontide light was dazzling us; the shadows then melt into the landscape, and they are not so hard nor so defined. There is a hush, and in that hush we look upon the past calmly, trustingly. Wild regrets are silenced, hot tears have ceased to flow, heart-wounds are healed; for the life-dream is coming to a close and will soon fade away in the joyful waking to eternity.

But whither have my thoughts wandered? They have strayed far away from the elder bushes and from Hetty Lovell. The elder bough has waved as a magic wand over my heart, and set in motion thoughts and fancies I little expected to meet with in my mental ramble.

JULIA GODDARD.



WANDERERS.

As o'er the hill we roam'd at will,
My dog and I together,
We marked a chaise, by two bright bays
Slow-moved amid the heather :

Two bays arch-neck'd, with tails erect,
And gold upon their blinkers;
And by their side an ass I spied:
It was a wandering tinker's.

The chaise roll'd by, nor aught cared I,
Such things are not in my way;
I join'd me to the tinker, who
Was turning down a by-way.

I ask'd him where he lived. A stare
Was all I got in answer,
As on he trudged. I rightly judged
The stare said, "Where I can, sir."

I ask'd him if he'd take a whiff
Of 'baccy. He acceded
He grew communicative too,
And talk'd as we proceeded;
Till of the tinker's life, I think,
I knew as much as he did.

"I loiter down by thorp and town;
For any job I'm willing;
Take here and there a lusty crown,
And here and there a shilling.

"I deal in every ware in turn;
I've rings for pretty Sally
That sparkle like those eyes of her'n;
I've liquor for the valet.

"I steal from th' parson's strawberry-plots,
I hide by th' squire's covers;
I teach the sweet young housemaids what's
The art of trapping lovers.

"The things I've done 'neath moon and stars
Have got me into messes:
I've seen the sky through prison bars,
I've torn up prison dresses.

"I've sat, I've sigh'd, I've gloom'd, I've glanc'd
With envy at the swallows,
That through the window slid, and danced
(Quite happy) round the gallows :

"But out again I come, and show
My face, nor care a stiver;
For trades are brisk and trades are slow,
But mine goes on for ever."

Thus on he prattled like a babbling brook.
Then I : "The sun has alit behind the hill,
And my aunt Vivian dines at half-past six."
So in all love we parted; I to the Hall,
He to the village. It was noised next noon
That chickens had been miss'd at Syllabub Farm.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

A FEW MONTHS IN GREEK WATERS.

PART II.

ON Monday, the 3rd of August, an hour or two before we left Nauplia for Athens again, a hale old officer, in full uniform, came from Argos to pay us a visit, a venerable relic of Napoleon's wars, the Chevalier Bellino, sometime sous-lieutenant in the Grand Army, and now a retired major of cavalry in the Greek service. He was seventy-six years old, and was taken for a conscript in his native land (Piedmont) in 1809, when that country was under French rule. He was at Wagram, and went through the terrible Moscow campaign and retreat, including Smolensko, during which time he belonged to Davoust's corps. Subsequently, he was under Soult at Salamanca and Vittoria. In 1814 he was compelled to serve against Napoleon. In 1825 he visited England, where he met the Duke of Wellington, the King of the Belgians, &c., and some years afterwards joined the Greek army. He wore the Legion of Honour and the St. Helena medal. The old gentleman was a perfect polyglot, speaking, as he did, Russian, Greek, Italian (his native tongue), Spanish, French, German, and a smattering of English.

At 3.30 p.m. we got under way for Athens, *vid* Hydra, where we were requested to look in and ascertain the state of affairs. The Hydriotes, who took such a conspicuous part in the War of Independence, had been indulging in a quiet little revolution on their own account. It seems that Bulgaria, an envoy from the temporary government at Athens, had hoisted our flag on his house, but without any authority whatever from head-quarters. The people, suspecting him of being engaged in some unpatriotic plot, rose against him, and forcibly turned him out of the island. On our arrival there we found that the storm had passed away, and that the political atmosphere was clear again. The town is built on the sides of the hill which stands at the head of the harbour, the streets being very precipitous and irregular. The houses, which are substantially built, closely packed, and white-washed—tier above tier—present a very curious and picturesque appearance when viewed from the sea at a distance of three-quarters of a mile. The whole island is a bare rock, not a tree, or a shrub, or a blade of vegetation to be seen anywhere. They have not even a single well of water, but employ cisterns to catch the rain.

On our arrival off Athens we found the flags at half-mast for Lieutenant Blair, of the Trafalgar, who had just died. He was the only officer who had the luck of being saved when

the ill-fated Heron was capized in a tornado on the coast of Africa.

The weather during the month of August was perfect. It was not too hot to walk at any time of the day, and in the evening the air was delicious, the sky so clear and pure, and the atmosphere the lightest and driest ever breathed. The evening tints were beautiful in the extreme, the hills taking a deep purple tone at sunset.

On the 5th of September we left our old anchorage in Phalerum Bay, and went into the Bay of Salamis with Her Majesty's ships Orlando, Trafalgar, and Meeanee. Our anchorage was on the very spot where the great sea-fight had taken place, mid-way between the Seat of Xerxes on the main-land (where he sat during the engagement) and the site of old Salamis on the island, traces of which may still be seen near the modern village of Ampelakia. The little island of Psyttaleia, and a small projecting head-land on the opposite side of the straits, shut in the entrance from the Piræus, whilst a spur of Mount Ægaleos on one side, and a high mountain ridge in Salamis on the other, hid the open Bay of Eleusis from our sight, so that we seemed to be lying at anchor in a beautiful calm lake. Our thoughts, naturally enough, often wandered back to the time when

A king sat on the rocky brow

Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis :

And ships by thousands lay below,

And men in nations ;—all were his !

He counted them at break of day—

But when the sun set where were they ?

How changed is everything now ! Scarcely a human being was to be seen, except occasionally a solitary peasant driving before him an ass or small shaggy pony along the track that winds round the beach from the Piræus to Eleusis, and who dolefully wished you *καλη 'σπέρα* (pronounced *spey'ra*), i.e., "good day," literally "good evening ;" to whom I would reply *καλη 'μέρα* (*may'ra*),* thinking it more appropriate by daylight.

And then, again, with regard to Salamis, which, according to Homer, sent its twelve war-ships to Troy, to-day it does not boast of as many fishing-boats, and probably not one of its inhabitants ever heard of its ancient name, by which alone we know it. When Spon lodged there with the "papas Johannis," he remarks that he was "a man less ignorant than any of his parishioners, since he knew

* As the correct pronunciation of Greek was some time ago discussed in the Times, I add a few remarks on the modern pronunciation in Greece itself : α has the sound of our *a* in *far* ; ι and ω = *a* in *fare* ; η, ι, υ, ο, ε = *e* in *he* ; ε and ω = *o* in *don* ; αυ = *af* or *av* ; ιυ = *if* or *ev* ; ου = *oo* in *poop* ; φ = *v* ; γ something like our *y*, e.g. γίγαντες (*gigantes*) ; θ = *th* in *this* ; θ = *th* in *thing* ; χ like a guttural *k* slightly aspirated.

that the island was formerly called Salamis, and this information he received from his father."

We remained here, with a slight break, for nearly three months, and in spite of the unusual solitude and dulness of all around us, I have heard many of the officers say that they seldom, if ever, passed a pleasanter time in a quiet way than they did here. A few yards from the landing-place the dry bed of a small lagoon, which in winter is covered with water to the depth of a couple of feet, afforded ground for quoit-playing and cricket; but our great source of amusement was cutting down juniper bushes and manufacturing them into walking-sticks. Many of us would scale Mount Ægaleos nearly every day for that purpose, and wander over the ridges beyond and down the slopes facing Megara and Eleusis, returning each time with a back-load of sticks sufficient to freight a donkey. Some of the little valleys were very beautiful, more particularly the one at the foot of which stands the monastery of Skalamandra, the only house to be seen within a circuit of twelve or fifteen miles. A few larks on the lower grounds were the only living things that we saw during our numerous rambles, save once or twice a shepherd, or a brigand armed to the stomach, his pouch full of yatagans and flint-lock pistols, and one solitary bird of Minerva; which, in spite of its sanctity, we shot and preserved.

In one of our stick-cutting expeditions we were unfortunate enough to be unintentionally guilty of arson. Early on a Saturday morning three of us left the ship to get out of the way of the holy-stoning and scrubbing, and determined to make a day of it among the junipers, taking with us a fowl to cook for our luncheon. Falling in with a shepherd's hut soon after noon, and seeing in it a rude fireplace in the centre, we lit a fire and fed it well with the dry brushwood which we found close by. Our fowl was not half cooked before we discovered that the roof was on fire! The hut was thatched thickly with the tops of a dwarf fir which grows on the side of the hill, and as this had been drying beneath a scorching sun for months, it blazed up tremendously, and it was hopeless to attempt to extinguish it. Young G—— was off at the first alarm at full speed, and in a few minutes was over the hill and down on the beach. We at first laughed heartily at his terror, but soon followed his example when the thought occurred to us that we might rouse an angry shepherd by the smoke, who catching us in the fact red-handed, and being unable to understand our explanation, might have taken the law into his own hands, and have emptied the contents of

his pouch into one or both of us. There was just the chance of no one appearing, for we recollected that we had never met with either sheep or shepherd in the neighbourhood for miles round; nevertheless, we returned at once to the ship, and after consulting the captain as to our best course, wrote to the British consul at the Piræus, requesting him to ascertain for us whose property it was, and to explain that we were anxious to pay damages to the full extent of the injury done. On venturing to the spot a day or two afterwards, we found that not only the hut, but two large sheep-folds, made of posts and rails with fir-tops interwoven to the height of seven or eight feet—enclosing nearly an acre of ground, and affording shelter from any wind—were all burnt to the ground, not a fragment of any kind being left, the very stones being turned into quick-lime. For the next ten days we saw half a dozen men working away at a new fold, and we used to wonder if they had any idea that we might have to pay for their labour. They replied good-naturedly to our *kale speyra*, but otherwise took no notice of us. We never ascertained who was the owner of the property, but we imagined it might belong to the monastery, which was rich enough to repair the damage without assistance.

Some idea as to the perfection to which we carried the art of stick-making may be formed by our readers, when they are told that our old boatman at Malta, who took three of them on shore one day to be mounted with ferrules, was waylaid by some gentlemen, who offered two guineas apiece for them! As this paper will probably be read by the officers of every ship in commission, and consequently by many who may be stationed in some out-of-the-way place where amusements are scarce and bushes plentiful, a brief account of the process of manufacture may not be amiss. The first requisite being, of course, to cut the stick, a small pocket hand-saw is the best tool for the purpose, care being taken to get a bushy stem with the lowest branch at right angles, or nearly so, to serve for a handle: trim and boil, either in the coppers or in some other convenient place—this destroys the sap and at once seasons the wood; then strip off the bark whilst wet and hot, rubbing the stick well afterwards with clean canvas, to ensure the inner bark being thoroughly detached; finally round off the knots, sandpaper them, and polish. Instead of boiling them in the coppers, we used occasionally to put them into the engineer's bath, with six inches of water in it, and then introduce a jet of steam for two or three hours, afterwards allowing them to soak awhile in

cold salt water. This used to give them a most delicate tint, a sort of pale pink. Occasionally we would put them into a boiler for two or three days, when we were condensing, and that would give them a chocolate colour. But the most ordinary method of tinting them was, after they were trimmed and ready for polishing, to whitewash them, allowing the lime to remain on all night, or a few hours or minutes, according to the degree of staining required. This would give them every shade of colour, from a deep red to a delicate orange; and, by mixing the lime with sise, as is sometimes done for whitewashing the beams, the colour will turn out a most beautiful mauve. So much for the stick-making, which became a fashionable amusement, spreading from one ship to another right through the fleet, the men themselves entering into it as eagerly as the officers.

In the beginning of October we were ordered down to Kalamata, the ancient Phæræ, to quell a reported disturbance. It turned out that some nine months previously a schoolmaster had been attacked and robbed by some brigands, the news of which must just have reached Athens. The authorities of the place, who came to pay their respects to Captain Egerton, knew of nothing more recent than that, and were surprised to hear that the unsettled state of their district had brought us down to their assistance.

We returned to Salamis Bay on the 19th, and were glad to commence our long walks again over the hills and down among the glens after our favourite junipers, notwithstanding the fact that the hard limestone rocks, bristling all over with sharp points and angles, over which we had to trudge, were very destructive to our shoes, and most trying to the feet. The great bulbs, which we had before noticed cropping up here and there in the crevices, had shot out long stems and proved to be mountain lilies; the smaller bulbs, which turned out to be the saffron of commerce, and the cyclamen with its beautifully variegated leaf, were blooming luxuriantly, and helped to enliven the solitude of this desert region, which even our little Scotch terrier, that so frequently attended us in our rambles, could not help feeling to a distressing extent. Poor Downie was afraid to leave us out of sight, lest he should be left alone among the mountains. On one occasion he followed me two or three times up and down the same steep and craggy slope, and when I again descended after another likely juniper, he got half-way down with some little difficulty, then squatted on a ledge, and fairly howled with anguish at the prospect of being left in such a predicament, or of having to follow on at the

risk of his life, or at least of damaging his poor feet.

Sunday, 25th of October.—Another row at Athens. The bank-guard was reinforced, and the Foxhound came to Salamis Bay to take into the Piræus all the marines of the three ships lying there, in the event of three rockets being fired as a signal. It was impossible to ascertain what it was all about, except that some scheming politicians among the "outs" wished to be "in," when the King came at the end of the month. The temporary government, however, held on, and we heard no more of the expected disturbance.

On Friday, the 30th of October, King George I. arrived in the Hellas frigate, followed by the French liner *Algeiras*, and Admiral Yelverton's flag-ship, the *Revenge*. In the evening Athens was illuminated. On Sunday the King went privately with one of his suite to the cathedral, and the congregation began to cheer him when they discovered his presence. He held up his hand for silence, and then quietly said, "We are here all alike and equal before God"—a rebuke which stopped their unseemly enthusiasm at once. In the evening the Acropolis and Lycabettus were illuminated by numerous bonfires, and the effect was magnificent.

By way of amusing the seamen and marines, Captain Egerton got up various sports, such as leaping, running, wrestling, climbing the pole, &c., and some time afterwards the squadron in the Piræus followed the example. Rifle matches were also got up, the targets being fixed up against the steep sides of the hill opposite our anchorage. By these means the men were prevented from feeling the tedium and irksomeness which might otherwise have oppressed them in so lonely and desolate a place. At last the King put a stop to the shooting (so it was said), and also prohibited the landing of marines and seamen for drill, which had been going on for some time. He also about this time issued an edict prohibiting his new subjects from carrying arms, or even (it was said) sticks above a certain thickness. The people were delighted, as they felt more secure than when armed against each other for mutual protection.

At a former period in her commission the *St. George*, with Prince Alfred amongst her midshipmen, had been up the Baltic, and the officers had received great attention at Revel and Kronstadt. It was therefore determined to invite the officers of the Russian frigates *Oleg* and *Sokol* to dinner before we left Salamis. The 11th of November was the day fixed upon for the entertainment. It was blowing very hard, but the officers of the *Sokol* gallantly kept to their engagement and

came out from the Piræus—amongst them Prince Galitakin, a midshipman. The Oleg was at anchor within a few hundred yards of us. We had our dining-room arranged on the starboard side of the main-deck, from the ward-room door to the mainmast. By six o'clock our twenty-five guests had arrived, and after partaking of some caviare and raspberry whisky in the fore-cabin, descended to dinner; covers were laid for sixty-four. After dinner Captain Egerton proposed "The Queen and Emperor," and then withdrew with the two Russian captains, leaving the rest of the party to amuse themselves over a variety of small toasts, such as "the Russian ladies," "the Russian navy," &c. One of the assistant-surgeons, an Irishman, of course, proposed "the Russian army," prefacing his speech by the somewhat equivocal observation that "the Russian army was not yet drunk." (Cheers and laughter.) The Russians were not slow in returning the compliment, their spokesman being Lieutenant Dek, a very short, merry little fellow, whom we called "Little Dick." He was supposed (by the Russians) to speak English fluently. The following was one of his most eloquent speeches during the night. "Gentlemen—oh, yez—ze officairs of ze Oleg—oh, yez—was this night very happy to come aboard of ze Saint Georges—oh, yez—ze Englis navy was very happy to see ze officairs of ze Saint Georges aboard of their ship." (Laughter and cheers of the English navy, with cries of "Bravo! go on, Little Dick.") "Oh yez, my name is Dick, and I am leetle, because I am not great. I poppos the health of Queen Victoria and ze Englis navy, with three sheers—oh, yez." (Three cheers from all the Russians, led by little Dick, standing on his chair, and calling out "Gib, gib, gib, boorah!") They left the ship before eleven, and were lustily cheered as they shoved off. They were a most superior set of men; one of them, a large proprietor in Russia, mentioned that, for two years after the emancipation of the serfs, he did not get a single farthing from his estates, but that, since then, the liberated serfs have made them pay better than before, the change being beneficial to all parties.

On the 26th of November his Majesty held a reception for the English officers. Mr. Scarlett (our minister), his son, and a couple of officers of the palace, who stood at the doorway, were the only people present besides ourselves. The young King was dressed in the uniform of a Greek admiral, and looked very well. He did not appear to be more than seventeen, and had a good deal of his sister's expression about him. In the evening many of the officers of the St. George

went by invitation to an evening party on board the Oleg. They had been asked to go in a quiet way in their ordinary uniform, and were quite astonished to find a most sumptuous repast provided for them, the tables being crowded with every delicacy that could be procured in the way of fish, game, fruit, and flowers, and the large ward-room brilliantly lighted up in true Russian taste, for they love any amount of candles. In the Bak room of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, when the St. George was there, 3,800 candles were seen in their sockets all ready for lighting! The first thing handed round was tea, prepared *à la Russe*, and served up in tumblers almost boiling hot. The absence of milk created a not unnatural suspicion that the fluid was punch, and that they were in for a heavy night of it. Then followed sherry, Bourdeaux, and champagne, of the finest quality, *ad libitum*; after supper came the punch, which, as it was pronounced to be the most delicious thing ever tasted—to be perfect nectar, in fact—I here write down a recipe for it, which I was fortunate enough to procure from one of the officers present. The master of the Oleg, at a late hour of the evening, made his appearance in his shirt-sleeves, wearing a cook's white apron and cap, and brandishing a huge ladle. He was followed by an attendant bearing a copper cauldron with a wire grating, on the top of which was deposited an immense sugar-loaf. Filling the ladle with spirits and lighting it, the *chef de cuisine* poured it over the sugar, commencing a sort of incantation over his brew, and looking the most ghastly object conceivable, owing to his being then a sufferer from yellow jaundice. He was not a handsome man at the best, and the blue flame of the spirit did not improve his appearance.

After his preliminary chant was concluded, he proceeded to pour a variety of concoctions over the sugar, amongst them brandy, rum, liqueurs, champagne, soda-water, tea, and spices. The whole made a cheerful blaze in the cauldron, and caused a supernatural light to be shed through the room, the arch-fiend of the party looking more diabolical as the blaze heightened up. As soon as the brew was complete the punch was served out, and each guest is supposed to have swallowed at least a dozen tumblers of it, the harmless nature of which is evident, from the fact that all this quantity, added to as many tumblers of champagne, produced no ill effects of any sort whatever, not even the vestige of a headache in the morning.

On Wednesday the 2nd of December we bade adieu to our pleasant anchorage, and as we passed the Oleg the officers crowded the

forecastle, cheering and waving their caps so enthusiastically, that one or two of them dropped them overboard. The weather, even up to this late period of the year, continued on the whole to be very fine. For the first four months of our stay at Salamis we had not a single shower, and not more than half-a-dozen in the whole of November. We arrived at Malta on the 7th, and in a few weeks after left for England to be paid off and put out of commission. J. MILNER.

THE BOGGART OF HELLEN-POT:

A Tale of the Yorkshire Moors.

I TOOK the opportunity last autumn, just before the break-up of the weather, of shaking off the dust of shoddy mills, and getting a whiff of air unadulterated with smoke, in a run among the Yorkshire moors for the better part of a week. I spent the first night at Bolton, and slept soundly after a ramble through the beautiful Wharfedale, and an examination of the Strid, where the river gushes through a rift in the rock so narrow that it is supposed possible to stride across it, though I never heard of any man venturesome enough to make the attempt. A friend accompanied me, a Mr. Keene, and on the following day we ascended the valley of the Wharfe to Arncliffe, visiting on the way the picturesque ruin called Barden Tower, and the magnificent hanging crags at Kilnsea.

At Arncliffe, a quaint moor village, my companion fell lame and was unable to accompany me next day on a mapless ramble in search of whatsoever was picturesque and wild. It was a glorious day, the sky pure and blue, the air elastic, the heather and fern twinkling with dew. It was really very hard for poor Keene to spend ten hours alone in a dismal little country inn, without either a book or a newspaper, whilst I was brushing through the heather, scrambling limestone scars, and exploring ravines, inhaling at every breath life and health and ozone. But it served him right. What was the fellow thinking of when he put on a pair of new boots for his walking expedition? He looked wistfully after me out of the parlour window, and called to me to be back for a dinner-tea at seven, adding that he hoped his feet would be better in the afternoon, and then he would stroll to meet me.

Leaving Arncliffe, and noticing a bright, fretful little stream dashing through a broken and beautiful cleft in the hills, I took a sheep-track above it, and determined on following its course. In a few minutes I seemed to have left civilisation behind me entirely: the

great expanse of moorland which opened before, the utter absence of all signs of cultivation, the wild rocky pile of the Hard Flask on one side and of Fountains Fell on the other, gave the scene a savage grandeur which one hardly expects to find in England. The little beck moaned far away below me out of sight, the wind soughed pleasantly amongst the heather, and the curlew, which I constantly started, rose with a melancholy pipe and flew away to the grey scars on the side of Fountains Fell.

Being of the geological persuasion, I usually carry about with me a hammer and a small sack or pouch, which I sling round my neck for the conveyance of specimens. I revelled in these limestone hills, spending hour after hour chipping off fragments of rock, and breaking them up to extract the fossils. I hardly knew whither I rambled, but I certainly got into Silverdale, for I lunched on my bread and cheese with Penigent towering above me on the west, and beyond it rose the glorious pile of Ingleborough. I ascended Penigent, the height of which is 2270 feet, and watched the sunset from the top. Then I followed the precedent of the illustrious King of France, who, having marched to the top of a hill, marched down again. But I was quite out in my geography. Now, with the map before me, I see that my ideas as to the direction in which Arncliffe lay were entirely wrong. My walk during the day had been of such a zig-zag nature that I had lost my compass points, and had made no landmarks. The consequence naturally was, that I descended Penigent on the wrong side, and then, instinctively perceiving I was in the wrong, I did a foolish thing, I struck off from my line of course at right angles. It would have been better for me to have retraced my steps up the mountain-side, and taken bearings again, whilst there was still a little light; but, instead of doing so, I involved myself more and more in confusion; and at last, as it became dark, I was utterly ignorant of where I was, and which was the direction in which my face was turned.

Under such circumstances a man is tempted to allow himself to be that which in a brighter hour he would repudiate—a fool. I remember mentally expressing my conviction that I was an idiot, and indignantly asking myself how I could have thought of setting out on a walk in an unknown country without map or compass. My exasperation with self was by no means allayed when I tripped over a stone and fell my length in a sludgy patch of swamp. At the same time I became conscious of a growing pain in my vitals, and was sensible of a vacuum in that region of

the body which is situated beneath the lower buttons of the waistcoat; and a vacuum is what nature is well known to abhor. There was a dinner-tea spread for me in the inn at Arncliffe: chickens and ham I knew had been promised, trout I naturally anticipated would form part of the fare in a famous fishing district, veal cutlets, perhaps, and mashed potatoes. Heavens! and I not there. I know I groaned at the thought, for the sound as it issued from my lips startled me. As I walked on with drooping head, those veal cutlets and mashed potatoes rose up before me hauntingly. I am a man of resolution, and finding that the vision only aggravated matters, I beat the veal cutlets down; yet, when they vanished, a new phantom rose to distress me. During the day I had examined on the slopes of Coska, Fountains, and Penignt several of those curious pots which are peculiar to the Yorkshire limestone moors. These pots, as they are called, are natural wells, hideous circular gaping holes opening perpendicularly into the bowels of the mountain. In rainy weather the tiny rills which descend the fells precipitate themselves into these black gulfs and disappear. Far down, at the bottom of the mountain, the streams bubble out again from low-browed caverns. Some of these pots are many hundred feet deep, some have been supposed to be unfathomable by the vulgar, for certainly their bottoms have not been sounded yet, and a stone dropped falls and falls, each rebound becoming fainter, but the ear catches no final splash.

Now, the number of these frightful holes I had stumbled upon during the day made me fear lest, in the darkness, I should come upon one and tumble down it without hope of ever coming up alive, or indeed of my bones receiving Christian burial. It was now in vain for me to endeavour to revive the dream of veal cutlets in order to obliterate the hideous image of these pots; the pots maintained the day, and haunted me till—I suddenly became conscious of some one walking rapidly after me, endeavouring apparently to overtake me. The conviction came upon me with relief, and I stood still, eagerly awaiting the individual, expecting at length to be put in the right direction. The stars gave light enough for me to discern the figure as that of a man, but I could scarcely discover more. His walk was strange, a wriggle and duck accompanying each step, the reason being, as I ascertained on his coming alongside of me, that he was a cripple in both legs.

"Good evening, friend," said I; "I'm a stranger lost on the moor, can you direct me towards Arncliffe?"

"On, on, with me," was the answer, and the hand was waved, as though pointing forward.

"Dark night, this," I said

"Darker below," he muttered, as though to himself; "darker, darker, darker."

"Shall we have a bit of moon, think you, presently?"

He made no answer, and I turned to look at him. There was something in the way he walked which made me uneasy. When he took a step with his right foot he worked his body round facing me, and then his head jogged on to his left shoulder and reclined upon it. When he stepped out with his left foot his body revolved, so that his back was presented to me, and the head was jerked on to the right shoulder. I noticed that he never held his head upright, sometimes it dropped on his breast, and once I saw it drop backwards. The impression forced itself on me that just thus would a man walk who had his neck and legs broken, if by any means the possibility were afforded him to attempt a promenade.

"How far to Arncliffe?" I asked; but he vouchsafed no answer. I tried another question or two, but could obtain no reply. I lost my temper and laid my hand on his shoulder, to draw his attention to what I was inquiring, but with a wriggle he glided from under my hand, and hobbled on before me.

I had no resource but to follow him. He kept ahead of me, and seemed determined not to enter into conversation, yet I offered him half-a-crown if he would give me the information I desired to obtain. I was puzzled with my strange companion, and felt somewhat uneasy. I felt that he was a bit "uncanny" both in his appearance and in his manner.

Presently we came near water, as I judged by the sound, which was that of a beek murmuring among stones. On went my conductor, following the water-course, and so rapidly that I had difficulty in keeping up with him. When he leaped on a stone, or scrambled up a turf hummock so as to stand against the horizon, where a feeble light still lingered, I could distinguish the horrible contortions of his body, and the sight invariably heightened my uneasiness.

Suddenly I missed him!

I called,—but there was no reply! I stood still and listened, but heard nothing save the bubbling of the stream, and far, far away the to-whoo! of an owl.

Noiselessly a bat fluttered past me, coming instantaneously out of the blackness of the night, and vanishing back into it as instantaneously.

"I say, you fellow!" hallooed I to the vanished guide.

"You fellow!" answered the scars of Penigent, in a lower key.

"To-whoo!" faintly called the owl.

"What do you mean, by deserting me like this?" I roared.

"Like this," muttered the echo. "To-whoo!" responded the owl.

"I must follow the beck," I said, "that will lead me to the river, and the river will guide me to some habitation of living man."

"Living man," growled the echo. "To-whoo!" sang the owl.

I stumbled over the water-worn stones, and splashed into water. My ankles were scarified, my shins bruised; I narrowly escaped breaking my bones, as I fell again and again. I did not dare to leave the stream, lest I should lose my way.

Then a nightjar began to hiss from among the rocks, and the stream to dash along more wildly. The banks rose higher, and I seemed to be walking through a railway cutting. I looked up, and saw the rugged outline of rock and furze on the eastern bank, and on top of a huge block stood a distorted human figure. It was that of my strange companion.

Down the slope he came with wriggle and jump, he came straight towards me, spread out his arms,—in a moment they were clasped round me, and I was lifted from my feet. I was so astonished that I made no resistance at first, and it was only after he had taken a dozen steps with me, and I heard the splash of the beck falling into what must be a pot, and saw the black yawning hole open before me, and felt the man bending as though about to leap down it with me in his arms, that I tore my right arm loose, and caught at a young rowan-tree which leaned over the gulf.

At the same moment there flashed before my eyes the light of a lanthorn, the flame small and yellow, yet sufficient to illumine the face of the bearer—a young woman; the countenance wonderously beautiful, but full of woe unutterable.

The lanthorn passed across the open mouth of the pot. The moment it became visible the arms which held me were unclasped, and I saw the man sink down the abyss, with the light reflected from his upturned face. He went down it not with a whizz as a falling stone, but slowly, as a man might sink in water. Thus I was well able to observe his blanched face and wide dilated eyes fixed with horror on the lanthorn flame.

Having recovered my feet, naturally my first impulse was to run up the bank, and get as far as possible from the ugly well into which I might have been precipitated. My

next was to look round for the young woman who bore the light. I could see the lanthorn at some little distance, but I could not distinguish the bearer.

I called to her; she lifted the light till her hand came within its radiance. A small white hand beckoned me to follow.

I ran to catch her up, but the faster I pursued, the swifter glided the flame before me. Evidently the bearer did not desire to be overtaken. When I stopped, she stopped; when I advanced, she moved onwards, always keeping the same distance ahead of me. So we must have proceeded for a couple of miles, when suddenly the light went out, and at the same instant I became conscious of a small farm-house lying before me.

In less time than it takes me to write this I had entered the enclosure which surrounded it, and had rapped hastily at the door. A gaunt moorland farmer opened it, and looked at me with surprise.

"Can you let me have shelter for a little while, and then a guide to Arncliffe?" I asked; "I have lost my way, and have met with a strange adventure, which has somewhat shaken my nerves."

"Sithere, come here; sit thee down there," he said, pointing to the ingle corner with the stem of his pipe, and then closing and bolting the door he stalked over to the opposite corner and sat down on a rooking-chair. He eyed me musingly, and smoked steadily without making a remark. After having puffed away for ten minutes, he shouted at the top of his voice,—

"Gie him a glass of ale, lass."

"A'm boune to, lad!" replied a voice from the back kitchen; and looking over my shoulder, I noticed that there was a woman in the little lean-to back room, "fettling up" by the light of a rush candle.

"Thou'rt none boune to Arncliffe to-neet?" said the man, slowly withdrawing his pipe from his mouth.

"I am, if you will direct me," I replied; "for I have a friend there who is expecting me, and who will be sorely put out at my non-appearance earlier."

"Humph!" He smoked for ten minutes more, and then said,—

"And what brought thee this road?"

"I will tell you," I replied; and then proceeded to relate what had happened to me. As soon as I mentioned the strange companion I had met with,

"It's t' Boggart, lass!" called the farmer to his wife, "he's gotten agait misleading folk again."

When I spoke of the flash of light, before which the man had quailed, and which had

revealed the face of a woman pale and sad bending over it,

"Weel done, Peggy!" roared the farmer; "'tis no but Peggy, wi' t' lanthorn, lass,"—again to his wife.

"She's a good'un," responded the lady from the kitchen.

"Who are the Boggart and Peggy?" I asked; "they seem to be intimate acquaintances of yours."

The great Yorkshireman did not answer, but whiffed away with his dreamy eyes fixed on the fire.

"So t' Boggart thout to ha' hugged thee doun Pothoile!" Then he laughed. "I reckon," mused he again, "I reckon he were a bit flayed to see Peggy come anent him that road!"

"I wish," said I, "that you would tell me all about him and her."

"So I will, lad, bi'm'bye, if thou'rt boune to Arncliffe to neet." He looked up at me. "We can gie thee a bed if thou likes; it's no but a poor one, but it's none so bad, eh, lass?" The last two words were shouted to his wife.

"Ay, ay," she replied, from the kitchen.

"Thank you very kindly," said I; "if it were not for my friend at Arncliffe, I would accept your offer with alacrity; but, as it happens, I *must* return there to-night."

"Gie us a leet, lass!" called the man, knocking the ashes from his pipe, rising and taking down a lanthorn.

The good woman lighted the candle for him, and the great Yorkshireman shut the lanthorn door, took up his cap, and said to me,—

"Now, if thou'rt boune to come, come on."

I rose and followed him. He led the way, and as we walked towards Arncliffe, he told me the following tale:—

"Some hundred years ago there lived a young woman in a cottage, near Kettlewell. A strange man came into the neighbourhood, gained her affections, and married her. They settled at the little farm in which my guide now resided. They had not lived a twelve-month together before the constables entered the house one evening, and took the man up on the charge of bigamy. He had a wife and family living at Bolton, in Lancashire. As they were carrying him off, he broke from them and fled over the moors, and was never retaken. By some it was supposed that he had escaped to America, but by others that he had fallen into one of the pots, and had perished. His poor second wife, heart-broken, wandered all that night searching for him, and was found dead on the side of Penigent next morning. And they say," added my

guide, in a low voice, "that she seeks him still; and when she's gotten him, she'll tak' him before the throne of God to be sentenced for having ruined her happiness, and been the cause of her death. That's why he's so flayed (afraid) of meeting wi' she, and sma' blame to him."

"So you think the wretched man perished in one of the pots?"

"I reckon he did. And he'll never have rest till his bones are laid i't' churchyard, and that'll never be."

"Farmer," said I, after a pause; "have you plenty of rope about your house?"

He grunted an assent.

"Then I will descend the pot to-morrow."

I am sorry to state here that my companion was so completely thrown off his balance by this announcement that he swore.

"Shall you have time to assist me?" I asked.

"I'm none particular thronged," he replied.

"Some additional help will be needed," I continued; "if you have a workman or two disposed to earn a day's wage by being useful to me, bid them be ready with all that is requisite at the mouth of the pot to-morrow."

"Ay! If we can addle us a bit 'brass that road," responded the farmer, "we're t' chaps for thee. But I reckon thou'rt no but making gam' o' me."

"I am not, indeed," I replied; "get plenty of rope ready, and a stout pole laid across the mouth of the hole, and I will go down to-morrow."

I was as good as my word. Keene accompanied me next day to the little farm, and there we found half-a-dozen men with ropes and windlass ready to assist in the exploit.

As the sun was shining, I felt no fear whatever, and I laughed and chatted whilst a belt was strapped round my waist, another under my arms, and the cord passed beneath them. Before descending I took up my geological bag, and slung it round my neck; I also picked up my hammer.

"You may be sure I shall find some magnificent stalactites down there," said I.

"Are you ready?" asked Keene. I sat at the edge of the gulf, under the mountain ash, to which I had clung for life the night before. I directed my eyes downwards, and saw the little stream lose itself in spray after a leap or two. How awfully black the abyss seemed! "Now, then!" I slipped down, and the windlass was slowly unwound. Click, click, click! I heard each sound of the crank as I descended. The air about me was cold and damp. Beautiful ferns and mosses flourished on every ledge; presently, however, I got beyond the fern zone. I was in darkness;

the spray of the falling stream was so finely comminuted that it was more like mist than spray. The walls of the pot were green with lichen, and now I was below the region of mosses. Here, on a little patch of moist *Marchanta polymorpha* I found a poor butterfly, the common Meadow Brown. It had probably fluttered some way down the chasm in the giddiness of the moment, its wings had been clogged with spray, and it had been carried lower and lower, till at last it had alighted, dripping and chilled, without hope of seeing sunlight again, on a small ledge covered with lichen. I rescued the poor insect, and put it inside my hat. I began to swing like a pendulum, and at one time had some difficulty in preventing myself from striking the rocky sides. I could not see the walls now; I could not hear the click of the windlass. All below was perfectly black; not a sign of a bottom; but white terraces, covered with stalagmite, gleamed up round the well-like ribs, catching a little light from above. With my hammer I broke off a large mass of deposit formed by the droppings of water largely impregnated with lime. It whizzed down, but still I heard no final splash. I shouted—only faintly, as the pressure on my lungs from the belt prevented my using my voice to its full extent, but the whole well seemed alive with echoes. I tried to turn my head and look up at the sky, but I was unable. The darkness and chill began to tell upon me, and an agonising cramp contracted my legs. However, I managed to place my feet upon a ledge, and to stand up. Those working the windlass feeling that the strain was off the rope, let out no more. When the cramp left me I cast myself off again, and dropped below the ledge. After a while I began to hear a sound of falling water, and in a few minutes passed an opening in the side of the pit, out of which gushed an underground stream and precipitated itself down the chasm.

Now I became conscious of a broad ledge of rock extending considerably out into the well, and contracting its size; something lay upon it—fragments of broken stalactites and stalagmites, I fancied; what they were I could not distinguish, especially as, at the same moment that I saw them, I perceived something black rising towards me. In one second I saw the face of the Boggart flash up at me full of hideous triumph, and I felt the grip of his arms about my waist. Next moment I lost all consciousness.

When I came to myself I was lying in the sunshine on the slope above the pot—Hellen, or Hull-pot is its name—with Keene and the farmer bending anxiously over me.

"I am all right," said I, in a low voice; and in a couple of minutes I was sufficiently recovered to sit up.

I took off my hat, and away flew the butterfly I had rescued, oblivious of the hours of darkness and misery it had passed through.

"Did you reach the bottom?" asked Keene. I shook my head.

"We let out all the rope we had," said my friend, "and then we pulled up again, and found you at the end in a dead faint. I see you have not been idle," he added, lifting my geological bag; "full of stalactites, I suppose," and as he shook it, the contents rattled.

"No," said I; "I put nothing into it."

"Then how comes it filled?" he asked; "why! halloo! what have we here?" and he emptied out of it a heap of human bones and a shattered skull. *How* they got into the sack I shall never know. The remains were very old, and were encrusted with stalagmite. They lie now in Horton churchyard. I believe the Boggart has not been seen since.

For a considerable time, during our walk from Malham Tarn to Settle, I had been silent. Keene could endure it no longer, and at last exclaimed, "Really this is intolerable! You have been in a brown study for the last half-hour without speaking a word. A penny for your thoughts!"

"To tell you the truth," I replied; "I have been thinking over what might have happened if you had fallen lame at Arncliffe, if I had gone on a geological walk without you, and had lost my way on Penigent, and had fallen in with a Boggart, who tried to precipitate me down a pot, and if I had been rescued by an *ignis fatuus*, and had finally descended the pot and brought up the Boggart's bones?"

Mr. Keene stared at me with amazement. I then related to him what I have just related to you, good reader, and I concluded with the observation, "All this, you know, *might* have happened, but unfortunately it *didn't*. You have had my thoughts, so hand me your penny." S. B. G.

THE GRAYLING.

THIS extremely beautiful fresh-water fish is not so common as most of the other species found in our lakes and rivers, and indeed, without a great stretch of the imagination, it may be said to be the most rare of all.

Clear shallow streams, interspersed with deep pools here and there, are the favourite haunts of the grayling; such streams, for example, as those of Derbyshire, which abound with these fish; and most of the conditions

indispensable to the existence of trout are likewise so to the existence of grayling.

The grayling takes its name, as may be conjectured, from its beautiful leaden-grey colour. It is generally of a uniform ash tint, so delicate as scarcely to be described correctly in so many words. When freshly caught this tint has a varying hue, very similar to a lady's silver-grey poplin, and, though the grayling certainly has not the "taking" beauty of the trout, it is to my thinking a more elegant fish, and so would say all who prefer the brown pencillings of the pheasant to the gaudy plumage of the peacock. Grayling are exceedingly shy fish, and it needs both skill and caution for the angler to fill his creel with them. They are far more wary fish than trout, and have more discrimination in their choice of food. Trout will take flies, minnows, gudgeons, grasshoppers, worms, and other miscellaneous food, whereas the grayling is essentially a "fly-fish," and, though occasionally taken with a worm, is more frequently caught with a fly. It is, like the trout, inordinately fond of May-flies during the brief season of their continuance; but I am inclined to think that the favourite food of the grayling is the stone-fly. Such is my experience, though I admit that, in many years' study of fish and fishing, I have neglected the grayling more than any other fish. In the winter, when flies are not to be obtained, grayling feed upon river grubs, such as the larvæ of the caddis worm. They are choice fish for the table, and in taste, as well as appearance, very closely resemble the grey mullet, in my opinion. They are often to be seen on the London fish-stalls, and fetch a fair price. They may be either stewed in wine, carp fashion, or boiled and served with barberry sauce. In stewing grayling white wine should be used (Madeira is the best), whereas for carp port or burgundy is the wine mostly preferred. Large grayling are very nice stuffed with a veal stuffing, as haddock are stuffed, and then baked. Fresh butter is put over them to keep them from burning, and when done, any brown gravy (to which is added a table-spoonful of good white wine) may be poured over them.

Grayling of late years have become scarce, as have many other fresh-water fish; but they are now coming into favourable notice again, and are more plentiful, owing to the praiseworthy efforts of "The Thames Angling Preservation Society," who have, I believe, turned a great quantity of artificially-bred fish into the Thames. Lately we all heard in the public prints of a roach caught at Westminster, and presented to Sir John Thwaites, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of

Works. This is proof positive that the condition of our chief river is greatly ameliorated, and if the improvements continue, it may be hoped we shall experience a recurrence of those times when fish was so plentiful that it was usual for servants and apprentices to stipulate that they should not "be dined" upon it more than three times a week.

I believe that the grayling does not, like the trout and salmon, spawn in autumn, but in spring. However, it is possible that on this point I may be in error, as I have not given this fish so much attention as I have given most others. Still, I can confidently recommend the grayling to all who study practically the "science" of fishing (for a science it is) as a subject worthy of the highest consideration. ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

"CONSULE PLANCO."

CONSULE PLANCO; I was young,
Struggling hard with the Latin tongue,
And conjugating "Amo"—
Loving the cane (of sugar), true!
Also dreading the lithe bamboo,
But neither deaf nor lame—"oh!"

Consule Planco; year fifteen,
Then May's green leaves were really green,
June suns were vastly brighter;
Ay! and the peaches were juicier far,
And large as the modern moon each star,
While Summer days were lighter.

Consule Planco; friends were true,
Never ignoring their I O U,
When dawned the gloomy pay-day.
Then hand and heart went still together,
Came sunshine or came stormy weather;
But now 'tis different,—Heyday!

Consule Planco; such cravats,
Broad-brimmed, Brummelly, bell-shaped hats,
Huge watch-seals, hung in tassels,—
And great respect for Regent George,
At Lord Mayor's feast, or civic gorge,
As fitted loyal vassals.

No telegraphs with restless wires,
Ten per cent. less at least of fires,
Those railways all unknown.
Coaches then kept your friends aloof,
When England, free from Bony's hoof,
Had propped the Bourbon's throne.

Consule Planco; forty years
Since first I stood among my peers,
All armed with wig and gown;
And shuddered at the cat-like eyes
Of Baron Garrow, whose surprise
Soon darkened to a frown.

Consule Planco; years ago
My beardless cheeks were all aglow,
Asking a simple question.
Many questions I have asked since then,
And many answers from proud men
Have caused me indigestion.

Console Planco; youth is gone,
But here I am, still lingering on,
Though Garrow's called away;
And she who said that nectared "Yes"
Is lost to me beyond redress,
Till Resurrection Day.

WALTER THORNBURY.

TWO DAYS AT RAVENNA.



Y the night-train from quaint Bologna we went to still quainter Ravenna; across miles and miles of flat, marshy country, our ears assailed by the hoarse croaking of innumerable frogs, our eyes amused with incessant flights of fire-flies, dotted

here and there in the dark atmosphere, as if all the smaller stars had descended from their heavenly home to take a gambol over the sleeping earth. The hearts of my companion and myself beat high as we approached this city of the dead; intent upon ancient ecclesiastical lore, we felt, we hoped, we *knew* that something very great and very attractive lay before us; and when we rattled through the dark deserted streets, and drove up to the quiet door of that unassuming inn, the Spada d'Oro, we were prepared to put up with every inconvenience, calling it delightful, could we only take our fill of all the antiquarian and historical wealth spread out in such profusion before us.

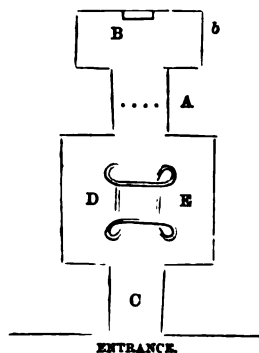
Of course we could see nothing, but that did not matter: we thought the more; and at last we thought, how very hungry we were. The fat little padrone, a most interesting example of that lovable race, the Italian hotel-keepers, conducted us, with many bows, to the common room, where we supped at one end of the table, the other end being occupied by a person more conspicuous for his large appetite than his good manners. There was no private sitting-room, and we were therefore able to study native customs, which did not impress us favourably in this single instance, though, had our experience been on a larger scale, we might possibly have been more fortunate.

Our first view by the morning's light was nothing particular—a narrow street, with insignificant buildings opposite—but we were not disappointed, well knowing what a treasury of antiquities awaited us close at hand.

We went first to the cathedral; but to our disappointment it was locked up, according to


the custom here, after the early morning services. The exterior is modern-looking and uninteresting enough, the only ancient part being the round brick campanile, a peculiar feature of these churches. Just across the street is the ancient Baptistry, a heavy octagon building of the fifth century, with an upper and lower row of arches and columns. The interior is covered with splendid mosaics, that in the cupola representing the baptism of our Lord, the apostles in white togas ranged round the dome. The Saviour is represented up to his waist in the river, the body faintly shown under the water. St. John is on the bank pouring the water over him, and another figure stands in the river. Flowers are represented in various parts, and altogether the mosaic is very interesting and superior to those in Rome, the tall figures and flowing drapery being beautifully designed and full of majesty. In the middle is a large font for immersion, built of slabs of marble and red porphyry, with a space for the priest to stand. This building was repaired in 451 by Bishop Neo. The present floor is two feet above the base of the columns. There are four semicircular recesses, used as chapels, but these appear to be of modern date, and have modern mosaics over them.

The archbishop's palace is very near, and we went into it, hoping to see the ancient private chapel built and used by St. Peter Chrysologus in the fifth century. We were not disappointed; but were courteously received, and allowed to inspect it as much as we pleased. A private chapel of the fifth century is too interesting to be passed over with a cursory notice, so I shall be rather minute



in my description. The present altar is evidently not the ancient one, and it is probable that the chapel ended at the dotted line A, thereby forming a Greek cross, and the part B is a modern addition. There is a mosaic of the Virgin, standing, with hands extended in prayer over the

ugly modern altar, and the words Santa Maria over it in mosaic; a mosaic of our Lord at *b*, with cruciform nimbus, and bearing a cross in his right hand, which rests on his back; mosaics over B, with sundry patterns and ducks, &c., very like those in St. Constantia, near St. Agnese Fuori le Mura at Rome; these are much

repaired with plaster, painted like mosaic. The part above A is not mosaic, but painted; and below A are medallions. The centre one here, viz., our Lord, with long brown hair on his shoulders and cruciform nimbus, is the same as the centre over C, E, and D, with three of the apostles each side at C, and three each side at A. Each side of E are three virgins, viz., St. Euphemia, St. Eugenia, St. Cecilia, St. Daria, St. Perpetua, St. Felicitas; each side of D, St. Sebastian, St. Fabian, and St. Damian, St. Cosianus, Chrysogonus, and Chrysanthus. Here the old Christian device of the A and ω are reversed thus:— 

The centre of the floor is of red and green porphyry, beautifully inlaid very like the celebrated Alexandrine work, but not quite so fine. The more ancient part of the chapel, viz., that forming the Greek cross, has a groined roof, with angels in white in mosaic, and symbols of the four evangelists. St. Mark is a black man with a long beard, his right arm over his back and his left holding a book, with eagle's claws instead of hands; the other three with books. The walls are lined with plain slabs of marble, and small *fleurs-de-lis* in red porphyry adorn the pavement. Altogether this oratory is a perfect little gem, and worthy of the most minute inspection.

We went up another staircase, and were shown the archbishop's library by a very polite old gentleman in black, who refused a fee—rather a strange thing in Italy. Here we saw the celebrated papyrus bull of the seventh century, and a number of manuscripts of the ninth century relating to the Ravenna churches, and also a great quantity of other papers in the smallest and neatest handwriting imaginable.

The church of St. Vitale was our next attraction. It is a fine octagonal church, said to have been copied from St. Sophia at Constantinople, and to have supplied Charlemagne with ideas for the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle. Its chancel and apse have very rich and grand mosaics. On one side of the chancel we have Old-Testament subjects; on the other, scenes from the New Testament. Melchisedec offering up the holy Eucharist is very striking. The altar, on four columns, is covered with a chocolate-coloured cloth hanging in folds to near the ground; over this a linen cover hangs in folds, but could not be square as the corners do not come below the sides; it comes half-way down, and is fringed at the bottom, and also embroidered in colours. The chalice, like those engraved in the Roman Catacombs, is a goblet with two handles. The king-priest holds a small loaf in his hand, and two others are on

the altar. This, then, represents an altar of 547, when the church was consecrated by St. Maximianus.

In the tribune is a representation of the Emperor Justinian with his lords, giving holy gifts to St. Maximian and his clergy. Justinian is in a rich dress, with mantle fastened with a fibula over the right shoulder. The clergy are in long white garments, exactly like our surplices, only with black embroidery. Opposite is a mosaic of the Empress Theodora with her gifts, and attended by her ladies. These figures have all long noses and large eyebrows, and are all standing stiff, and very inferior as works of art to those in the baptistery one hundred years earlier.

In the cupola is a large mosaic of our Lord and four saints. The bases of the columns are three feet three inches below the present pavement, and stand in the water. The former great entrance, now closed up, has three arches and two Corinthian columns. The chapel of the Blessed Sacrament is a modern excrescence, and has a gilt ciborium by Michael Angelo.

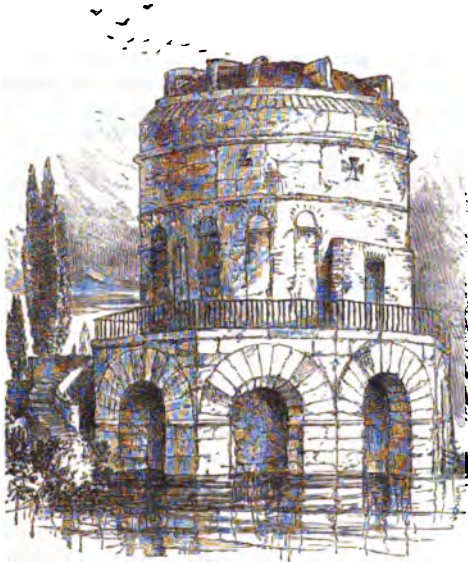
This church has fourteen columns with Byzantine capitals, but the interior is murdered with vulgar, tawdry, modern painting. There are two good pictures, Gessi's "St. Benedict," and "The Assumption of St. Gertrude," by A. Barbiana.

Outside is the sarcophagus of the exarch Isaac, with a rude bas-relief of the Adoration of the Magi, who are represented in Phrygian caps and cloaks.

Not far away is the tomb of Galla Placida, the wife of Constantine III. It is a church in the form of a Latin cross, and roofed inside with mosaics. The tomb itself is a huge rough sarcophagus, formerly covered with plates of silver, and in this she was placed sitting upright in her imperial robes. A hole pierced through the side of the tomb once upon a time gave the curious spectator a splendid view of the defunct empress in her decayed grandeur; but, alas! of late years some mischievous boys put a candle through the hole, and Galla Placida's mortal remains were soon reduced to ashes. Before the sarcophagus is a small altar, formerly the high altar of St. Vitale. The sarcophagi of Honorius her brother, and of Constantius III., stand on each side, but are much smaller than those of her majesty. The mosaics in this curious building resemble those of the baptistery much more than those of St. Vitale.

To change the scene and see a little of the surrounding country we drove out of the city by the Porta Serrata, and were struck with the quaint aspect the town presented, owing to the leaning towers, which give one the idea of unsound foundations. The tower of St. Giovanni

is round, with pointed roof and round-headed windows—a window of four lights being at the top, below this one of three lights, below this again, one of two. Some distance from the town, along a flat road (but all roads here are flat), and in a melancholy marsh, lies the once magnificent tomb of Theodoric, the Arian, King of the Goths. The idea is evidently



King Theodoric's Tomb.

copied from Hadrian's tomb. It is a decagon of marble with a gallery round it, and has an upper and a lower chamber; in the former, some say, the body was placed, others that it rested on the summit of the roof; the lower chamber is now full of water. The gallery had once a row of columns. Of little avail was his Gothic majesty's desire for a magnificent resting-place; when the orthodox party returned to power they scattered his Arian bones to the winds. The roof is one block of marble, said to weigh 200 tons, and the stone has the appearance of white wax. One would think this wonderful building must have been founded in a moat, for the bottom is twelve or fourteen feet below the fields around. The place is kept by a good-looking, intelligent man, who, though evidently wondering at our minute inspection of his lion, was more patient and obliging than most Italians in charge of like curiosities. It was growing late when we left this desolate abode, and returning to the town we sought the remains of King Theodoric's Palace: but nothing could we find but an outer wall and a few columns.

St. Apollinare Nuovo, to which we next turned our steps, is a grand basilica with im-

mense nave and narrow aisles, with arches and columns. All along the nave above the arches on each side is a long mosaic, on the right Theodoric's Palace, and twenty-five saints in white, with crowns, receiving our Lord's blessing. On the left, the magi presenting their offerings, with a whole train of virgins behind them. They are peculiarly grand and impressive; date, sixth century. Nothing can be more majestic than the vast and somewhat bare interior of an ancient basilica; but unfortunately, when money has been forthcoming for the purpose, these interesting relics of the past have often been thoroughly spoilt. Roofs have been daubed and gilded in vile taste, round columns cased in square piers; chapels knocked out at the sides, and ugly chancels substituted for ancient apses. Happily at Ravenna, more fortunate than Rome, money has been wanting, consequently these barbarisms have seldom been perpetrated; but at S. Apollinare some modern chapels have been built out, some clerestory windows have been filled up, and it is probable that an apse once stood in the place of the present chancel. This church possesses an ancient Benedictine chair and an interesting ambone.

St. Giovanni Evangelista was founded by Galla Placida in 414, in fulfilment of a vow made during a storm at sea. It has a beautiful 12th-century door of early Gothic work. It is a whitewashed basilica, with nave much altered. Of its ancient part the marble columns, capitals, and imposts with crosses on them, alone are visible. The remains of a mosaic pavement, once in front of the high altar, are placed against the wall at the east end of the north transept. These pieces of mosaic are all of stone, whereas the wall mosaics are of paste, or composition, like the modern Roman ones. These are very roughly executed, exactly like a child's drawings on a slate; the subjects are a martyrdom, soldiers, castles, animals, a bishop giving his benediction, ships at sea, soldiers with pointed shields throwing darts; armour, chain or scale; a virgin with a palm-branch, and a lady giving a bunch of flowers to a man. The colours are merely black and white.

St. Spirito, or St. Theodoro, was built in the sixth century for the Arian bishops, and afterwards consecrated by St. Agnellus for orthodox worship. It is a small basilica, with nave divided from aisles by eight columns on each side, and a tribune. The chapels on the north side appear to be recent. The most interesting thing in this church is the marble ambone, or pulpit, whence the lessons were read. It is a beautiful example of the ancient ambone, and is open at both ends, and stands

upon an octangular white marble column; a little drawing of it is given as initial letter to this paper. St. Maria de Cosmedia, close by, was built by Theodoric for the baptistery to his Arian cathedral, now St. Apollinare Nuovo. It is small, and, like all ancient baptisteries, octagonal, in allusion to eight, the number of regeneration, being one more than seven, the number of creation. It was decorated with mosaics after its conversion to Catholic purposes in the sixth century. One subject is our Lord's baptism, and here the river Jordan is represented as flowing from the urn of a river god. These early mosaics seem often to show the influence of heathen mythology.

By this time we had taken in as much mental food as we could possibly digest; darkness had succeeded the rapidly-fleeting twilight, and we returned to the somewhat rough fare of the Spada d'Oro, pretty well exhausted in mind and body.

The next day we began our peregrinations with redoubled energy, our first point being the Duomo. This is disappointing; it is quite modern and painted white, with heavy arcades. In the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament is Guido's fine picture of "The Fall of Manna;" the manna is showered down by two beautiful little angels. In the sacristy there is an ivory chain of St. Maxentius beautifully carved, and a handsome gilt cross; date 1366. St. Apollinaris is represented on it with the neat little fourteenth-century mitre and loose chasuble of the same period. An ancient calendar, or way to find Easter, is cut on the wall. Over a door in the church is a fresco, by Guido, representing Elijah fed by the angel. Bononi's picture of "The Banquet of Ahasuerus," is in this church. An ancient stone altar covers the tomb of St. Maximinian. The tombs of St. Rinaldo and of the Confessor of Galla Placida are heavy sarcophagi. There is a very interesting ancient pulpit in two parts, built into the wall; it is about nine feet high, and has rows of animals on it in the following order:—1. sheep; 2. peacocks; 3. stags; 4. doves; 5. ducks; 6. fish. Probably it has some symbolical meaning. Near the altar is a silver processional cross of the sixth century. Mass was going on, celebrated with face to the nave in the pontifical manner; so we returned about half-past eleven, after our visit to the Academy, in order to examine it closely and take drawings of it. It is of wood, covered with small silver plates, each plate being a round medallion with a portrait of a saint on it. In the centre is a much larger medallion, having on one side the Virgin, on the other the Saviour. It is one of the most interesting things in Ravenna, and amply repays a minute inspection.

We were much pleased with the politeness of the clergy in this cathedral; they allowed us to take the cross into our own hands, to draw it, and examine it at our leisure.

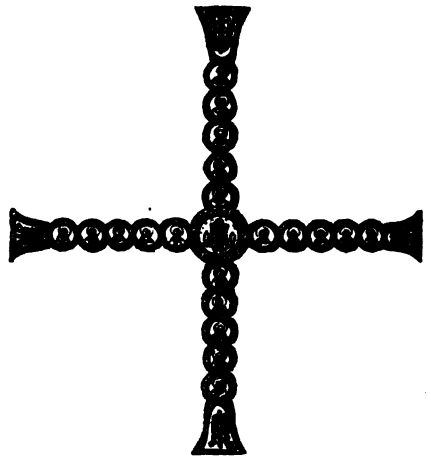
The Academy of Fine Arts contains a great many pictures in the Byzantine style, but has not a first-rate collection. We remarked a Crucifixion, designed by Michael Angelo and executed by Daniel de Volterra. The figure has the muscle of a prize-fighter. There is a fine mosaic pavement, found at St. Apollinare, in Classe; a small collection of armour, and a number of casts of the best statues.

The Tomb of Dante is a little domed building in very bad taste. It was under repair, but we looked in and saw a bas-relief portrait of him. The house occupied by Lord Byron, very near it, is an ugly building, and was then an inn.

The church of St. Francesco close by is a white-washed basilica. In it is a fourth-century altar, a picture of the Madonna and Child, by Sacchi di Imola, and some curious Gothic tombs of Ostasio di Polenta and E. Alfieri, placed upright in the wall.

The church of St. Niccolo has a very wide span of roof, and is not divided by columns or arcades. There is a fine picture of a Virgin and Child, with St. Monica by Pronti, and some remains of old frescoes.

St. Romualdo, a suppressed monastery, is close to it. It is a white church, with a cupola painted by Barbiani. There is a

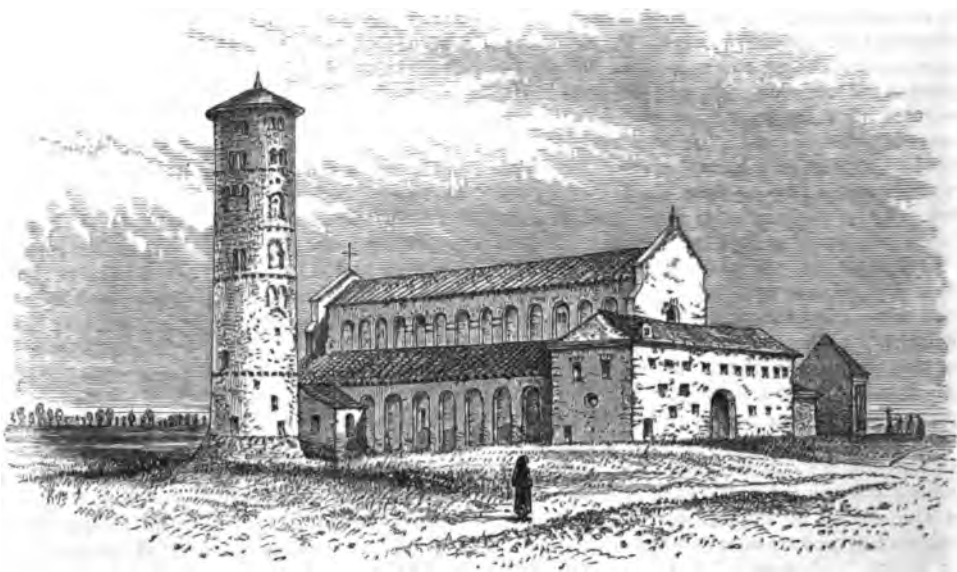


Silver Processional Cross of Sixth Century. Duomo Ravenna.

painting of St. Romualdo, by Guercino; and SS. Severus and Bartholomews, by Franceschini; in the foreground is one little angel putting a mitre on the head of another. A

dark picture by Cignani, of St. Benedict, is good. We were shown a gilt bronze and blue ciborium, also two porphyry columns in the

sacristy, and admired extremely a handsome bucket and wheel belonging to the well in the court-yard, and also a beautiful lavatory out-



Basilica of St. Apollinare in Classe.

side the refectory. In the refectory is a large fresco of the Marriage at Cana in Galilee, by Luca di Longhi, much injured.

We kept the best and most interesting thing till the last. St. Apollinare in Classe, one of the grandest basilicas in the world. Classe was in ancient days the seaport quarter of Ravenna. Now the sea is quite four miles off.

We drove out two miles along a flat road to this most interesting and affecting relic of ancient Christianity. A long, large building, with apse and round campanile, standing all alone in the wide flat country, with the long low line of the pine forest in the distance. It is built of brick. The interior is very imposing: a wide nave, narrow aisles, columns showing their bases, as fortunately the water has not risen here, a grand apse, and most interesting mosaics; on one side in the apse, Melchisedec is represented sacrificing behind an altar, with a loose white cloth embroidered with black over it. The altar has four legs, and is of stone. Melchisedec has the traditional appearance of Our Lord, and is dressed in purple cope and white tunic. He holds in his hand a small loaf, not unlike those sold in the shops now. On the altar near him are two similar loaves, one marked with a cross. A large two-handled vase, just like the Ro-

man vases in the Catacombs, stands before him on the altar. On the left of the altar is Abel presenting a lamb, on the right is Abraham pushing forward his son. The whole appears allegorical of the Eucharist. The opposite side has a large mosaic of the Emperor Constantinus Pogonotus giving a charter of privileges to Bishop Reparatus. There are many other beautiful mosaics, but these are the principal. In the church are eight heavy sarcophagi, tombs of prelates, which were formerly in the atrium of the church. The site of this ancient handsome forecourt is now occupied by a deserted and ruined house, which seems to have been a monastery. A melancholy, pale Franciscan showed us over this most interesting church, and his brown frock and rough rope girdle harmonised well with its deserted grandeur. He gave us some fir-cones from the far-famed Ravenna forest, and we promised to plant them in our distant home. We took drawings of the objects most interesting to us, and then drove to the Spada to dinner, as we had to start by train back to Bologna. There is little to say about our four hours' journey, as most of it took place in the dark, and between ten and eleven we were again in snug quarters at the Pellegrino.

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.

HEVER COURT.

BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD, AUTHOR OF "RALPH," &c.

CHAPTER XI. "THE WOMAN I LOVE, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVES ME."



UT it was only Edward's intense craving for sympathy that gave him this impulse; in a moment he reflected that it would be dishonourable and repugnant to his own pride to make proposals in this hour of his misfortunes.

"I suppose you have heard that I am going to leave Hever, Miss Dunman?" Lucy had heard.

"I'm going to London, that refuge for the destitute, and if I'd only a half-crown in my pocket instead of enough to live decently, I might do something in the Dick-Whittington line."

They laughed together at this view of the position.

"It's as well so look at it philosophically, you know," said Edward.

"Certainly," replied Lucy, with enthusiasm that was perhaps just a little fictitious; "I am sure you will make a name for yourself now, and a position far higher than that of the Squire of Bingwell."

"You see," Miss Dunman, I was horribly well satisfied with things as they were."

"Ah! but ought you to be so? That is the question."

"One can't help shivering a little at the thought of being turned out into the cold world, but there are many for whom the trial is greater than for me. But, Miss Dunman, I beg you ten thousand pardons for inflicting the mention of my troubles on you," said Edward, regaining by an effort his customary bright and hopeful look; but he couldn't maintain it, and his face fell as he added, "but one feels so awfully lonely; it is that feeling in my future which I cannot face bravely."

"Oh, but you have troops of friends, and will make them everywhere."

"Have I? I don't know that. I think I had; but can I assume that their kindness had no knowledge of my position?"

"They would not be worthy the name of

friends, if they were so untrue," said Lucy, warmly.

"It is enough for me if you——" As he spoke, Edward leaned towards Lucy, with an earnest meaning in his eyes which she could scarcely have misread. A momentary blush and drooping of her eyes, then they were raised, and as he hesitated how to proceed, she interrupted him.

"Mamma and I will hope to meet you often in London; we are going there, you know, very shortly."

At this moment a servant entered the room and gave Lucy what appeared to be a hurried message.

She rose directly, telling Edward that she was summoned to her mother's bed-room, as she was suddenly taken unwell; that Lady Dunman had desired her to make her excuses to him.

"Good-bye, Miss Dunman." And he felt as he took her hand that never before had he realised his misfortunes. Now it seemed that he gave up all his hope of her.

They exchanged no other word, but Edward's heart was full to bursting as he remounted his horse.

And Lucy ran upstairs to her mother's room, struggling, but in vain, to keep back tears which, could he but have been aware that they flooded those softly eloquent eyes for him, would surely have proved an anodyne for any trial that he might have to endure.

As Edward rode homewards, he tried every argument to arm himself with indifference as to the future. But all his circling thoughts found a common centre in Lucy. However, he felt that, as it must be so, the sooner he got away from Bingwell the better. Yet, now that he must give it all up, everything about the place seemed to have acquired a new, or rather a value before unknown in his eyes. He was conscious of attachment to the very roads and hedges, to all the landmarks which from boyhood were associated with the locality of his home.

When he came near to the White Horse he saw Mrs. Smithson standing in the doorway, her immense apron spreading its whiteness from side to side. He saw that she observed him, by a motion which she was wont to make towards those she called "the quality." She spoke of it as a "curchey," and its effect was

to allow the "tuck" of her dress to touch the floor. Usually it was a little above the ground, displaying feet which gave ample security for her safe standing.

Edward was in no mood for talking, but he thought he couldn't leave the village without saying a word of adieu to one who had known him so long and so well as the good-humoured hostess of the White Horse. So he turned towards the door.

Mrs. Smithson had perplexities on her side. She liked Edward in the way that such a woman does regard a popular, handsome, generous young squire. In her heart she didn't believe that Will was the legitimate son of his father. She couldn't believe it because it gave to rough, uneducated Will the property which seemed to her the natural possession of the cultivated, gently-nurtured Edward. But then her interests were sadly at variance with her predilections. She knew that Will was deeply enamoured of Clara, and she felt that her niece had only to use her charms and her imperious will to advantage in order to be the future lady of Hever Court.

She had a profound sense of her own meanness as Edward approached, but she knew she couldn't, and perhaps if she could she wouldn't, surmount it.

"I have come to bid you good-bye, Mrs. Smithson," he said, smiling sadly.

Her impulse was to tell him to fight it out with Will, but she said:—

"Ay, there's ups and downs in the world, ain't there; but yer know, Master Ed'ard, you'll have the turn for a bit o' good luck now. But won't yer come in, sir?"

He dismounted, and fastening his bridle near the doorway followed her into the parlour. There he found Clara sitting in her usual attitude by the fire, and also, as usual, with a novel in her hand.

She turned her dark eyes upon him with a natural greeting and yet a deep meaning glance, inquiring to see how her heart's hero bore his altered fortunes. If all the good things that he was about to give up had but fallen to her, how gladly would she have thrown them back to him in exchange for one word of love! She might now possibly be the mistress of Hever Court. She knew that, but she knew better still in her heart of hearts that at a word or sign she would follow Edward's fortunes, however dark they might be, nor would she ever think she had made a sacrifice in leaving Will to enjoy without her the wealth of Hever Court.

Household cares called Mrs. Smithson away, and they were left together.

"Well, you see, Miss Clara," said Edward

gaily, "I danced with you the other evening under false pretences."

"I am sorry —"

"Sorry—you sorry! Why, what would Will say if he heard you?"

"I don't care for Will," Clara pouted, her red lips displaying a beautiful scorn.

"But he cares for you," said Edward, in a low voice.

"Can I help that?"

"No; I suppose pretty girls must submit to that sort of thing sometimes."

"Mr. Edward," Clara spoke in an unnatural voice, telling of an internal struggle, "why do you give way to him so easily?"

"Because I think I am only giving him his right. I can't claim the merit of doing it with much pleasure."

"He is not a gentleman."

"Oh! five thousand a year will make him one."

"You don't believe it; you will always be one." And the girl hung her head and blushed at her own boldness.

"Thanks. Kind words are pleasant to the unfortunate."

With her eyes still downcast, Clara said—

"I would give more if I might."

It was not the words she spoke so much as their tone, so sad and sweet, that moved Edward.

"Surely there is no proper limit to kindness."

"Is there not," she said, stealing a bright glance at his face, "between you and me? Has the world no rules on the subject?"

He marked the quivering of her lips, the subdued passion of her voice. But he thought it was excess of pity.

"You are very, very kind. But my position is not so very bad, so pitiable. Besides, I am young."

"Pity! I don't pity you—I—love—you!"

The softly whispered confession broke involuntarily. She hid her crimsoned face in her hands, through which there came a stifled sob.

Edward was amazed and embarrassed. Clara lifted her blushing face, her bosom heaving with excitement.

"I know I ought to be ashamed of myself, but can you suppose that your sex alone is doomed to this self-torture? Men may proclaim their feelings and pursue their object untouched by shame, but we must kill our passion, or—it must kill us."

Then her voice, which had risen as it seemed over the barriers of her self-control, fell again to a loving softness as she added:—

"I would so have done by mine, had you still been as you were."

Edward knew not what to do, so he did that which perhaps it were better he had not done. He took her hand, and gently pressing it, stammered :—

"I had no—idea of this—you believe me ;—do you not ?"

She had turned away from him, but without withdrawing her hand. There was bitter pride in her reply :—

"I never asked your love."

He dropped her hand.

"It is worthless, but I had none to give."

"And I cannot recall mine." Then another gust of passion swept before it all sense of restraint. Her hands hanging low, nervously clasped together, she entreated : "Oh ! take it ; let me love you. I would then welcome your misfortunes. Say, 'Follow me.'"

In the depth of her conscious yet willing self-abasement, she had overpassed now any sense of shame. Yet she made no advance towards him, but stood with her hands, as it were, fettered ; her head resting on her breast in a posture which seemed to mingle dignity with the expectation of a self-convicted criminal.

Edward was not insensible to her beauty, nor unmoved by her love. He could scarcely describe his sensations. Easy indeed would it have been for him to yield to her attractions, but that his eye and his heart were full of pictures of another loveliness, and that the fresh image of Lucy's pure and gentle beauty stood between him and this witching temptress. Clara's avowal could not of itself have inspired disgust. It was too real if it was reckless. It was the contrast, with his strong love for Lucy, that summoned this unwelcome feeling to his mind. Yet he strove to avoid forcing any sense of shame upon Clara.

"Miss Smithson," he replied, "will you accept and respect my confidence ?"

"You may trust me," said Clara, making no motion but with her lips.

"With all my heart and soul then, I love—"

"Don't tell me—I might hate her. For me, of course, there remains only your contempt. Adieu !"

Edward was about to protest something, but she swept past him out of the room, leaving him nothing to do but to regain his horse and resume his ride homewards at his leisure.

CHAPTER XII.—A FRATERNAL ENCOUNTER AT HEVER COURT.

In her thoughts for her niece's advancement Mrs. Smithson overlooked the effect of his sudden elevation upon Will himself. Will Campbell and William Frankland were very

different personages. Will had appeared reckless and prodigal and a slave to every caprice of Clara's, yet with a strongly developed selfishness which kept him always, though only just, upon the brink of danger and difficulty. But with the knowledge that he was possessed of what seemed to him illimitable wealth, all that was worst in his nature was encouraged. Riches to him meant self-indulgence, freedom to steep himself in all the gratifications dearest to his sensuous nature. He had cast off, without even the consciousness of his debt, the ties that bound him to his foster-mother.

He couldn't understand her tears, nor appreciate the homely pride with which the poor woman feigned to disregard his rejection of her sympathy or humble partnership in his good fortune. It was not that he felt the consciousness of birth and social position superior to hers, but that she formed no part in his views of the future. He had done with her ; if she bothered him with her affection or advice it could only be because she wanted to get money or money's worth out of him. What else could anybody want of him now ?

Hardest of all it was to him to fancy himself the master of that solemn butler and the luscious subterranean treasures of which he was the guardian ; to be free to fill the stables at Hever with horses, and to have them and their grooms at his command ; to wander at liberty over the stubbles and through the coverts with Thompson, his old enemy, now his obedient servant, at his heels,—all this was intoxicating delight. Often, too, he thought of Clara's sumptuous charms, but quite as often with a strange fear of her power over him as with the desire to possess himself of them. Of course he could do so if he would ; he didn't for a moment doubt that she would try all in her power to become the mistress of himself and his fortune. But it was for this very reason that he avoided her. Love with him meant acquisition, not surrender. He knew that her eye could charm him to do her will ; he felt, he feared it had this power. And he knew that if he married her it was she and not he who would reign at Hever Court. Sometimes it seemed to him quite as though she were his rival for this splendid fortune. She appeared to have established some rights over him, yet she had always been proudly disdainful, and had never allowed him to speak a word of love to her. He would resist these claims and clear himself of her once for all.

Not less often there mingled with his thoughts the recollection of the moments when he had held Lucy in his arms. Her gentle beauty seemed to demand no such

terrible reprisals. If his wealth could win her he might be safe against her interference with his enjoyments. He had no idea that strength of character could rest beneath softly calm eyes and gentle manners. To win Lucy would be to add but another pleasure to those that awaited him. A pleasure to which there would be no drawbacks, for he could quickly make her feel his mastership if harsh treatment afterwards became necessary.

To win Lucy would also secure his position in the county. But William Frankland cared little for this; a nearer and dearer thought was that he would then be the doubly-successful rival of Edward. Yet, so far from any open hostility between the two brothers, there had taken place, as it appeared to Bingwell, an affectionate reconciliation between them.

Edward, on his part, had felt very unwilling to leave home at enmity with his half-brother, and exceedingly desirous, if only for the sake of appearances, that there should be a mutual acknowledgment and recognition of their relationship in the altered position it had lately assumed. There could not be any reality of good-will between them, such was his conviction. But as Will was now undoubtedly the head of his family, he would make an effort that they should part at least in seeming amity.

Suppressing his desire to get away from Bingwell, he had forced himself to say all this to Will, and to propose that he should be Will's guest at Hever Court for a fortnight.

On his side Will at once saw the advantages to himself in this new arrangement. It would relieve him from the unpopularity he must certainly incur if he appeared to turn the popular young squire out of the house. It would help him in launching into his new position; and besides, he already comprehended how much it was to his own advantage that he should learn more of Edward's practical acquaintance with the affairs of the estate.

So it had happened that they were now both at home at Hever Court.

With all the delicate tact of which he was master, Edward sought to make Will feel that he, and not himself, was the master of the house. Will accepted the position, but with the most repulsive coarseness. All day the sense of his own inferiority galled him until the evening, when he drank himself into forgetfulness.

Nearly every evening that they had passed together he had been first sulky, then drunkenly quarrelsome, from that passing into a state of maudlin intoxication, and so on into a heavy sleep, from which he was aroused, but not awoke, by the servant who led him to his bed-room.

So they sat one evening; just after dinner, when the duration of Edward's stay was drawing to a close. He was not sorry for this; for there remained only one pleasure which he meditated with delight. To-morrow was the occasion of a local agricultural show, and he knew that he should meet Lucy there, for she never failed to display her interest in the cottagers' exhibition of fruit and garden produce, and the poor loved her. He had called to inquire after Lady Dunman's health, and being assured that her ladyship was out, he, prompted by his sensitive pride, had regarded her indisposition as assumed, in order to break off his acquaintance.

The two brothers were alone. The lamp-light shone upon the glass and plate upon the table, upon dark polished oak near and far throughout the room, upon stately chairs ranged against the walls beneath family portraits, among which the newest and brightest showed the sombre features of their father, more like those of Will than of Edward, and the intellectual and high-bred features of Edward's mother, which were all his own.

Heavily reclining in an easy-chair, Will moved only to fill his glass from the bottle of port-wine, which Edward did not choose to share. Both were dressed in mourning; but Will did not look at home. For all his new clothes and his easy posture he could but have passed for a stalwart young rustic.

Edward was drinking claret and reading, though he now and then lowered his book to reply to some remark of Will's.

He was describing a ride he had had that day.

"And then I came to that little farm of yours, Ned." This was a small farm of about sixty acres, which Edward had inherited from his mother, and which, together with the five thousand pounds, made all his wealth. "You must let me have that farm," Will continued, "I'll buy it of you. One covert on it is worth two or three of the Hever coverts."

"I don't mean to sell it."

"Well, then, you needn't; only every head o' game will be poached while you're away."

Edward looked annoyed.

"I told Thompson to give an eye to it," he said.

"That be hanged; I ain't going to have my men under anybody's orders but my own."

Edward saw that Will was in his quarrelsome stage of intoxication, and knowing it was impossible to avoid a quarrel if he pursued the subject, he resumed his reading.

Will went on drinking. Presently he hiccupped, and a drunken smile of self-satisfaction had settled on his face.

"You call yourself a gentleman; but you

ain't half such a jolly chap as Arthur Dunman was."

Edward felt a shock at Will's mention of the name of Lucy's brother. His name was almost forgotten in Bingwell, or remembered only as a warning. He had been a wild young man, and Will his favourite companion. Through his father's influence he had obtained some appointment in London, but within a year after he left Bingwell, he died, some said accidentally, others by his own hand. He was some years older than Edward, who remembered as a child to have heard of Arthur as a monster of wickedness, whose conduct had caused his father and mother great unhappiness.

Edward had no wish to encourage Will to talk of Arthur. But Will's tongue was loosed from any need of encouragement.

"Ah! he was a good sort," Will went on; "he wouldn't have sat there drinking that vinegar stuff of yours. Many's the lark him and me's had. But Master Arthur went a bit too far at last; he came it too strong."

"He treated his parents shamefully," said Edward, who found it impossible to resist the interest he felt in all that concerned Lucy's family.

Will leered at him with a look which betrayed a sottish pride of superior knowledge upon the subject, and a desire to gauge the ignorance of his companion.

"There's only one or two people that knows all about that, and you ain't one of them." Will hiccoughed between his words, and his voice was becoming thick.

"Who do you mean?"

"Who should I mean; why, me and Lady Dunman to be sure. But there's another lady I mean to tell it to before long. She wouldn't hold her head so high above me, I think. But, my word, she's a screamer."

Edward feared he was referring to Lucy, and darted an angry scowl at Will.

"You know who I mean, old chap, I see; let's drink her health—Lucy Dunman. I wish I'd have kissed her that night when I had her in my arms."

"Don't mention her name—you are not fit to speak of her, you beast!" exclaimed Edward in a fury.

Will eyed him steadily for a moment. It seemed as though some strong feeling were overmastering the effect of the wine. Then he rose from his chair and aimed a tremendous blow at Edward's face. Foiled by Edward's adroitness in avoiding it, he staggered forward and fell on the floor.

Thereon a furious tussle ensued, Edward defending himself against Will's greater strength and his drunken rage. It was a shocking scene; two men rolling about upon the floor,

overturning tables and chairs, crashing wine-glasses and plates in their struggle; Will cursing and abusing Edward with the most horrid oaths and the foulest language; their clothes torn, with flushed faces and rough hair, striving one against the other, until at length Edward succeeded in throwing Will, and disengaging himself from him, gained the door and escaped to his own room.

They were never again together in any one apartment of Hever Court.

Edward would have left the house the next morning, but that was the day of the agricultural show, and he could not deny himself the pleasure of seeing Lucy once more. But he packed and sent his luggage to the station to await his coming from the show. The day was fine, and he set out on foot; he wouldn't take one of Will's horses, feeling that he was leaving Hever Court for ever, of which he had been born and brought up as its future unquestioned master. It was one of those clear, bright days in early autumn, when the summer reappears as though it was not yet dead, but living in a vigorous old age. Dew-drops glittered like diamonds on the grass; the clumps of trees, with which the park was studded, never looked more beautiful than now when the rich and variegated tints of autumn were upon them. Sheep and deer browsed together on the pastures, which in their charming undulations and unseen boundaries seemed to slope away into infinite quiet and a repose untroubled by the noise of the busy world. Never did this happy languor appear to him more delicious than this morning; yet in the longing, lingering regret for his old house, there mingled a feeling of interest in that new and unexplored track he must now take in life.

The lodge-keeper, as he touched his hat, did not know that Edward would not return to Hever Court.

Along the road he knew that he was the subject of every gossip. Groups of labourers in holiday costume were trudging the same way with himself. He thought more than once that he heard his name mentioned as he passed some of them. He amused himself with reflections on their homely pride of dress. Here was one whose strong point was his tall beaver hat, which nothing but Sundays and holidays could draw from its working-day box. There were fops who showed a bit of red waistcoat at the lapet of their smock-frocks of green or white, the collars of which were worked with intricate finish and displayed blue or white glass buttons. With the more well-to-do, the *chaussure* was the point which had received the most outlay and attention. Bright new buff-coloured gaiters

or buskins topped their formidable highlows, which trod the ground with a weight and a span becoming the stride of the ploughman, a good deal like the heavy swing of their huge teams, and iron-shod with metal almost as heavy.

Will's elevation was not popular with this class. The labouring class is invariably Conservative with respect to the gentry. They don't like *parvenus*. Probably for the same reason that school-boys dislike a monitor chosen from their own ranks. He knows too much of their ways, and they know too much of his. Every class has its shams, its weaknesses, unknown to the bulk of those who have always been members of other classes. The born gentleman ignores these in his visits to his labourers, but the enriched working-man has a terribly keen eye for them.

Then there is the jealousy which the sudden elevation of one, nearly of their own class, causes. But this was not so much felt in Hever, because Will had become squire by evident right,—by the best right of being the old squire's eldest son.

All whom Edward met saluted him with affectionate respect and an evident sympathy. To those he knew well he spoke kindly, but said nothing of his leaving, to avoid conversation upon subjects which could not be agreeable to him.

The road had now narrowed and passed between high banks covered with dense underwood. Coming to a gateway, Edward left the road, thinking to mount the ridge behind the gate and get one last look at Hever Court. The gateway opened into a narrow gap between the woods, so narrow indeed that the tall underwood overhung the path and roofed it with russet leaves against the now powerful rays of the sun.

Once through the gateway, Edward found himself in perfect silence and solitude. When he had taken a look over the fair landscape which but a few weeks back had seemed unquestionably his own, he turned back, intending to continue his way to the show.

He was leaning on the gate musing on his past and future when he heard a voice in the wood. He could also hear the sound of wheels and of horses' feet, but they were approaching slowly at a walking pace, and the light sandy soil of the roadway made little noise under them. He recognised Will's voice, but he had not caught his words.

There was then a short pause. Edward could see no one, but the next voice he heard thrilled through him. It was Lucy's.

"Do you impose terms to reward your silence, and what are they?"

Lucy's voice was cold and resolute, yet

there was enough in the sound to tell Edward of her anxiety to conciliate Will.

Edward had no thought at the moment of the indignity of listening. His whole being seemed dead except in that point where his eager hearing was concentrated.

Just at this moment Lucy's pony carriage came within his view from the gateway. Will was riding at her side farthest from him. Lucy's face was pale, and Edward thought he could see how she strove to repress any symptom of the anxiety her voice betrayed. Yet there was no trace of unworthy embarrassment. She had never looked more lovely than when the severe expression which her face now wore gave a more than ordinarily intellectual character to her delicate beauty.

Edward was reminded of Will's horrid smile the night before while he saw him bend down from his saddle so as to bring his face near to hers, and say,

"How can a pretty young lady ask such a question?" The leer with which this was accompanied left no doubt as to the terms he intended to impose.

Edward saw, he thought he even felt, Lucy's shudder. But her features seemed immovable.

"You would not have me do violence to my feelings." This was all she replied. It was torture to Edward that he could hear no more of their conversation. It would be worse to go on and see them still together, Will proudly mounted on a horse that had been Edward's own, perhaps exchanging confidences with Lucy from which he must stand aloof and on foot. Lucy was evidently in no need of personal protection, and he could not see her without betraying, at least, the consciousness of what he had heard.

Whatever might be the secret which gave Will this influence over her, influence which he would doubtless use to the utmost of his power without mercy or remorse, Edward knew it could be connected with no fault or sin of hers, for he held her in his heart guiltless as an angel.

An hour later he was at the Bingwell station, and, finding his luggage had already arrived, took the next train to London.

(To be continued.)

STROLLS WITH INVALID CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

NO. I. MY DOG AND I.

Now, how is it possible for sick children to take a stroll? and what interest can they be expected to find in our strolls,—my dog and I?

I will tell you. When one is ill, the last

person it is advisable to think about is oneself. It does no good; for we keep on growing either better or worse all the while, and it only makes us a weariness to ourselves, and a trouble to other people. Sometimes, when pain is sharp, and sickness very heavy, it is impossible not to think about oneself; but the sooner one escapes into other thoughts the better; and our thoughts should take us out of ourselves—away from the weary body, which perhaps cannot stir from bed or sofa, the dull sick-room where we are familiar with every line of the patterned paper, every angle of the furniture. The more we can shut our mind's eye upon the things around us, and open it upon those which, being invisible, we can look at whenever we please, the better will it be for us all.

I do not think, my poor sick children, that my thus making you see these unseen things will cause you regret or unhappiness. Sometimes we keenly enjoy hearing of pleasures in which we cannot actually share. When I was a little girl I used to take walks with a blind old man, not born blind, but become so gradually. He knew every inch of the country, which was a specially beautiful neighbourhood; he would stop me at particular points, saying, "Now show me that view!" And I told him exactly how it looked—how this larch-wood was growing green, how the sun was shining across that angle of meadow-land, how the seven firs on the hill-top stood out sharp against the sky, and so on. How he would enjoy it! often even correcting me in my description, so vivid was his remembrance of what he once used to behold, and the pleasure of which remained to him still.

And long afterwards I knew a lady, who had not walked for many years, who then thought she would never walk again, yet every day in my rambles she used mentally to follow me; I bringing home to her in a basket a little bit of every kind of vegetation that sprang newly up as the spring came on, from the first buds of yellow coltsfoot, or the leaf of the yet unflowering celandine, on to the time of primroses and cowslips,—when we parted. She used to make a perfect little garden in her room, that bright little room which was, to me at least, the pleasantest in the house, arranging her mosses and lichens and bits of ground-ivy, with the most exquisite taste; she said the sight of them made her quite happy, that she could imagine every place in which the flowers grew, and that my walks were almost as good as if she took them herself.

Now this is the kind of imaginary walk I would like to plan with sick children. My poor little ones, try and forget your pains, and

have a stroll with me, over paper and print, all among real places and people and things, for I will promise not to tell you a word that is not true.

And first, as to "My Dog and I." You would perhaps like to know who the "I" may be? Well, it is a person who likes, and is usually not disliked by, young people, whom she always finds good company, and gets for a walk whenever she can. Otherwise her chief companion is, next to a child, the best companion possible—a dog.

Now let me paint his portrait for you. He is a black, long-eared, long-tailed, and very shaggy Scotch terrier—at least, that I believe to be his race, though whether he is valuable or not I really do not know. Nor can I say whether connoisseurs would call him handsome. From the total silence of my friends on the subject—praising him as a "good dog," an "intelligent dog," but never complimenting him on his beauty—I am afraid he has not much to boast of. But he is beautiful to me. When he comes bounding up to me, with his keen, loving, sagacious eyes, his curly black hair—all but the breast and feet, which, when he is clean, give him a most gentlemanly appearance of white stockings and white shirt-frills—I think him the handsomest dog in the world.

For he loves me, and I love him; he is faithful to me, and I am mindful of him. I make him obey me, since that is for his own good as well as mine; but I never wantonly ill treat him, nor wound his feelings in the smallest degree. When he is hungry, he is never tantalized to beg or do tricks; if thirsty, he knows where to go for his bowl of water, which is always full. And I strictly keep my promises to him, as I would to a human being. If, on going out, I say to him, "Lie there till I come back," I always do come back, and he waits in perfect faith, assured that he will not be left forlorn. In short, I deal with him according to the law of kindness, the only safe one for either man or beast. Consequently he is so human in his affection that I sometimes call him my Black Prince, and declare that if I were to cut off his head and tail—as the king's youngest son did to the white cat in the fairy story—he would certainly change into a handsome young prince, and devote himself to me for ever. Still, there might be a risk in the experiment—I might lose my dog and not find my prince—so I shall not try it just at present.

Imagine him, then, my children, as he sits watching me put on my bonnet, his head a little on one side, his eyes gleaming from under his shaggy black eyebrows, and his tail tapping the floor in a quiver of excitement, till

I give the final permission, "Yes, my man, you shall go."

Then, how he leaps! with all his four feet in the air; deafens me with wild ecstatic barks, and bewilders me, as I am putting on my boots, with unavailing but desperate attempts to kiss my foot or my hand. At last I am obliged to speak to him quite sharply, and then he subsides into temporary composure, broken only by an occasional whine of delight and entreaty, until we open the door—we, for he jumps up and licks my fingers at the handle—and go out.

To describe the ecstasy with which he bounds along the road, coming back at intervals to leap after me and take my hand in his mouth in a caressing way, barking all the while furiously, is quite impossible; and probably all dogs are the same as my dog, though I am inclined to think him the one dog in the world.

He and I take our way down the solitary road—quite solitary, for we live at a sea-side place, whence, during the winter months, all the inhabitants disappear; and this is January, with a dry, black, biting January frost, which turns our usually muddy road into crisp cleanliness. Not a bit of snow is to be seen, though there is a slight rime on the grass blades and the topmost twigs of the hedge; otherwise the frost is so fierce that this brilliant sunshine, coming out of a sky as blue as June, does not affect it at all.

The bare trees stand up motionless, for the air is quite still, but of the abundant animal or vegetable life that used to meet us in our walks there is hardly a trace, except the one little robin that hops about on the hedge or across the footway, scarcely a yard from my dog's nose. He is not a bit frightened, either of my dog or me—hunger has made him tame. Now he has flown back to the hedge, and sits there, ruffling up his feathers till he looks as fat and round as a ball, his bright eye fixed on me, so close that I could almost take him in my hand, or put salt on his tail, after the approved method of catching birds.

But no, my little friend, for I am well acquainted with you; you have haunted this hedge-corner for weeks past, and until this frost began you used to sing till one could almost fancy it was May; and as soon as the least mildness comes you will sing again, you pretty blithe creature, making the best of everything, as we all ought to do.

Bless me! I thought my robin was the only bird abroad, but here is a flock of chaffinches. Probably one of the last brood of the season, which instead of separating keeps together, a troop of wandering brothers and sisters, all winter long. And what is my

Black Prince barking at so furiously in that field? Rooks?—yes, there they are, rising in a body from the newly-ploughed field, wheeling round and round or hovering like a cloud above it, and finally settling on the nearest tree, which they cover entirely, hanging on its bare branches in black dots, which show sharp against the sky, like some extraordinary kind of fruit. There they will remain making a great clatter, and cawing and clapping of wings, till we have gone safely past, then down they will drop again upon the field, marching about it after the peculiar solemn fashion of rooks. Never mind, the oats are not yet sown; they will do no harm. Perhaps good.

See!—there is another bird; sailing too high for my dog to bark at. It is not exactly a stranger, though we do not see many of them unless in stormy weather, when they are driven inland often much farther than our estuary. Some of you, my children, may have read in Mary Howitt's poems, one beginning,—

"O the white sea-gull, the wild sea-gull,
A joyful bird is he."

Going on to say how—

"The ship, with her fair sails set, goes by,
And her people stand to note
How the sea-gull lies in the heaving sea,
As still as an anchor'd boat."

Well, this is the creature, and a beautiful creature he is too, if we could examine him close; but he keeps circling and circling over our heads, so that we can only see his white breast, and his great white flapping wings tipped with black, on which he goes sailing miles and miles out to sea, and beholds wonderful sights, such as we ourselves never shall behold. And probably he has built his nest, with myriads of others, on the top of a great rock in the middle of the sea, some fifty miles from hence, and only comes paying occasional winter visits to our pretty little bay.

I wish I could show you this bay. It curves in suddenly from a line of rocky coast—rocks of that picturesque sort which geologists term "conglomerate." It is shingly, not sandy, and except a few occasional masses of sea-weed, and the melancholy bits of drift-wood which imply a wreck somewhere, some time, we rarely find any very curious things; except the unfailing curiosities of every seashore, the ebbing and flowing of the tide, the shells clustering on bits of rock, the strange creatures—medusæ, for instance—which go floating about on the top of the waves, or lie as deep down as you can see beneath the clear water. And then there is the view—the broad blue estuary—the line of mountains

beyond; but I could never paint that in pen and ink.

My dog has no eye for the picturesque, but a very sharp one to his own pleasure. He knows as well as possible the turn down to the bay, where I give him his daily swim. He stops, barks, runs forward, then turns, looks at me and barks again. He says, as plainly as a dumb beast can say, "Won't you come?"

Well, my dog, I will; though I have not your passion for sea-water in January; though I shall get my hands all wet and cold with handling that kail-stalk you are so eager to swim after; and though, after you come out, you will assuredly jump upon me, and shake yourself into a perfect watering-pot on my gown, still I'll bear it. Come, we'll go.

I pick up the kail-stalk and a piece of drift-wood which he has been eyeing and barking at; he plunges in after both like a hero, comes out dripping like a drowned rat,—then throws himself upon me, overwhelming me with gratitude and salt-water. "Well, that's enough! and now be a good dog and come away."

It sometimes strikes me, when I see my dog's paroxysm of grateful joy for the smallest favour—his obedient relinquishing of benefits denied, his contrition when he does wrong, and is told to "walk behind me," abject penitence depicted in his head and ears, nay, his very tail; his ecstasy when I forgive him, and speak kindly to him again—it strikes me, I say, that many of us might take a lesson from a poor brute beast.

But I promised not to preach, and shall keep my word; only sometimes you must let me have my little say in passing, as I should if we were really walking together. But for the most part we shall take these walks as country walks are best taken, with one's eyes open and one's mouth shut.

Our bay is a perpetual pleasure to me. It is calm enough now, and yet I have seen the waves come rolling in several feet high, breaking over the rocks and the little wooden pier in perfect showers of spray; to-day, however, they just come rippling in lazily, each curling over with a soft "thud" on the beach. Beyond, there hangs over the river—we call it a river, though the opposite bank is six miles off—the stillness of intense frost. Days since, the mountains disappeared in a white haze, into which the sun is just dropping, to reappear as a round red ball like molten iron, which dips slowly into the waves, dyeing them a deep blood colour.

I notice these things because, children, I want you to notice the like, walking everywhere, as I have said, "with your eyes open." Then,

oh! the beautiful and wonderful things you will see every day and every hour! I leave you to find them out.

Ay, and so you would, even on a winter day like this, when people who know nothing of the country think it "dull." Dull?—why every minute we are discovering something new,—my dog and I.

He takes me along the shore-road, which is divided from the sea by a narrow belt of trees and brushwood. There he goes searching about, fancying he has found one of his old familiar rabbits, but they are safely hidden in their holes up the glen, down which the noisy burn comes tumbling, tumbling, till it joins the salt-water just here. For our sea-board is not barren or bleak, but rich with vegetation to the water's edge. I have often seen primroses and hyacinths growing to within a yard or two of high-water mark, and mingling their woodland odour with the salt smell of dulce and carrageen.

Passing the glen, where I shall take you a walk some day, children, we come to a range of rocks gradually rising to thirty or forty feet, along the base of which the shore-road runs.

These rocks are very curious. They have evidently been the ancient sea-margin, that is to say, the estuary has been level with their tops, instead of, as it now is, many feet below. This gradual receding and advancing of the sea, leaving one shore high and dry and undermining or overwhelming another, is a very remarkable phenomenon. Scientific men might study it here with advantage; but we who are not learned, but merely simple observers of nature, can only walk under, and look up at, those great perpendicular rocks—some bare, some covered with birch-trees, whin-bushes, and heather—and wonder how many centuries it took the sea to slip away, leaving, what must once have been its wonderful deeps, but which has now grown into a pretty shore, fringed with the richest vegetation, especially ivy, mosses, and ferns.

Ours is a grand country for ferns. The humidity of the climate makes them grow everywhere abundantly. You find them lurking in every cranny where it is possible for a fern to grow. Even now, in this dead season of the year, many of them are beautifully green. So are the mosses; and, mixed with brown lichens and yellow fungi, they are almost as pretty as flowers.

But we have to do at present with these rocks, which are a perpetual wonder and delight to me. I do not know what their "formation" may be, geologically; but I never look up at them in their curious jagged outlines, without thinking of the time when

this great river was level with their tops, emptying itself seaward—not, as now, through two lines of busy towns, and pleasant coast villas, strung in dots, like a long white necklace, on either side the blue waters,—but flowing solitarily through primeval forests, inhabited by antediluvian or pre-Adamite beasts: creatures such as may be seen in the Sydenham Crystal Palace gardens, made in Portland cement, and set to look as if they were walking, squatting, crawling, or climbing—uncouth, grim monsters, which, we fancy, must have peopled an equally queer and monstrous world. But of that period now the most learned geologist can teach us little. We can only trace the evidence of it in these rocks, gradually worn away, some into smooth sloping surfaces, some cut down perpendicularly, as accurately as if it had been done with a hatchet.

A few masses are left standing separate from the rest. One in particular, half-covered with vegetation, looks more like a fragment of masonry, or bit of an old ruined castle, than the handiwork of Nature alone.

Nature, indeed! What strange pranks has she been playing since last week, when I came along this road! There, every fifty yards or so, was the sound or sight of water, for ours is a watery country; from above or beneath we never have any lack of it. Now, every drop of water is turned into ice; every roadside runlet, or singing burn, or leaping waterfall—nay, nay, every little trickle that comes dripping from the roots of a heather-bush, is frozen, as if a fairy had suddenly passed by, struck it with her wand, and turned it, just as it was, into hard, clear crystal.

The shapes it takes are infinite. First, there is a part of the rock so smooth that it holds not even a cranny where to grow a tiny fern. This has become one sheet of ice, glittering in the sun. Elsewhere there hang festoons, a yard or two deep, like glass curtains, from which depend innumerable tassels, or ear-rings, or spears—whatever you choose to liken them to—perfectly rounded, and, however thick they may be at the root, tapering uniformly to a point, slender and sharp as a needle. They are all sizes and all lengths, from an inch to two yards, and their numbers are numberless.

And now we come to the most curious sight of all. There is a place where the rock is hollowed inward, so as to form a shallow cave. This cave is completely festooned with icicles. Some are of great size, perfect sheaves of spears, united at top in a solid mass. Here and there, where the cave, which faces southwest, has been entered by the sun's light, they have slightly melted; but the drops which fell

have speedily frozen again, and underneath each sheaf of downward spears a new array of upward spears has risen from the ground to meet them. Standing here, under this roof, which used to be so damp and green, or glistening with oozing water, but is now turned into a fairy palace, we can conjure up what Arctic caverns and icebergs must be. And in trying to break off one of these spears, but finding that, though it is only two inches in diameter, my hand is as weak against it as against a bar of steel, I can understand better the awfulness of that frozen sea, which has strength to lock up in its deathly bosom huge ships, and that not for weeks or months, but for whole years.

As I walk on, many a thought comes, and many a story which I should like to tell you, my boys and girls—for girls love heroes as well as boys—of those brave sailors who have perished in the Polar deep, or come back to tell us of their exploits, perils, and endurance. But you may read them all for yourselves in McClintock's voyage of the Fox, and in another book, interesting as a fairy tale, and simple as a story told at the fire-side by word of mouth, the Arctic adventures of the American, Dr. Kane, who volunteered to go in search of our own Franklin. The heroism of the man—he is dead now; he died not long after he came home—his care over and fidelity to his companions, his unselfishness, patience, and self-denial—all these, not showy, but silent virtues, betrayed rather than expressed in his plain, straightforward, sailor-like narrative, compose a history, from the reading of which every man, woman, or child, with a heart and a conscience, must rise up feeling happier and better than before. For surely, if no other good has been gained by these terribly tragical adventures in search of the North-west Passage, they have taught one thing—how much for duty's sake men can do, and dare, and endure: ay, *endure*, which is not quite synonymous with *suffer*, one being active and the other passive. It touches one's inmost soul with a thrill far higher than grief or pity, to think of what these men endured, resisting to the end. What noble privations mutually borne—what brotherly clinging together of officers and crews, forgetful of all difference of rank—what heroic concealment of pain, each holding on through sickness and weakness to the last extremity, in order to help and not burthen the rest! The glory of such histories can never die, nor the good influence they leave behind, no, not even though the men themselves may have long since left their bones to bleach under icebergs, or to be scattered by Arctic bears over leagues of impassable snow.

But these thoughts are growing too solemn. My dog evidently considers so, for ever so long he has been trying to catch my attention, running to and fro, barking, and looking up entreatingly to me. Ah, I see he is, like myself, very thirsty, and there is no water, only ice. Well, my man, we must just accommodate ourselves to circumstances. Come here. I break off an icicle and present him with it; he smells, and turns despondently away. He thinks I am cheating him. So, now let us try how far his trust in me will go, and how far his reasoning powers will help his instinct in a matter upon which he has certainly never experimented before, for all his winters have been spent in a town, and I doubt much if he ever saw real ice until now. "Look here, my dog." And I break off an icicle, put it into my mouth, and show him distinctly that I am eating it and liking it, then hold it to his mouth. He regards me with a mingled expression of doubt and faith, but faith predominates. He takes a cautious bite, is astonished and charmed. It is his first experiment at eating ices, but is quite satisfactory. Between us, he and I consume two whole spears; he at last becoming so voracious that he takes the fragments out of my hand, gnaws them, and growls over them as if they were bones. And every lump of ice which he afterwards comes to, he turns over and smells and bites at with the greatest enjoyment.

Certainly my dog is the cleverest of all dogs, quite a reasoning animal. One thing touches me, as it always does—his unlimited trust in me. Well, my man, I think I deserve it, for you know I never restrict you wantonly in any of your harmless canine enjoyments, for I like to treat even my poor dog with that even-handed justice which is the best loving-kindness. And certainly you return it all, for you are the best companion at home and abroad that any fond brute could be.

Come, we must now bend our ways homeward, for the short afternoon is already closing. Lovely as these winter days are, they are brief enough, and we have the very shortest twilight. In summer it will be different; during June and July I have often been able to read until eleven p.m., but now the afternoon seems, after sunset, to sink suddenly into night. Nay, even before the sun has set, a white haze, slowly advancing landward, blots out both the sea and the mountains, or rather where the mountains ought to be. In this frosty weather they often vanish for days together, but when they do reappear, some wondrously clear morning, with snow on

their summits, which the rising sun dyes all colours, oh, how beautiful they are! But I must give you a whole chapter to my mountains, or take you a special walk among them some day.

Now we turn homeward together, my dog and I; he trotting first, so close to me that, though I can only distinguish something black moving through the haze, in the dead stillness I can hear the pit-pat of his feet; as, no doubt, he hears the steadier tramp of mine, and is satisfied. He does not bark; probably his spirits are depressed by the fog and the chilly air, which creeps into the very marrow of one's bones.

But never mind, my dog! We have had a glorious walk, and shall have another to-morrow. Though the night looks so gloomy now, we know that it will soon be morning, when we shall start off together, you and I, ay, before it is daylight. For in these northern latitudes the mornings are as dark as the evenings. At 7.30 a.m. yesterday I found the stars still shining, and saw just over that wooded hill the gibbous moon lying, with her horns downwards, just like a piece of silver set in the dark sky, while on either side of her, two planets gleamed like great eyes out of the deep black-blue heavens. And gradually I watched the dawn come over the mountains, changing the darkness into greyness, and then into all sorts of colours—rose, lilac, and amber—until all the sky above and the earth below became clear and distinct in the brightness of perfect day.

Was not this a sight to rise early for? And we shall see it again, my dog, to-morrow, though now we go home in the mist and gloom, and shut the wicket gate after us, thankful that we have a roof to shelter us and a good fire to creep to. And so good-bye, children. Are you glad or are you sorry to part at the walk's end with "my dog and me?"

THE LAST THAW.

"Solbitur artis hiems."

I.

FAREWELL to winter's faint blue skies
Curtained with fainter grey;
Snowflakes, a long farewell! No chill
Must fright o'er Spring away:
April's soft airs I breathe; frost's reign
Ended with yesterday.

II.

The cedars take fresh grace—the larch
Shows tufts of tender green,
While snow-drops raise their modest heads
The crocus-blaze between:
And here's one violet—her I hail
Of all Spring's wealth the queen!

III.

The lawn, the pastures greener shine
Still barred with streaks of snow,
Beside the hedgerows where Spring finds
Her first pale primrose blow,
Routs on the hillside Winter's lines,
Broken, but loth to go.

IV.

So sweetly smiles this clear-eyed morn,
First child of tender Spring,
That with the skylark I would rise
From earth on joyous wing,
Shake off past troubles, future joys
Anticipating sing!

V.

Glad as the swelling shoots, my soul
Would fain fresh budding greet,
Rich guerdon of the coming year
In yon shy-peeping wheat,
Foretell the ages when stern Fact
Shall hopeful Fancy meet.

VI.

Surely if ever hearts should ope
Which other days might steel,
When men once more see sapphire skies
And rustling zephyrs feel,
Should thaw like dormant creatures and
At last break slumber's seal.

VII.

Oh what a Spring were that! Once more
Should men their longings hold!
Find El Dorados in their homes,
Virtues worth more than gold!
Once more would blossom Paradise
Around us as of old!

VIII.

Empires should cease their mutual fears,
Unite fair Peace to throne,
And teach their subjects Freedom's charms
How most to make their own,
How Justice, Truth, and Wisdom guard
A land of Love full-blown.

IX.

Then Malice and Distrust would melt,
As dies out Winter's snow:
Hearts soften, Pity's streams run swift
As freed ice-channels flow:
This the best thaw, rich type of all
Awakening souls will know.

M. G. WATKINS.

"COUSIN BELL."

OUR summer vacation was over; and the Sandhurst term again in full swing, when, having accomplished the day's drill and study, I was smoking my midnight pipe in company with Jack Cluney, puffing the forbidden "baccy" up the narrow chimney of our dormitory, while we related the various adventures in the way of sporting, larking, and love-making,

which had befallen us since we last parted. When my story was told, Jack drew a long breath ere he remarked—

"Then you are as good as engaged?" I nodded, and he went on. "I suppose you've seen your cousin, and like her?"

"Pretty well. She's only a school-girl, you know."

"And she likes you, of course?"

"I didn't ask her—the governor and her mother will put all that square."

"By Jove! what a cool hand you are, Harry;" and Jack looked as if he did not know whether to envy or pity me. "Still, I think I'd rather pick out my own wife, though—after all; I dare say you are right. They manage it your way in France, and—but I think——"

"But come, no buts, Jack," said I, yawning, and proceeding to knock the ashes out of my exhausted pipe.

"By chaste Diana's sacred head,
I vow I shall 'my cousin' wed."

And so to bed. Three thousand a year is not to be sneezed at, and every fellow cannot go in for the sentimental now-a-days. I have been in love half-a-dozen times already, but it don't last long, and I dare say I shall fall in love with Bell some day. Good night, Jack."

And so, with the stoicism of eighteen, I was soon fast asleep. It was quite true, I was as Jack said, as good as engaged; and how this came about I had better explain. It seemed that some ninety or a hundred years before, the old family property, having fallen to the share of joint heiresses, had been divided; after all this lapse of time, by a singular coincidence, the two halves came into the possession of a brother and sister, each widowed, and each having one child. Hence arose an arrangement between our representative parents, to the effect that I should marry my cousin Bell, and so re-unite the estates. My father told me all about it when I went home, putting it to me in such a plain, business-like way, that I never for an instant thought of making any objection. In fact, it seemed rather a fine thing to be disposed of; and when Jack let the secret out among our fellows, I gained several steps on the social ladder.

I did not see Bell again until the following summer, by which time I was an ensign in her Majesty's —th Regiment, and under orders to join the head-quarters in Canada. I had a fortnight's leave, and as the cottage my aunt had taken was within a mile of the manor, I spent most of my time with Bell. Yet when the parting came, I was no nearer

being in love than the day I met her first. We had not quarrelled, simply, I thought, because neither of us cared enough for the other to do so. Not a word relative to the future had passed; and yet I was quite sure Bell knew all about her destiny, and almost as equally sure that she did not like it.

The —th had only to complete its term of foreign service; so by the time Bell had gone through a couple of seasons, I was at home again.

By the death of a sister, my aunt had become guardian to a little girl, Milly Ryan by name, who, at eleven years old, was one of the brightest, loveliest girls I had ever seen. We were friends at once; I was "Cousin Hal" by adoption, and Milly was my champion, my second, my backer-up. Bell, looking on with scornful indifference while Milly's very impetuosity and enthusiasm made my cousin's coldness more palpable: a coldness which suppressed all my meditated attempts at love-making, and somehow continually reminded me that it was not necessary that we should act as ordinary engaged couples did.

So, though we rode, walked, and drove together, spending most of our time in each other's company, I again went back to my duty, and carried a whole heart with me. When another year had passed, my father began urging our marriage. So I wrote to Bell, asking her to fix a day. She made a very matter-of-fact reply, only asking to defer it for six months; and almost before I had time to think the matter over, tidings of the mutiny in India broke over Europe; and the —th were ordered to prepare for embarkation. I got a week's leave and ran down to Devonshire. Bell looked, I thought, even colder than usual, and listened passively to my enthusiasm about fighting, promotion, and glory. Not so did Milly, whose face was a picture in itself; her colour would deepen, her great eyes kindle, and with every nerve tingling, she would stand facing me as I spoke; sometimes, too, she would crouch down and clasp my arm, whispering—"I love you best of all, cousin Hal; and I wish I was a boy, and then no one could stop me going with you; but girls are such stupid, useless things, they can do nothing."

The night before my departure had come, and, somewhat softened by the approaching parting, somewhat piqued by Bell's apparent insensibility to what the increasing intelligence from India convinced every one would be a sharp and perhaps long struggle, I had talked rather more than I was wont about the uncertainty of a soldier's lot. Suddenly Milly, who had been sitting upon the ground, jumped up, and cried,—

"I'll be a woman when you come back, Cousin Hal."

"Ay," said I, bitterly, "if I ever come back. But many a poor fellow will bite the dust before we leave India again."

Bell's face grew paler, and her eyelids quivered, but she said nothing; until, looking at Milly, who stood with her eyes dilated and her hands clasped, she said—

"You are frightening the child, Harry."

"No he is not," cried Milly, wildly clenching her hands. "He is trying to frighten you, and you won't be frightened, because you don't love him. I believe you would not care a bit if he was killed."

Here Bell got up and walked across the room, and Milly, who had lost command of her voice, dashed away up-stairs, and returned no more.

Put off last words as you will, they must come; and in the dim little drawing-room, lighted only by the wood-fire, I bade good-bye to Bell, with something very like a pang at my heart, and a newly-awakened sensation I hardly knew how to account for. My aunt being one of those women to whom weeping is a necessity, there were plenty of tears; and when I looked back from the threshold I saw Bell kneeling by her mother, comforting her, of course. It was very nice to know the tears were shed in sorrow for me, and I loved my aunt right dearly, but I was not going to marry her; and I confess I would rather have seen the mother comforting the daughter.

Going through the garden, down the walk by the laurels, upon whose broad glistening leaves the moonlight shone like frosted silver, I saw something white standing in my path; the next instant Milly clasped her hands round my arm, crying,—

"Did you think I was a ghost, Cousin Hal?"

"I believe I did. But what on earth are you doing here alone?"

"Waiting for you. I was in such a rage I dared not stay in the room. So I pretended to go to bed, and came here to waylay you, just to be the very last to say good-bye."

"Good-bye then, Milly. Make haste and grow a woman, and then if Bell does not care for me, I'll marry you."

"Will you really? Thank you, Hal. I don't think Bell will care enough for you. What's that?"

She started and drew closer to me, shuddering, and then looking down the walk I saw another figure—white and ghostlike enough in the uncertain moonlight. It was just turning towards the house, and even as I caught sight of it, it vanished.

"What is it, Hal?" whispered Milly. "Do you think it was Bell coming to look for me? Do come back just to the grass."

I went back with her, and watched her into the house. Then I turned and went on my way.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the stirring months which followed on our arrival in India, I had little time for thought, still less for writing. Letters were a rarity; we men looked with envious eyes at the despatch-bags. Almost unconsciously I had allowed my hopes regarding Bell's first letter to get the better of my discretion, and found myself looking forward to the contents as a test of her real feelings towards me. She would surely say something to betray herself, either for love or against it. When the letter did come I was half-frightened to open it, and turned it over and over before I broke the seal. Bell never crossed her letters, and wrote a large hand, so there were four sheets of thick note-paper besides a carte of herself. Nothing could be kinder and more cousinly than the letter, and yet my heart sank, for not one single sentence could I in any way twist into anything more tender; and crumpling it up, carte and all, I thrust it into the breast of my jacket. I was still reading my dear old father's chapter of home news, the condition of the horses, the state of the crops, and the hopes for the shooting season, when the bugle sounded, and we were again under arms. This time I got the worst of it.

The Sepoys had invented a sort of diabolical machine by fastening a shell with a long fuse into a bag of gunpowder; the powder of course blew up first, and they calculated that the soldiers, seeing a shell rolling about, would go up to have a look; nor were they far wrong in many cases. I knew nothing of the trick, and after the first explosion, took a short cut past the shell, and came in for the brunt of it, one piece smashing my arm, another peeling my shin. I have an indistinct notion of a terrible thud—hardly pain, and yet something horrible—and then I knew nothing of it all until the effects of the chloroform, administered to facilitate the setting and dressing, going off, I was congratulated by the doctor.

"A narrow escape; an inch to the right, and Winchester had had his promotion,—this paper saved your life," and he held up Bell's crumpled letter, matted together and stained with blood. "Lucky for you the paper was thick," went on the doctor; "I've known some queer shaves for life, but I never saw one to beat this. By the Lord, there goes the bugle

again; it's little rest we get out here, and plenty of practice, though it's not much I'd care if they gave us fair play, but they don't. Sir Colin has his petticoats to the front again. I'll step in and tell the news when I get away, Harry. Sleep is the thing for you."

Next day we were in Lucknow, and the doctor, in a perfect fury of delight, was telling me of the wilful mistake made by the gallant "sky blues," when an orderly brought me my share of another mail.

"You must get your heart up, Harry," said the doctor, one day, "Sir Colin thinks the air here not over good for the sick. I'll have you made as comfortable as possible; we are to march to-night. And there's the devil to pay among the women: they're wanting to carry off every old kettle they've used these twelve months. Faith, I'd rather be a doctor than a commissariat officer to-night, though it is Jack's choice, between the devil and the deep sea. You'll have a sleep at Dil Koosha without the lullaby of big guns, that's one comfort."

The doctor was as good as his word. I had a palanquin, on which I lay as comfortably as on my bed, and worse pain than mine would have been forgotten in the excitement of moving.

It was a glorious moonlight night, so bright that we could see where the bullets had peeled the plaster off the walls, or where round shot had rent the stones and mud asunder, leaving great yawning gaps. I heard not a few lamenting over the ruin of what had been a city of eastern splendour. I, for my part, was heartily thankful to get out of it, and feel, as I presently did, the pure country air thrilling through and round me. There was firing from the enemy going on in the distance; but so admirable were the precautions taken by Sir Colin, that no suspicion of our great movement reached the mutineers. Silently and stealthily the great body passed along through the desolated ground of what had once been the Ranee's palace, thence to the road by the river, where the great excitement began, and where the enemy were actually within sight; so that the open space along which we had to pass was cloaked by screens of matting, behind which we passed with bated breath and an unuttered prayer of thankfulness to the wise old man who had contrived so ably for our safety.

Morning brought renewed life to the wounded and wearied throng, and I shall never forget the wild delight with which the rising sun was greeted. Women lifted up their voices and prayed and wept, kissing their children or friends; men with moistened eyes tried to laugh at the fun, but gave in to the excitement



(See page 396.)

at last ; the camp was in a buzz, and God and Sir Colin were thanked in every dialect, from the full roll of Connaught boys' brogue, to the rough rich burr of "Canny Newcasel."

Never had there been such a November ; one had no right to be ill or weak. I had princely quarters, and got well apace. I as-

tonished the doctor, I astonished myself, and what was more, I astonished the colonel, who kindly offered to send me home—an offer I declined. I will not say how much Bell's letters had to do with my determination to remain in India ; perhaps I was a true soldier at heart, and having a taste for the service,

had fairly enrolled myself in the soldier's lot. Any way, I did not go home, and by the time peace was restored I was fit for duty, and rejoicing in my promotion.

"Somebody has been telling me you are going home, Yeo," said General —, a few months after I had my company. "Don't be such a fool. You've had the kicks—stay and have the halfpence. We want a few fellows to stick to us; there will be a regular exodus before the next hot season, and plenty of fellows retiring. You'll soon have your majority, and then may do as you like."

"I'll think of it, general," said I, and while thinking of it, another letter came from Bell. "By Jove!" thought I, I'll show her I can be just as cool as she is; I won't go home."

And I did not. Next mail brought me intelligence of my father's sudden death. I wrote home, as I felt in duty bound, told Bell I had accepted an appointment which necessitated my remaining two years longer, and asked her to come out and be my wife; other women did so, and I thought she might. But it is well said that it requires two to make a bargain; Bell did not see it in the light I did, she was willing, she said, to wait. So two years glided by, and then I wrote again: again came a refusal, and in the pique of the moment I asked for a post then vacant, entailing still further service, so that very nearly six years had passed since I left England, before I made up my mind to brave my fate and come home for good.

The overland journey was much after the manner of overland journey in general. A full complement of mammas and children, real widows, and what are popularly known as grass-widows, a sprinkling of men; many going on sick leave, one or two, like myself, giving up their soldiering for ever. There was the usual amount of flirtation, scandal, and jealousy, from which I managed to steer pretty clear, until I fell into the hands of a pretty little woman going home on leave, and who I soon found knew Devonshire. One day at tea some one began talking of matrimony. Mrs. Vigne gave us her opinion, adding a story illustrative of her experience that set the whole table in a roar.

"I am going to Lynmouth too, Mrs. Vigne," I said; "I hope you won't cut me as you did your husband."

"Then you know Lynmouth; isn't it a miserable, dead-alive sort of place? nothing but artists, reading-parties, and High-church people to be seen. By-the-by, talking of Lynmouth, and apropos of marriage, my sister tells me a charming story about their great heiress, a Miss Larriston; I dare say you've heard of her,—the story is just the

thing for a sensation novel; she has been engaged since she was in longclothes to a cousin, the reason being that each of them has half of what was once a whole estate, and there being a curse upon the place until some old rhyme is fulfilled; the rhyme is that,—

The curse of the Yeo shall be outrun,
When Larriston's girl weds Yeo's son.

Of course they hate each other, and of course the heiress has taken to the Church for consolation, and found it in the curate. My sister says she expects an elopement, and rather leans to the lady's side; now all my sympathies are with the poor man."

"They generally are, I am happy to see," said Captain Smith; "I am sure we ought to be awfully grateful, and I am sure the unlucky lover will appreciate your kindness. Yeo, here, will introduce you; I dare say he is some relation, as he is going down there."

I did not know whether Smith was throwing out a feeler, but determined to ignore my identity, and promised to effect the necessary introduction, and for the rest of the voyage had to take care of Mrs. Vigne.

After a week in London I went down to Lynmouth, the wholesome English July air giving a new zest to my life, and somehow or other awaking a strong desire to be with Bell, and a fierce resentment against the curate, which was neither mollified nor explained by the sight of the sweet green hills of Devon, the fair woodlands and deep lanes through which the groom bowled me in the tax-cart when he drove over to meet me at Barnstaple, any more than by the old servant's conversation; for, after telling me of my dear father's last days, he launched off into family and county gossip; and, as I thought, purposely avoided speaking of Bell, a reticence against which I secretly fretted, considering that thereby hung a tale. Of Milly, her goodness, beauty, and, above all, her riding, he seemed never tired of talking, and when I reached home the same might be remarked of the housekeeper, until, determined to bring out something, I said: "So, the old Rector has gone, too, Mrs. Clarke?"

"Aye, sir, and more's the pity, for the new one don't like this place, and lives in London or elsewhere, but he keeps a curate who works like six ordinary parsons, up and out, early and late, riding and walking till you wonder he has a bit of flesh on his bones. He knows every man, woman, and child in the parish, what they want, and when it's the right time to give. He and Miss Bell are thick; and if it wasn't that I knowed the truth, sir, of her and you, I'd believe what

the country says; but then I know better, and more—they do say, he's just the same as a Roman priest, and could not marry."

All this did not tend to increase my satisfaction, although it did awaken a terrible, and to me an unaccountable tumult in my mind. The more I tried to analyze this, the more hopelessly perplexed I became, until it suddenly began to dawn upon me that perhaps, after all, I was in love with Bell. Then came the remembrance of her coolness; the six years collapsed—I read her letters over again, and, taking my stick, went off to the cottage. Bell was in the drawing-room, it was too dark to see her face, but her hand lay passive and cold as lead in mine as we stood together, waiting my aunt's coming.

"It is a sad return, Bell," I said, and then her hand shook, but gave no sympathetic pressure. "One expects changes in six years," I went on, thinking of the curate, "but there are some harder to bear than death."

She drew her hand away and turned partly round; but, before she spoke, the door opened and Aunt Mary came in. Dark as it was, I could see how broken down the six years had left her.

"My dear boy," she cried, falling on my neck, "I began to think I too would be gone before you came home. Why did you stay away so long, Harry?"

I looked at Bell, she was standing in the window, only the faint outline of her figure visible. She moved towards us, and touched her mother's forehead with a caressing hand, saying,

"Don't reproach Harry to-night, mother; let us be content that he has come. Tell her of the war, Harry, and how you were wounded; the friend you got to write was not explicit, and you never explained matters."

She stood by the fire, leaning against the chimney-piece, and looking down at me as I sat upon a low ottoman by my aunt's chair.

"It is rather a long story, aunt," I said; "but the gloaming is good for story telling, and you won't see my blushes. So beginning with my landing, I went faithfully through my experiences. When I reached that part relating to my wound, and as I spoke of Bell's letter having obtained the credit of saving my life, she walked back to the window; and when, having concluded my story, I turned to look for her, the window was open, and Bell had disappeared.

Even the story she might in common politeness have stayed to listen to, had it not interested her; but before I had time to think much of the circumstance the door flew open and an eager voice asked,—

"Where is he, aunty? They told me he

was here." It was Milly; and as she came feeling her way among the chairs and tables in the dim light, I met her, and had her in my arms before either of us well knew, and my arm was still round her, when what little light there had been vanished, and Bell came in by the window again. Milly slid away, but her hand still held mine with a warm, clinging clasp.

"How fond you are of the dark," said Bell, going up to the fire and fumbling about for lighters. Milly sat down and her face coming on a level with my hand, I felt it drawn forward and pressed to her lips, then thrown away as she said,—

"Now then, Bell, light all the candles, and let us see what he is like."

Bell did light all the candles, and as the light fell upon Milly I was startled by the change. The six years became a fact at once, since they had converted the child into a blooming, lovely woman. Something of my thought must have shown itself in my face, for Milly's cheek grew crimson and the bonny blue eyes sank.

"How you are changed, Harry!" cried Aunt Mary. And turning to answer her, I saw Bell in the full light. She was a little stouter, her hair was dressed in a different way, there was a brighter colour in her face than I remembered to have seen before, and a deeper light in the full hazel eyes that looked back into mine; still she seemed unchanged, and the years collapsed again.

"If it was not for Milly, I could scarcely believe so many years have passed since I went away, aunt," said I; "Bell does not look a bit different."

"My growing days were over before you went away," said Bell, quietly; "I cannot say you look the same; but then climate and all that may have changed you."

And so we fell talking again. It was a strange evening; Milly did not speak much, but I knew she was watching and listening. Bell talked as quietly as if I had been away only a week; and although I threw out a hint about the curate, and told them of Mrs. Vigne, how she had put me up to Devon gossip, I made nothing of it, and, as I walked home, was utterly miserable and dissatisfied. I wished Milly had been my fiancée, and yet I hated the unseen curate, and mentally abjured Bell as a heartless flirt.

When I got to the cottage next day the girls were out, and my aunt lying down. So, sheltering myself from the sun in a summer seat covered in by Roman creepers and honeysuckle, I lay down to enjoy a cigar and make up my mind how I was to begin the conversation I had determined on, and which was to

decide my fate. My meditations did not last long; Bell came up the walk and sat down upon an iron-chair facing the bower. She looked paler than the night before, and spoke very quietly; but there was something in her face that I had never seen before, and which, though it made me look again and again, I could not understand.

Presently Milly rushed up, panting and flushed, her hair loosened from the net, and her hat in her hand.

"Oh, Hall!" she cried, leaning against one of the wooden pillars, and speaking in a great hurry; "I have seen your friend; she's coming here with her sister, and she told me such things about you; and so I took a short cut over the fields, and nearly ran over your curate, Bell; he was going to call at the manor."

I had no gratitude or affection for Mrs. Vigne. I remembered too well her story, and Milly's allusion to the curate was gall and wormwood.

"So you keep a pet curate, Bell," I began; "gossip makes wings, but you'll scarcely believe I heard of your curate, as Milly calls him, before I landed."

Bell's face flushed, and then grew deadly pale; but her eyes never flinched, looking back into mine with a steady gaze, defiant and yet sad, with a something in them that set me thinking, and kept me so, until a scorching breath from my cigar reminded me sharply of his fleeting existence. Throwing it down, I uttered an exclamation of anger, thus letting off a small bit of my suppressed indignation anent Bell. Now, it is a bad plan—one of the very worst, indeed—to take an inch of latitude, when you are secretly angry. I glanced at Bell, as I spoke, and her face was cold and quiet.

"Has it burnt you?" said Milly.

"Just enough to make me wiser for the future," I answered savagely. "An old cigar is like an old love—apt to burn out, if kept long." Of course it was an idiotic, meaningless speech. I knew that at once, and dare not look at Bell's face; so I went on.

"Apropos of nothing, Milly. Do you remember promising to be a woman when I came home?"

"Yes; and have I not kept my promise?" said Milly, with a brighter colour in her face, and her eyes turned away and fixed upon the grey feather in Bell's hat.

"So well, that I want to keep mine."

Milly's face turned away a little more; but I could see a wicked smile hovering about the corners of her mouth. There is nothing like uncertainty to spur a man on; and although I had not the slightest intention of giving

Bell up without making a fight for it, nor was I in love with Milly, yet, in spite of these things, I rushed on, until I was as good as in for both, and had not voices from the house suddenly broken in upon the silence, I scarcely know what the immediate result might not have been. As it was, Milly pointed up the lawn, where I saw Mrs. Vigne, with a very handsome man by her side, at whom she was launching her full battery of nods and wreathed smiles.

"Bell," whispered Milly, "she's got your curate."

Bell made no reply; but, rising, went to meet the party. I sat still; and Milly stood watching them with angry eyes.

"You don't like the grass-widow, Milly," I whispered.

"I hate her," was the candid answer; "and her sister too. I cannot think how men are such fools as to believe in women like those."

There was no time for more; Mrs. Vigne was upon us, and eloquent in her reproachful innuendos, as to my duplicity in not avowing myself on board the steamer. She was still talking when Bell interrupted, presenting the curate, as "Mr. Calvert, my cousin Harry."

Mr. Calvert's eyes met mine as we made our mutual bows. They were blue, honest eyes, hiding a depth of meaning in the clear light, and utterly incapable of concealment. In spite of my preconceived prejudice, I liked the look of the man, nor had my liking lessened when we adjourned to the drawing-room for five o'clock tea. After which Mrs. Vigne and her sister departed, leaving Calvert, who had proved blind and deaf to the hints thrown out suggestive of his being driven home, standing beside me on the door-step, watching the ponies go down the drive.

"Sharp little woman, your Indian friend," said Calvert, with a queer, dry smile.

"Women are utterly incomprehensible from first to last," I said, the ugly feeling springing up.

"What is a woman like?" laughed Calvert.

"False-hearted and ranging,
Unsettled and changing,
What then do you think she is like?

Like a sand? Like a rock?
Like a wheel? Like a clock?

Ay, a clock that is always at strike.
Her head's like the island folks tell on,
Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on;
Her heart's like a lemon—so nice;
She carves for each lover a slice.

In truth she's to me
Like the wind, like the sea,
Whose ravings will hearken to no man.

Like a thief, like—in brief—
She's like nothing on earth but—a woman."

The curate stayed dinner, and I still liked him. Not that I felt at all like the immortal Mr. Toots. My affections were by no means disinterested; and if he was really a rival, I could hate him, no doubt; but then somehow I could not reconcile Calvert with my notions of a rival.

"What a handsome fellow your curate is," I whispered to Bell, as we joined the girls in the drawing-room. "I like him, in spite of Mrs. Vigne's gossip."

"I am glad of it, Harry; he deserves to be liked, and gossip does not deserve to be believed," said she.

Then, when coffee was over, she walked off on to the moonlit lawn with Calvert, and Milly having vanished some time before, I was left to my meditations, and, being idle, Satan of course kept up his character, and found me something to do in the shape of a thorough resuscitation of the jealousy which had been partially lulled to sleep.

I could see the two figures each time that they turned at the end of the terrace, and also that they were talking earnestly together. I envied him his stalwart figure, his easy quiet way, his firm sense, and the manner he had of giving it, without letting it annoy you, or make him appear pedantic. I did not wonder at Bell's liking him; he was just the man to trust in, just the man to feel a pride in loving, and to whose judgment you could look as coming right from an honest heart. I was horribly jealous, and yet I liked the man, and almost liked Bell better for having won such love as his. As I lay a-thinking, Milly glided very softly into the room, and, without seeing me, went up to the window. As the two came opposite, she drew back with a sharp, angry motion, and, leaning among the curtains, stood there. I could not distinguish the expression of her face in the dusk, but I could see she was watching with an eagerness I could not account for.

"Milly," said I, getting up and standing beside her. She started violently, and tried to push past me, but I held her fast. The spirit of the morning was in me again. "Milly," I went on, "I am going to ask you to keep your promise, made the night before I went away. You are a woman now."

"Yes, cousin Hal."

"You know all about the old engagement made for Bell and me?"

"Yes, cousin Hal."

"Bell does not like it. She never did. Her cold letters kept me in India. I didn't care if I never came home, and when I did start, the first thing heard was the truth about this fellow Calvert and how she hated me. I

did not believe it until I saw it for myself. I see it now; so do you. Look there, Milly—look at them. Bell likes the curate's little finger better than my whole carcass."

"No she doesn't," cried Milly, passionately; "but he likes her, and she goes on in her quiet, heartless way, till, till—" But Milly began to cry, and a new light broke upon me. Suddenly, checking her tears, Milly said, "You are all wrong about Bell. She does not show it, as I would; but I believe she loves you dreadfully."

My heart gave a great throb.

"You don't believe me?"

"No, Milly dear. It's very kind of you telling me this; but I am quite sure you are wrong."

Next day I found Bell in the garden alone, and, figuratively speaking, I took a header at once. I told Bell I saw she did not love me. I told her I was sorry for my share in the engagement, and that it had been a miserable, ill-advised scheme from the first.

"The long and short is, you would tell me that the engagement is broken," she said, but without looking at me.

"If you wish it so, Bell."

"Can you doubt it?" and rising from the garden-chair she turned her face to me. It was frightfully pale, and her eyes had the same expression I had seen the day before. "You are quite free, cousin Harry."

"Your freedom is more to the purpose," said I, fiercely, half-mad with love, disappointment, and jealousy.

"What do you mean?"

"Only what you say—that you are free, Bell, and that I am sorry I have interfered so long with your happiness. Had I known the truth sooner, it might have spared me much. I was a blind, obstinate fool not to give in long ago; but, in spite of common sense, I hoped against hope. I thought if you did not love me yet, another year might make a difference. It was not your fault, I know. You were cold enough; but I loved you so dearly, I—I——"

"Harry! Harry!" cried Bell. "Do you know what you are saying?"

"Too well," I replied, fiercely; and then, like a veritable madman, I let my tongue loose. I told her the whole story of my life, seeing it with a new knowledge myself; how I had learnt to love her, how her coldness had crushed my love until I thought it had died out, and how the story I heard in the steamer made it all blaze forth again.

Bell had been standing when I began to speak, but long before I finished she was sitting, her face flushed and her hands nervously clasping and unclasping. As I finished, her

eyes rose to mine, and absolutely startled me. I had never seen such lights in eyes before. Her whole expression had changed, and thinking she might have cloaked her joy, if only for decency sake, I turned indignantly away. The instant after a hand was upon my arm.

"Harry! Harry! come back to me. Are you blind? Won't you see that it was my love, that I only feared you thought yourself bound to me, that I only wanted to let you try if you loved anyone else?"

But I need not tell all Bell said, or how she explained much which—though probably quite lucid to the reader, who, being in the place of a looker-on, proverbially speaking sees most of the game—was dark and inexplicable to me, until Bell put it to me in the clear light of her love. One thing, however, I must add. I had been quite wrong about the curate, who was in love with Milly all the time, and who told his story so effectually that Milly believed him. Thus was fulfilled to the letter the old adage—

The curse of the Yeo shall be outrun
When Larriston's girl weds Yeo's son.

I. D. FENTON.

CAMBUSKENNETH ABBEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—In the last volume of your periodical, page 293, I have read with much interest your article on the venerable ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey; but one or two facts connected with the place have struck me as being omitted, which you may perhaps still find a place for in your pages. You state that "The only remains of this once famous monastic edifice are the stately tower, an arch of a door or gateway, and the foundations of several walls." The former of these, namely, the old abbey tower, is now being carefully restored, at considerable expense, by the patrons of Cowan's Hospital; the restoration, in fact, is now nearly completed. The greatest care has been taken by the architect, Mr. Mackison, to bring out all the old features, without adding anything new or foreign to it, where information was most scanty, and where decay had most deeply laid on her rude hand. Besides the foundations of the chapter-house, the church, and the site of the high altar, the excavations that have been carried on led to the discovery of various other buildings, supposed to be the residences and offices of the monks and friars, &c. Several logs of black oak in good preservation were also found, and out of these many handsome ornaments have been made and sold as relics.

The sides of the coffin containing the remains of King James III., it may also be remarked, were reduced by decay to the thickness of a penny.

Since the excavations alluded to in your article were made, the tomb memorial erected to James III., and the abbey tower so far restored to its original appearance, Cambuskenneth has become a place rich with historical interest, and is daily visited by tourists from all parts of the country, and especially by those who profess antiquarian curiosity and research.—I am, &c.,

W. M.

Stirling, March 7, 1867.

"FLAGELLUM SALUTIS."

THERE is a strange old book with the above title to be found in the libraries of the curious, so quaint in character as to deserve to be better known. It was composed by Christian Franz Paullini, a German physician, and was published at Frankfort-on-Main in 1608. It is a treatise on the advantage of the whip for curative purposes in various disorders.

Dr. Paullini, in the first section of his work, directs attention to the consecration of corporal punishment by Scripture and the church. Did not St. Paul assert, "Castigo corpus meum et in servitutem redigo"? Does not the bishop in confirmation box the ear of the candidate, in token that he is to be ready to endure suffering and shame as a good Christian soldier? And look at the saints of the calendar, were they not mighty in flagellation, fervent in rib-whacking?

Shall precious saints and secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones?
When savage bears agree with bears,
Shall secret ones lug saints by the ears?

asks the Puritan in his metrical version of Psalm lxxxi., and Dr. Paullini promptly answers: "Certainly, it is good for health of soul and body that they should so act towards one another."

Scorpius atque fabæ nostra fuere salus.

Had our learned author been acquainted with the Rabbinical gloss on the account of the Fall of Man, he would, may be, have hesitated to attribute universal benefit to the application of the rod. For, say the Rabbis, when Adam pleaded that the woman gave him of the tree, and he did eat, he means emphatically that she gave it him palpably. Adam was recalcitrant, Eve *dedit de ligno*; the branch was stout, the arm of the "mother of all living" was muscular, and the first man succumbed, and "did eat" under compulsion.

There is nothing like the rod, says the doctor; it is a universal specific, it stirs up the stagnating juices, it dissolves the precipitating salts, it purifies the coagulating humours of the body, it clears the brain, purges the belly, circulates the blood, braces the nerves; in short, there is nothing which the rod will not do, when judiciously applied.

Antidotum mortis si verbera dixeris, credas!
Attonitum morbum nam cohibere valent.

Having laid down his principle, the doctor proceeds to apply it to various complaints, giving instances, the result of experience.

And first as to melancholy.

One predisposing cause of melancholy,

observes Paullini, is love, and that eventuates in idiocy or insanity.

To parents and guardians our author gives the advice, when the first symptoms of this complaint appear in young people under their charge, let them grasp the rod firmly, and lay it on with vigour and promptitude. The remedy is infallible. Valescus de Taranta says, in the case of a young man—and his words are words of gold—"Whip him well, and should he not mend immediately, keep him locked up in the cellar on bread and water till he promises amendment."

I saw, continues our author, an instance of the good effect of this treatment at Amsterdam. A stripling of twenty, comely enough in his appearance, the son of an artisan in the town, fell in love with the mayor's daughter. He could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor do anything in the remotest degree rational. The father, unaware of the cause, put him into the hands of a medical practitioner, who did his utmost to cure him, but signally failed. At last the father's eyes were opened by means of an intercepted letter. Like a sensible man he packed his son off to the public whipping-place, there to learn better *moralia*. And this had the desired effect; for he returned perfectly cured and in his right senses.

But for this treatment he might have sunk into his grave, like him mentioned by P. Boaysten, who died of a broken heart through unrequited love; and, at the post-mortem examination, his bowels were discovered to be all uncoiled, his heart shrivelled, his liver shrunk away to nothing, his lungs corroded, and his skull entirely emptied of every trace of brains.

For short sight there is nothing like a good thrashing, or at least a violent blow, says our doctor.

An old German, aged eighty, who had all his lifetime suffered from short sight, was one day jogging to market on his respectable mare, Dobbin. Dobbin tripped on a stone and flung her rider. The old man fell upon a stone, which pierced his skull. The dense vapours which had obscured his vision for so long were enabled to escape through the aperture, and, on his recovery, the venerable gentleman had the sight of an eagle.

A cavalier was troubled with the same infirmity. He saw a large salmon hanging up outside a fishmonger's shop, and, mistaking it for a young lady of his acquaintance, removed his cap and addressed it with courtesy. Another youth having made great fun of the mistake, the short-sighted cavalier felt himself constrained, in honour, to call him out. In the duel he received a sword wound over

his left eye, and this completely cured his vision.

For deafness Dr. Paullini recommends a sound box on the ear. Especially successful is this treatment in the case of children who do not attend to the commands and advice of their parents; and, on the plea of "not having heard," disobey the commands and neglect the advice given. In such cases the employment of corporal punishment cannot be too highly estimated. The doctor tells the story of a boy destined for the ministry who ran away from school and apprenticed himself to a tailor, and who was cured of deafness and tailoring propensities by the application of a large pair of drumsticks to a sensitive part of his person, and who eventually became a Lutheran pastor, and was, to the end of his days, able to mend his own clothes.

This story furnishes the author of "Flagellum Salutis" with matter for a digression on clerical education. He quotes with approval the sentiments of his old patron, Dr. Shupp, expressed thus: "Now-a-days that every bumpkin makes his son study for the ministry we have them scrambling about the country begging for promotion, and grumbling because it does not come as fast as they expect. The learned son is a poor curate, with no benefice. Such a to-do about this—complaints, murmurs, and what not! Why did he not learn a trade in addition to his theology? Luke the Evangelist was a theologus and medicus as well, and a painter to boot. Paul in his youth studied divinity at the feet of Gamaliel, but he was a carpet manufacturer besides. Was the Keyser Rudolph a worse emperor for being as well a clever craftsman? 'If I could recall my past years and begin life again,' said Dr. Shupp, 'I would not become a student only, but learn a trade besides. Then, if the thankless world kicked me, I would measure its foot for a boot; if it made faces at me, I would paint its portrait for it; if my divinity did not agree with its stomach, I would dose it with purgatives like Luke. I would make the world respect me for my diligence in trade, if it turned up its nose at my theology. Anyhow, I would not go about snivelling and crying poverty and want of promotion.'"

To this speech of Dr. Shupp, Paullini adds a few pertinent remarks. "The lad I was telling you about," he says, "had a hankering after tailoring. Well, tailoring is a honourable and useful profession. Was not Moses bidden, 'Thou shalt make holy garments for Aaron, thy brother, for glory and for beauty. And thou shalt speak unto all that are wise-hearted, whom I have filled with the spirit of wisdom, that they may make Aaron gar-

ments.' Tailors, filled with the spirit of wisdom! Why despise the craft which God has honoured?"

It must be allowed that there is sense in this little digression. Doubtless it would be well if not those destined for the ministry only, but all the sons of the higher classes of society were taught some manual employment in addition to the cultivation of their intellectual faculties. That our grammar-schools should take the hint is certainly not to be anticipated; masters and governors have the same implicit confidence in classic studies as the universal panacea that Dr. Paullini professes for the rod, and Dr. Sangrado for cold water and blood-letting. I do not dispute the fact that the most useful knowledge for a lad to acquire who is destined for colonial farming, or for a mercantile life at home, is Greek prosody; but I suggest that an acquaintance with carpentering, land-surveying, or book-keeping might be found advantageous in a secondary degree.

Lockjaw is to be treated in the same manner, asserts our author, and he tells an amusing anecdote on the subject from Volguard Iversen.

Nicolas Vorburg was an Oriental traveller. In the course of his wanderings he reached Agra, the capital of the great Cham. The European was introduced to His Majesty at the dinner-hour, and found the monarch just returned from the expedition, and as hungry as a hunter. A bowl of rice was brought in. The great Cham dipped his hands into it, and ladled as much rice as they would hold into his capacious mouth, distended to the utmost conceivable extent. But the great Cham had over-estimated the capabilities of the distention of his jaws, and they became dislocated. At the sight, the servants became distracted with fear. The nobles stroked their chins in uncertainty how to act, the priests had recourse to their devotions, but no one assisted the monarch out of his dilemma. He sat upon his imperial throne purple in the face, his eyes distended with horror, his mouth gaping, and full of rice. Suffocation was imminent. Nicolas Vorburg, without even prostrating himself before the emperor, ran up the steps of his throne, and hit him a violent crack with the palm of his hand upon the cheek. The rice fell out of his mouth upon the imperial lap, some, it is surmised, descended the imperial red-lane. Another slap accomplished the relief of the monarch, and set the jaw once more in working order. At the same moment the servants screamed at the outrage committed upon the sacred majesty of the emperor, the nobles drew their swords to avenge it, and the priests converted their

prayers for the recovery of their king into curses on the head of him who had sacrilegiously raised his hand to violate his divinity. Poor Vorburg would have been made into mincemeat, had not the emperor providentially recovered his breath in time to administer a reproof to his over-zealous subjects. He acknowledged the relief afforded him by the stranger by a present of a thousand rupees.

A tailor had a son, who was only half-witted. The father was out one day, and the child, who was left in the house, after the manner of children, looked about him in quest of some mischief which he might perpetrate. A pair of elegant breeches just completed by his father, and destined for the legs of a nobleman, was suspended from the wall. The child made a figured pattern upon the amber silk with his finger, dipped at intervals in the ink-pot. The mother was the first to discover the transformation of the breeches, and, not regarding the alteration in the same light as her child, caught up the yard-measure and administered a castigation to the culprit, sufficient to "stir up the stagnating juices, dissolve the precipitating salts, and purify the coagulating humours," in at least one portion of the lad's body. The youth, under the impression that high art is never appreciated at first sight, made himself as scarce as possible for some hours. The father, on his return, used every effort to obliterate the flowering of ink which his son had drawn over the amber breeches, but with only a limited degree of success—so limited, in fact, that the nobleman for whom they were destined utterly refused to invest his person in them, and they were returned on the tailor's hands. The boy, towards evening, impelled by hunger, had returned home, and was soothing his injured feelings with bread-and-butter when the father re-entered the house. In a moment the parental left hand had grasped the scruff of his neck, whilst the right hand dexterously completed the stirring up of stagnating juices, dissolving of precipitating salts, and purifying of coagulating humours with such success that Dr. Paullini assures us the child grew up a miracle of discretion, and never after decorated articles of clothing other than his own pinafore.

Under the heading of "Swollen Breasts," the learned doctor gives us his ideas on the subject of schoolmasters and their titles. These remarks are sensible enough in their way, but hardly come under the heading he has selected for the chapter. Connected still more vaguely with swollen breasts, is the commentary on some verses in the twenty-first chapter of St. John's Gospel, which close the section.

To those who suffer from toothaches he re-

commends the practice of a learned professor under whom he studied. This man suffered excruciating torture from his teeth at night. The professor, the moment that his sufferings began, was wont to leave his bed and spend his night in jumping on to his table, and then jumping down again, till the pain ceased. Paullini does not state the feelings of those who slept in the room immediately underneath that occupied by Dr. Erasmus Vinding; neither does it seem clear at first sight how the jumping diversion is connected with the subject of the rod, concerning the merits of which the book treats; but on further consideration the connexion becomes apparent. Dr. Paullini being silent on this point, we have but the light of nature to guide us to the conclusion that the saltatory performances of Dr. Erasmus would arouse and exasperate the other lodgers into an application to his scantily protected person of the universal panacea.

For constitutional indolence the rod is inestimable; the monotony of its use as a specific may, however, be pleasingly varied by an application of corporal punishment in the following disguised form, which, if severe, is nevertheless infallible as a cure. Hermann Habermann, a native of Mikla, deserves the credit of being the first to communicate it to the medical profession. Habermann had spent many years in Iceland, and it was there that he saw the treatment in use. An artisan, suffering from indolence, was recommended by a native doctor to let himself be sewn up in a sack stuffed with wool, and then be dragged about, rolled down hill, thumped, kicked, and jumped upon by his friends and acquaintances. When he emerged from his sack he was to take a draught to open his pores, and to go to bed. The remedy was tried, and succeeded.

A somewhat similar cure came under Paullini's personal observation. A nobleman had a jester who was dotingly fond of fowls. He stole all his master's poultry, so that his master was obliged to do without eggs for his breakfast. The fool, moreover, was lamentably deficient in fun, and was by no means worth his keep. At last his master determined on correcting him severely. He had him sown up in a hop-bag and well thrashed, then rolled down hill and thrashed again. The fool never stole eggs from that day forward, and from being but a poor fool, he became one famous for his brilliant parts and sparkling humour.

For tertian fever, the rod is an admirable specific. A lawyer once suffered from this complaint, which left him at times able to continue his avocation. He had brought upon himself the ill-feeling of a certain gentleman whom he

had, in one of his pleadings, turned into ridicule. This person determined to punish the advocate as soon as a convenient opportunity presented itself. The opportunity came. The lawyer was riding home one day, past the house of the nobleman, when the latter described him, and immediately sent him a message requesting a moment's private conversation. The unfortunate advocate fell into the trap. Expecting to get employment in a fresh suit, he hurried eagerly to the castle, only to find the gates closed upon him and all egress prevented. In another moment the insulted gentleman stood before him.

"Vile bloodhound of the law!" he exclaimed, "you have long escaped the punishment due to you for your insolence and temerity. You disgraced me publicly, and I shall revenge myself upon you by degrading you in a manner certain to humble your pride. Yet I am merciful. I give you your choice of two modes of suffering: You shall either sit on an ant-hill, in the clothing provided you by nature, till you have learned by heart the seven penitential psalms; or you shall run the gauntlet in the same *dégradé* costume round my courtyard, where will be ranged all my servants armed with rods wherewith to belabour you."

The hapless lawyer cast himself on his knees before the nobleman, and implored mercy. He pleaded that he had a wife and children to provide for; but the other replied that this was not to the point, as he had no intention of injuring the lady or the infants. Then the lawyer alleged his illness, saying that the access of fever would be on him next day, and that the punishment wherewith he was threatened—either of them, in fact—might terminate fatally.

"That," replied the injured gentleman, "can only be ascertained by experiment. My own impression is that the ants or the whips will produce a counter irritation, which may prove beneficial. Still," he continued, stroking his chin, "we mortals are all liable to err, and my impression may be unfounded. I will frankly acknowledge my mistake if convinced by the result taking the direction you anticipate."

Reluctantly the poor advocate made his election of the treatment he was to undergo. From the ants and the penitential psalms he recoiled with horror, and he chose shudderingly to run the gauntlet. So he ran it.

Black and blue, bruised and bleeding, the wretched man was dismissed at last, to return to the bosom of his family. The nobleman was in the right, the lawyer was for ever cured of his tertian fever.

In another work by the same author, "Zeit-

kürzende, erbauliche lust," 8vo., Frankfurt, 1693, the doctor argues the case, whether an honourable man may thrash his wife; and concludes that such a course of action entirely depends on the behaviour and temperament of the wife.

Woman was created to be good, quiet, and orderly; where she is otherwise she is going contrary to her vocation, and art must be employed to correct nature. Eve was made and given to Adam, reasons Paullini, to be a helpmeet for him, and not to be the plague and worry of his life. Woman's vocation is to be a modest and gentle angel, and not to be a brazen, furious demon. Every woman is either one or the other. If she is as heaven made her, she takes to the bit and rein readily, is easily managed without the whip, and is perfectly docile. If, however, she is what the evil one would have her, she takes the bit in her teeth, sets back her ears, plunges and kicks; and woe to the man who comes within reach of her tongue, her claws, or her toes. Then there is need for the rod. To a good wife, "there is a golden ornament upon her, and her bands are purple lace: thou shalt put her on as a robe of honour, and shalt put her about thee as a crown of joy." But as for the bad wife, deal with her after the advice of the poet Joachim Rachel:—

Thou wilt be constrained her head to punch,
And let not thine eye then spare her:
Grasp the first weapon that comes to hand—
Horsewhip, or cudgel, or walking-stick,
Or batter her well with the warming-pan;
Dread not to fling her down on the earth,
Nerve well thine arm, let thy heart be stout
As iron, as brass, or stone, or steel.

For no wrath is equal to a woman's wrath; and better is it to live in the cage of an African lion, or of a dragon torn from its whelps, than to live in the house with such a woman. In all wickedness the worst is woman's wickedness. Why, asks the doctor, what sort of a life did Jupiter lead in heaven with his precious Juno? Poor god! he let her get the upper hand of him. Had he but taken his stick to her instead of scolding, he might have had Olympus quiet, and have saved himself from being badgered through eternity.

They managed things better in Rome. A man had a wife full of bad tempers. He went to the oracle and asked what should be done with a garment which had moths in it. "Dust it," was the oracular response. "And," added the man, "I have a wife who is full of her nasty little tempers; should not she be treated in a similar manner?" "To be sure," answered the oracle, "dust her daily!" And never was a truer and better bit of advice given by an oracle.

The work of Dr. Paullini called forth others in response, and doubtless enthusiastic devotees of the rod abounded. His views were, however, combatted by others. From a tract against the use of the rod I cull one curious and droll story, wherewith to conclude this article:—

A husband accompanied his wife to confession. The lady having opened her griefs, the father who was shriving her insisted on administering a severe penitential scourging. The husband, hearing the first stroke inflicted on his better-half, interfered, and urged that his wife was delicate, and that as he and she were one flesh it would be better for him, as the stronger vessel, to receive the scourging intended for his helpmate. The confessor having consented to this substitution, the man knelt in his wife's place, while she retired from the confessional. Whack! whack! went the cat, followed by a moan from the good man's lips.

"Harder!—harder!" ejaculated the wife; "I am a grievous sinner!"

Whack! whack! whack!

"Lay it on!" cried she; "I am the worst of sinners."

Whack! whack! and a howl from the sufferer.

"Never mind his cries, father!" exclaimed she; "remember only my sins. Make him smart here, that I may escape in purgatory."

S. BARENG-GOULD.

NATURE.

I.

O NATURE, cold of heart,
Though very lavish of thy lovely smile,
As false as fair thou art,
Winning our love, and mocking us the while!

II.

I lay me at thy feet,
And fain would give up all mankind for thee,
Thine aspect is so sweet,
Upon thy brow such glad serenity!

III.

All beauty meets in thee,
The soft, the bright, the lowly, the sublime;
Whichever phase it be,
That seems to me the fairest at the time.

IV.

What happiness to roam
Along the heathery hills, the stream-fed plains,
To make the woods our home,
To search for hidden violets in the lanes!

V.

But sorrow comes to all,
The dawning of a darkness-bringing day,
When 'neath some funeral pall
The dearest hopes of life are borne away.

VI.

How cruel then appears
That sweet serenity that mocks our woe,
Hast thou no sighs, no tears,—
No sympathy for one who loved thee so?

VII.

No: not one sign of grief!
What, hast no mourning robe which thou canst
wear,
Instead of all these colours bright and fair?
Callous beyond belief,
Our hearts might break, and thou wouldst
never care!

VIII.

So it has ever been,
So it is now, and will be evermore;
We vanish from the scene,
The earth smiles on as blooming as before.

IX.

But Heaven forgetteth not.
Soul, look above for what earth cannot give.
What matter earth-forgot,
If Heaven-remembered? In that hope we live.

A. D.

THE OLD HOUSE OF WYCHCOMBE.

IN one of our fair southern English counties, somewhere between the days of Robin Hood and Dick Turpin, when acorns had ceased to be the national dish, and the Normans had introduced beef and mutton, and had given their sanction to Saxon ale—somewhere in those times there lived in pomp and dignity the proud family of the Wychcombes in the beautiful manor-house of Wychcombe Hall. It was in the days when the priesthood held sway, and when their word was law.

The family consisted of Dame Wychcombe, as she was styled, a tall, gaunt old lady of past seventy; her husband, a weak old man, who had evidently been ruled through life by her stronger will, and was little capable, if indeed he had desired it, of raising a standard of domestic rebellion now, in his seventy-sixth year. For the dame was the dread of her household; her daughters, unmarried old maids of at least fifty years, cowered before her, and obeyed her like children. Indeed she had never ceased to consider them as such, so much so, that they themselves had no will of their own and were accustomed to be ruled and guided by her in the most trivial as well as the most important things. And, alas for them! but one important thing had happened to them in their lives, and that was when the youngest and fairest had, at the age of twenty, fallen in love with a young squire of low degree, had dared to listen to his whispered words of love under the shade of the kitchen-garden wall, and when taxed with having stayed out beyond the hour fixed for her return, had fallen on her knees and implored her

mother, though scarcely able to speak for fright, to sanction her union with the man to whom she had given her heart. But she never ventured to name his name again! The few words her stern parent returned in answer crushed her hopes and her heart for ever. She left her presence, feeling she must have done a deadly wrong in even thinking that such a marriage could be possible for her.

She never saw the squire of low degree again; and dark suspicions were afloat as to the cause of his sudden and entire disappearance from his native place. This event broke one sister's heart, and was such a lesson to the others that they hardly dared to utter a word or move a finger without first endeavouring to read on their mother's face whether they had her permission to do so.

They had had a brother, but they had known little of him, and now knew not whether he were alive or dead.

Both sisters had a clear recollection of waking up one night in a long-bygone winter and hearing words of fierce altercation in voices they knew, one their mother's, the other their brother's, and now and then another, which they did not know,—a gentle voice pleading, as it seemed, with both, and ending with a wild shriek. Then a door banged loudly, and all was still. The eldest sister stood shivering and trembling at her bed-room door for an hour or more, till she heard her mother come upstairs with a slow and heavy tread, muttering to herself, and the only words that could be distinguished were, "A girl like that my daughter-in-law! Never. Now—No one heard—not even the splash—though he tried—but I am strong too—ha! ha!" Shaking with terror and frightened to death, the listening girl retreated into her bed-room, the darkness concealing the fact of her door being ajar. The two sisters never dared to ask an explanation of what had passed that night; but they never saw their brother more!

Neither was Dame Wychcombe in good repute amongst her neighbours, for there were dark stories of her early life; and her tyranny to her husband and daughters, remarkable even in those stern days, was well known abroad. But none dared remonstrate, and the power and wealth of the family placed her in such a position as to be above feeling the dislike of her neighbours. A distant respect was all she sought, and that much they were obliged, as far as appearances went, to concede to her. But in the hearts of all she was hated, and few, if any, knew how deeply that hatred was deserved. For seventy years she had faced the world with unflinching indifference; for seventy years she had borne the insinuations

that she heard faintly murmured around her without changing a muscle of her hard countenance; for seventy years she had stood there shrinking from nothing, rejecting no investigation, repelling no question, fearing no discovery. For who would question a rock? Who would seek to undermine a rock to see what lay beneath? Would not the rock crush them first? Who would venture such a risk? And, indeed, it was nobody's interest to examine into the private affairs of that proud family. Exclusive and cold, common curiosity shrank from their very name!

And so it was till the threescore years and ten had passed, and the tall, gaunt frame began to stoop, and the cold grey eyes lost some of their fire, and the thin cheeks grew yellow and wrinkled, and all could see that age was doing its quiet but inevitable work. At last her iron constitution gave way under the weight of years, and then, indeed, the sins of her past life crowded into agony on her soul. Indomitable as she had ever been, there was one who in her strongest days had had some slight influence over her; and now this man, the village priest, was the only one who had any power at all over her still despotic will. She declared she would see no one. He quietly entered her room; she bid him fiercely be gone. He calmly sat down by her bedside, and watched her without speaking, while she raved at him. But her power was slipping out of her hands: his was as strong as ever, for it lay in his eyes, with which he seemed to mesmerise her and coerce her into passiveness before he spoke, in the quiet but firm tone habitual to him.

"You are dying," he said. "You had need to make one more confession ere you die, or the blessing of absolution will not be yours."

"I have confessed and confessed," she cried, "and I have no more peace than if I had never spoken. I will confess no more."

"Once more," he continued, in the same tone; "once more. Recollect the darkest page in all your life. All your other sins I know, and may the Holy Virgin forgive you, for they are many."

"Absolution, father," she cried imploringly; "you promised me absolution after I had told you—"

"All," he added, for she hesitated; "and you have not told me all."

"And all you shall never know," she said, passionately; "for I will die without telling you, and the grave will keep my secret."

"Die, then," he said; "die without absolution, and with all your sins on your own head, and the vengeance of Heaven—"

"Stop! stop! and I will tell you. Here,

listen; hold your head down—lower, lower, that none may hear. Ha! what was that? I heard a scream! Ha! he is coming! Oh! Heaven have mercy on my soul!" cried the raving woman.

"You have but little time on earth—but little time for repentance," said the priest, in his cold measured voice, glancing at the sun, which was sinking low in the crimson sky.

"Give me time!—only give me a little time. When the sun sets I will tell you."

They both watched it—the priest with eager impatience, the dying woman grudging every second that fled by of her last day on earth, and it was with an effort, as the last ray vanished beneath the dark purple horizon, that she turned to the priest and said, almost gasping—

"Now, father, I will tell you all. Stoop down and hear me."

He listened, and his face grew white as she whispered her last confession into his ear—white as that of the wretched woman who had bartered her very soul for pride. What she told him was worse, far worse, than what he had thought.

"Woman!" he cried, as she ceased and sank back on her pillow, "you are lost—lost beyond redemption. Absolution is not for such as you. There is no time for penance—no time for forgiveness for such black deeds as yours. You are lost!"

"Lost!" she cried in frantic despair; "lost! never! Surely the fire that has burnt in my heart till it was seared in agony must count for something? Father, set me what penance you will. I have life in me to do it yet. Speak, and quickly; what more can I do?—what more can I suffer?"

The priest hastened to speak.

"Lands to the Church," he said. "An ample gift might purchase prayers that would release a soul even such as yours from purgatory, and save it from eternal destruction. But what riches are yours—what lands could you bestow?"

"Give me but hope, father. I will provide the means. My husband—where is he? and fetch a notary; and, father, be yourself a witness."

"It shall be done," answered the priest, as he rose to fetch the old man, who, awed by the nearness of death, entered the room with a look of solemnity which the mere prospect of parting with his wife could hardly have called up.

"My husband," said the weak and gasping voice, "you see me dying. Grant me one last boon—the very last."

"What have I ever denied you, that you should ask like this?" he answered.

"I have been a worldly woman," she said. "I have not done for the Church all that I ought to have done; and, now that my last hour is come, I have nothing I can call my own to offer as a mark of my contrition and humility."

"Truly," thought the old man, "there is need of proof ere I believe in your humility;" but aloud he only said, "What is your wish? I will grant you whatever you desire."

"I only ask this," she said, "only this. You see how weak I am. My voice is failing, my strength is gone. I pray you to let me rise, and promise me faithfully that so much of land as I can walk over may be given from henceforth and for ever to the Church."

"I promise you that, and welcome," said the husband, with a covert smile, for he felt certain that her first step from her bed would be her last in life. She caught the smile, though, and her spirit rose within her; for, with the "ruling passion strong in death," the desire of disappointing her husband gave her even more strength than the fear of the flames of purgatory.

She rose, supported by the priest, and staggered to the door. Though scarcely breathing, yet, as the door was opened the fresh air of the evening blew down upon her and revived her wonderfully. With unexpected energy she crawled a few yards, then, to the growing alarm of her husband, she raised herself upright, and absolutely walked; but walked so far and so steadily that he, old and lame, could scarcely keep up with her, and struggled behind, invoking a thousand curses on her head, as, step by step, he saw the best part of his property passing away into the hands of the Church. On she went, and more than one gate was opened by the eager priest, and more than one obstacle cleared out of her path, ere she gave up the race with death, and sank at last on the bare earth. Her husband came up just in time to hear her last words—to hear her calling down Heaven's bitterest judgments on any member of the family, however distant, who should alienate these lands, which her dying energies had gained, from the Church—to hear her invoking a special curse on his head, should he attempt to forego his promise—and to hear her last words of all, "And when these broad lands have passed away from the Church may the family have a male heir never more!" And so she died, out in the night air, with a curse on her lips.

The confessor stood by her side triumphant; her husband raging, swearing, and stamping as only a deceived man can.

Still he made over the broad lands to the Church. He was too much awed to cheat them of as much as a square inch of it. And

when he had delivered over the parchment deed, duly signed and attested, the priest poured into his astonished ears the news that, though his son was dead, his grandson survived, and was heir to the place, impoverished as it was by the large piece taken from it.

"And where is he?" asked the widower, who was beginning to find consolation for the loss of his lands in the fact that he had lost his wife also; and to whom this possession of a grandson opened a vista of comfort for his declining years.

"Not far off," said the priest. "That youth who works in the monastery garden is your grandson."

"But my son died childless, so it cannot be," continued the old man, returning to despondency. "He died abroad, just after his mother refused to consent to his marriage."

"He was married already, and his child was born when their last interview took place," said the priest, cautiously.

"He was!" he exclaimed, with surprise. "But speak out, man, speak out. You know more than I do. Why should not I know all? There is no one to prevent me now." And he laughed with some bitterness.

"What I know," said the priest, "I learnt under the seal of confession, and may not tell."

"You must prove to me that my son was married, that I may believe that that lad is my grandson."

"Does not his likeness prove it?" asked the priest.

"It may, it may," said the old man, musingly. "But," he added, with his voice lowered to a hissing whisper, "my son, what of him?"

"Your son was murdered," said the priest, boldly, "and by the hands of his mother; and you will find his bones in the deep well behind the fir wood. If you find them you will believe me, and may believe me, too, when I say that the boy is your grandson. And I can give you written proofs, besides."

The old man's eyes were glazed, and he stared transfixed at the priest.

"Horrible! horrible!" were his only words.

They sought and found the bones. The boy was indeed and in truth the grandson. His gentle though low-born mother was for the first time acknowledged as the daughter-in-law of the house, and cordially welcomed by the grey-haired but still warm-hearted old sisters.

The rest of the story is soon told. So long as the lands over which the resolute old woman had walked were left in the peaceable possession of the Church, an heir male was

never wanting to the family of Wychcombe. But when, a hundred years or so after the death of the wicked dame, they were commuted into money, and a yearly sum paid—but paid irregularly and scantily—in their stead, daughters only were born to the house, till at length one heiress, who either pined more than

the others for a son, or was more devout, and believed the old story, restored the lands in a *bond fide* gift to the Church. She was blessed with many a son, and ever since, in spite of misfortune and strange adventure by land and sea, an heir male has never been lacking to the proud old house of Wychcombe. T.



HYMN TO APOLLO.

(From Callimachus.)

SEE how the laurel branches sudden wave,
And all the temple reels. All evil fly,
Fly far away! already Phœbus beats
The doors with shining foot, the Delian
palm
Trembles with sudden joy: and in the air,
Listen how strangely, sweetly sings the
swan;
Unfold yourselves, ye bolted portals! bars,
Give way before him, for your god is near!

Prepare, ye youths, the sacred dance, the
song!

Apollo is not seen of all, the good
Alone behold him, and are strong,—how weak
Are those who see him not; far-shining god
We shall behold thee, and be weak no more.

Let not your harp be dumb, nor still your
tread,

Ye votaries of Phœbus, in his stay;

If ever ye would hear fond marriage vows,
If ever trim your silver hair, and see
Your walls still standing on their ancient
stones.

All hail, ye votaries! no more your lute
Is idle; hearken to Apollo's song
In holy silence, silent as the sea,
When minstrels celebrate his lyre; and bow
Silent as Thetis, or as Niobe,
When Io! Pean falls upon their car;
Awhile, the silver-footed goddess stays
Her wail,—a mother's wail for her dead son,—
Steep'd in forgetfulness by that sweet sound,
And that tear-dropping form of Phrygian
stone,
That marble utterance of woman's woe,
Delays its constant plaining for awhile.

Cry Io! Io! it is ill to strive
With the blest gods: who wars with them
holds war
Against my king, against Apollo; he
Will honour all the choir which gives him joy,
Sitting in might at the right hand of Jove.
Him shall the choir not sing one day alone,
Him often praised who could not deftly praise!
Golden his garment, and its clasps of gold,
Golden his quiver and his Lycian bow,
Golden his sandals, and his Delphic shrine
Bears witness to the treasures of its god.

Phœbus is ever young and ever fair,
On his soft cheek no doubtful down is seen,
But on the ground ambrosial oils distil
From his bright hair, slow dropping health like
dew,
And on whatever town that dew may fall
Is sorrow all forgotten like a dream.

Io Carneian, much adored, whose fane
In spring, is laden with a world of bloom;
With amber cowslip, and sad jessamine,
Pansies, and violets brought by the Hours
Dewsprent with breath of Zephyr; but alone
To thee the saffron in the winter time
Gives its sweet scent, whilst everliving flame
Burns on thy altar everlasting food.

Io! Carneian Phœbus, Io! Pean,
Before whose might divine huge Python fell,
Falling unequal to thy golden arms—
Another dart, and yet another, while
The people sing thy praises, not in vain,
No weak defender of defenceless men,
Latona bore thee to flame-forging Jove.

Pale Envy whisper'd in Apollo's ear,
Wherefore, Apollo, wilt thou favour those
Who sing but little? I would hear alone
Music unmeasured, vast; such harmony
As is the singing of the mighty sea:
But with his golden-sandaled foot, the god
Spurn'd her, and anger framed a quick
reply:

"Great is the flow of great Assyria's stream,
Yet from much washing of its wave-worn
banks

It bears polluted offerings to the main;
But not from every source Melissæan nymphs
Bring water to Demeter's hallowed fane,
But such as bubbles unpolluted, fair
From sacred fountain, tributary rill—
Bright, sweet, and chosen, as a chosen flower:
Hail king! let Momus fail before thy frown."
JAMES MEW.

KISHING A JURY.

"AH," said the sub-sheriff, "the times
have changed since I first knew this place. It
is just thirty-five years ago since I stopped
here with a kished jury."

I was returning wet and weary after a day's
rather unsuccessful trout fishing, when I met
my friend the sheriff; a seat on his car was
quickly accepted, and our passage through the
little village of Foulkes' Mills, in the county
of Wexford, caused the observation.

"A kished jury!" I exclaimed. "What
on earth is that?"

"Well, you see," replied my friend, "the
old law was that in case a jury would not
agree, the assistant barrister at sessions, or
judge at assizes could order the jury to be
taken to the next town in which the sessions
were held, or to the confines of the county and
there discharge them. The practice here was
—I'm not sure whether it was quite legal or
not—to put the jurors into turf kishes or
creels, and discharge them by simply tilting
the car up."

"But you don't mean to say such a thing
was ever done in your time?"

"Egad, I do. As I told you, it was the
first year I filled the office of sheriff, thirty-five
years ago. There was a trial for a riot at the
Ross sessions, and as it all arose out of an
election squabble, party feeling ran very high.
As might be expected, the jury disagreed, and
old Moore, the assistant barrister, who thought
the evidence quite strong enough against the
prisoner, was almost beside himself with rage
at the idea of his getting off. He went over
the strong points in the evidence; he bullied
them; but it was no use—they would not
agree. He then locked them up all night;
but in the morning they were no nearer a
verdict. He then declared he would take them
to Wexford that day, and ordered me to pro-
vide jaunting cars, and to produce the jury
and prisoner before him that evening in Wex-
ford. But here the jury made a row; they
said they did not mind going to Wexford, but
they did mind the forms of the law, and that
as the old and legal way was to go in turf
kishes on farmer's carts, they would go by no
other conveyance. The foreman told the
magistrates that if he was sent in any other
thing than a kish he would bring an action

against them. When it came to this point I think Moore would have liked to be able to discharge them quietly, but as he had made the order he was too proud to alter it; so he told me to take them in kishes.

"Now of course I wasn't going to take a jury and prisoner twenty Irish miles through a wild country without a good escort, and as it happened that a troop of the 10th Hussars was quartered in the town, I ordered them out. The jurors objected to having more than two in each kish. The prisoner—he was Peter Murphy's father, and was one of the best-off men in Ross, and one of the great leaders of the Repealers—brought his own gig, so we made a pretty fine show. First came the six country carts, each with a turf creel containing two jurors, then came the prisoner and myself in the gig—the vehicles being surrounded by thirty or forty Hussars with drawn swords, and followed by the greater part of the population of Ross, waving green boughs and yelling like so many wild Indians.

"The journey was the greatest fun you can imagine. When we got rid of the crowd, several of the jury sang capital songs, and the foreman managed to pick up a wandering piper, who played jigs and hornpipes for some who danced. And, by Jove! well they did dance, too, though they had only the floor of the car, for the kish prevented them falling off.

"In this style and full of devilment we came into Foulkes' Mills here. We had sent on a messenger to order dinner at Mrs. Roche's, so we found everything ready for us. But, egad! by this time I was in a funk about the state my jury would be in by the time they reached Wexford, for many of them were half drunk already. I insisted that each man should be limited to four tumblers of punch. They all promised readily enough, but I found when the four tumblers had been dispatched, that it did not prevent them proceeding to mix a fifth, and I made up my mind to having a rasping fine inflicted on me by old Moore. Still the dinner was worth the price. Sir Charles Clifton, the captain of the Hussars, took the chair, and the prisoner the vice, and well they filled them. Songs and stories never flagged; and six o'clock, the hour at which I had been ordered to produce the jury in Wexford, found them all very drunk; four of them were dancing a reel at the lower end of the room, while the foreman and one of the Hussar officers whistled, and the captain and prisoner were playing beggar-my-neighbour at the other end, to see who should pay for the dinner. At last I got them on the road again, but it was two o'clock in the morning when we

entered Wexford, and drew up before Moore's lodgings. The jurors were quiet enough now, as they were all drunk and asleep in the kishes. I backed the cars in a line opposite the door. The escort was drawn up behind, and the prisoner was carefully supported by two policemen, who happened to be patrolling. It was very dark and bitterly cold, so I hoped Moore might not perceive the state of the party. I went up and knocked at his bedroom door in great trepidation.

"'Who's there? What's all this row about?' roared Moore.

"'It's me, your worship; I have brought the jury and prisoner,' I replied.

"'And what the deuce delayed you till this hour, sir?'

"'Bad roads and the breaking down of the cars, your worship.'

"'You must keep them till morning. I can't get up now,' he growled.

"'Oh, your worship,' said I, 'I have no place to keep them. They are half dead already, with fatigue and want of food. If you detain them much longer something serious will happen.' Just then I heard the prisoner making a desperate attempt to sing 'The Young May Moon,' but the police managed to stop him.

"After considerable delay Moore made his appearance in his dressing-gown and slippers, and came grumbling down-stairs to the door. The escort saluted, and I hurried to the foreman's side.

"'Do the jury answer to their names, sheriff?' said Moore, peering into the darkness, and shivering as the frosty air played with the folds of his dressing-gown.

"'Oh, yes, your worship,' said I, holding down the foreman, who had awakened up, and wished to make a speech from the car.

"'Well, gentleman, have you agreed to your verdict?'

"'The foreman says they can't agree, your worship,' I answered holding my hand over the said foreman's mouth.

"'Why does he not speak out,' roared Moore angrily.

"'He has become hoarse from the cold, your worship,' I replied.

"'I don't wonder; it has almost given me my death. Discharge the jury and prisoner too,' said Moore, banging the door and rushing back to bed.

"The cars were tilted up and their burthens shot out on the street, and telling the police to look after them, I hurried off to bed. That was the last time a jury was ever kished in this county."

T. L. W.

HEVER COURT.

BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD, AUTHOR OF "RALPH," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.—EDWARD PROCEEDS TO
MAKE HIS FORTUNE IN LONDON.

HAVING no profession, or indeed any special knowledge, Edward was but poorly equipped for a successful fight in the battle of life in London. He had been an Eton boy and an Oxford man; there his education ended. He was high-spirited, frank, and sanguine, with the nicest possible sense of honour and a most engaging, because most trustful, and artless manner. But just

twenty-six years of age, the only persons he could look to for any advice were Sir John Dunman and Mr. Royds; both men nearer eighty than seventy; so he had no notion of guiding himself by their advice. Were he to ask it, he would, of course, feel himself bound to respect and to follow their counsels. He didn't doubt it would be good advice, well flavoured with prudence and the wisdom of years; but if he wanted to make a short cut to fortune, was it likely that octogenarian counsels would assist him? That is the point of view from which he regarded these councillors. Sir John Dunman was an old gentleman of whose occupation as a Master in Chancery, in London, Edward had no precise idea. He had heard it said that the atmosphere of London suited Sir John, and had a notion that he passed his time grubbing among old papers with the zeal of an antiquary. Some said that the reason he was so rarely to be seen with his wife, was owing to a quarrel and a separation mutually agreed to; others merely said there was incompatibility of temper, and they were better apart; while a few threw out dark hints and wagged their heads as though a mystery overhung Sir John's family.

And Mr. Royds, he was so intensely respectable as to have no energy whatever. It was quite impossible that he could teach a young man how he might quickly guide his steps to a fortune.

Edward had lodged himself in Walls Street,

Jermyn Street, and on the morning after his arrival in town, called on Mr. Royds. He found his fortune to consist of about five thousand pounds, invested in Consols, and absolutely at his own disposal. He had beside this the little farm near to Hever, managed by a bailiff, who would account to him for the produce.

A commonplace solicitor, seeing that Edward was an inexperienced young man, would have given him, willing or unwilling, some counsel about the future, or at least have made inquiry as to his plans; but such was not Mr. Royds. He had held all his rich and titled connection together by keeping strictly "within the four corners of his instructions." And such inquiries might be regarded as impertinent interference, so he contented himself with asking Edward to dinner that evening in Russell Square.

There he met the two Misses Royds, who were youngish ladies distinguished by a frigid amiability of manner. They were very strong-minded. One wore blue spectacles, and both abjured crinoline, and had views on woman's rights. So Edward found the entertainment rather dull, and as he walked to his lodgings smoking his cigar, thought he had done well in resolving not to be too intimate there, or too much influenced by Mr. Royds.

But what was he to do? The problem before him stood, How to get into a financial position in the least possible time, such as would enable him to propose to Lucy, without feeling ashamed of himself in doing so.

Should he ever hear that Will's sinister influence had been strong enough to make her marry him, then Edward felt he would throw up the game of life at once. He feared Lady Dunman's worldly nature; she would certainly prefer that Lucy should choose Lord Nantwich or even Will Frankland, rather than himself. But he had faith that Lucy disliked the cynicism of the nobleman, and felt disgust for the vulgar presumption of the other.

What was he to do? A week, a fortnight passed with no solution of this momentous question. He had gained some familiarity with London. Once he thought he saw Lucy in Hyde Park with her mother, but he was not sure. Probably he would not have called if he knew where they lived, but they had no town house and were in lodgings, which he did

not know. He met several college friends, but they were all busy with their own affairs, and never had been men whom he cared to consult as to his own.

One day his attention was attracted by this advertisement in the Times:—

TO CAPITALISTS.—WANTED, a Gentleman as Director of a Limited Liability Company. A fortune may be made by the investment of five thousand pounds, while the Directors' fees alone will pay good interest. Security given on real property, or the party may join in the superintendence of the company's affairs. Apply by letter only, with a reference, to Jos. Snodgers, Esq., financial agent, 99 Norfolk St., Strand, W.C.

"I suppose it's a swindle," said Edward. But he read it over again. At all events its promises were fair. He knew that limited liability meant security against a greater loss than the full amount of the shares taken. At least there was the promise of full security and the position of director. He cut out the advertisement, and walked to Norfolk Street to reconnoitre the residence of Mr. Snodgers.

At No. 99 the door was open, exposing a glass door within. There were two bells on one side of this, and underneath one of them a small brass plate, bearing the name, "Mr. Snodgers," and beneath that was inscribed, "First Floor, Ring the Bell."

He had a great mind to disobey Mr. Snodgers' injunction and to call instead of writing. It would save him so much trouble, and if the affair were genuine he would be sorry to lose it by the delay. So he ventured to pull the bell. Immediately something was heard tumbling down-stairs, which proved to be a boy, who presented an inky nose to Edward, and informing him that Mr. Snodgers was in, preceded him up-stairs. He was so fortunate as to find Mr. Snodgers disengaged, and to be shown to his room at once.

Edward was bristling with suspicion; but the appearance of Mr. Snodgers at once made him smoother; Mr. Royds himself did not appear more respectable. There looked up from a table near the centre of the room a hale and hearty gentleman of about sixty, with a fresh-coloured face, settled very respectably into his collar, the whiteness of which, together with that of his shirt-front, were irreproachable. A black neck-handkerchief loosely tied in a bow gave a sort of parliamentary finish to his head. One could fancy Mr. Snodgers the idol of his home circle. When he composed himself at tea-time, passing his hand through his grey hair, his ruddy cheeks and twinkling eyes full of laughter, perhaps, at some joke he had brought home with him, one could fancy an admiring wife and daughters petting this comfortable-looking man. It is common to say

"a warm man," meaning "a well-to-do man." Edward was not acquainted with Mr. Snodgers' means, but he looked every inch of him a warm man, wanting nothing, and, as it were, playing at business just to give him a zest for the pleasures of his home.

In a momentary glance, Edward also surveyed the apartment. The furniture seemed old and good. There was a couch which neutralized the otherwise official aspect of the place, and a desk and letter-press which confirmed it. Two or three tin boxes laid against the walls; on one he read, "Cotopaxi Mining Company, Limited." He took notice also of an iron safe let into the wall near the fire-place, and of a leather arm-chair to which Mr. Snodgers was pointing an invitation, while Edward was making an apology for calling instead of writing "with reference to that advertisement in the Times."

"We are obliged to do it, you see, sir," and Mr. Snodgers smiled good-humouredly, "to keep off a pack of fellows who would try to make a handsome thing out of an affair of this sort, as agents, you know."

Edward bowed his acknowledgment of the distinction.

"I've had as many as half-a-dozen of them here this morning for the particulars; but I knew they were all men of straw." Mr. Snodgers metaphorically flipped them away with his pen.

"I am inquiring on my own behalf; but," Edward added, with hesitating candour, "I cannot profess great experience in these matters."

"The less the better, I was going to say," rejoined Mr. Snodgers. "But then somebody must look to 'em. When I arbitrated between the Dumbleton and Whetstone Railways, the Dumbleton chairman said to me, 'What a head you've got for figures, Snodgers.' And they gave me a piece o' plate. They behaved very handsomely. But you will permit me to inquire your name?"

"Mr. Edward Frankland."

"Frankland, eh? well that is very curious, quite a coincidence."

"Why?"

"I had some old friends of that name, that is all, sir," and Mr. Snodgers seemed willing to leave the subject.

"Mine is a Hertfordshire family, the Franklands of Hever Court, Bingwell."

"My friends were London people, in a very humble station of life, and they are all dead." And as their memory seemed painful to Mr. Snodgers, Edward pursued the subject no further.

Then Mr. Snodgers, untying a bundle of papers, proceeded to inform Edward that the

concern alluded to in the advertisement was a large business in the iron trade, which was to be purchased on very advantageous terms and transformed into a limited company.

"You see our object is to get it into as few hands as possible," Mr. Snodgers looked for a moment quite covetous, as he thought of its going to the outer public. His voice was soft and smooth, and the particulars sounded well.

Edward remarked something about investigation before going any further or expressing any definite proposition.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Snodgers. "Then if you like you will make the advance upon the ample security of the premises, to be repaid in shares at par when the company is formed."

Edward said he had no objection to make further inquiry.

"I propose, then, to meet to-morrow at five at Batt's Iron Works, Southwark; there you'll meet Mr. Batt and see his premises."

"One question, Mr. Snodgers; if you are going to form a company, why do you want so large a sum as five thousand pounds before commencing?"

"Oh!" said Snodgers, and there was really a kind confidence in his manner as he left his chair and came close to Edward. "Batt won't of course sign the agreement to sell his old-established business without five thousand on account; and, you know, why should he?"

That Mr. Batt shouldn't want five thousand pounds down appeared so incomprehensible to Mr. Snodgers that Edward thought Mr. Batt must be right and reasonable in his proposals.

"An old trade, highly respectable, making forty per cent. profits." The financial agent dropped the words as though they tasted nice and rich, and he were unwilling to part with them.

When Edward found himself walking up Norfolk Street, he began to think he was sorry it was the iron trade. But why not the iron trade as well as any other? He had no answer to this question except a sort of prejudice against iron as being rusty and dirty, and rarely, as he thought, dealt in by gentlemen. The idea of passing much of his time in Southwark too, was not very pleasant. But then he had a purpose to carry out, and if iron was to be the road to gold, he wouldn't be too particular. At all events, he had promised to meet Mr. Snodgers, with Mr. Batt and his solicitor, at the works to-morrow.

CHAPTER XIV.—EDWARD FINDS A GOOD INVESTMENT.

BATT's Iron Works lay between Bankside and the river. There were some furnaces and a casting-house, where at times the molten

iron might be seen shimmering like red-hot soup. There were stocks of old iron which had served many purposes—old frying-pans and kitchen utensils of every sort, coffin-plates and ancient rusty furniture of ships—bolts and keels and tackling, all decayed and worn out. Just behind the entrance gate was a low building, wherein there was perhaps a little less dirt and rust and coal-dust, and wherein, on one side of a shabby old desk, like to an old dog-kennel with an upper section taken off, sat a rusty-looking clerk. This room was, by courtesy, the counting-house.

From this a door, marked "private," opened into another room, in which stood a table covered with green baize, and a few chairs. Over the chimney-piece was hung the advertisement-almanac of an insurance office. But every article was speckled with blotches of rust, and a grimy covering of rust spread over all. No one could venture to touch anything in Batt's counting-house without being oxidised.

The rusty clerk looked up from his desk as two persons entered. It was about a quarter to five. They were both tall, but Mr. Batt was much older than his solicitor. The iron merchant was a portly man, whose chin, thickly clad with grey beard, seemed to have attracted all the hair from his head, which was bald, but for a light fringe showing beneath his hat. In early life Mr. Batt had been at sea, and had retained the frank manner and the easy dress of a sailor.

If he formed the subject of conversation, as he did sometimes, of a knot of men at the neighbouring Striker's Arms, you would hear him spoken of in many different fashions. His own people always spoke well of him; there was, indeed, a tradition that he once threw a pig at a man who disobeyed him, and then cast his dead body into the river, from whence it never came again, being, as was said, washed out to sea. But this mystery did not lessen his power in the works. He was reputed to be an honest, fearless man of business, and a bold speculator. But there was no sign of care on Mr. Batt's broad face as he looked at the rusty clerk, and receiving "No" from him to his question, "Any one been, Snaggs?" followed his solicitor into the private room.

The lawyer sat down, stretched himself, and said,—

"What do you think of Snodgers?"

There was a self-satisfied smile as he put this which seemed habitual, and to express that he only questioned people for their entanglement and his own diversion, but that he knew all they would tell him beforehand.

"I tell you what, Mr. Gribble," replied

Batt, "Snodgers is the cleverest feller—the cle-ver-est-fel-ler out,—that's what he is."

"He's going to bring the party here at five o'clock, isn't he?"

"Yes; he says the party's willing to advance five thousand on the works."

"Snodgers is the promoter of the new company, I s'pose?"

"I begin to wish I hadn't agreed with Snodgers for the sale of the business." Mr. Batt plunged both his hands into his pockets, and looked full of thoughtful regret.

Mr. Gribble was at the window gazing through a wire blind towards the gate of the works, anxiously expecting the arrival of Mr. Snodgers and the party. Suddenly he turned to Batt,—

"Tell Snaggs to say you're engaged, and to keep 'em outside. The party will never advance the money if he sees me here. They're coming!"

Mr. Batt had lived long enough to defer his anxiety for explanation of this strange warning on the part of his attorney, until he had duly cautioned Snaggs to offer Mr. Snodgers and his friend seats until he was disengaged. He'd knock when he was ready for them to come in. "It's Mr. Tupper, from Swansea, that's with me.—Mr. Tupper, d'ye hear, Snaggs?"

"I've cost that young fellow with Snodgers as much as five thousand a year lately," said Gribble; "but how the deuce am I to get out?"

In answer to Mr. Batt's wondering inquiries, Gribble only replied that he had found out the true heir to an estate of which Edward had been in possession, and had now lost.

"Here, you can get out of this window!—I hear them speaking to Snaggs."

Mr. Batt suited action to his words and opened a casement, which being opposite to the door could not be observed from the counting-house.

"You'll take the five thousand by way of mortgage—if you can get it." Mr. Gribble gave this advice astride the window-sill. "Don't forget to pay me that five hundred for costs in Rigden's affair when you get this money—that's all."

"A cheque shall be sent you next morning," said Mr. Batt, in a tone so firm and reliable, that of itself would surely have gained credit for a larger amount. He helped Mr. Gribble's left leg outwards, and, as he closed the window, saw his solicitor prudently in hiding by the corner of the building, waiting probably until, sure of Edward's entry into the private room, he could leave the works unobserved.

Edward's heart fell at the dirty aspect of

the place. Still there was an appearance of very active and thriving business about it. And he supposed that in no case would he have much to do with the works. In fact, he was so anxious to get his money out to the best advantage, that when Mr. Batt emerged from his room and invited them to walk in, he had resolved that the grimy appearance of the place was much in its favour, and looked well for the prospects of the company.

He was pleased, too, with the bluff manners and simple straightforwardness of Mr. Batt. "It's a dirty place, sir, for you to come to," he said, offering his big, rough hand to Edward; "but our dirt means trade, and trade brings profits."

Mr. Snodgers looked on these amenities with satisfaction. He appeared as usual so happy and eminently respectable, so quiet and deliberate in his movements, as to form quite a contrast to Mr. Batt. There was a little of the old school about Mr. Snodgers, while the proprietor of the iron works was rough and modern.

But a very attentive observer might have guessed that Mr. Snodgers' entire thought was not centred upon this interchange of courtesies between Edward and Mr. Batt, for he would have traced a just perceptible expression of surprise as Mr. Snodgers entered the room, and threw a wandering glance around it, settling at length upon the window.

Mr. Snodgers, however, kept both his surprise and his suspicions to himself.

He briefly explained to Edward that their business there was very simple. "Would he lend Mr. Batt five thousand pounds upon security of this valuable leasehold wharf and premises, with all the very valuable stores and stock-in-trade? The wharf alone was valued at seven thousand pounds."

Mr. Batt looked as though he had no interest whatever in the matter. In fact, it appeared rather as if Mr. Snodgers were driving him from his old-established business.

If this matter were concluded, Mr. Snodgers pointed out, the formation of the company would proceed, but without in the least affecting Mr. Frankland's security. Meanwhile by this advance of capital, Mr. Batt would be able to keep the business going with, if possible, a yet increased success.

Edward looked round the wharf and thought these big stacks of iron, these forges, and stables and horses, must be worth a great deal of money. And the wharf might well be worth the amount stated by Mr. Snodgers.

But he stoutly refused to agree to accept shares in the new company in payment of his mortgage. He might be willing to take shares for the full amount when the company

was formed, but he must judge for himself after the formation of the company. If his solicitor, Mr. Royds, was satisfied, he would advance the money, and any negotiation as to the company could then be made without reference to the mortgage, which would be an ordinary advance, bearing interest at—as Mr. Snodgers had proposed—four and a-half per cent.

The financial agent looked as though he could have been very angry. His large under lip fell. But there was only a slight trace of disappointment in his voice, as he said, "You want to pick the plums out of the pudding, sir, I see."

"I make you an offer," replied Edward, haughtily; "you can take it or not, as you please."

"You will advance the money?"

"Yes; if all the statements made by you appear to my solicitor to be satisfactory."

"Well, Mr. Batt, what do you say?" asked Snodgers.

"It's for you to say, Mr. Snodgers; you've got my agreement for the sale of the premises and business."

"But that has nothing whatever to do with this transaction," interrupted Edward.

"I can find good use for the money in the business," said Mr. Batt, roughly. There seemed to be no anxiety on his part to get Edward's money.

So the matter was settled. Subject to Mr. Royds' approval, Edward would advance the money on mortgage, and Mr. Snodgers was to push forward the formation of Batt's Iron Works Company, Limited; Edward being willing to become a director and a shareholder, possibly to the amount of five thousand pounds, if the company appeared to him to be satisfactorily established.

Soon after they left the works Mr. Snodgers was obliged to leave Edward, having, as he said, "business in an opposite direction."

But, if Edward had followed the financial agent, he would have seen him re-enter Mr. Batt's private room, and to the evident surprise of the ironmaster resume his seat, having first carefully shut the door.

Mr. Snodgers was, as always, very placid.

"Confidence begets confidence, you know," said he, adjusting his double eye-glass, with a sly admonitory glance at Mr. Batt.

"Well?"

"It seemed so funny that that Mr. Tupper from Swansea should get out of your window, that's all."

Mr. Batt looked confused, and tugged at his beard.

"If a party don't want to see me, I don't know why, but I generally feel a little anxious

to see him. Don't you feel that, Mr. Batt?"

Mr. Batt saw he was in a corner, and could only escape by being unusually candid. So he confessed that it was his solicitor, Mr. Gribble, who had made so unceremonious a departure. How he could be such a fool as to forget that Snodgers would observe that his room had no door but that by which he entered, he could not think. But one answer only led to further questions, and Mr. Snodgers learned the cause of Gribble's desire to avoid a meeting with Edward in the capacity of Mr. Batt's solicitor. The ironmaster felt that the loan so much depended on Snodgers, that he gave him all Gribble's confidence.

The recital seemed to have great interest for Snodgers. He listened with an attention that would have seemed curious to Mr. Batt, but that he considered Snodgers made "his living out of other people's affairs." Yet Mr. Batt was astonished. "Had Gribble deceived him? Could it be that Snodgers was the man he feared to meet?"

"It won't affect the loan, I hope?" said Mr. Batt, nervously.

Mr. Snodgers' reply seemed inconsequent.

"Mr. Gribble's a sharp man I should say, isn't he?"

"As a needle."

"Ah! I knew something of the family, that's all," replied Snodgers, vaguely. "You may make pretty sure of having the five thousand."

Mr. Batt was evidently glad to hear this. But he was puzzled. Mr. Gribble had jumped through his window to avoid these men, and now Mr. Snodgers left thoughtful and mysterious. But as to Batt's Iron Works he knew that Snodgers' interest was identical with his own, and the reflection was very reassuring.

(To be continued.)

ECCENTRIC WILD BOARS.

THE lion was long accounted the king of beasts, till the school-master got abroad, and dissipated the divinity which was wont to hedge his majesty. His deposition probably dates from the first French revolution, when the pretensions of all kings began to be enquired into, and with the evil of a general destruction of reverence, came the counterbalancing good of a general unmasking of impostors. In spite of his magnificent figure-head, the lion, tested by facts, came to be pronounced an arrant poltroon. His courage was found to be all in his stomach, and his generosity, where it was shown, was proved to

be merely the weakness of his dotage. Forced to abdicate universal dominion, like Napoleon at Fontainebleau, he has now retired to his Ella, and fain to occupy the position which Mercutio assigned to Tybalt, he figures in menageries as a "good king of cats." If he has left a successor, it is certainly the elephant. The elephant has all the qualities of a patriarchal king, an Homeric "shepherd of the people." He is gentle, wise, benevolent, and strong. With power to be the greatest bully in the creation, he would not tread on a mouse. In India he is even fain to take care of children, in his superb gentleness and condescension. And then, as Agamemnon, the "king of men," was higher than all his peers "by his head and broad shoulders," he certainly stands high above all other beasts. Besides his universal sovereignty, he is moreover the chief of the noble clan of the pachydermata or "thick-skinned animals." All great natures are thick-skinned, or ought to be, in this thorny world. With the exception of the dog and the stag, all the noblest of beasts belong to this clan. But with all the dog's gallantry, his want of independence is a deduction from his nobility. If not exactly the "servant of servants," as the Pope is, or says he is, he is at best a sort of "gentleman's gentleman," at worst a "gallant slave." He will stand any amount of ill-usage from his master, and even follow Bill Sykes at a distance, when fully aware of his murderous intentions. Though my glorious Newfoundland Leo would stand any nonsense from a smaller dog than himself, or a lady of his own species, and allow the ducks to lay eggs in and keep him out of his own house, reserving his mettle for dogs of his own inches, many of his kind are too often bullies and sycophants, if seldomer cowards. And with all the stag's grace, this Mercury of animals is too fond of using his legs in flight to be perfectly noble. But the horse is a pachyderm—the horse, who in sheer love of sport and emulation will break his neck in the steeple-chase, who in sheer love of glory will bear his master in the battle through the hail-storms of grape. Why need we chant his praises, which begin in the book of Job? He is the glorious Apollo of quadrupeds. Even the humble members of the family are not deficient in sense or self-respect. Every one who has seen the hippopotamus asleep in his tank in Regent's Park, has gazed on the very image of philosophic Contentment. But the ass! Well, the ass is one of those wise creatures who in this superficial world often pass for fools. Titania, the Queen of Fairies, with truer insight, fell in love with his head on Bottom's body. He is a fool certainly, but

like the fool of Astley's, who is always the cleverest fellow in the company. When decently treated, he is full of humour and pranks. And then after all, he is an oppressed specimen. Those who want to see him in his glory should go to see the wild asses in the Jardin d'Acclimation at Paris. But the pig! Well, the pig is a difficulty, though in Ireland he is generally known as the "gentleman that pays the rent." But a moment's reflection on the pig's position will tell us that after all he is not only sagacious, but a sage. He lives as if he foresaw his destiny. Other beasts toil and moil for their ungrateful master, as if they had immortal souls, and like pious Catholics, thought to gain heaven by good works. The pig eats and drinks, because to-morrow he dies. Under the circumstances, no one could deny this to be the supremest wisdom. But he is such a dirty beast! What would you be, gentle reader, if Mary forgot to fill your tub in the morning, or brought you no hot water? Some farmers say that it pays to wash him, and that he will fatten much better, which shows that he appreciates being washed. And all farmers say that sheeps' fleeces are much filthier. The fact is, that the pig likes a moist skin, and if he cannot get wet without getting dirty also, he puts up with a disagreeable necessity. Besides, wholesome mud is not exactly dirt. There are places in Germany where people take mud-baths, and they are not branded as dirty on that account. Thus we may consider that we have in a measure "rehabilitated" the pig; after the fashion of the great writers of our day, whose principle it is to set on their legs again all those notabilities whom the verdict of history has knocked over. Having done so for the poor relation, it is far easier to make out a case for the head of the family,—the wild boar, who is the hero of this memoir. Superficial taste would call the wild boar ugly, and prefer the perky short snout, and dumpy proportions of a Berkshire porker. But the wild boar is not made to figure in a cattle show, any more than an Iroquois Indian is made to pirouette in a ball-room. It is true that he wears a sad-coloured coat, like those enjoined by university statutes, but that is only the garb of his disreputable years. In his youth he was striped like a zebra, and until he got japanned, was as dressy as an undergraduate before he becomes a parson. He has "seen the folly" of finery. But see him flitting about in the shadows of a grim oak-forest like a blacker shadow himself, or standing to look at you in his bristling grandeur, with his little eyes glistening like diamonds, not exactly afraid, and yet not exactly trusting you, because he

knows you sometimes carry a rifle, and he has a wife and family to take care of; not to speak of him at bay, knocking over his yelping persecutors, and only succumbing to vastly superior forces; and every one would allow him to be a noble-looking and highly picturesque fellow—a true “savage,” or denizen of woods, just such a model as Gustave Doré would delight in. Besides being a romantic, he is also a classical beast. His tusk inflicted a wound on Adonis, which left a deeper wound in the heart of Venus. His tusk scored the thigh of Ulysses, and caused his recognition by the old nurse in the bath. The Calydonian boar was as much dreaded in *Ætolia* as a brigand chief. The Marsian boar is immortalised in the very first ode of Horace. But lest the classical boar should bore the reader to death, as he did Adonis, we will pass to modern times, and tell some authentic stories of the doings and sufferings of French wild boars in that province of Lorraine, sacred to the memory of Joan of Arc, exactly, barring the language and a few embellishments, as they fell from the lips of our old sporting friend, Monsieur Saint Hubert, of St. Dizier, who after his sixth glass of champagne regaled his company with the following true history:—

One fine Friday in December, 1866, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the usually quiet town of St. Mihiel was in a great state of commotion. Men of business left their papers strewn about their desks, and ran to look up their double-barrelled guns and revolvers. The mayor left a couple of impatient lovers waiting in his office to undergo the ceremony of civil marriage, in a most unceremonious and uncivil manner, and running to his kitchen unhooked a dusty, rusty old national-guard musket. The curé, carrying the Host to a sick person, took refuge with it in a butcher's shop, and armed himself with the cleaver, while his attendant boys tucked up their surplices, and sounded a retreat with the bell. The curé's man ran out of his house brandishing a spit, and thoughtlessly compromising his master's character by displaying a duck transfixed on it, which his niece was in the act of preparing for his fasting dinner. Two soldiers on furlough drew their side-arms, as if prepared to run a muck against the world in general. The blacksmith left a cart-horse triced up for shoeing, and sallied forth most formidably armed with a white-hot poker. What was the matter? Had the Prussian garrison of Luxemburg made a descent on the sacred soil of France? Nothing of the kind. The cause of the disturbance was a very simple one, albeit of rare occurrence. A wild boar pursued by a dog, of whom he seemed to take no great

notice, had chosen to take a leisurely canter through the gardens surrounding the town, not distinguishing very carefully, in his progress, the walks from the beds. The whole of the inhabitants were suddenly transformed into sportsmen, each looking on himself as the prospective slayer of the boar, and only afraid that in case of a distribution of the meat, the portion of each among so many would be but small.

For some time, the beast seemed disposed (like Smith O'Brien) to make himself the hero of a cabbage-garden; but at last he broke cover, and singling out in the ring of his persecutors the one with the scantiest beard, ran up to make his closer acquaintance. Our young friend stood his ground at first, and fired; but, as from the effects of a glass of absinthe just taken at a café with a friend, he saw two boars instead of one, his shot buried itself in the ground at some centimetres to the right of the animal. The boar turned and charged him again before he had time to load, and by this time, remembering that discretion is the best part of valour, he flung his gun at the boar's back, and swung himself up into a friendly apple-tree, whose rind received a wound from the tusk instead of his own. He was afterwards consoled by his sporting friends in his despair at missing the boar, by the assurance that if the boar had come exactly where his shot fell, he must have been killed—so that the only fault lay with the boar's obliquity. The boar, callous to the hearty reception offered him at the public expense, then continued his “constitutional” down a little road leading to the suburb of Belair, took a mill-stream at a flying leap, crossed a mill-bridge, ran down the lane of Cuvelot, and then, being hydro-pathically inclined, plunged into the stream which runs down that lane. Two horses who were drinking at the stream, seeing his determination, took suddenly to flight, first depositing in the water the farmer's boy who was sitting on the haunches of one of them, who half-drowned himself, while our grim hero wallowed over his prostrate body. After this toilette, the boar thought himself fit to show in company, and made a triumphant entry into the town by the suburb of Nancy, the most populous part of St. Mihiel. He was there received with public acclamations, which, in the innocence of his heart, he doubtless thought were meant as a compliment to his appearance. Wishing to thank the inhabitants for his welcome by personally calling upon them, he then entered the court of one Monsieur Chrétien, probably fancying by his name that he was a representative Christian, and then, finding his garden gate open, turned into it to complete his horticultural studies. The garden was enclosed by four sufficient walls,

and Monsieur Chrétien, quite willing to take in Monsieur Sanglier in more senses than one, shut the garden gate after him; but his guest, by no means disconcerted, took advantage of some prominences in the wall to run up it and jump down the other side, in the same way that a Shetland pony manages to scramble over a hunting fence. There was a deep drop on the other side into a lane; and great was the astonishment of a peasant who was stooping in the lane to gather dandelions for salad, to see the black game descending from the skies. Fearing from the apparition that there was sin in his innocent occupation, the boar instantly fled one way, and the boar another. Our dusky friend then finding himself unpursued, followed his nose, or rather his snout, and quietly made for his native forest of Ailly. On his way he passed a sportsman, happily for himself, unarmed, who declared that the boar seemed to him unharmed, and only touched by the warm reception which the inhabitants of St. Mihiel had given him.

Monsieur Saint Hubert having wiped away from his moustache the foam of a seventh glass of champagne, told another story:—

I once knew a Monsieur Rénard, a sportsman of great address, consummate courage, and immense muscular power. This gentleman was engaged in a battue in the valley of the Saulz, when a fine boar was flushed who made at him. His first rifle ball struck the boar in the right shoulder; his second in the left, for M. Rénard never missed. He did not, however, succeed in putting a stopper on the boar. His hunting knife was unsheathed in an instant, and the boar, like Roderick Dhu in the "Lady of the Lake," "received but recked not of a wound." M. Rénard, nothing daunted, caught him in his arms, and grasped him so tight that he could not make another lunge. A struggle occurred exactly like that between FitzJames and the Gael, and boar and man went over together,—

The boar above, the man below,

to take a trifling liberty with Scott's text. But, fortunately for the sportsman, his knife had reached a vital part, and after some anxious minutes he held in "the last embrace of foes" a carcass weighing 100 kilogrammes. The boar's tusk had torn his strong boot, and grazed his leg, but with this exception he rose from the "dreadful close" like FitzJames again, breathless but unwounded. His friends afterwards disparaged his prowess by quietly observing that a boar could not be after all such a formidable fellow, to be quelled by a fox (rénard).

After this story there was a sceptical rattling

of glasses, but Saint Hubert observed quietly, "It is as genuine as this glass of Moët," and tossed off his eighth. He then proceeded to his third story:—

There lives a M. Collot, a great proprietor of vineyards, in the commune of Aulnois. This M. Collot had gone one day to the fair at Bar-le-Duc with his wife, leaving his domestics at home, and, by rare carelessness, his cellar-door open. One Jean Jacques, a raw ploughboy, being of a bibulous nature, took the opportunity to steal into the cellar. He took a candle with him, and began quenching his thirst with some of the produce of a comet year. In the midst of his libations he was startled by the crashing of bottles, and it dawned upon his clouded intelligence that there must be somebody or something in the cellar better or worse than himself. What was his dismay to see crouching between two casks two small eyes that glowed like coals in an ill-defined form as black as the surrounding darkness, and stretched out before the form what appeared to be a cloven foot! Dropping his light, he groped his way up from the cellar in mortal terror, and his pale face made his fellow-servants think him seriously ill, till the master came home. Then he burst into tears and confessed his fault, and swore that he would never repeat it, adding that he had seen the devil in the cellar. His master's curiosity was aroused, and he went down, followed at a respectful distance by the household. He was but moderately pleased when he saw an enormous boar, bred in the neighbouring forest of Stainville, doing penance among his broken bottles, like Ajax among the slaughtered herds. The neighbourhood was aroused, and a posse of men came with hatchets to the assistance of M. Collot, who had put a good charge of slugs in his own blunderbuss. After a time the boar was shot and hacked to death, but not before he had avenged himself beforehand by goring three hogsheads with the defences of his own hog's head, and dying like the Duke of Clarence—drowned in wine. His meat, though excellent from muzzle to tail, scarcely compensated for the loss of the liquor.

I can vouch for the substantial truth of M. Saint Hubert's stories, though his champagne is first rate. Our woods of Lorraine are full of wild boars, some of whom are very eccentric in their habits. They furnish good sport, and are exquisite eating. The only wonder is, that with such good meat to digest a society should have formed itself here for the discussion of horse-flesh, by which I do not mean mere talk about horses. Surely, to dine upon

horse, considering our intimacy with that noble animal, is a kind of cannibalism.

While we have the noble boar domiciled among us, we have the dog's ignoble cousin—the wolf—committing the usual depredations of a "casual." Many are the stories about him, true and false, which appear in the provincial papers. One which is perfectly true has found its way into the English journals, relating how a snowed-up cattle-train on the Luxemburg line was attacked by wolves. Their audacity, however, scarcely equalled that of a bull some years ago, who Quixotically charged an express-train at full-speed in Surrey, and was changed (they say) in the twinkling of an eye into jerked beef.

GEORGE CARLESS SWAYNE.

THE BARONESS DE BEAUSOLEIL.

"MADAME DE BEAUSOLEIL, astronomer and alchemist in the seventeenth century, who came from Germany to France in the exercise of her profession, was incarcerated at Vincennes in 1641, by order of Cardinal Richelieu; the date of her death is unknown." Such is all that the great French biographical dictionaries have to say concerning a woman of surprising talent, indomitable perseverance, and a martyr of science. She was the first to draw attention to the mineral resources of France, and to indicate the profit which might accrue to the treasury by the working of the mines. And how did France repay her services? By despoiling her of her private wealth, by casting her into prison, and leaving her to perish forgotten in its dungeons. And even now her very name and services are passed over and ignored. A sad chapter is that in the history of science which relates the names of its martyrs, recording their services and the ingratitude and ignominy with which they were repaid. Among these martyrs the good Baroness of Beausoleil deserves commemoration, and merits now the attention that the age in which she lived refused to yield to her.

The date and place of her birth cannot be fixed with accuracy; but, as a memoir published in 1640 says that for thirty years she had been engaged in mineralogical studies, it seems probable that she was born about 1590. She belonged to the noble family of Bertereau, in the Touraine; her Christian name was Martine. In 1610 she married Jean du Châtelet, Baron de Beausoleil and d'Auffenbach, a Brabantine nobleman of great learning and abilities. The Baron had borne arms in his youth, but his natural tastes lay in the direction of natural philosophy, and his attention was chiefly directed to mineralogy,

then a science in its earliest infancy. Following the bent of his inclinations, and impelled by the desire of obtaining a practical acquaintance with the working of mines, and the character and conditions of the different metal ores *in situ*, he visited in order the mines of Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, Tyrol, Silesia, Moravia, Poland, Sweden, Italy, Spain, Scotland, and England. By this means he obtained a practical knowledge of his subject possessed by no other in his day, and an intimate acquaintance with ores and their indications, which made him the first of mineralogists. The German emperors Rudolph and Matthias recognised his abilities, and constituted him Commissary-General of the Hungarian Mines. The Archduke Leopold created him Director-in-Chief of the Trentin and Tyrolean mines, and the Dukes of Bavaria, Nieubourg, and Cleves conferred upon him similar offices in their territories; lastly, a brevet of like nature was given him by the Pope for the States of the Church. In 1600, at the recommendation of Pierre de Beringhen, Controller-General of the French mines, the Baron came to France.

Ten years after he married Martine de Bertereau, who thenceforth became his companion in all his travels, his fellow-labourer in the same field of science, and who even surpassed him in ability and skill in detecting the indications of ore. The couple examined together the German, Italian, and Swedish mines. She then crossed the Atlantic to investigate those of the New World. She next applied herself to the study of chemistry, geometry, hydraulics, and mechanics, and became accomplished in each of these sciences. She was able to speak fluently Italian, German, English, Spanish, French, and was a Latin and Hebrew scholar. In 1626 Cinq-Mars, then superintendent of the mines, gave the Baron a commission to traverse several of the provinces, and open mines wherever he found indications of ore. Whilst thus engaged, the Baron published a volume on "The True Philosophy concerning the First Matter of Minerals," a work of no great value, as it is overloaded with the absurd theories of the metamorphosis of metals then in vogue, and deficient in information experimentally obtained.

The course of his investigations led him and his wife to Morlaix, in Brittany, and there, in 1627, an event took place which gave them considerable annoyance, as well as proving a severe pecuniary loss. The Baron was engaged in examining a mine in the forest of Buisson-Rochemarée, and his wife was at Rennes seeing to the registration of their commission. Taking advantage of the absence of both at

the same time, a provincial provost, Touche-Crippé by name, of the race of *Dogberry*, made an entry into their house, under the plea of search after magical apparatus, for, as the provost said, "How can mortal man discover what is underground without diabolical aid?" On this pretext, then, the house was ransacked, and *Dogberry* laid violent hands on every article which aroused his curiosity or attracted his cupidity. The boxes were broken open, the cupboards burst into, the drawers searched, and gold, silver, jewels, mineralogical specimens, scientific instruments, legal documents, notes of observations made in the course of travel, every fragment of manuscript, private letters, and maps, were carried off by Touche-Grippé and appropriated to his own use.

On the return of the Baron and Baroness to Morlaix they found that, in addition to this robbery in the name of justice, a charge was laid against them of magic. They were constrained to appear before Touche-Grippé and a fellow-magistrate of like nature, and free themselves of the charge. They were allowed to depart exculpated, but without their property, which the magistrate refused to surrender. The Baron appealed to the Parliament of Brittany, but without obtaining any redress; he then applied to that of Paris, but Touche-Grippé had friends at court, and the appeal of the Baron was rejected. Twelve years after, in 1640, we find the Baroness still asking for redress, and still in vain.

The failure of the couple in obtaining any attention so irritated them that they left France and returned to Germany, which had always recognised their services and treated them with the respect due to their abilities and attainments. Ferdinand II. at once placed the Baron de Beausoleil in charge of the Hungarian mines.

But, unfortunately, the nobleman and his wife were not content to remain in Germany, and after a few years resolved on trying their fortune once more in France. This time they determined on carrying on their operations upon a more extensive scale, and, in 1632, they entered the kingdom of Louis XIII., accompanied by fifty German and ten Hungarian miners, together with private servants. The King at once renewed the commission given by Cinq-Mars in 1626, and the Baron commenced a series of explorations in Brittany and in the south of France. The Parliaments of Dijon and Pau having objected to the commission, the King issued an order to them to recognise the Baron and his wife, and to aid them in their search after minerals, by affording them every facility which lay in their power. Notwithstanding this apparent royal support,

the two mineralogists obtained no pecuniary assistance from government, but were expected to carry on all their operations at their private expense. The maintenance of sixty miners, the prosecution of extensive works, and the travelling from province to province, could not fail to reduce the means of the couple very considerably. A little glory might accrue to them, but they were sure of becoming the objects of jealousy; they obtained praise from the King, but no money; and after having expended 30,000 livres—in fact, their whole fortune—they were as far from obtaining any pecuniary acknowledgment of their services as they were when first entering France. In 1632 the Baroness addressed a memoir to the King on the mineral treasures of the country; it was entitled "Veritable Declarations made to the King and his Council of the rich and inestimable Treasures lately discovered in the Kingdom;" but as this met with no response, she reprinted it under the title "Veritable Declarations of the Discovery of Mines and Minerals in France, by means of which his Majesty and his subjects will be enabled to do without Foreign Mineral Trade; also concerning the Properties of Certain Sources and Mineral Waters lately discovered at Château-Thierry by Madame Martine de Bertereau, Baroness de Beausoleil." In this interesting memoir one hundred and fifty mines are indicated as having been discovered by the Baron and his wife. The government, satisfied of the value of the services of the two foreigners, but unwilling, for all that, to pay them, now, as acknowledgment, conferred on them a new brevet, giving them extended powers, and elevating the Baron to the grade of Inspector-General of all the mines in France. If glory alone could suffice as a reward to merit, the Baron du Châtelet and Madame de Bertereau must have felt content with the dignity now conferred upon them. But a glory which cost them their whole fortune, and which in no way repaid their labours, must have seemed to them a bitter deception.

Little by little the worthy couple had to reduce their retinue and to curtail their expenses, and after ten years of unrequited exertion in behalf of the crown, their train was scanty enough. However, their hopes were not yet exhausted, promises had been made to them of the most brilliant description, and they relied upon the honour of the French crown to redeem them.

In 1640 the Baroness appealed to Cardinal Richelieu in a pamphlet entitled "La Bestitution de Pluton à l'Eminentissime Cardinal Duc de Richelieu," a second title-page adds, "with a refutation of those who believe that

mines and subterranean matters are only discovered by magic and by the aid of the devil."

Whether the Cardinal read the memoir or not, we cannot say, but undoubtedly he perused the dedicatory epistle, or, at all events, the sonnet it contains which sums up its flatteries and hyperbolic compliments.

Esprit prodigieux, chef-d'œuvre de nature,
Elixir épuré de tous les grands esprits,
Puisque vous conduisez notre bonne aventure
Arrêtez un peu l'œil sur ces divins écrits.

Ces écrits sont dressés pour une architecture,
Dont la sainte beauté vous rendra tout épris;
Le soleil et les cieus conduisent la structure,
Et vous, vous conduisez cet ouvrage entrepris.

La France et les Français vous demandent les mines;
L'or, l'argent, et l'azur, l'aimant, les calamines,
Sont des trésors cachés par l'esprit de Dieu.

Si vous autorisez ce que l'on vous propose,
Vous verrez, Monseigneur, que, sans métamorphose,
La France deviendra bientôt un *Richelieu*.

"The Restitution of Pluto" is a book most interesting, not only on account of the erudition and rare acquaintance with natural philosophy which it displays, but also from the stately and vigorous writing of the authoress. It contains passages glowing with energy, and is composed in a style of dignified and manly eloquence. Maybe the publication of this work opened the eyes of the Cardinal to the fact that the state certainly was indebted to this illustrious couple for services gratuitously rendered during upwards of ten years. The most convenient method of paying them was that of silencing the voices which cried for acknowledgment, and thus stifling the claims on the royal exchequer. Slanderous reports were circulated relative to the Beausoleils, and they were accused of various crimes. The suspicion of magic which had attached to them from the time of the inquisition of the provost of Morlaix was revived, and the prejudices of the age tended to give it force to overthrow the noble pair. Old superstitions concerning gnomes of the mines and subterranean demons were not yet extinct. The Baroness herself believed in them, and in one of her works speaks of her having encountered some of them. In the mines of Neusol and Chemnitz in Hungary, she says, "I saw little dwarfs about three of four palms high, old, and dressed like miners, that is, clothed in an old suit, and with a leather apron, a white tunic and cap, a lamp and staff in hand—terrible spectres to those who are unaccustomed to mines." Several times already, as appears from her writings, she and her husband had been exposed to the violence of the rude and ignorant rustics, who thought their scientific instruments means of conjuring up the devil,

and the authorities were, as we have seen at Morlaix, quite prepared to second the popular superstition when profit could be obtained thereby. The divining rod, then much in vogue in Germany, was used by the Baron and his wife, who had strong belief in its magnetic properties, and the employment of it may have given some colour to the charges now raised against them on all sides of being necromancers in league with evil spirits.

In 1642, by order of Cardinal Richelieu, the Baron de Beausoliel was cast into the Bastille, and the Baroness was shut up in the state prison of Vincennes, without trial and sentence. Thus, after forty years of labour together in the same pursuits, in the same manner of life, in the decline of their days, this worthy couple were separated, to spend the rest of their life in prison. Such was the reward accorded to them for their devotion to the cause of science, and the recompense for the benefits they had afforded to France.

The Baroness died in the prison of Vincennes. The date of her death is unknown, but probably it was not long deferred. Her ardent soul would not long endure the torture of imprisonment and the sorrows of finding all her labours repaid with ingratitude. Her husband died in the Bastille after lingering in chains for three years.

One last glimpse of the noble woman we obtain from the "*Mémoires de Lancelot touchant la vie de M. de Saint-Cyran*." The Abbé de Saint-Cyran was shut up in Vincennes in 1638 as a Jansenist. On the 14th of May in that year he was arrested by Richelieu, who then made use of the remarkable words, "Had Luther and Calvin been imprisoned the moment they began to dogmatise, Government would have been spared much trouble." Saint-Cyran remained in Vincennes till 1642. He died next year. During his imprisonment he observed in church the Baroness de Beausoliel and her daughter, prisoners like himself. Touched with the scantiness of their clothing, he endeavoured to procure for them the dresses which they needed, and those necessities which the sickness of the noble lady demanded. The following are the words of the memoir: "Whilst M. de Saint-Cyran was in Vincennes he met a lady named the Baroness de Beausoliel, who was there with her daughter, whilst her husband was prisoner in the Bastille. Seeing her in church, poorly clad, he made inquiries about her, and sent to Madame le Maître, telling her whom he had seen, and begging her to purchase some chemises for this person, expressly desiring that they might be long, for nothing escaped his charity, and also that the material should be good. When they

had been sent, it was ascertained that what had been made for the mother would only fit the daughter, and he gave them to the latter, and ordered fresh ones for the mother. Afterwards he requested to have fustian undergarments, shoes and stockings, sent to them according to measures which he procured, and also after the fashion of the day."

"At the approach of winter he wrote to say that he found that the lady was menaced with dropsy, and that she was extremely sensitive to cold. He therefore begged the person I have mentioned to make for her a dress of thick ratteen, of the best description, and trimmed with black lace, because he heard that such was the fashion, and he added that his maxim was, that people should be served according to their rank. He also had a gown made for the daughter. . . . He also sent to the Bastille to have the husband well dressed; and I know that the person who brought the tailor to him asked him to choose his material and the trimmings, for he had orders to have him dressed as suited his taste."

In Saint-Cyran's own letters we find additional details, very sad they are, but full of interest to those who have followed this worthy couple through their labours into disgrace.

"This letter," writes the Abbé to his friend M. de Rebours, "is to entreat you, at your convenience, to execute with the utmost secrecy, without allowing it to transpire who sends you and who you are who make the inquiries, a work of great charity upon which I am engaged. There is a person imprisoned here who is the authoress of the book I send you; will you kindly go to M. Maréchal, glassmaker, and consequently a gentleman, and inquire what has become of the children of the Baroness de Beausoliel, a German lady; and lest he should mistrust you, say you do it in charity; and should he still have suspicions, promise him any token of sincerity which he may require. He lives near the House of Charity in the Faubourg St. Germain. Perhaps you had better inquire at the House of Charity for M. Maréchal, and of the girl named Madlle. Barbe, with whom the Baron de Beausoliel, now in the Bastille, and his wife, now here in prison, had left one of their daughters, named Anne du Châtelet, aged twelve, whom her mother had instructed in Latin, so as to make her useful in the search after mines, a science hereditary in the family. By this means you may be able to learn what has become of the other children.

"If you know yourself, or by any of your friends, M. Maturel, advocate, or his brother, who favoured these good people, and who

know all their affairs, and are aware of all the circumstances of the robbery committed upon them in Brittany, and estimated at a hundred thousand crowns, you will obtain their entire confidence, and be able to learn what has become of the children. This must be done with the utmost circumspection. You must say that your friends, who lived formerly in Paris, want to know particulars of the family. The eldest son, having gone to the Bastille without proper precautions, to make inquiries concerning his father, was arrested. But we desire to learn something about the other children, some five or six, and who has got charge of them. . . . What a strange thing it is, that there is no surer means of falling into trouble than to love the faith and Catholic verity."

Such is the last glimpse we obtain of this unfortunate family. Two noble and devoted servants of science cast into dungeons, and their children scattered or imprisoned—because they served the state too well.

On the 4th of December, 1642, Richelieu was called to his account before the throne of a just Judge, to answer for that as well as his other crimes, and in another century the accursed Bastille was torn down stone from stone by an exasperated people and laid low in the dust, never, please God, to rise again.

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

MIGRATORY INSTINCTS.

THERE are few subjects in natural history which afford more interest, on investigation, than the migration of birds. It is difficult to assign a reason why some birds annually forsake this country at particular seasons, and why others arrive in it. Certain localities, also, are selected for summer residences, and others for a winter abode. This is dependent probably on the supply of their necessary food, which is found more abundant in some situations than in others. However this may be, it is certain that about forty different sorts of small, tender, migratory birds arrive in this country in early spring, and spread themselves about in different directions. Woods and plantations, or coppices near the sea, are favourite resting-places for these birds on their first arrival. For instance, the scattered trees and shrubs in the Pavilion grounds at Brighton are much resorted to at the beginning of the spring migrating season by nightingales and various song-birds, where, I am informed, many are taken, although they soon leave the spot for more sheltered retreats.

That birds and other animals have a peculiar instinct which leads them to localities where they may feel themselves secure, and

build their nests, and rear their young, cannot be doubted. This instinct is very wonderful, and not easily to be accounted for. It is certain, however, that small, tender birds cross wide seas and continents, and appear in this country at periodical times, generally arriving in the night-time, many of them in a very exhausted state. Indeed, I once witnessed the arrival of a large flock of swallows which settled on a meadow about ten o'clock in the morning, and in so exhausted a condition, that although I rode my horse amongst them, not one of them attempted to get out of his way. After resting themselves for a short time, they again took flight with their usual alacrity, and probably again made their way to the homes of their youth. This is the only instance in which I ever witnessed the arrival of migratory birds. On the contrary, I was assured by the keeper of a lighthouse that swallows and other birds frequently flew against their light in the night-time, and were picked up dead in the morning. It is a curious fact that if the migratory birds on their first arrival are disturbed and driven from the bush or tree on which they have settled, they invariably return soon afterwards to the same place again, even to the very branch on which they had first settled.

When the male nightingale has fixed on his future abode, which is generally in some thick thorn bush, or thorn hedge, he pours forth his melodious strains to induce a female to join him, and this he continues to do until a mate joins him. His song is then continued in the day-time, but not so powerfully as at night, for then the generality of the females arrive. The females appear in this country about ten days after the males, and it is at this time that his song is almost incessantly poured forth. This is the case also, we have reason to believe, with that beautiful songster, the black-cap, whose song many, myself among the number, think is equal to that of the nightingale.

The arrival of migratory birds in this country is more easy to be ascertained than that of their departure. Amongst our summer guests the cuckoo is probably the first to leave us. Indeed, from the time of his arrival to his departure, his stay with us is little more than three months. Yet, on one occasion, I found a very late hatched young cuckoo in a wagtail's nest, about the end of September. At this time not a single cuckoo could be seen or heard in the neighbourhood, so that it could not migrate with them. From some cause it was disturbed from the nest of the wagtails long before it could fly, and occasionally appeared on my lawn, where it was assiduously fed by its foster parents until the

beginning of October, when it took its departure, probably without a companion. Let us consider for a moment the curious and interesting fact, that a creature who had never previously left the immediate neighbourhood in which it was born, should, by some extraordinary instinct, implanted in it by the Great Creator, take an unerring flight to far-distant regions, where some of its congeners had gone previously. We cannot admire too much this very extraordinary instinct in so young a bird.

It also shows itself in a late-hatched swallow, which also finds its way to the groves of Greece and the genial climate of Italy, long after the annual flight of its congeners has taken place.

Much doubt has arisen amongst many persons as to the hybernation in this country of swallows, but nothing satisfactory on this subject has yet been made known. I have myself seen a solitary swallow flying about as late as the month of November; but the weather was then warm and mild. Others have stated that they have seen them in considerable numbers in the same month. Irregular as the autumnal flight of some swallows may be, it is impossible to suppose that the late birds hybernate in this country. Gilbert White certainly thought that they did so, but all his persevering attempts to ascertain this curious fact ended in disappointment. In order to show how much the idea obtains that swallows pass the winter in the lakes of Cumberland, I may mention that while I was in that county some of the fishermen on Windermere Lake assured me that they had seen swallows emerge from the lake in the spring. I merely mention this to show how much the idea of swallows passing the winter submerged is prevalent amongst some of the lower orders of our peasantry.

Some years ago I was well acquainted with Mr. Catlin, whose adventures amongst the wild cattle in North America were then much talked of. When the migratory instinct seized the buffaloes in the prairies of that country, they rushed with an uncontrollable instinct towards far distant pastures, ascending steep hills, crossing rivers and swamps, and allowing nothing to stop their progress. They were pursued by the Red Indians on horseback, who destroyed many of them in their progress, but the remainder made good their way until their return the following year. Mr. Catlin himself joined in these exciting hunts, and described them to me very graphically by word of mouth.

A curious fact occurs when a large herd of buffaloes are hunted at the season when their calves are only a few weeks old. At this time

many of them lose sight of their dams, and are left behind. They then endeavour to hide themselves by thrusting their heads into a tuft of short grass, or wild sage, not more than eight inches in height. In this situation they will remain for hours with their eyes shut, imagining themselves to be perfectly hid. When the calf is captured, which is only done after a stout resistance, his eyes are covered, and a few strong breaths are breathed into its nostrils, and Mr. Catlin assures us that the little animal would then follow him and his horse for miles, as if it was following its own dam. This is a most extraordinary fact, and Mr. Catlin adds that he was for some time unable to believe it, but that he was ready to bear testimony to its truth, from the numerous instances which he had witnessed.

From the result of the experiments which Mr. Catlin had witnessed in the taming of wild horses, from the same mode of procedure as that practised on the young buffaloes, there seems to be no doubt of the truth of the above statement. The usual mode of taking the wild horses by the Indians on the North American prairies is by throwing the lasso, while pursuing them at full speed, and dropping a noose over their necks, which soon checks their speed, and they are choked down and soon conquered. When this has been done, the Indian instantly dismounts, leaving his own horse, and runs as fast as he can, letting the lasso pass out gradually and carefully through his hands, till the horse falls for want of breath, and lies helpless on the ground. The Indian then advances slowly towards the horse's head, keeping the lasso tight upon his neck, until he is able to fasten a pair of hobbles on the animal's two forefeet, and also loosens the lasso to enable the horse to breathe. He then places a noose round the under jaw, by which he gets great power over the affrighted animal, which rears and plunges when it gets breath. He then advances, hand over hand, towards the horse's nose, when he is able to hold it down. By this means he is able at length to breathe in its nostrils, when it soon becomes docile and conquered, so that he has little else to do than to remove the hobbles from its feet, and then lead or ride it into camp. By this treatment, the animal seems to be so completely subdued that it makes no further struggle for its liberty, but submits quietly ever after, and is mounted with little difficulty.

As some doubts may possibly arise as to the accuracy of Mr. Catlin's account as given by himself to me, I also received the same account from a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who was with Mr. Catlin on the prairies and

frequently witnessed the operation of taming the wild horses in the manner stated.

Having heard this account, I went to see a three-year colt, bred by a neighbour of mine, which was described to me as being so perfectly vicious and untameable, that no one, except the man who was in the habit of feeding him, could go near him without the greatest danger. I went to see him, accompanied by some friends, when I had the horse blinded by placing a cloth over his eyes, and when he was turned round in the stall I breathed into his nostrils for some time, when he became perfectly quiet, and seemed, as I thought, to like the operation. I repeated the same thing the next day, and the horse became perfectly tame and quiet, nor am I aware that he ever afterwards showed any symptoms of his former savage disposition.

I remember that some years ago there was a celebrated man called the "Whisperer," who would shut himself in a stable with a savage horse, and who after a short time led him out perfectly tame and quiet. There can be little doubt but that this man became possessed of the secret of breathing into the nostrils of horses, although it was generally supposed at the time that he breathed into their ears.

Before I conclude this account of the migratory instincts of birds and quadrupeds, I may mention that, when one of my daughters was on board her husband's yacht, on a voyage in South America, and when far from land, an enormous flight of butterflies was perceived, many of which dropped into the sea and perished, and this probably was the case with the others before they could reach the country to which they were bound. There can be little doubt, from their immense numbers, that they had exhausted the food in the countries from which they came, to seek it in another, propelled by a strong migratory instinct to do so. Humming-birds have been known to take long flights over the sea in search of food, when they had exhausted that from which they migrated. Caterpillars, also, have been known to crawl long distances over land in search of food.

There can be little doubt but that migration takes place amongst several animals, some of them performing only partial migrations, to a much greater extent than we are at present aware of; want of food in a great measure giving them this wonderful influence, for it is difficult to account for it in any other way. At all events, there can be little doubt but that it has been implanted in them by a benevolent Providence for their ultimate good.

EDWARD JESSE.



THE THREE MAIDENS.

(From the German of Ahlind.)

I.

THREE maidens sate in their bower,
 Looking out on the valley below;
 Their father rode up to the tower,
 With his shield, and his sword, and his bow.
 "Now welcome, lord father," they said,
 "O what hast thou brought for the maid
 That loves thee so well?"

II.

"O daughter, in kirtle of gold,
 My guerdon to-day shall be thine,
 Thy fancies—I know them of old—
 Love the gift that is rare, rich, and fine:
 This carcanet hung on the breast
 Of a knight whom I ruthlessly prest
 In the fight, and he fell."

III.

The maiden accepted the chain,
And its links round her white neck she bound,
And then she went down to the plain
Where the knight lay at length on the ground.
"Thou art cast in the way like a thief,
Thou true knight, slain to my grief,
Who love thee so well!"

IV.

With the might that her misery gave,
Away to God's acre she bore him,
And laid him down hard by the grave
Where his father was buried before him.
She twisted the carcanet tight
Round the neck where it glittered so bright,
And died by her love.

V.

Two maidens sate in their bower,
And looked out on the valley below;
Their father rode up to the tower,
With his shield, and his sword, and his bow.
"Now welcome, lord father," they said,
"O what wilt thou give to the maid
Who loves thee so well?"

VI.

"O daughter, in kirtle of green,
My guerdon to-day is for thee;
The chief of thy pleasure hath been
In the chase by the greenwood tree.
This spear with a golden band
I took from a huntsman's hand,
And I paid him with Death."

VII.

The maiden accepted the spear
And went down to the forest beneath;
She tracked her quarry in fear,
And the cry of the hunt was "Death."
Her hounds went straight to the shade,
Where under the lindens was laid
The huntaman she loved.

VIII.

"I came to the lindens," she said,
"To the tryst I promised to keep."
And then with the spear she shed
Her life-blood and sank to sleep.
The birds sing the dirge of their doom,
The boughs make the arch of their tomb,
Where together they lie.

IX.

One maiden sate in her bower,
And looked out on the valley below;
Her father rode up to the tower,
With his shield, and his sword, and his bow.
"Now welcome, lord father," she said,
"O what is thy gift to the maid
Who loves thee so well?"

X.

"O daughter, in kirtle of white,
My guerdon to-day shall be thine;
A blossom gives thee more delight
Than the yellowest gold of the mine:
This lily the gardener would hide,
But I snatched it away from his side,
And paid him with Death."

XI.

"O father, what deed did he dare?
Oh, how met he death at thy hand?
The blossoms but throve by his care,
And now they will fade from the land."
"He kept the best blossom," he said,
"The whitest and best, for a maid
Who loved him so well."

XII.

The blossom she tenderly laid
All safe in her sorrowful breast,
And then all disconsolate strayed
In the garden her heart loved the best.
On the top of a hillock of green,
That the white lilies lit by their sheen,
She sate herself down.

XIII.

"O why may not I too die now,
As my well-loved sisters died?
But the lilies will give me no blow,
So tenderly touching my side!"
By the lilies the maid would stay,
Till her own flower withered away,
And the maid withered too.

BLOMPFIELD JACKSON.

ACTED TO THE LIFE.

It was a good many years ago, for I was at the time a young fellow walking the hospitals, that one sultry evening in September I came home to my dreary chambers—doubly dreary now that the whole inn was almost tenantless. It was a glorious sunset, and I rested on the top landing, key in hand, looking over the housetops at the gorgeous sight. Down below was the quiet paved court, one side of it formed by the quaint old hall, the windows of which blazed again, as the light fell on the glass, all tinted with the heraldry of benefactors, long since gone to their rest. Quiet enough, but hemmed in upon all sides by the ceaseless roar of the great city, which reached the ear like the surge of a distant sea.

Not a soul could I see about the place. The last of the men I knew—he lived in the opposite set of chambers—had gone that morning, and I seemed to be left alone in the inn. The bells of some church in the distance were ringing out peals that rose and died away with the breath of wind that just stirred the heavy air, and for a long time I leaned out of the landing-window, listening to them, and to the more distant memories they awakened. I thought of the chimes that I used to hear, years ago, when crossing the meadows to the cathedral in the grass-grown old city, and of the little stream, with its green sloping banks, along which the path wandered. I fancied I was a little fellow again, running by my mother's side, holding her hand, and looking up into her sweet face, that seemed to me so like that of

a sculptured angel in the chancel, too high up for the Puritans or forgotten by them when they broke the rest. So like, that one day, after gazing at the figure, lit up by the sun, and wondering, in childish fancy, whether it might not be some one who had lived on earth once, and had died and stopped there, an angel, on the way to heaven; thinking this, and then looking into my mother's pale face—(she could come with us now only on fine sunny days),—I was seized with an awful fear that I hardly understood, and threw myself crying into her lap. Ah! how bitter was my grief when, months later, they took me to her bedside for the last time, and she prayed me to be good, for that she must leave me, but to meet again in heaven. They buried her in the village churchyard, under the old yew-tree, where I had often climbed and played. How changed it all was now with its solemn, sad remembrances.

The bells had stopped, and the sunset was deepening, when I recollected that I had my key in my hand, and opened the heavy, black outer door, which always reminded me of the entrance to a mausoleum. The dreariness of the wretched rooms quite oppressed me. It was in vain that I tried to write or to read; after a few efforts I thrust papers and books away from me. The solitude of the place had grown hateful. I was walking up and down impatiently, confounding my stupidity in refusing Markham's invitation to go with him, when, passing my letter-box for about the tenth time, I at last observed that it contained a letter which had been dropped in after I went out in the morning. It was from Markham, who, having suspended his legal studies, which involved about an equal amount of dining in hall, farce-writing, and rowing about Putney, had gone down to an uncle's in Devonshire, whence, certain business matters arranged, he was to start for his mother's in North Wales. He asked me to join him there, and told me that both his mother and his sister Rhoda begged me to come. "One of them," I thought, "might guess that I don't need much persuasion." Why should I not take a holiday like the rest? I persuaded myself that I was overworked and wanted rest, and determined to take Markham at his word. I sat down and wrote two lines, telling him that I should walk down to Wales, starting that very night, and that if he got there first, he might expect me as soon as twenty miles a day and a zig-zag road would bring me. In ten minutes I put up a few things to send on before me, packed a modest vaticum in a knapsack, and then shouldered my traps and rushed from the horrible gloom of my chambers. I knew that

I had just time to catch a train that would drop me a few miles out of London; so hailing a cab in the Strand, drove to the station, and in another hour found myself on a country road, doing my first stage in the bright moonlight.

How delicious, after the crowd and bustle of London, are the first hours of a walking trip! What a change from the hurry and fever of the thronged streets to the solitude and quiet of the hedged roads! I absolutely danced with delight; it was so glorious to be free once more. I was walking through a woody country, and felt a pleasure I cannot describe in reminiscences of childish terrors awakened by the strange forms that moonlight showed among the trees. When I came to a break in the woods, I leaned over a gate opening into meadows that stretched far away, all gleaming in the light which lends a beauty, delicate but mysterious, and almost unearthly, to the most common objects. As I leaned I listened; not a sound, except the tinkling of a sheep-bell: now and then the bark of a dog, baying the moon, or a village church-bell striking the hour.

But soon I saw, breaking over the horizon, distant lightning, which warned me that a storm was approaching. I had still some miles to go before I could reach the end of my first stage, so I pressed on again. Before an hour had passed the wind had risen, and was swaying the tree-tops overhead in the narrow arched lanes, and soon the moon was hidden, and I felt the first slow heavy drops of rain. Half-dazzled at times by vivid flashes, and splashing through puddles already formed in the cart-ruts, I hastened forward, but it was nearly midnight when, drenched to the skin, I reached the little town of D—.

It did not take me long to hunt up the market-place and to find out the Red Lion, which I knew to be the best inn. It was not quite so easy, however, to gain admittance; but, at last, a suspicious Boots, after a parley from a window, leisurely descended, and having narrowly examined me, admitted my claim to a night's lodging, and set about showing me to a room. It was a grand old place still, the Red Lion, although rapidly falling into decay, as Boots told me, lamenting the past, and enumerating the coaches that used to stop there. "You wouldn't have had to knock me up then, sir," he said; "for what with the late, and what with the early coaches, there was some one afoot most all night." And half-sympathising, I followed him as he went along the passage, past rooms with their names painted over the doorways, up-stairs, and along the gallery, which overlooked the courtyard.

"You've got a theatre here, then?" I said, as my eye fell on a bill wafered to the wall.

"Yes, sir," said Boots, who, indemnified for his trouble in rising, was communicative, in spite of sleepiness. "Yes, sir, they do say as how Miss Barry is an uncommon good actress; she have only been here a week, and the company won't stop long, for there ain't many people to fill a theayter, except the young officer chaps from G——, likewise some gents from the university."

I stopped to look at the bill; a long, narrow document, which announced the appearance of Miss Barry in the "Thrilling melodrama of the Vampire!" I smiled as I read the bill, which not only set forth the performers' names, but gave in a few words the leading characteristics of the personages of the drama. "SIR GREVILLE LILBURN (he is a swarthy baronet, of ancient lineage, poor but haughty, proud and revengeful); MARSDEN, the VAMPIRE!!! (a demon, who renews his life by drinking the blood of maidens!)"

"That's her father," interposed the officious Boots.

"ISA, (a lovely girl)——"

"That's true enough," cut in Boots; "she's fit for a better theayter nor this here; there's a London manager coming down to-morrow on purpose to see her."

I finished the bill, went into my room, and taking off my clothes, gave Boots particular instructions to have them well dried against the morning. But alone, and in bed in the huge room, only half-lighted by the candle, left burning, and flickering in the gusts of wind, which made their way to it, I found it impossible to sleep. There I lay, wide awake, listening to the thunder, which still muttered in the distance, and to the wind, which seemed to gain fresh strength every now and then, as it came dashing full against my windows. Then I watched the flickering shadows of the bed-hangings, and from that I fell to thinking of the playbill, and of the hideous subject of the play.

It was only a short time before that this frightful legend had engaged a good deal of my attention. I was a humble member of a little band of earnest students (I hope I may say so much without undue self-praise, the claims of most of my comrades would be readily acknowledged if I felt justified in divulging their names)—I was one, I say, of a little band that, not content with the study, as a profession, of the art to which we had devoted ourselves, relieved our severer labours by the investigation of some of those natural phenomena and historical events connected with medicine, the mere names of which are

sufficient to produce an absorbing interest, by their potent influence on the imagination. These studies being undertaken as a recreation, we chiefly confined ourselves to the historical problems which abound in medicine; another motive for this choice was the wider reading and more extended research which such inquiries would necessitate. It was thus that the mysterious epidemics and the wholesale poisonings of the Middle Ages had been selected at different times; that, with a wider range, we had studied the mystic lore and even repeated the experiments of the old alchemists; and that, more recently we had devoted ourselves to the history of vampirism and lycanthropy.

A prominent part in this last research was allotted to me, and I had read all that I could find on the subject. I soon remarked how completely I had been in error in accepting the ordinary opinion that the belief in vampires is confined to the Levant. What, indeed, was the Lamia of the Greeks; what were the Lemures of the Romans—"the souls of the silent," as Ovid beautifully calls them, to *appease* which festivals, Lemuria, were yearly held? what was the Jewish "man with an unclean spirit, and having his dwelling among tombs?" what was the ghoul of the East but one and all vampires, under different names and forms? I had found that the legend, far from being confined to the Levant, was, to take Europe only, all but universally accepted and believed in throughout Hungary, Poland, and a great part of Austria. Legend, I have said; but I was not an adherent of that shallow philosophy which would teach the rejection of unexplained facts, and here was a popular belief than which scarce any, save those that command universal acceptance, rested on wider grounds; in a word, for I may as well say it at once, my studies had convinced me that vampirism must be accepted as a scientific fact.

How, indeed, could I refuse credence to the mass of evidence which was open to me? How, for instance, could I, who, as a student of *materia medica*, was every day compelled to give the highest authority to the testimony of "the judicious" Tournefort, reject as untrustworthy his assurances that he had actually seen cases of vampirism. Not that belief was based on the evidence of isolated observers; there were the actual records of law courts; at that time there was present to my mind the recollection of a recent French case, too ghastly to be detailed here, that of Antoine Léger, still known in the *Causés Célèbres* as "the anthropophagus." But,

indeed, incredulous science had long ago been compelled to admit the existence of vampirism; under another name — lycanthropia — its horrors were discussed by the highest authorities, the wide prevalence in France of this form of vampirism at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the execution of some 600 persons, confessed lycanthropists, having rendered doubt impossible.*

As I lay turning in my huge bed, thinking over all this, I confess that I wished the town, the theatre, and its bill had been anywhere but in my road that night. At last, however, I got tired of turning over and over, and my candle dying out, after many fitful leaps, which startled me not a little, I fell asleep.

I awoke late, feeling heavy, and out of humour, and my temper was not at all improved by finding that for the present there was no chance of getting further on my road. All above was one dull mass of clouds, from which the rain still poured in torrents. I breakfasted slowly, wrote a few letters, rendered necessary by my abrupt departure, and then looked out into the market-place at the puddles; when tired of this, I turned for consolation to the literary resources of the coffee-room, I found only a Book of Roads, an odd volume of some one on Tropical Fevers, and the second volume of a novel, containing neither introduction nor *dénouement*. In my despair I would have played at backgammon with myself, but a redundancy of four men of one colour did not compensate a deficiency of six of the other, so I abandoned the attempt. Utterly miserable—for my clothes, despite my injunction, had been wretchedly dried—I had a fire lit, and sat before it reading the book on fevers, till the waiter came in to ask me when I would dine. As dinner, carried to the pitch of repletion, appeared to be the readiest means of rendering myself impervious to meteorological influences, I ordered a repast which taxed the resources of the Red Lion to the utmost. I had scarcely sat down to it when a fly drove to the door, and shot out a large man, who entered with much bustle and a loud tread. It was the "London manager" of whom Boots had told me. In him I was glad to recognise Potts (let me veil his personality under this discreet pseudonym), an enterprising lessee, known to me slightly through

Markham, who had written for his theatre. He recollected me, and we dined together. He confirmed Boots' account of the object of his visit, and asked me to go with him to the theatre. I accepted, for there was something intensely amusing to me, half a recluse, in the lively talk of the manager, his anecdotes and knowledge of the world. The rain had ceased, and it was now a lovely afternoon, but still so wet underfoot, that I thought I would stop at D—— another night; so we sat over our wine — he talking, I listening and laughing—till it was time to be off.

It was not the fact of the theatre being a wretched one that so much surprised me, as that D—— should have one at all. Of all the unhappy investments in brick and mortar which have ever come under my observation, that was decidedly one of the very worst. Nevertheless, travelling companies did occasionally take it for a while, though I should not like to affirm that any of them ever got a living out of it.

The performance had begun before our arrival, and it was with some difficulty that we found any one who would consent to take our money and admit us. The ill-lighted, empty look of the house, with its tawdry decorations all faded and mouldered, was wretched in the extreme. My attention was far too much occupied by the chit-chat of Potts to allow of my noticing particularly what was passing on the stage; but the acting I knew was ludicrously bad, for it excited in us so much merriment that an irruption into our box of the D—— population was at one time threatened. But after a while appeared the young actress whom Potts' account had made me anxious to see. Certainly, I had rarely beheld more exquisite beauty of face and figure, or more intelligent action. Her dress, too, was simple, and even poor, yet it gave evidence of a refined taste, which surprised me in a girl so situated. The managerial eye of Potts saw her capabilities at a glance, and for a while our merriment was restrained, only to be re-awakened, however, by the entrance of the supposed vampire. "Her father," said Potts; "decayed gentleman, poor old fellow; won't let his daughter act without him." It required all my sympathy to refrain from laughing outright at the absurd antics of the poor old man, who had had to sacrifice many a prejudice before he could consent to allow his daughter to employ her talents as a means of livelihood.

I have almost forgotten the plot of the piece; but it was in the final act, if I recollect rightly, that the lovely girl was to become the Vampire's victim. When the curtain rose,

* To lycanthropia, or lupina insanía (wolf-madness), Avicenna (Ibn-Sina) gives the name *cucubula*. A constant symptom was that those affected by it ran howling about graves in the night. See also Wierus De Præstigi. Demon.; Forrestus, Observat. lib. 10. I may here also remind the reader of the case of Sergeant Bertrand, known as "the vampire," who was tried in Paris in 1849. For months the Paris cemeteries were constantly desecrated; graves were opened, and the bodies of the dead, frightfully mutilated, were scattered on the ground. The most assiduous watching was for a long time baffled, but Bertrand was at last apprehended and convicted of being the author of these profanations.

she was discovered alone. After a short soliloquy she reclined on a couch, and the plot of the piece required the entrance of her father after a short pause.

He came, and never to my dying day shall I forget the fearful impression caused by his appearance. My professional studies had made me acquainted with all the fearful forms which death assumes; but the hue of the face which was before me I had never met with. I had not dreamed that it was in the actor's art to produce so awful an appearance, which seemed the result rather of the absolute *withdrawal* of all colour—I hardly know how to express my meaning—than the production of any external application. No words of mine could describe the terror of his deeply sunken, heavy eyes, and his stealthy noiseless tread. A habit of observation which had become a second nature to me, compelled me for an instant to withdraw my gaze from the ghastly figure stealing along the stage, and to glance round the theatre.

The effect of the apparition was appalling. Children, wild with terror, clung to their mothers, scarcely less terrified than they; while strong men hid their faces in their hands. I looked at Potts, the cool man of the world. His self-possession prevented him from betraying what the firmly set mouth told me he could not wholly suppress. Every sound in the theatre was hushed, and it was amid a silence as that of death, in which I could hear the rapid beating of my own heart, that the vampire stole to the couch of the recumbent girl. What vague foreboding deepened the terror with which I watched his approach to the girl, I know not; but I felt that to turn my head for an instant, or to open my lips, would be utterly impossible.

I would have given worlds for the power to cry out; but every muscle was powerless, as if under the domination of a spell, and my gaze was fixed uncontrollably on the actor, as he bent his head towards the neck of the seemingly sleeping girl. An instant later, and with a cry like that of a death-stricken creature, she sprang from the couch, tottered towards the footlights, and fell huddled together on the stage. Had she, too, become suddenly endowed with some wondrous faculty which gave to the acting of a novice a power beyond that of the highest attainments of art? The reality of her fearful cry, the manner of her fall, and a dark pool under her head, told a different tale. Released, I knew not how, from the fascination which had held me a moment before, I leapt from my seat, clambered over the footlights, and raised the

girl's head on my knee. A gash in her small delicate throat showed that all was too real. Potts had followed me; with his aid I carried the girl into a dressing-room, where I gave her all the assistance in my power.

"Her father!" I said to an actor, who followed us; "where is he? he must not escape!"

The man rushed out of the room; but returned a few minutes later to tell me that he had found the girl's father lying utterly unconscious on the floor of his dressing-room. His manner terrified me.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"It was not he!" he whispered, in a hoarse voice; "he had not finished dressing for the part!"

"Shut the stage-door," I said. "Is there any way besides of leaving the theatre from the stage?"

"None!"

But we were too late; before the alarm was given, the other had gone out, with a handkerchief to his face.

I have little to add to my story. The girl's beauty, her gentleness and intelligence had awakened in me a strong feeling of interest, and I willingly gave up my holiday to pass it at her bedside. There was, too, in the house I should have visited one whom I could not have met then. She will read this, and will pardon me. I was in love with the girl whom a strange and awful fate had thrown in my path. I tended her with all my skill, and when I was compelled to return to London, and to leave her to other care, it was arranged that I should every day have news of her; and that as soon as she could possibly bear the removal, she should be brought to London. A recovery from her wound seemed possible, when she was attacked by fits of such a character, that their continuance, I knew, would be fatal. It would be too painful for me to dwell on the agony of these attacks, during which the recollection of that ghastly face was always present to her. A month after I left her, I learned with bitter grief that all was over. My absence spared me a terrible shock—she died raving mad in a lunatic asylum.

A rigid inquiry left no doubt on my mind of the father's complete innocence. His account was, that while dressing in his room he happened to turn towards the door, when he saw before him a figure dressed in all respects as he was to have been, but with a face so awful that he fell senseless. He recollected nothing more till, on his recovery, he found persons standing by him. The most careful investigation tended to corroborate this state-

ment, but failed to produce any other evidence. From the first I had refused to believe in the father's guilt, and after the death of his daughter I was instrumental in procuring him employment in London. In the hope of finding some clue to the mystery of that awful night I had him constantly watched; every step he took was dogged, all his actions were recorded, but nothing to alter my opinion was discovered. I did not require this confirmation; I knew how he had loved his daughter, knew how his life was bound up in hers; I noted his impatience at the slow approach of death, and it was with a feeling of self-reproach, which the sense of a duty fulfilled could not stifle, that I followed him to his grave.

ALFRED MARKS.

THE BANQUET AT BRADNINCH.

THE bye-ways of history are something like "Rambles beyond Railroads," full of interest and beauty, and easily passed by unnoticed by such as are bent on keeping to the beaten track. There have been episodes in every age worthy of record which are to be found only in local histories, or in those diaries and reminiscences which are cropping-up on all sides, frequently to the unfolding of motives and mysteries which have long perplexed the historical student. Many an incident, moreover, of past times, even in these days so prodigal of pen, ink, and paper, exists only in traditionary legends, and has never been committed to the safe keeping of the public press. The subject which gives a name to this article is of that description, and deserves to be rescued from oblivion, for the quaintness of its character, and the illustration it affords of the convivial habits of a by-gone generation.

Now it will not be foreign to our purpose to remark, by way of introduction, how much interest attaches to particular localities from their connection with princes, whether in their prosperity or adversity, perhaps more especially in the latter. Who does not take delight in tracing the progress of the ill-fated Queen of Scots through our midland counties, from one house of honourable captivity to another, until it culminated in the dark tragedy of Fotheringay Castle? Who, again, but delights to mark the hiding-places of Monmouth, and the various houses which, to the honour of bonnie Scotland's loyalty and fidelity, sheltered the poor fugitive from Culloden?

Circumstances not unlike those which befel Charles Edward in the middle of the eighteenth century were the fate of Charles the Second at about the same time in the seventeenth century. It was after Cromwell's "crowning

mercies" at Worcester that the king fled from that fatal field, and trusted himself to the love and faithfulness of many of his poor but honest subjects. The bold Penderells of Boscobel, and the Whitgreaves of Moseley sheltered him at the peril of their lives. From Bentley to Bristol his Sacred Majesty rode as serving-man before Colonel Lane's sister Jane, the Flora Macdonald of an earlier generation; and finally, when there was no vessel to be met with there, Charles was compelled to play at hide and seek in the western counties, under different disguises and exposed to imminent perils, until at last he embarked at Shoreham for Fecamp in Normandy. The historian avers that, in this short interval, no less than forty men and women had been privy to his concealment and escape.

It was during these few weeks of painful suspense that he is said to have visited Bradninch, a little corporate town connected with the Duchy of Cornwall, although situated in the heart of Devonshire on the banks of the Culm. Visions of ancient glory haunt the little village still. It boasts its mayor and corporation, its recorder and sessions, its petty jail, and undeniable civic festivities, which terminate in the production of a gigantic punch-bowl. But the mayor of Exeter no longer holds the stirrup of the mayor of Bradninch when he mounts his richly-caparisoned palfrey. The formidable gallows-tree has disappeared, "where wretches hung that jurymen might dine," and its corporate antiquity lives only in the often-quoted distich,

Bradninch was a market town
When Exeter was a fuzzy down.

Hither, however, the fugitive King betook himself, and found shelter and protection beneath the hospitable roof of the Sainthills, a family of loyal and generous blood, to whom most of the lands around belonged. The old-fashioned mansion still remains where the King lay concealed; and within recent memory the initials C. R. were shown scratched on the panel of a wainscot door by a royal hand. But, alas for the rude touch of restorers, beautifiers, and adorners! the last proprietor left his quiet dwelling for a time, and some over-zealous painter, to whose tender mercies the house had meanwhile been committed, sand-papered the panel, and passed his revolutionary brush over the sign manual of the Merry Monarch!

But the time came that the King should have his own again; and we may be sure that little Bradninch held its head aloft, and proudly put in its claim for notice and distinction from its prince. The authorities, with whom probably the light-hearted King had been on

easy terms of familiarity during his sojourn among them, met to offer their congratulations on his restoration, and solicited the sovereign to honour them with another visit. But the cares of state, or the fascinations of a profligate court, made too many demands upon his precious time; and, not to disappoint his liege subjects at Bradninch, he offered to send his representative in the person of Rochester, who was the king's "*alter idem*" in rollicking and jollity. In fact, it was Patroclus going forth to represent Achilles.

Having received due notice of his approach, a public banquet was prepared to do honour to the lordly courtier, and the mayor (tradition states him to have been the chief butcher of the town) filled the chair with official grace and dignity. Now the chief guest whom they had met together to honour, had remarked how carefully his worship had handled a bran new beaver hat, purchased for the occasion, and he took his plans accordingly. When the King's health was proposed with due honours, Rochester added a rider to the toast, saying that it was but lip-service unless accompanied by some substantial sacrifice to mark the reality of their loyal feelings, and he therefore proposed that every man should throw his hat into the fire, as he raised the glass to his lips. The suggestion was hailed with acclamation, and instantly adopted. The mayor submitted with a good grace, and quietly waited for his revenge. At their first introduction he had been struck with admiration of the splendid teeth, white as ivory, which Rochester disclosed as he smiled upon his host with winning condescension, and he contrasted them, to his own manifold disadvantage, with an awkward customer in his own jaw which had lately caused him much irritation, and was therefore doomed to speedy extraction.

Accordingly, as their hearts warmed with wine and mirth, the chairman rose to propose the King's health again, with humble thanks for his having sent them so kindly and genial a representative. Thus far, continued the mayor, they had honoured the toast with their substance, but there was a still more touching mode of testifying their devotion, by submitting to personal pain and privation for their sovereign's honour, and he proposed that every man should lose a tooth ere he drank off the bumper. There was no retreat; gentle and simple alike were compelled to submit to the village leech or barber who operated on the occasion. The right worshipful chairman made no bones of parting with his old offender, and the practical joker who opened the campaign so quaintly must have slunk back to his quarters with something of the mortified feelings of "the biter bit." Still, the courtier

bore it in good part, admired the loyalty of the assembled guests, and promised to report it fully to his royal master.

"How did you find our faithful lieges at Bradninch?" quoth the Merry Monarch. "What say you of their love and loyalty?"

"Sire," replied Rochester, "their loyalty was overwhelming; and if I had stayed much longer among them I should not have had a tooth left in my head." KAPPA.

OUR IRONCLADS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—I am much obliged to your correspondent for the courteous language in which he has clothed his strictures* upon my article, "Our Ironclads," in the number of your magazine dated Feb. 2.

I will at once commence by stating that my remarks concerning the Amazon, &c., were derived from that source which is naturally regarded as reliable, viz., the public press.

From certain articles, which I will quote, contained in the Times, Standard, and Morning Herald, I was led to the conclusion that her Majesty's screw sloop Amazon was an iron-built vessel, fitted up with an iron ram; and that she was what may be termed a "crack ship, built with the express purpose of throwing into the shade the naval skill of our Transatlantic cousins."

The Times, as observed in the Evening Standard of the 12th of last July, remarks, "The Amazon was a vessel of the royal navy; in other words, she belonged to one of the best appointed class of vessels in the world. . . . She was a perfectly new ship, fast and handy, fitted with the best engines, and on her first voyage out of port. . . . She was the first of a class of vessels roughly described by Lord Clarence Paget as the 'Alabama class' of our men-of-war. . . . She was on her first voyage, and was destined for America, where, like the Miantonomah in these waters, she might have served as a specimen to the Americans of our progress in naval architecture."

The Evening Standard of the 11th of last July, in recording the collision, says, "The result was, that the Amazon ran her submerged iron prow into the Osprey's port quarter, and the Osprey went down within about four minutes."

The Morning Herald, as quoted by the Evening Standard of the 13th of last July, in commenting upon the collision in the Channel, observes, "The catastrophe of the Amazon and the Osprey is positively startling in regard to the circumstances under which it took place, and in reference to the character of the vessel which may be termed the aggressor. . . . This same war ship, built for hard knocks and rough work, actually destroyed herself by her collision with a vessel no stouter than a moderately-sized Irish steamer. The Amazon is, or was, the practical exposition of Lord Clarence Paget's idea as to an 'Alabama class' of vessels. She has simply emulated the Alabama by going to the bottom. . . . A very grave contemporary makes some remarks in reference to the Amazon, which we should really take as a sly piece of sarcasm if they came from some other quarter. He says she was constructed after special designs by Mr. Reed, and 'fully answered expectation.' . . . As for her ram,

* See page 340.

the writer says it was not intended for a ram, but that nevertheless 'the peculiar construction of her bows would render her a very dangerous ship in a collision.' A very dangerous ship we should say, undoubtedly, without any reference to her effect on the enemy.

In other papers the stern of the Amazon was spoken of as strengthened by an entirely new system of iron bracing.

From these statements I was led to believe that the Amazon was an iron-built sloop of war. But I stand corrected through the information so courteously given by your correspondent, and I beg to express my regret at the mistake: although I think it does not affect the question concerning the seaworthiness and shotworthiness of our floating defences.

With regard to my authority for the letter from Toulon respecting the ironclad Taureau, I obtained it, and gave it word for word, from a paragraph in a newspaper of the latter part of last year, headed "A Danger to Iron-plated Vessels." I enclose the extract, as I cannot now call to mind the name of the paper. I beg to thank your correspondent for confirming my remarks upon the deterioration of iron through the action of rust, &c., by bringing forward the instances of H.M. steamers Triton and Sharpshooter: concerning which vessels he writes, "The plates were reduced to little more than the thickness of writing-paper in some parts, and in removing the barnacles, &c., from them, the ship scraper penetrated the plates on one occasion."

Before closing my letter, perhaps I may be allowed to mention another cause which tends to make our ironclads unseaworthy, in addition to those brought forward in my article, viz., the expansion and contraction of the metal by the effects of heat and cold, which must necessarily loosen the rivets of the plates.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
H. WRIGHT.

Thuxton Rectory, Norfolk, March 25, 1867.

MY CONJUNCTION WITH TAURUS.

GIBRALTAR was at its gayest and hottest,—gay beyond precedent, because a princess of the Spanish blood-royal had deigned to visit the fortress for the first time since that bitter day for Spain when the key of the Mediterranean was snatched from her grasp by English enterprise and valour,—hotter than usual for the sufficient reason that this true story opens in the month of August, 184—; and if my travelled readers have discovered in their wanderings any place, in or out of the tropics, hotter than Gibraltar during that month, I can only say their experience differs from mine.

The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier were honoured guests of the Governor at the Convent; and the usual festivities of dinners, balls, reviews of troops in the neutral ground, and a pic-nic—no, royal personages do not pic-nic—a "déjeuner" in the cork wood had been faithfully accomplished. His Royal Highness had been duly conducted over the forts, through all the wonderful network of passages

and casemates, and in accordance with the excessively open-handed English custom of our authorities on similar occasions, permitted with all his suite to note every strong and weak point in the fortress. The only denizens of Gibraltar who scorned to pay attention to the distinguished visitors, and who resolutely refused to attend the levées, or even to be seen on the Alameda, although at other times their tailless forms were frequently discoverable amongst the trees, were the apes. Possibly they had retreated down the cave and through the legendary passage under the Straits to the old homes of their forefathers in the Barbary mountains. Anyhow, it was felt as a grievance; the apes had been granted brevet rank as lions, and why could they not show themselves when wanted?

One object of interest yet remained unseen—the cave mentioned above, the inmost recesses of which were to be explored on this the last day of the royal visit. Sappers and miners were in readiness with short ladders to assist in the various descents, torches and candles, blue-lights and port-fires innumerable, were provided; and, in the words of Captain Dashwood, the aide-de-camp in special charge of these proceedings, "The whole would conclude with a magnificent display of fireworks, illuminating with terrific glare yet tender radiance the cavernous depths and Titanic proportions of this awe-inspiring marvel of nature, and forming a scene unsurpassed in the habitable or uninhabitable globe."

Due honour having been paid to this great lion of the Rock, a farewell dinner at the Convent, followed by a ball, would terminate the festivities; and early the next morning the royal guests were to depart under a final salute, leaving his Excellency the wearied-out Governor and all the dignitaries, civil and military, whom the perpetual excitement and hot sun of the last week had well-nigh killed, to well-earned repose.

In the days we write of, tunics as yet were not: the army was still resplendent in the glory of coats surmounted by glittering epaulettes, a distinction now confined to the service afloat. Long may it be ere naval officers are deprived of their present uniform and Prussianised, notwithstanding the many efforts made in that direction. Rumour avers that the Admiralty tailor once received orders, originally emanating from royalty, to prepare a pattern tunic for the Navy; and that, on the garment being completed, Sartor appeared in the august presence as a lay figure to show off its graces. Happily the unsuitableness of the dress became then too apparent for its adoption to be risked, and the idea was reluctantly abandoned.

During the gaieties I have chronicled, two blue uniforms were to be seen intermingled with the more brilliant scarlet: one worn by Lieutenant Constant, commanding Her Majesty's ship *Orestes*; the other owned by myself, a junior officer of the same ship, and by my rank entitled to one epaulette only. That unhappy single epaulette! Well do I remember the awkward, one-sided appearance it gave to an officer, conveying to lookers-on the irresistible idea that its fellow had fallen off, and also casting an evil spell on the wearer's eyes, compelling them to glance so continually in its direction, that, in naval phraseology, a "kink in the neck" was frequently the result.

The *Orestes* was but a small craft with an auxiliary screw, carrying four guns and eighty men; and one young midshipman and the assistant surgeon were my only messmates in the gun-room. Very pleasant days we spent at Gibraltar, varied by an occasional trip to Tangiers, or an ineffectual cruise up the Mediterranean in search of the Riff pirates who infest the coast of Morocco; and who, in fact, had within the last week audaciously plundered an unlucky English merchant-vessel which during a calm had drifted too close in shore. We were moored inside the New Mole, not two ship's lengths from the shore, and on this hot afternoon, as the smoke from our cigars curled upwards in the still air, while we leaned over the side lazily watching the government convicts lazily working, it was decided that the glories of the cave, even if equalling Dashwood's glowing description, could not weigh in the scale against the fatigue of the ascent. "No," said Constant, "I shall stay on board until it is time for the ball; and then to-morrow, when the Duchess has departed, we will be off for a cruise after the Arab rascals who boarded that brig." Small Sanford, our only midshipman, at this moment crept up, touching his cap, with his hesitating, "Please, sir, may I go to the ball?" A permission which was graciously accorded.

The ball passed off well, although perhaps the presence of royalty infused a little more quietness—may I say even flatness?—than is generally observable at colonial entertainments, where society is necessarily of a mixed character, so much so that on pursuing your investigations into the social status of "that nice girl" with whom you have just danced, you will probably discover that her papa is the gentleman who sold you the eau de Cologne and box of regalias across his counter that morning. The endless "Sir Roger de Coverley" having at last come to an end, we naval men walked towards our boat in high spirits,

little dreaming that one of the three had that night danced his last dance, and that for him henceforth balls should be "never more."

The echoes of the salute to departing royalty the next day had scarce died away, and the smoke from the guns was still hanging around the grim fortress rock, when our anchor was up, and the *Orestes* under all sail rounding Europa Point. A westerly wind, fresh and glorious, made steam unnecessary, we drew in new life with the breeze which curled the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and with hearts as buoyant as the good old ship herself we began our cruise.

Much to be desired is the life of a naval officer on this station; he enjoys the luxury of yachting without its expense, and his daily routine of duty wards off the tedium and sameness complained of by landmen who spend many consecutive days at sea. Thus the time passed without note until the day following our departure from Gibraltar, when we sighted that portion of the northern part of Barbary which bears the name of the Riff Coast. Getting steam up, we narrowly inspected every inlet of the rocky shore, coasting along slowly in hopes of discovering traces of the Arab plunderers; but not a vestige of the pirates, men or boats, could be seen; not a lateen-sail dotted the surface of the bay. Disappointed, we proceeded onwards towards the Spanish fortress and penal settlement of Melilla, and anchored there for the night.

Shortly after breakfast the next morning the captain's gig was manned, and Constant, taking me with him, left the ship in order to pay the due official visit to the Governor. We soon reached the shore, and on landing were received by an aide-de-camp and other officers with the usual politeness and high-bred courtesy of the Spaniard. One accomplishment the Spanish officers possessed in common with ourselves—a smattering of bad French conversation on both sides being greatly aided by explanatory gestures. Accepting gladly an invitation to walk round the place and inspect the fortifications, we followed our new friends up the steep ascent leading from the sea-gate.

The Spanish flag flying at Melilla is hated as much by the Moors as the English ensign which floats over Gibraltar is detested by the Spaniards, and many unsuccessful attempts have been made to drive the Christian invaders into the sea. At the present time there was peace between the two nations; but nevertheless no wandering son of the desert passed within sight of the fort without feeling it his duty to conceal himself behind a sand hillock and take a "pot-shot" from his long barrel at any infidel head which might be visible

above the walls, a proceeding that naturally caused a bright look-out to be kept by the Spaniards on the land side. We noticed that the sentry on the most exposed post was provided with a telescope to enable him to sweep the horizon in search of these lurking foes. As we came up, the officers questioned this soldier as to there being any Moors then in sight; he replied in the negative; we turned away, and were passing on, when a puff of white smoke on the desert shore attracted our attention, at the same moment the sentry fell heavily to the ground, dead, with a ball through his brain. His slayer was visible, running with wonderful quickness inland, and was soon out of reach of the hasty and ill-directed fire of musketry which his daring act drew from the garrison.

Saddened by this occurrence we left the spot and came next to a large open "plaza" in front of the barracks and the Governor's house. Here was collected a crowd of soldiers round a magnificent black bull, which had been brought in that morning by the Moors, and was now waiting an opportunity of conveyance to Spain, to become the monarch of the arena at the approaching bull-fights at Madrid. Joining the group, we gazed with admiration on the perfect proportions of the noble brute, as with vast strength he pulled and strained at the thick ropes that bound him to an iron ring fastened deep in the ground. The presence of so many spectators excited him to redoubled fury, and it was impossible to think without a thrill of the consequences should the cords at length give way.

Scarcely had the idea time to form itself in our minds before we saw it realised. With the ineffectual and broken fastenings hanging about his neck, the bull stood confronting his enemies, in entire liberty. Uttering cries of "Guarda el toro!" the spectators recoiled, seeking safety in flight, leaving Constant and myself standing close to the infuriated animal, who now, with a loud bellow, charged full upon us. Our only arms were uniform swords, utterly useless in such a conflict, and—well, I may as well confess it at once and without shame—we both fairly turned tail and ran; other chance of escape for the moment there was none. One side of the plaza was open to the sea, and observing a rocky projection, I made for it with the view of placing the rock between me and my pursuer; but, just before reaching the goal, my foot caught in some crevice of the uneven ground, and with a heavy crash I fell prostrate.

Bruised and shattered by the fall, I lay unable to rise even had there been time, but

time there was none. Before me was a precipitous descent, at the foot of which the waves were dashing, and behind—close at hand—a foe relentless and hard as the very rock itself. Happily my presence of mind was fully retained, and I resolved to sell life dearly. On came the bull with rushing steps; lessening his speed a moment, he lowered his head and charged directly at me. I contrived to turn round and front him; I felt his hot breath in my face; in another moment his horns would be buried in my side; when, as by sudden inspiration, I saw a chance of escape. Stretching out my arms as he charged, I caught his horns, one in each hand, and thus, with the superhuman strength given by imminent danger, held the animal in my grip. Snorting and bellowing, the furious brute strove to shake off the grasp; with a sudden wrench he tossed his head high in the air, lifting me with him until my feet scarce touched the ground. Twice he did this, the second time throwing me violently to earth, yet still I held on. For some minutes the fearful struggle lasted; face to face I wrestled with my enemy, half-blinded by the foam thrown off from his burning mouth and my own sweat. I was beginning to feel that my power of endurance was lessening and strength failing, when at length I heard the welcome clatter of accoutrements and the sound of many running feet. The Spanish soldiers came up, half a dozen muskets were discharged,—the bull staggered, and fell dead at my feet.

Exhausted though triumphant, I attempted to rise, but without success; and discovered for the first time that I had not escaped unwounded from the fight, one of my legs being severely fractured and covered with blood. A party of men speedily carried me to the Governor's residence, and all requisite immediate attention having been paid by the army surgeons, Constant had me conveyed carefully on board, and we steamed away for Gibraltar.

Of the subsequent months spent in sick-quarters at the Rock—of the amputation eventually endured—it were needless to write. The tedium of a lengthened convalescence was softened and rendered easy by the unwearied kindness of many warm-hearted friends. The Admiralty granted me promotion (the second epaulette) as a solace for my loss, and a wooden leg, which had remained in store at Gibraltar since the days of Trafalgar. Other wooden legs have I used and worn out since then, but the original worm-eaten one I still keep as a memento of that hot summer's day in the Mediterranean, when I "took the bull by the horns."

V. I. R.

BY THE GREENWOOD.

I.

WHY should I twine my poor fancies together?
Wherefore awaken the chords of my lute?
Forth from the world, past the fire and the heather,
Come tones so melodious, mine well may be mute.
Voices of poets, the great of all ages,
Gifted to utter the highest and best;
Living the thoughts that illumine their pages,
And verdant the wreaths on their temples that rest.

II.

Hark! from the coppice an answer is ringing,
Blackbird and throistle are leading the strain;
While the chaffinch's twitter, the robin's blythe singing,
And the linnet's sweet pathos fill up the refrain.
Small feather'd creatures their rapture are telling,
Coo forth the wood-dove her soft monotone;
None pauses to ponder if others excelling,
Have voices more clear, wider range than their own.

III.

Why should I sing? This our valley is lonely,
Nor traveller nor pilgrim comes over the lea;
The cloud-shadows fleet o'er the purple slopes only,
None cometh, none careth to listen to me.
The songs I have sung and the words I have spoken
Unecho'd return in my bosom to die,
As back in its basin fall aimless and broken
The drops that the fountain flung proudly on high.

IV.

Dews of the evening the heather were steeping
As I linger'd at gloaming entranc'd on the hill;
All wearied creation that hour was sleeping,
Save I and the nightingale eloquent still.
Late o'er the tree tops the moon, spent and waning,
Had show'd her pale face ere I went to my rest;
Still gush'd forth the song, tho' no listener remaining
Could treasure its melody deep in his breast.

V.

Chill bloweth the North wind, the day waxeth dreary,
The glory has vanish'd, the landscape is grey;
Tho' still it is summer my heart is awgary,—
From my life, too, the sunshine has faded away.
How then can I sing? On past happiness dwelling,
Yet deeper the gloom of the present appears;
And my sorrow-bow'd spirit is surely foretelling
No comfort can bring me the on-coming years.

VI.

From a cage came the answer, my dreariness shaming:
A lark pour'd its matins as thrilling and deft
As ever of old the sun's advent proclaiming,
Now, of sunshine and freedom for ever bereft.
Perchance its song spoke of the bright days departed,
Ere the fate which its life to long misery gave;
Perchance of the hope of the desolate-hearted,
Of the day when that sunshine should rest on its
grave. JETTY VOGEL.

FESTA OF MADONNA DELLA VITA.

ON my way down the Val Antigorio, a sub-alpine valley of North Piedmont, I happened to hear of a gathering of peasantry, which was to take place in that valley on the occasion of the anniversary of a *fête*—or, as it is termed in Italian, "*festa*"—in honour of the

Madonna della Vita. It was to last, I was informed, three days, being much resorted to and held in high esteem by the whole neighbourhood. From far and near, from valley and mountain-hamlet, the peasants—some on one, some on all of these three days—were wont to assemble, wearing the proper and distinctive costumes of their separate localities.

The scene of the *festa* was the little village of Mozzio, which thus yearly assumes a state of unwonted activity, and gains a notoriety, unwarranted by the insignificance of its size and the isolation of its position. It is situated some five hundred feet or more above the high road, and at about twice that height above the Tosa—the stream which traverses the Val Formazza and the Val Antigorio. In consequence of its position, and still more its lack of the means of accommodation, the far-comers, as a rule, seek quarters for the night, on the occasion of the *festa*, at Crodo, a village of larger size, which lies immediately beneath; and so leave to the light of morning and to their own renewed strength, the steep ascent, with its concomitant duties of vows to be paid and prayers to be offered, *en route*, at the various stations or shrines to the Madonna. An early hour, however, finds them all, far-comers and near-dwellers alike, assembled on the scene of action. When I arrived, as I thought in good time, the little village was already thronged. Picturesque certainly was the appearance it wore—the liveliness of the holiday makers—the quaintness of their costumes—and, not least, the favourable state of the weather, all combining to render it such. Then, the view gained from the knoll or spur of the mountain on which the village stood was magnificent. Many hundred feet below, and dwarfed in the distance into a mere streamlet, ran the Tosa; the murmur of its waters quite inaudible; its banks strewn with huge blocks dislodged from the heights above. The mountain sides shutting in the valley were clothed with beech and chestnut, belted above with lines of sombre fir, while crowning all rose the snowy ridges, which stretch down into the plains of Italy,—offshoots from the great Alpine range.

As the *fêtes* of Roman Catholic countries have, as a matter of course, primarily a religious character, I naturally bent my steps towards the church. On the open space outside it stood a long row of what could only by courtesy be called small cannon, placed upright, but which resembled more than anything else, pop-guns made of iron. The discharge, however, of these diminutive mortars—one after the other in quick succession—with which we were more than once regaled in the course of the day, proved to me, I must confess,

as deafening as it was indicative of Italian love of noise; though to every one else concerned the performance seemed productive of extreme satisfaction and delight. I remained outside some time, enchanted with the beauty of the view and the liveliness of the surrounding scene. Meanwhile, I could distinguish the plaintive tones of female voices singing the reponses in the service which was going on within—women in Italy contributing, as a rule, the active and devotional element of the congregation; the heavy perfume of the incense was wafted out into the fresh mountain air, and every now and then a small bell (its ecclesiastical name I know not) tinkled, announcing, amidst profound silence, that which is reckoned the most solemn part of Roman Catholic worship, the elevation of the host.

After spending a few minutes in the interior of the church, I began to explore the village. Its one street described a semicircle. On every available spot of ground booths and stalls had been erected, and a vending of wares of a multifarious description was being everywhere carried on. Articles of clothing, books of devotion, cakes, and other eatables were all for sale, while trinkets, and the hundred little objects of *bijouterie* and *vertu* suited to peasants' tastes, or appealing to the never-failing love of ornament implanted in woman, met with a ready market. To judge from the appearance of many of the women present, the owners of these last-mentioned ware must have been sure of their market, for some of the peasant-dames, though unable to vie in this respect with their much-bedeizened sisters of South Italy, were by no means wanting in the adornment of their persons, and the change—say rather, metamorphosis—produced by such adornment, and the *tout-ensemble* of the gala attire, must, if I may judge from one instance, have been curious enough. I was saluted by a gorgeously arrayed matron, who was leading a child in either hand. Returning her salutation, as in all duty bound, I yet failed to recognise her, nor could I do so until she recalled herself to my recollection, as the mistress of a little village inn where I had stayed but two days before, weather-bound, and only too glad—where not a book was to be met with—to extract what conversation I could from mine hostess. The peasant-maidens were, it is true, less gaily bedecked, not having as yet, perhaps, inherited the family jewels, which, be it said, are handed down in these rustic parts as heirlooms from mother to daughter with as much care and ceremony as if they were the pearls of a countess. Youth, however is a real charm, whether simplicity, the absence of adornment, be one or no;

besides, amongst these peasant-girls were many who could lay claim to more than common beauty.

As to the proportion of the one sex to the other, the women fairly outnumbered the men—a preponderance traceable in this instance not so much to any special love of *fêtes* and gala-days existing in the feminine breast, as to the dearth which prevails throughout these valleys of young men, who, as a rule, quit their homes in early life, or find employment elsewhere than in their native valleys during the summer months. A fair sprinkling, however, of their sex, and of the younger members of it, were here, and many a damsel was attended by her admiring swain. One in particular, whose good-looks and picturesque costume I attempted to carry away some recollections of by means of my pencil, was not only faithfully guarded, but watched most jealously, by her lynx-eyed *inamorato*. Had I been sketching on the lake of Garda, and chanced to introduce into my sketch a section of an Austrian earthwork, I could not have been looked upon with graver suspicion than I now was by this ardent lover; and what provoked him more than all was the willingness of the conscious fair one to sit for her portrait, the *pose* she kept so steadily, and the look of mingled triumph, coquetry, and fun that played in her eye. Something called the poor fellow away, but he could not leave for this short while, without breathing many an injunction into the ear of *la sposa*, and consigning her to the care of a *duenna*. Amorous, too-anxious youth! I sincerely hope that when next he kept holiday in honour of Madonna della Vita, no limning pencil roused his jealousy; or, better still, the fearful swain had become the happy husband.

There was one very pleasing feature about this mountain *festa*, and this was the perfect good order and courteous bearing which prevailed amongst these peasants. However crowded the street—and from its being at once narrow, and the one street of the place, it was in parts very crowded—room was invariably made for the stranger to pass. Judging from the looks of puzzled surprise to which my presence gave rise, a large number of these holiday-makers must have dwelt out of the common track of tourists; perhaps, also, few but artists are in the habit of frequenting these picturesque gatherings. Of anything in my appearance to excite such wonderment I was not aware: an ordinary check suit, wide-awake, alpenstock in hand, and small fishing-basket slung over my shoulder, constituted my by no means remarkable *tout-ensemble*. Yet, if curious, these villagers were most courteous and civil, giving vent to their

curiosity in nothing more objectionable than *sotto voce* conjectures as to my nationality and business. "Chi e' e Tedesco? e pittore?" Why, by the way, my real nationality was not hazarded amongst these conjectures, I cannot say; but so it was. Ere long, leaving their doubts unsolved, I got on pleasantly enough: a little knot of peasants, gathered round a drinking-fountain, speedily made friends with me, soliciting the loan of my drinking-cup with a grace and easy assurance which bespoke inbred courtesy, and the absence of that sullenness and *gaucherie* which too often mark the bearing of our own agricultural peasants towards their better-born neighbours. I remember being assured by a German gentleman, who during a long residence in Rome had become an enthusiastic admirer of Italian politeness, that no Roman prince would feel surprise or take offence were the poorest man to stop him in the open street and solicit the favour of a light from his cigar. To the truth of the fact here asserted I cannot testify from personal observation, it being so difficult for a stranger in Rome to distinguish a prince, though so easy to recognise a beggar.

But to return. In the programme of the day's proceedings eating and drinking occupied apparently no very prominent place. Seated at tables, placed, for the sake of further accommodation, in front of the village hospice, and beneath the extemporised shade of boughs laid horizontally on upright poles, party after party of hungry and wearied holiday-makers might be seen discussing their viands and drinking their wine busily and merrily enough; but there were no signs of intemperance, whilst the quickly-vacated benches were proof in themselves how slight—when once the natural calls of hunger and thirst had been satisfied—was the attraction of the wine-shop compared with that of the promenade, with its throng and pleasant *rencontres*, and, above all, its brilliant and tempting display of multifarious wares.

As to the costumes worn by the women—and they alone wore costume—I was informed that more than twenty varieties were represented at this *festa*. Each valley, to say the least, furnished its distinctive costume, the subalpine valleys of Italy differing in this respect from those of Switzerland, where one costume, as a rule, prevails throughout a canton. I was not aware till afterwards of a curious custom observed by the women of the Val Vigezzo, a valley which debouches upon the Val d'Ossola a little above Domo d'Ossola. The peasant-girls of this valley, upon reaching what they deem a suitable age for undertaking the responsibilities of married life, announce their willingness, when it occurs, to undertake

such responsibilities in the following fashion: They attach a narrow red border to the hem of the skirt of their dress: should they be unwilling, no border is attached. Nor is this all. A widow signifies her wishes and intentions in similar fashion. She wears, at any rate, the black border of mourning. Should she be past consolation, or content with former matrimonial experiences, the deep border of simple black indicates the irremediableness of her sorrow or the calm retrospective content of her mind: if, on the other hand, she be open to consolation, in due and fitting time she attaches the narrow border of matrimonial red to the sombre black of widowhood, in which case a suitor for her hand need fear no obstacle to the attainment of his request, through lingering regrets of the departed. I confess I would have given much to have known of this judicious custom when present at the *festa* of Madonna della Vita. I should have had a fine field for nice psychological study; and the correspondence which could have been traced, in the case of the willing fair, between expression of countenance and the outward symbol of matrimonial tendencies would, no doubt, have helped elsewhere to interpret the puzzle of the feminine mind, and to discover the intentions of less demonstrative maidens. It would be curious to note how far the observance of this custom conduces to serenity and assurance in the masculine breast in the Val Vigezzo. It is surely calculated to remove a heavy weight of anxiety from the suitor's mind, when the chances of his acceptance are heightened by the reflection that his fair one by no means objects to marriage in the abstract. Objections can then be raised against the individual alone; and as men are, from the prevalence of emigration, very scarce in the Val Vigezzo, it is natural to suppose that the few who do remain are, in this respect, "monarchs of all"—or of much—"they survey."

When the September sun had long declined beneath the shoulder of the mountain above Mozzio, it was high time for all who wished to reach their homes that evening to depart. Many had already taken their departure, and of the younger members of the festive crowd I had watched many a group quit the crest of the hill, choosing a direct but precipitous path down a grassy sward in preference to the circuitous road, and, as they went, joining hands, running, tumbling, occasionally rolling, and had listened to their merry shouts of laughter till group after group was lost from sight and hearing amongst the chestnut groves. It was at a late hour when I arrived at my destination in the Val d'Ossola, to find that my landlord, whose acquaintance had previously

made, had been staying soberly at home, and that his daughters had not been wearing the simple but marked costume of their ancestral valley, the Val Anzasca, at the Festa of Madonna della Vita.

A PEEP AT KIRK MAUGHOLD.

Few places are, in my opinion, more romantic and more like fairy-land than the Isle of Man—the gem of the Irish Sea. Mona possesses many charms. For hours have I watched her fleet of herring-boats sailing to and from her cornelian and sandy beaches lying between the grim headlands which guard her bays.

With awe have I gazed at the summits of Snafeld or Pen-y-pot rearing themselves above the clouds and mists, and often have I threaded the mountain gorges, with foaming torrents leaping down in wild confusion through the trees, or spreading themselves in crystal pools, in which the trout sported and shot in and out under the rocky ledges.

And then the grand old castles, so interesting to all who remember the incidents related with more or less of historic truth in “Peveril of the Peak.” But we must at present pass these by, together with all notice of the mounds and barrows, the druidical remains and cloven stones, and the Tynwald Hill, with its peculiar ceremonies. Already in fancy I hear the reader of these notes exclaiming, at the bare mention of so many subjects,—

“O.COONEE.ORECHA.GIARE.AS.TA.MY.HRAA.”*

We will confine our attention, then, to one small spot seldom visited, and that shall be Kirk Maughold. This quaint and antiquated village is not far from Ramsey. It has lain for ages snugly out of the sight of sea-pirates, at the back of the bold head or promontory named after the saint who is reported to have been driven on shore here under rather trying circumstances. It seems that Maughold or Macallius had been, if not a head centre, at least a bandit captain in Ireland, and either he was being punished for his crimes, or had voluntarily undertaken a severe penance, for he found himself cast adrift, manacled hand and foot, in an open boat upon the sea; and then the friendly waves, having, it is to be hoped, sufficiently terrified him, deposited him upon these rocks. When released from his perilous situation, he retired to the mountains, and consecrated his life to religion. His piety

became so exemplary that he was at length elected bishop by the unanimous wish of the people, and in consequence of his reputation for sanctity, St. Bridget was induced to make a voyage hither from Ireland to visit him in his retirement, and receive the veil at his hands.” He flourished in the sixth century, and the 25th of April* is the day which has been observed in his honour.

The church is small and ancient, and its primitive font has been set outside the western entrance, against the wall. Whitewash covers even the roof of the building, inside and out. The east window contains some simple rude tracery, said to be the only specimen of old tracery in the island. A few poor-looking dwellings are scattered near St. Maughold’s little kirk, and a few better cottages. There are several sculptured stones around, some of slate in the churchyard, some in or near the village. St. Maughold’s Cross contains in relief representations of the Crucifixion, the Virgin and Child, a kneeling female figure (thought by some to be St. Bridget), an oak-leaf, and the arms, or rather “the three legs,” of the island.

Between Kirk Maughold and Ramsey is the “Five-Balls Stone,” concerning which the following legend is related:—Ages ago an ancient dame, more keenly alive to the advantages of acquiring filthy lucre than mindful of her higher duties, set out one Sunday with her hands full of balls of wool, intending to get them spun. Turning her back upon the village church and a deaf ear to the tolling



The Five-Balls Stone, Isle of Man.

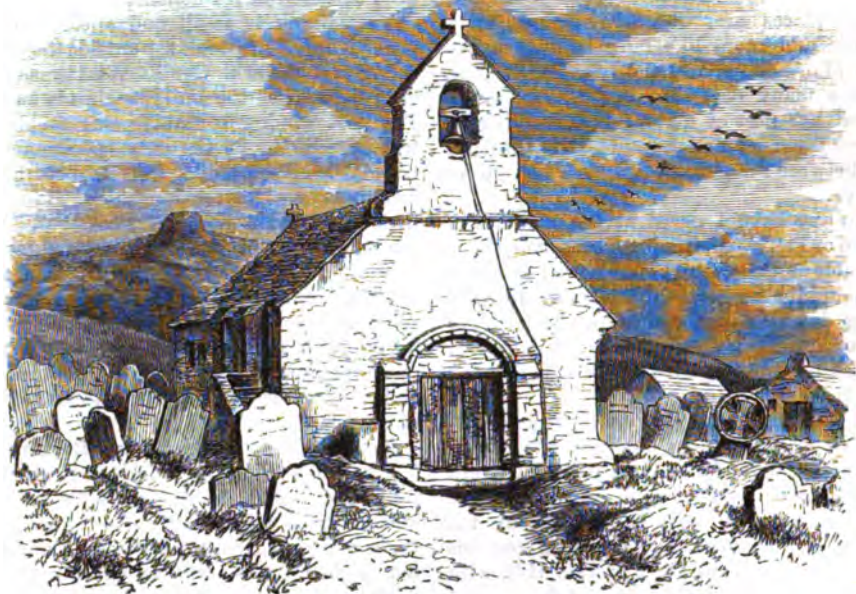
of its prayer-bell, she tottered along towards the town. Just then the wind began to rise, breezes eddied round her, she was buffeted

* Inscription on the sun-dial in Kirk Patrick churchyard, in the Manx language, signifying, “O remember how short is my time.”

* See “The Book of Days.” Chambers.

first on this side, then on that. Her garments became twisted and entangled, and she was well nigh brought to a stand-still. In spite

of these adverse tokens, however, she impionally strove more and more to accomplish her object; but all her efforts were in vain, for the



Kirk Maughold, Isle of Man.

blasts increased in violence, the moaning winds became a hurricane, and the tempest roared. She soon found it impossible to advance another step, so, gathering up all her remaining strength, she lifted her shrunken visage to the storm, and, with defiant air, shrieked out a curse, wild and bitter, upon the elements. Lo! some mysterious spell at once begins to work upon her; a sudden change takes place; the winds are hushed; stiff and erect for ever she remains, and granite cold!—the five wool-balls firmly fixed in her death-grasp. And these may still be traced, for, turned to stone, she stands as a monument of wrath, warning succeeding generations. I need only remark on this legend that the five bosses on the cross admit of a more exalted interpretation than is here afforded.

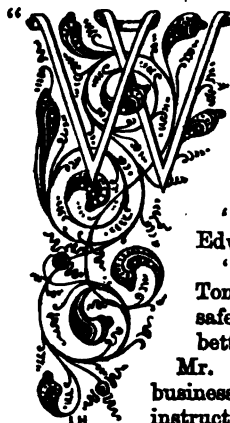
By passing over the hill at Kirk Maughold, which is surmounted by a barrow, and keeping along the sheep-walks which descend over the brow of the turf-crowned rocky head, the Saint's Well may be reached. The way to it is dangerous, as it overhangs the sea. The

ground is precipitous, and the short, dry, shiny turf affords but a slippery footing. The waters have been supposed to possess great healing virtue, especially, I was told, if drunk sitting in St. Maughold's chair. On returning to the village one is struck with the grandeur of the distant hills. North Barrule has almost the appearance of a volcano from this point. Kirk Maughold churchyard commands an extensive view of the scenery inland. The ground is of large size, being, I believe, about three acres, and was formerly a sanctuary for criminals. Does not this fact accord with the old tradition of the Saint himself? Can we not readily believe, that if the story they tell of him be true, he would open his arms wide, as a Christian bishop, to receive all who might flee from death and sin? for doubtless he ever bore in grateful remembrance his own opportune arrival at this spot, where he commenced a new and better course; and who shall say but that many others fled to this consecrated ground, and sought thenceforth to live as *they* had never lived before? W. I.

HEVER COURT.

BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD, AUTHOR OF "RALPH," &c.

CHAPTER XV.—MR. SNODGERS FORMS A LIMITED COMPANY.



WHAT do you want with me, Thompson, hey?" said Mr. Royds to his head clerk. Mr. Royds was pulling on his gloves preparatory to taking his afternoon ride in Rotten Row.

"Batt's mortgage to Mr. Edward Frankland, sir."

"S'pose it's all right. Tonks is a very good valuer, safe man. Yes, you had better prepare the deed."

Mr. Royds' maxim in his business was to act upon the instructions of his clients. He never thwarted by unasked advice what he believed to be their wish. If Edward chose to lend his money to Mr. Batt, all Mr. Royds concerned himself about was the title of the security, and a certified opinion of its sufficiency as to value.

When the mortgage-deed was prepared it was sent to Mr. Batt for his perusal, but Mr. Gribble did not act for the iron-master in this matter.

Mr. Batt's solicitor, whoever he was, had no objections to offer, and in due time, the preliminaries being arranged, the business was concluded, Edward's five thousand pounds being transferred to Mr. Batt's account with his bankers.

It was arranged between him and Mr. Snodgers that this being settled, they should meet at the works the next morning to confer with Mr. Batt as to the formation of the company.

But while Edward saw no objection to lending his money upon a good security which was approved by so respectable a solicitor as Mr. Royds, he did not feel any increasing anxiety to join Mr. Snodgers in any commercial enterprise. Yet he was quite willing to listen to their proposals, though he intended to be very cautious in permitting the financial agent to impair the security he now held for his capital.

Still if he could only see his way to getting ten per cent. for this money it seemed to him that he would be advancing towards the

marrying position he so ardently desired to attain. The fact is, he didn't quite know what he wanted. He was unwell and nervous, alone in London, and, as he felt, without friends; shrinking from those who perhaps would have received him kindly, because he had a sensitive fear that they wouldn't be even civil to him in his altered fortunes, resolving every day upon contradictory schemes for the future; meanwhile, glad of anything which engaged his time and forced from him action of some sort.

Looking upon London and the wide field of endeavour it afforded to a young man, he had felt valiant; but a few weeks and he seemed to be sinking in the great stream of life, cruelly ready to submerge him and to pass on unrippled over his head. A year ago and such thoughts would have been regarded by him as a passing attack of "the blues." Now he couldn't shake off a creeping sense of despondency, an undefined feeling of unworthiness of his former self. He had raised his income a hundred a year by selling out his money from the funds and lending it to Mr. Batt. But never till now had he rightly estimated the real privileges of wealth. So he thought. What was it not worth to be free from sordid considerations, from ignoble associations?

As he lay in bed at his lodgings thinking that he had to meet Mr. Snodgers in two hours' time at the works, turning these thoughts over and over in his mind, restless and wretched, he imagined he could see how the downward path to roguery was the only road before some men. He felt sure he could never do anything dishonest. Yet in his nervous, fretful discontent he could fancy himself gliding downwards into grinding poverty, to a miserable reflection of his former self, hopeless of recognition by her he loved so dearly.

Then he sprang up, and a tub of cold water improved his prospects. As he walked down to the works he was counting his resources, and glad that he had an engagement, even though it were with Mr. Snodgers.

Yet what a dirty place it looked. He even shrank from soiling his gloves with the handle of the counting-house door, and finding he couldn't push it open, rapped with his stick.

He could hear Mr. Snaggs' wooden leg stamping from his stool to the door. It vexed

his fastidious pride to think he observed a smile of recognition in the rusty clerk's face, as though Snaggs thought there was community of interest now between them.

"No, the guv'nor ain't come yet," said Snaggs, in reply to Edward's inquiry for Mr. Batt.

What a rusty, weary wretch he looked, so much in keeping with the place in which he sat, so inharmonious with any idea of home and domestic joys, that Edward was almost inclined to wonder if he lived there on the old stool, the rotten leather of which showed in more than one place its stuffing of hay. On the bar beneath his desk there was a smooth, deep notch worn by his wooden leg, and as he doubled down to his books again, one could see that the attitude was taken rather by force of habit than by the amount of work he had to do.

He wore a rusty dress suit of antique cut, his trowsers fitting tightly over the rusty top of his Wellington boots, leaving the entire foot visible, bulgy here and there, where the upper leather had parted from soles guiltless of blacking. His long, bony hands were smeared with ink, and a blot of it appeared, though not very plainly, on his dirty shirt-front. A rusty, frayed satin stock supported a collar, which seemed to be falling down into it, ashamed of days and days of wear. And above it his face, with an immortal rust upon it. His thin ragged locks of hair—he had none upon his cheeks or chin—seemed like a wretched crown of rust, and now and then he sniffed pinches of rust-coloured snuff up his nose from an iron box, to which it was probably owing that his eyes had usually a watery appearance. If ever they assumed an expression, or feebly shared one with his large mouth, it was an expression of the smallest human cunning, such as might warn a watchful master to be careful of his pennies rather than of his cheque-book.

"And he warn't here yesterday, neether," added Snaggs, after a long pause, during which Edward had been standing by the fire regarding the rusty clerk.

"How does the business get on without him?"

"It don't want much looking after. Mostly buyin' and sellin', one day a lot o' scrap, then a lot o' pigs, and maybe a horder for a lot o' castin's."

There was a knock at the door.

"It's Mr. Snodgers," said Edward.

But it wasn't Mr. Snodgers. It was a postman, who handed Edward a letter. He took it mechanically, and was going to place it on Snaggs' desk, when his eye fell upon the address. It was "Edward Frankland, Esq.,

Batt's Iron Works, Southwark, S.E." He opened the envelope. The letter was dated three days ago, but the writer gave no address.

DEAR SIR,—I am declining business, and when this is to hand shall be hundreds of miles away, never to return. There is a good opening for you as my successor, or as Mr. Snodgers thinks better, for a company. You can at once take possession. There are some debts owing; perhaps more than enough to cover the stock. Yours respectfully,

THOS. BATT.

P.S. Perhaps Snodgers is sharp enough to square the debts into shares.

Edward's first feeling after reading this was one of blank dismay. He would have been less miserable by far if he had simply lost all his money and there had been an end of it. He saw he had been duped by this man who had probably left the country directly after he got the five thousand pounds. Edward never reflected that he had full value for his money in the security, he was so troubled with the thought that he was saddled with this wretched place—that he should be there waiting for such a rogue, actually waiting for a conference on something like terms of equality with Mr. Batt.

But he had not long to reflect upon the altered aspect of affairs before Mr. Snodgers arrived.

"I was detained," said Snodgers, loftily, "with the Cotopaxi directors. Is our friend about the works?"

Edward handed him "our friend's" letter, with an ungraciously frigid reception of Mr. Snodgers' hand-shaking. He watched the financial agent as he read, thinking to detect complicity in his countenance.

"Well, that is lucky," said Mr. Snodgers, with a sort of pleasant emphasis, as he handed back the letter to Edward.

"What?"

"Why I knew he was in debt, but I didn't know it had gone quite so far as this!"

"I don't understand you," said Edward, wondering if he could be in any way included in the circle of which Mr. Snodgers spoke.

Mr. Snodgers threw himself into the chair, and laughed his quiet, respectable laugh.

"Don't understand me! Why, you see, sir, we've got the company in our own hands now. I've got an agreement by which I can take the good-will without payment, and you've got the wharf and premises; you can't sell 'em without the business. Now d'ye see?—why it's as neat as ninepence. All we've got to do is to arrange with the creditors so as to prevent the hubbub of a public insolvency. I

know one or two of 'em. There's Plynlym, the Welsh mine owner, and Gernet, the agricultural implement maker, they'll be in rather heavily. We'll make directors of them. First-rate names. Then there's yourself; then there's me, Joseph Snodger, Esq., as promoter and managing director, *pro tem.*; and we'll make Mr. Snaggs secretary."

Mr. Snodgers looked triumphantly at Edward, who began in a vague way to feel inextricably involved in the affair.

"Now look here," said the financial agent, "I've just made these notes for the prospectus. 'Iron Working Company (Limited).—Proprietor retiring in favour of the company, having realised a large fortune—Nothing to be paid for goodwill—Valuable premises and stock, ample security for capital—Large and old established business, valuable contracts on hand, probable great extension by the company—The directors congratulate themselves on having secured the valuable services of Mr. Snaggs as secretary, whose long acquaintance with the business affords some guarantee of its value.' There, I think I can rub that up into something; the creditors can't say no to that! What do you say to being secretary, Mr. Snaggs, with an increase of ten shillings a week to your wages,—eh, Mr. Snaggs?"

The rusty clerk blinked his eyes and grinned a smile.

"What'll the gov'nor say to that?" feebly suggested Snaggs.

"Mr. Batt has retired in my favour," returned Snodgers with some little importance, gleefully rubbing his hands together.

But this, combined with what he had already heard of their conversation, was too much for Snaggs' intellect, and he settled down again upon his stool to think it over.

In his own mind, when Edward had read Mr. Batt's letter, he had seen a picture of ruin, ruin to himself and to every one connected with the works. He was staggered by Mr. Snodgers' contrary view of the case. Naturally disposed to take a hopeless view of such circumstances, he was too much bewildered to comprehend thoroughly all the design of Mr. Snodgers. But yet he felt very indignant at the cool manner in which the financial agent seemed to reckon on being allowed to include his name in what appeared to him to be a questionable business.

"But there's not a word of truth in what you propose to include in the prospectus," he said, with an effort to speak calmly.

"'Pon my word, sir, you're quite mistaken. It may be high coloured, I don't say it ain't; but it's all as true as my name's Snodgers."

"I'd rather not have anything to do with it."

"Oh! that as you please; but you'll lose half your money, and have no end of bother, if you don't."

Edward did not know exactly what to do. In his utter ignorance of business he thought that Mr. Batt having absconded, all this dirty, hateful business had fallen to him. To manage it himself seemed the worst of all possible alternatives. To consult the snugly respectable Mr. Royds upon the position of affairs was only less distasteful, for he felt there would be an unctious reproach in each word of his solicitor's. Then Snodgers seemed so quietly prepared for the catastrophe, and was so thoroughly master of the situation, that Edward, in his nervous and weakly state of health, felt the most comfortable method by far was to let him have his way. "He can't make me do anything dishonest," he argued with himself. So he allowed Mr. Snodgers to continue the development of his plans.

A few days afterwards, Snodgers came to him looking most benignly happy. He had reduced the number of creditors to six, by getting these to purchase the debts of the smaller creditors; and of these six, two, Plynlym and Gernet, were to join himself and Edward on the Board of Directors.

"Here's a little matter for you to sign. The articles of association forming the company." He said this to Edward, who was unwell in bed, handing him at the same time the paper and a pen.

Edward languidly looked over the paper. He was thinking confusedly of Mr. Snodgers' notes for the prospectus, and was very agreeably surprised to find no lies in this document. Presently he met with his own name. "Mr. Edward Frankland to receive fully paid-up shares equivalent in nominal value to the amount of his mortgage, and Mr. Joseph Snodgers to receive, for promotion and for his interest in the business, an equal number of paid-up shares."

"I would much rather have the money, or half of it," said Edward, faintly.

"So would I," replied Snodgers, with astonishing gravity; "but this is the readiest way to get it—you know your mortgage deed isn't money."

"No, indeed." Edward signed the paper near to a wafer-seal, and over his initials, which had been previously pencilled by Mr. Snodgers, and gave back the paper to the financial agent, weakly conscious that he had done a very foolish thing; and yet preferring infinitely to have done it rather than to have the burden of the business upon himself.

In a few weeks the shares of the Iron Working Company (Limited), were quoted at 2 premium, by means of some well-rigged

sales accomplished by Mr. Snodgers, and more than five-and-twenty *bond fide* applications for shares had been received, chiefly from what Snodgers called "country parties,"—clergymen, widows, retired tradesmen, and half-pay officers.

It is needless to add that they received an allotment of shares without delay, and so enjoyed the privilege of contributing to the payment of Mr. Batt's debts and to the maintenance of Mr. Snodgers.

CHAPTER XVI. CLARA CHOOSES A HUSBAND.

MRS. SMITHSON'S best china tea-service was certainly more ornamental than useful, for it was not used more than half-a-dozen times in the year. When it was taken down the entertainment was sure to be very select and the tea good. Then only did Mrs. Smithson allow herself the indulgence of lump sugar, which was contained in a sarcophagus-shaped pot, ornamented with the same pattern as the rest of the service, in gold and green sprigs. Then too there was always a hot muffin at the fire, and Mrs. Smithson also, in a gown of ceremony, very much more gorgeous than the dress in which the stout hostess usually discharged her duties.

All these preparations, however, had been made this evening in honour of Mrs. Prickett, who had been invited to take a cup of tea at the White Horse. Hitherto there had not been much friendship between these two ladies. But Mrs. Prickett had now become a notable person in the village, and would have gladly held her head even a little higher among her neighbours, but Will's neglect of her was so obvious and painful, that the poor woman was really grateful for an opportunity of pouring her disappointment into some neighbourly and sympathising ear.

Clara was not a favourite with Mrs. Prickett: nothing, doubtless, could be more bland and kind than Clara's greeting of the little woman, and attention to her in her aunt's bed-room, whither Mrs. Prickett had been shown, to relieve herself of her bonnet and shawl; but for all that, Clara's too evident sense of superiority was offensive.

"I dessay you think my bonnet's a fright," said Mrs. Prickett, placing the article in question, with an almost religious tenderness, upon the bed.

"Well, it is a little pokey," replied Clara, laughing.

"I've had that bonnet five year come to-morrow; I got it good, a-purpose to last. I don't b'lieve they make such velvet as that now-a-days. But stop a minit, my dear; yer see I carry my cap pinned under my dress, which it saves me looking so high and mighty

as if I had Robert a follerin' of me with a handbox."

At length Mrs. Prickett's toilette was complete, and they descended to the parlour, where Mrs. Smithson was already making tea.

"I know you like it mixed, mum," she said.

"Thankee, mum," replied the guest; "I don't like all o' one sort, to be sure. People do say the green is wakeful, but then, yer know, they'll say anything."

"They won't say as we're gettin' younger, will they?"

"I wish everybody'd keep their tongues to theirselves."

"Yer might as well wish the rooks down at Thistlewood wouldn't caw," replied Mrs. Smithson, with a laugh.

"Nobody knows how I've been talked about this blessed summer," and Mrs. Prickett looked sadly resigned to the enviable misfortune of her fame; "some on 'em's got it out that I'm his mother; but I'm sure, whenever the old squire looked at me at church, I never gave him no 'couragement."

"Lor, Mrs. Prickett!"

Mrs. Smithson would have liked to indulge in a good laugh at her neighbour's vanity. It was so funny to hear this little old woman pluming herself upon having successfully and virtuously kept her eyes right during the hours of divine service. But the hostess, good and easy-tempered as she was, had, above all, a reputation as a woman of business. And just now her business was to marry Clara to Will. Indeed, this project was in some measure the unacknowledged substratum of the present entertainment. Therefore Mrs. Smithson was not sorry that her guest had at length brought Will into the conversation.

"He would never ha' been up at the Court but for you, mum," she said.

"That he wouldn't," replied Mrs. Prickett, her tone falling to a whimper, and passing into a hysterical fit of crying.

Mrs. Smithson tried soothing monosyllables, and stirring up a fresh cup of tea, put it to Mrs. Prickett's lips. But it was all unavailing to stop her lamentations.

"And he met me t'other day," she sobbed, seeming to make an involuntary confession. "He was a ridin', and he ses, 'Well, Mother Prickett,' as if I wasn't no more to him 'an any other 'oman. You might ha' knocked me down with a feather, Mrs. Smithson. I was that hurt that I didn't rightly know what I did, and I ses, 'Mister William, you didn't always used to call me Mother Prickett.' And he laughed, mum; yes, mum, he did," groaned the poor woman, "and he looked down at me.

'You wern't at any expense about that lawyer,' he ses. 'But here,' he ses, and he put his hand in his pocket and took out a fi-pun note, 'take this ere, and that'll square up everything.' 'Will it?' I ses, quite quiet, but I felt my heart give a great thump as if it was goin' to break. 'Will it?' I ses again, for he didn't make no answer, but set looking fust pale and then red and angry. 'If it was money I was wantin', I think I might ha' done better than that.' And then I got away into the fields, where he couldn't foller me, but," and now there came a fresh burst of grief, "I could hear him a-cus-sing and swear-ing after me—me as had brought him up amost by 'and. The money will be a curse to him. He used to be free, and now he's as 'ard—"

Mrs. Smithson's kind heart, which must have been large, if it was in keeping with her outward proportions, was deeply moved by the sorrow and the severe disappointment of her neighbour, and her sympathetic looks seemed to reassure and comfort Mrs. Prickett.

But Clara listened with a pale face and a deepening anger, which she seemed to be restraining from expression by biting her lip.

When Mrs. Prickett had gone her aunt was evidently disposed to lighten the effect of Will's ingratitude in Clara's mind. No doubt Mrs. Smithson thought that her guest had exaggerated, or perhaps that her manner to Will had been offensive and presuming. However this may be, certainly the genuine anger Mrs. Smithson felt on hearing of Mrs. Prickett's trouble had given place in a great degree to her cherished idea of seeing Clara married to Will.

"Not believe it all, aunt? I believe every word of it. He'd strike her to-morrow, if she were to say a little more."

"For shame, Clara!"

"I know him, aunt. He wasn't such a bad fellow till he got rich. He had a master then; now he wants for nothing, and has no master."

"What a girl you are!"

"A collar round his neck, and a chain, and a good whipping now and then—he would be as good as ever he was, and that was pretty bad."

"Lor, Clara, how you do talk! You'll scare all the men away from you if you talk in that way. He wants a wife, a good wife, as would stand by her word, as I did with my poor old Tom. That's what he wants."

Her niece quite comprehended Mrs. Smithson's views for her advantage with regard to Will.

"I think so too, aunt; but it must be one

that could put the collar on and keep it there."

Mrs. Smithson was quite surprised to find Clara assenting, even though with this singular qualification, to her notion of Will's requirements.

"I don't think he was so bad, Clara. He was always very civil-spoken. He never had a score against him, leastways not over the week end; and no man could be more persevering than he was in payin' his addresses to you."

"He hasn't paid many lately, aunt," said Clara, with a malicious smile.

"And more shame for him. It's been a trouble to me, Clara. I was frightened it would set you a frettin'."

"I don't fret, aunt," and Clara smiled with quiet contempt. "But, you dear old aunt, what would you think of the dog that went and bought a collar and a chain and a whip, and then brought them all to you, and told you to put on the collar, to fasten the chain, and to whip him when you pleased? He wouldn't be like the dog in the manger, would he, you dear old creature?"

"Well, but you can't go to him yourself," said Mrs. Smithson, surprised out of her sense of propriety for a moment by Clara's extraordinary mode of putting the case.

Clara's back was turned to her aunt. She was standing before the fire in an easy attitude, her arms lightly resting on the chimney-piece, and one foot on the fender, her eyes looking down into the burning coals.

"I might, perhaps."

"You wouldn't bemean yourself!" exclaimed Mrs. Smithson.

"Oh! don't be afraid, aunt. I only meant that I might ask him to marry me, perhaps."

"What! ask a man to marry you! Why, I wouldn't have a girl o' mine ask the Prince o' Wales—there!"

"If I do ask him, he will, aunt." Clara had scarcely heard her aunt's explosions. She seemed to be thoughtfully following her own reflections, and the fire-light showed no trace of emotion upon her face, only a settling purpose and a firm, steady will.

Mrs. Smithson could say nothing more. She seemed to be gaining her purpose; but then Clara's talk had been very shameless—at least, so it seemed to her. When she bade her niece "good-night" and kissed her, Clara said, "You aint angry, aunt?" and she had said, "No, my dear," but in a tone in which she couldn't avoid conveying the impression that she was rather shocked than pleased by the turn affairs had taken. With all Mrs. Smithson's free-spoken heathenism, as Mr. Fipps would have been disposed to call her

manner if he had been given to any other than the most common and professional forms of speech, Mrs. Smithson was dismayed by Clara's language not less than by the manner in which she had spoken. It was her great happiness to believe that Clara was a real lady, and her ambitious designs upon Will were in no way selfish. She thought that, as mistress of Hever Court, Clara would be in her right place, in a place much more fit for her than the parlour of the White Horse. But though she had heard much talk of ladies, yet she had an uncomfortable presentiment that real ladies didn't speak as Clara had spoken, and the consequence was that she went to bed very uncomfortable.

And Clara sat in her own room, furnished and arranged with an elegance, simple, yet in perfect good taste, such as no mere passer-by would have supposed could have been found in any apartment of this wayside inn. Her hair was unloosed, hanging low on her bare shoulders. Every other moment the brush she was using would drop in her hand, and her face assumed the look of deep settled thought it had worn while she gazed into the firelight below.

"He said he loved her with all his heart," she murmured. "Why do I love him still? I don't; I hate him—I hate her. When I heard him say that, I felt as if I could have killed him. And then I made up my mind to marry Will." Her eyes grew more lustreously beautiful with the lurid light of revenge and triumph, for she saw herself mistress in the house of which Edward had been dispossessed, and to which he had longed to lead Lucy as his wife.

CHAPTER XVII. CLARA TAKES A WALK TO HER ADVANTAGE.

BUT although Clara, influenced by revenge and ambition, had determined to make herself Will's wife, she knew that her end was not easy to accomplish. He could now command the society of other women not less beautiful than herself, and she knew that already many of the neighbouring gentry had called upon Will and recognised him as the Squire of Bingwell.

Yet for all this she felt certain that the mastery she had once held over him was not, could not, be destroyed. In his very avoidance of her of late, she saw that it still existed in perhaps greater strength than ever. Was it not plain that he knew, as she knew, that if they came together he must surrender? The feeling which she had for Will was not contempt, but she proudly saw her own superiority.

Still there was no time to be lost, or some

wealthier syren would be before her and carry off the prize.

Armed with her showy beauty, set off to the greatest advantage by all the little resources of her toilette, producing a very charming result, she took solitary walks in the pretty, quiet lanes around the village, hoping and expecting to meet Will, who was frequently riding about his estate.

Fortune favoured her during the third of these artless expeditions. She was sauntering in a lane, long, but full of turnings, when she heard a firm footstep behind, and Will's voice angrily calling a dog from the adjoining wood.

Her heart seemed to flutter with excitement. It had been easier to form her resolve than now actually to set herself to her purpose. Should she turn and fix him? No. He might not have seen her when he called the dog, but now he must know that she had heard his voice, and if he wished to do so, would be ashamed to turn back. Besides, had he not to be pardoned for his recent neglect?

Ah, the magnet had not lost its power! She heard him drawing nearer and nearer, evidently intent upon overtaking her. Now for all the power of her beauty, now for the exquisite delight of revenge and triumph.

"Why do you walk so fast, Clara?"

She turned round, blushed, and took his out-stretched hand.

Clara could not but notice the improvement in Will's appearance. It is true his face looked less healthy and his eyes less bright, and they were bloodshot. But his rich brown velvet shooting-jacket and general dress was that of a gentleman, set off with two or three costly and massive articles of jewellery. He was always cleanly shaved, instead of as formerly but now and then; and his face was handsome but for a look of coarse and determined self-indulgence which it always wore. His thoughts on seeing Clara had been just as she had supposed. He had wished to escape from her, and yet he felt an irresistible attraction towards her. She was not walking fast, and he had never called her Clara before.

"Oh! Mr. Frankland, is it you? But I must ask you to remember that I am commonly called Miss Smithson."

The gentlest possible expression of injured innocence mingled with Clara's blushes.

"I thought—you know—such old friends," blustered Will, with confusion.

"You didn't call me Clara when we were old friends."

Will couldn't say that he trusted his wealth had given him the right to this familiarity. Yet he knew this to be the truth. He had been half afraid to approach Clara, yet he

never thought when he did so he should find her as inaccessible as in the old days. It seemed to him to have happened just as he expected. Here he was walking beside her, feeling her beauty in every vein, and yet he, Squire of Bingwell, master of Hever Court and of all the land around them, was stammering his excuses like a naughty boy at the national school.

"Ain't we old friends still?" asked Will, with sudden despondency.

"It is not for a poor girl like me to say. I thought not, as you kept away from our house."

"Hah, haw,"—Will was regaining himself with the help of her demure humility—"I've had a lot of things to do. There's Lord Nantwich wants me to come and stay with him, and Lady Dunman always running after me, and—lots o' things, you know."

"And you like the great people," she said, with scorn, her eyes flashing for the first time upon him.

"I'm hanged if I do! They look at you as if you weren't made in the same way that they are, and everything you do is wrong; you can't talk right, nor walk right, nor eat right,—do nothing only spend your money right. They don't complain of you about that."

He was really very proud of his new friends, and quite intended to make Clara feel the importance they gave him; but she had surprised and startled him into an honest expression of his real sentiments regarding them.

"And none of them are half as handsome as you are, Clara." She allowed the familiarity to pass this time unnoticed; for he spoke in passionate disregard of propriety, and, besides, he made her a very acceptable compliment.

"You are learning their ways, I see," said Clara, laughing; "you say things you don't mean."

"No, that I don't: I should like to see you turned in with 'em. I say," he continued, "will you come out with the hounds to-morrow? I'll give you the best lady's mount I've got in the stables."

"I couldn't do that." But her voice implied that she wished she could, only that it would be so outrageously improper.

"Oh, bother! I s'pose I may come down to the White Horse?"

"Aunt will be very glad to see you, I dare say."

"And won't you—oh, Clara?"

"Well, yes, I shall too."

She held out her hand at parting with a most bewitching smile. It was too much for Will. He caught her quickly by the waist,

and drawing her to him in his strong arms, kissed her with all the *aplomb* of an accepted lover before she could express her surprise or resentment.

Then, blushing and indignant, she said, "he had forgotten himself," and he, only anxious to commit his sin a second time, declared "he hadn't, and would she meet him again?"

"I'm always at home," said Clara, demurely, her eyes fixed on the ground.

But Will urged his fear of Mrs. Smithson, the pleasure of the open air, and, in his selfishness, "what people would say?" Clara saw how little thought he had for her honour or good name; but she felt that she could be the sufficient guardian of these.

"Do say you'll come to-morrow week," pleaded Will. "I've promised Lord Nantwich I'll spend this week at Dropton, and I must go."

Clara consented to meet him in the same place next week, if he would promise to behave himself; and, on the whole, she saw no reason to be displeased with all that had taken place.

(To be continued.)

GREEN THINGS GROWING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

I.

Oh! the green things growing! the green things growing!

The fresh sweet smell of the green things growing!
I would like to live, whether I laugh or grieve,
To watch the happy life of the green things growing.

II.

Oh! the fluttering and pattering of the green things growing!

Talking each to each when no man's knowing:
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight,
Or the grey dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

III.

I love, I love them so, the green things growing!
And I think that they love me without false showing;
For by many a tender touch they comfort me so much,
With the mute, mute comfort of green things growing.

IV.

And in the full wealth of their blossoms' glowing,
Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing;
Ah! I should like to see, if God's will it might be,
Many, many a summer of my green things growing.

V.

But if I must be gathered for the angels' sowing—
Sleep out of sight awhile—like the green things growing;
Though earth to earth return, I think I shall not mourn,
If I may change into green things growing.

D. M. C.

THE RISE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

PART I.

THE famous artists of the Continent almost invariably organise schools of art, converting their studios into miniature academies, surrounding themselves with pupils and disciples who sit at their feet, listen to their teaching, assist them by painting for them the less important portions of their works, adopt their processes, and follow their styles of drawing and colouring. There is something to be said for the system. It is an advantage to the young student to be constantly brought into contact with a real master of the art; to have the opportunity of working under his supervision, and, on the other hand, of watching him at his labours, and of witnessing the birth, growth, and completion of his best pictures. The main objection to the plan is that it may develop merely imitative ability rather than stimulate genuine originality; that it inclines the student to follow too scrupulously a beaten track rather than strike out a fresh pathway for himself. He may reproduce the virtues of his exemplar's art, but he will certainly copy its vices as well. And then the difficult question arises: when is he to assert his independence? At what period in his career is he to cease leaning on his teacher and to pursue his own devices unaided and alone? He may have tied his leading strings so tightly about him that liberty of thought and action has become almost impossible to him, and the free use of his limbs, so to speak, has gone from him. It is quite true that the artist should be a student all his life; but then he should be a student of art generally, not of any one professor of art in particular, or he will be simply the pupil of a great master to the end of the chapter, never a great master himself.

Objection to a system of instruction that may tend to perpetuate mannerism, to cramp originality, and fetter genius, has of late years led to considerable opposition to art-academies generally, whenever more is contemplated by them than the mere school-teaching of the pupil and the affording him assistance at the outset of his professional life. Haydon was fond of declaring "that academies all over Europe were signals of distress thrown out to stop the decay of art," but that they had failed egregiously, and rather hastened the result they had intended to hinder. Fuseli asserted that "all schools of painters, whether public or private, supported by patronage or individual contribution, were and are symptoms of art in distress, monuments of public dereliction and decay of taste." He proceeded afterwards to

defend such schools, however, as the asylum of the student, the theatre of his exercises, the repositories of the materials, the archives of art, whose principles their officers were bound to maintain, and for the preservation of which they were responsible to posterity, &c. Dr. Waagen was of opinion that the academic system gave an artificial elevation to mediocrity; that it deadened natural talent, and introduced into the freedom of art an unsalutary degree of authority and interference. The late Horace Vernet entertained similar views, recommending the suppression of the French Academy at Rome. M. Say (the Adam Smith of France) held that all academies were in truth hostile to the fine arts; and a report of a committee of the English House of Commons (1836) went far in the same direction, venturing to predict the probability "that the principle of free competition in art as in commerce would ultimately triumph over all artificial institutions," and that "governments might at some future period content themselves with holding out prizes or commissions to the different but co-equal societies of artists, and refuse the dangerous gift of pre-eminence to any."

In England the school of the individual great artist upon the continental plan seems to have had no counterpart. Favourite portrait-painters have, now and then, employed a staff of subordinates to paint the draperies and fill in the backgrounds of their works, but the persons thus employed have been mechanicians rather than artists. Northcote was the pupil of Reynolds, and Harlowe was taught by Lawrence; but in neither case was there much attempt at maintaining a school of manner as it would be understood out of England. The works of Northcote and Harlowe contain traces of teaching of their preceptors little more than do the productions of their contemporaries, and they certainly bequeathed no distinct traditions of style to their successors. In England the foundation of a national academy, or of an institution in any measure manifesting the characteristics of a national academy, took place long subsequent to the rise of the foreign academies. And the English Royal Academy, as at present constituted, cannot be said to occupy a position analogous to that of foreign academies. As was expressed in the report of the Parliamentary Committee of 1836: "It is not a public national institution like the French Academy, since it lives by exhibition and takes money at the door, yet it possesses many of the privileges of a public body without bearing the direct burthen of public responsibility." Or, as was succinctly explained by Mr. Westmacott, himself an academician,

before the commissioners appointed in 1863 to inquire into the position of the Royal Academy: "When we wish not to be interfered with we are private, when we want anything of the public we are public;" and then he goes on to say: "The Academy is distinctly a private institution, and, admitting it is not perfect, doing great public good all for nothing," i.e., without charge. Mr. Westmacott was unconsciously pleading guilty to Haydon's accusation that "the academicians constituted in truth a private society, which they always put forward when you wish to examine them, and they always proclaim themselves a public society when they want to benefit by any public vote."

For long years the sentiment had prevailed in England that art was no affair of the state, had no sort of interest for the governing power of the country, or indeed for the general public; and it was, of course, left to those persons to whom an academy of art was in any way a matter of necessity or importance, to found such an institution for themselves. Certainly the encouragement given to the painter during the first half of the eighteenth century was insignificant enough. He was viewed much as the astrologer or the alchemist; his proceedings, the world argued, were sufficiently foolish and futile, but still harmless; he was not particularly in anybody's way, and therefore it was not worth anybody's while to molest or displace him. But as for patronising, or valuing, or rewarding him, turning upon him the light of the royal countenance, or cheering him with popular applause, those were quite other matters. King, and court, and people had vastly different things to think about. He was just suffered: not succoured in any way. He must get on as well as he could, educating, improving, helping himself. As for aid from the state, that was absolutely out of the question.

For the benefit of his brother artists and of himself, therefore, Sir Godfrey Kneller, who had lived in happier times, so far as art was concerned—for the Stuarts had some love for poetry and painting, though the Hanoverian sovereigns had not—instituted a private drawing academy in London in the year 1711. Of this academy, Vertue, who collected the materials for the "Anecdotes of Painting" which Walpole digested and published, was one of the first members, studying there some years, and it was probably of this institution that Hogarth wrote in 1760, describing it as founded by some gentlemen painters of the first rank, who, in imitation of the Academy of France, introduced certain forms and solemnities into their proceedings which were

objectionable to several members, and led to divisions and jealousies in the general body. Finally, the president, and his followers finding themselves caricatured and opposed, locked out their opponents and closed the academy.

Sir James Thornhill, who had headed the most important of the parties into which the institution had become divided, and who held the appointment of historical painter to George I., then submitted to the Government of the day a plan for the foundation of a royal academy which should encourage and educate the young artists of England. He proposed that a suitable building, with apartments for resident professors, should be erected at the upper end of the King's Mews, Charing Cross. The cost of carrying out this plan was estimated at little more than three thousand pounds; but although Lord Treasurer Halifax gave his support, the Government negatived the proposition, and declined to find the necessary means.

Sir James, not altogether daunted by his ill-success, determined to do what he could on his own responsibility, and without aid from the Treasury. He opened a drawing academy, therefore, at his house in James Street, Covent Garden, on the east side, where, as a writer in 1804 describes the situation, "the back offices and painting-room abutted upon Langford's (then Cock's) Auction Room in the Piazza," and gave tickets to all who desired admission. It is to be feared that Sir James's generosity was somewhat abused. Certain it is that dissensions arose in his academy as in Kneller's; that one Vandrebanks headed an opposition party, and at length withdrew with his adherents to found a rival school. According to Hogarth, "he converted an old meeting-house into an academy, and introduced a female figure to make it more inviting to subscribers." But this establishment did not last long, the subscriptions were not forthcoming, and the fittings and furniture of the school were seized for debt. Upon the death of Sir James, in 1734, his academy was also closed.

But a school had now become indispensably necessary to the artists of the day. After a time they forgot their differences, and again united. Hogarth had become possessed of his father-in-law Sir James Thornhill's furniture, which he was willing to lend to an association of artists founding a new school; a subscription was accordingly arranged, and a room "large enough to admit of thirty or forty persons drawing after a naked figure," was hired in the house of Mr. Hyde, a painter in Greyhound Court, Arundel Street, Strand. Hogarth, attributing the failure of preceding academies to an assumption of superior authority on the part of members whose sub-

scriptions were of largest amount, proposed that all members should equally contribute to the maintenance of the establishment, and should possess equal rights of voting on all questions relative to its affairs. For many years this academy, which in 1738 removed to more convenient premises in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane, existed in a most satisfactory manner. To this school of Hogarth's, as we may fairly consider it, the majority of the English painters of the reign of George II. and the early part of George III., owed much of their art-education. Perhaps the success of the school was due in great part to the discretion and good management of the artist who had been nominated its chief instructor: George Michael Moser, a gold and silver chaser, enameller and modeller, Swiss by birth. Something also to it owed its unpretentious yet practical and utilitarian character. The artists were bound together by mutual convenience; their school, conferring no degrees, aiming at no distinction, was of equal advantage to all. It was strictly a private institution, in no way attracting to itself public notice or asking for aid from the public purse.

In 1734 there had been founded in England the Dilettanti Society, composed of noblemen and gentlemen who had travelled abroad, and professed a taste for the fine arts. In 1749, this society found itself rich and influential enough to contemplate the establishment of an academy of art, and even took steps to obtain a site on the south side of Cavendish Square, and to purchase Portland stone for the erection there of a building adapted to the purpose, on the plan of the Temple at Pola. The society then put itself in correspondence with the School of Painters in St. Martin's Lane, asking for co-operation and assistance in the carrying out of the project. The painters, however, according to Sir Robert Strange's account of the transaction, held back: they objected to aid in the formation of an academy of art which was not to be under the absolute rule and government of artists. Thereupon the Dilettanti Society declined to find funds for the foundation of an institute over which, when completed, they were to possess no influence whatever, in the management of which they were to be absolutely without voice; and the negotiation was accordingly brought to an abrupt conclusion. (We may note here that, curiously enough, the Royal Commission of 1863 proposed, in some degree, a reversion to this abortive project, and recommended the introduction of a lay element into the governing body of the present Royal Academy.)

The proposal of the Dilettanti Society, though rejected, seems yet, after the lapse of

a few years, to have tempted the painters in St. Martin's Lane to enlarge the boundaries of their institution. In 1753 they fancied the time had come when, with the support of the general body of artists in England, an effort might be made to found a national academy. A circular was addressed to all the well-known artists by Francis Milner Newton, the secretary of the school in St. Martin's Lane, calling their attention to a scheme for establishing a public academy of painting, sculpture and architecture, for erecting a suitable building, receiving subscriptions, appointing professors, making regulations for the instruction of students, &c. The circular concluded by requesting attendance at a meeting to be held at the Turk's Head, in Gerard Street, Soho, when the election of thirteen painters, three sculptors, one chaser, two engravers, and two architects, in all twenty-one, for the purposes of the academy, would be proceeded with. But this scheme met with little support, and was abandoned. Its projectors, defeated and ridiculed—the subjects of several caricatures of the period—had to fall back again among their fellow-artists, probably with little advantage to the harmony of the general body.

Yet the plan of an academy, though it had met with very inconsiderable encouragement, was not suffered to die out absolutely; somehow the thing took root, and even grew, in a measure, making no very great sign of vitality however. But it produced a pamphlet now and then—found unexpected advocates here and there, dragged on a sickly, invalid sort of existence. In 1755, a committee of artists resumed the idea, but this time they appealed to the sympathies of the general public, proposing to raise an academy as charitable institutions are established, by aid of popular benevolence, and to apply for a charter of incorporation from the Crown, the terms of the charter being formally drawn up, and even published. The prospectus made handsome mention of the pecuniary assistance which had been some time before proffered by the Dilettanti Society; whereupon the Society renewed its promise of support, and reopened negotiations with the committee of artists. But difficulties again arose. Sir Robert Strange, who attended the meetings of the parties, found on the part of the Dilettanti Society "that generosity and benevolence which are peculiar to true greatness;" but on the side of the majority of the artists, he regretted to observe "motives apparently limited to their own views and ambition to govern." Again the negotiation was broken off, the project went to pieces, and now the hope of establishing a national academy in England seemed in its worst plight—hopeless—gone down below zero.

In 1757, Hogarth, on the resignation of his brother-in-law, Mr. Thornhill, was appointed, in the sixtieth year of his age, painter to the king. Hogarth, it may be noted, had always opposed the attempt to found an academy. He supported the plan of an art-school, deeming such an institution of practical value to the painter. But he appears to have thought that an academy would only multiply portrait painters, of whom there was quite a sufficiency, would not create a demand for works of real art-value, or improve the taste of patrons in that respect. In 1758, Hogarth's idea of an art-school met with unexpected support in the opening of the Duke of Richmond's Gallery of Casts and Statues at Whitehall. Invitation to students was given by public advertisements. For a time Cipriani gave instruction in the gallery, and it is recorded that the result was a purer taste among British artists in the drawing of the human figure than they had previously displayed.

And now help was to come to the plan of an academy from a most unexpected source in a most accidental way. In the reign of George II., if little was done for art and artists, great interest was displayed in works of public benevolence. From that period dates the rise of very many national hospitals and charitable institutions of various kinds. Among others, the London Foundling Hospital, which was incorporated in 1739, and received especial favour and support from the legislature and the public. To the sympathy with the objects of this charity displayed by the artists, are attributable the first recognition of them by the nation as a community meriting regard and assistance, and ultimately the rise and progress of an academy of art in England.

In 1740, when Handel came forward to aid the funds of the charity by the performance of his oratorios, Hogarth presented to the governors of the institution his famous portrait of Captain Coram, and designed an emblematical decoration to be placed over the chief entrance of the hospital, then in Hatton Garden. In 1745, the west wing of the present edifice in Guilford Street being completed, other artists followed Hogarth's example, and presented, or promised to present, to the hospital specimens of their art. In 1746, the grateful court of the charity elected its artist-benefactors—Hayman, Hudson, Allan Ramsay, Lambert (the scene-painter), Wilson, Moser, Pine, Hogarth, and Rysbrack (the sculptor), among them—to be governors, with leave to dine at the hospital, at their own expense, on the 5th of November in each year, to commemorate the landing of King William III., and "to consider what further

ornaments might be added to the building without expense to the charity." For many years the artists availed themselves of this opportunity—met, dined, drank claret and punch, and discussed professional affairs to their hearts' content.

The Foundling had become quite a pet charity with Parliament and people. It was assisted by donations from the crown and grants from government; while voluntary contributions from the public flowed liberally into its treasury. From 1756 to 1760 nearly 15,000 children were received into the asylum. The open, uninquiring system, still existing on the Continent, then prevailed. A basket hung at the gate, in which to deposit the child, on whose behalf the aid of the institution was to be invoked; a bell was then rung to give notice to the officers of the establishment, and the foundling was forthwith received and provided for. The hospital became the resort and rendezvous of all classes. The public seemed never to weary of watching over and visiting its *protégés*, and the donations of the artists which adorned the walls of the hospital, were greatly admired and talked about, and soon became of themselves a decided source of attraction. The nation began to appreciate the fact that it possessed some really excellent English painters, and the painters made the discovery that there existed a large public interested in them and in their doings, and prepared to give favour and support to an exhibition of works of art.

In November, 1759, a meeting was held at the Turk's Head, Gerard Street, Soho, which seems to have been a sort of house of call for artists, as well as for literary men,* when it was resolved that once in every year, at a place to be appointed by a committee, chosen annually, for carrying the design into execution, there should be held an exhibition of the performances of painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, chasers, seal-cutters, and medallists, the profits to be expended in charity—"towards the support of those artists whose age and infirmities, or other lawful hindrances, prevent them from being any longer candidates for fame;" and the charge for admittance to be one shilling each person. A committee of sixteen was chosen, consisting of six painters, two sculptors, two architects, two engravers, one seal-cutter, one chaser, one medallist, and the secretary, to which office Mr. Francis William Newton was appointed, to carry out the views of the meeting.

Application was then made to the Society

* It was at the Turk's Head that were held the meetings of the famous LITERARY CLUB, founded by Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Dr. Nugent, Beauclerk, Langton, Goldsmith, Mr. Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins were the other original members.

of Arts, which had been established five years previously by Mr. Shipley, of Northampton (brother of the bishop of St. Asaph), to permit the use of its rooms, then in the Strand, opposite Beaufort Buildings, for the purposes of the proposed exhibition. The society gave its consent, deciding that the period of exhibition should be from the 21st of April to the 8th of May, and only objecting to the proposal that money should be taken at the doors for admission. This objection was removed by admitting the public gratis, and charging sixpence for the catalogue of the works of art on view. Sixty-nine artists sent works to the exhibition. The number of works exhibited was 130. The Society's rooms were crowded to inconvenience; the exhibition was a great success. There was a sale of 6582 catalogues; the proceeds enabling the committee to defray all expenses, to purchase £100 consols, and to retain a small balance in hand. No record was kept of the number of visitors to the exhibition, the purchase of catalogues was not obligatory, so the amount sold is hardly a clue to the number of visitors. Many doubtless dispensed with catalogues altogether, and many borrowed from their friends. But the results of the exhibition satisfied its warmest well-wishers.

There was but one drawback to the general satisfaction. The Society of Arts conceived itself at liberty to exhibit among the other works the drawings of certain of its students, whose industry and merit had entitled them to gold medals and other rewards. The untutored public, misled by the talk about prizes, persisted in regarding these juvenile essays as the works judged by the *cognoscenti* to be the most meritorious of the whole exhibition, and rendered them the homage of extraordinary attention and admiration accordingly. Mature professors of art had to endure the mortification of finding their best productions passed over by the unskilful multitude, and the highest praises awarded to mere beginners. The newspapers of the day—newspapers have never been very learned in art matters—fell into the same delusion, and in their notices of the exhibition, paid attention only to these most over-rated prizeholders.

But, altogether, the artists had good cause to be satisfied. They had held the first exhibition of works of art in England, and the exhibition had thoroughly succeeded. They had opened up a new source of profit to themselves in the display of their productions. They had obtained from the general public recognition of themselves and their profession. The Crown might be negligent of them, the state might be apathetic as to affairs of art, aristocratic patrons might be led astray by the *ignis*

fatuus of love of the old masters, by the fashionable taste for antiquities; but here was "the million" on the side of its artist-compatriots; the voice of the nation had declared itself in favour of the nation's art. Really there seemed at last to be hope, if not something more, for the English painter, and the long-looked-for English academy appeared fairly discernible on the horizon. DUTTON COOK.

BLUE-STOCKINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—To some of us who are given to running "through the shadowy past," it is curious to observe how rapidly error contrives to insinuate itself into events and things of comparatively quite recent date. Mr. Dutton Cook is so accurate, as well as so agreeable a writer, that I should hardly have expected to find him making the mistake* of describing Lord Byron's Poem ("The Blues") as having appeared in "Leigh Hunt's Newspaper," which was "The Examiner," when its first appearance really was in "The Liberal," not a newspaper, but a periodical, of which four numbers, forming two octavo volumes, were published. Your correspondent, "L," in ONCE A WEEK, for January 12,† complicates the error by speaking of the poem as published in "Leigh Hunt's Journal," a distinct publication from either the "Examiner" or the "Liberal." Leigh Hunt's Poem, "Blue Stocking Revels," originally appeared in "The Monthly Repository," and has since been included in the "Poetical Works" of the Author, edited by his son, Mr. Thornton Hunt. "L," accurately quotes the four lines relating to Miss Montagu, but he makes a strange misrepresentation when he states that the Muses are described in the poem "as sitting on inverted flower-pots on Mount Parnassus." A reference to the volumes I have quoted will show that the subject is treated in a far more graceful and poetical spirit than such a description would suggest.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
Northampton. G. J. DE WILDE.

EASTER EGGS.

MOST things in this world have their poetical as well as their material side. What can be more commonplace than an egg? But in the French language it claims an entire cookery-book to itself, and enters into the simplest as well as into the most *recherché* of cuisines? It accompanies the poor man's homely rasher, and furnishes the Parisian exquisite with his *omelette soufflée* at the Trois Frères.

Yet the egg in all ages and in every country has been the subject of poetical myths and legends. The ancient Fins believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Vaimainou, who hatched it in his bosom. He let it fall into the water and it broke; the lower portion of the shell formed the earth, the upper the sky, the liquid white became the sun, and the yolk the moon; while the little fragments of broken shell were changed into stars. English and Irish nurses instruct

* See Vol. II., New Series, p. 582.

† See p. 56.

children when they have eaten a boiled egg always to push the spoon through the bottom of the shell in order "to hinder the witches from making a boat of it." In France a similar custom prevails, but the reason assigned for it is that magicians formerly used the egg for their diabolical witcheries. They emptied it adroitly, and traced on the interior cabalistic characters, able to cause much evil. The faithful were therefore instructed to break at the same time the shell and the spell.

It is difficult to ascertain the precise origin of the graceful custom, so universal in France and Germany, and more or less prevalent throughout the world, of offering eggs at the festival of Easter. The Persians give each other eggs at the new year, the Russians and the Jews at the festival of Easter. Amongst the Romans the year commenced at Easter, as it did amongst the Franks under the Capets. Mutual presents were bestowed; and as the egg is the emblem of the beginning of all things, nothing better could be found as an offering. The symbolic meaning is striking; eggs are the germ of fecundity and abundance; and we wish our friends all the blessings contained within the slender shell when we offer this gift, whose fragility represents that of happiness here below.

The Romans commenced their repasts with an egg, whence the proverbial phrase, *ab ovo usque ad mala*; and we still say, to express going back to the very commencement, beginning *ab ovo*.

In Christian countries, from the fourth century, the Church prohibited the use of eggs during the forty days of Lent; but as the heretical hens did not cease to lay, a large quantity of eggs were found to have accumulated at the end of the period of abstinence. These were usually given to the children, and in order to render them more attractive, they were dyed with gay colours or otherwise ornamented. A favourite game was to knock two eggs together, and whichever broke became the property of him who held the other. Of course this would not profit much if the eggs were in a fluid state, and thence came the custom of boiling them hard.

In some remote districts of France, it is still customary for the priest of the parish to go round to each house at Easter and bestow on it his blessing. In return he receives eggs, both plain and painted. In these same regions a belief still lingers that during Passion-week the bells of the churches set out for Rome in order to get themselves blessed by the Pope. During this period of mourning the bells are sad and mute in their belfry, and the peasants firmly believe that they have started on their pious pilgrimage, and will re-

turn to send forth a joyous peal on the morning of the Resurrection. People do not come back from so long a journey without bringing presents to good children. The joy-bells then always came first, and bore with them various beautiful playthings. The death-bells came last and brought nothing. Easter then was like a second New Year's-day. The peasant bestowed on his child an egg dyed with scarlet, like the cloak of a Roman cardinal, and supposed to come from Rome.

On Easter morning, at the sound of the rejoicing bells, fair angels with azure wings were believed to descend from heaven, bearing baskets of eggs, which they deposited in the houses of the faithful. Sometimes, however, it happened that the evil one slipped in an accursed egg amongst those which came from heaven. An ancient legend of central France is founded on this belief:—

Long ago there lived in a village a widow and her daughter. Jeanne, so was the young girl named, was as good as she was beautiful. The poor blessed her, for she used to pass her time in visiting their hovels and relieving their distress. She had many suitors, but her mother shrank from parting with her only child, and put them off. "One year more," she said, "and Jeanne shall choose a husband."

On Easter morning, when returning from mass, Jeanne met an old beggar-woman whom no one in the village knew, and who implored her charity. The young girl bestowed her alms, and the stranger, whose face was concealed by a ragged hood, as she received it, said with a husky voice,—

"Beautiful damsel, do not disdain the gift of a poor beggar. Take this egg, and before this day twelve months a young and handsome noble will ask for you in marriage. You will become a great lady. It is written in the book of fate. On your wedding-day break this egg; it contains a nuptial present."

So saying, she gave her a large egg of a brilliant scarlet hue. Jeanne took it, laughing at the prediction, and placed it in a casket. To her mother she spoke not of it; but visions of ambition, of pleasure, and of luxury, hitherto unknown to her pure and simple mind, floated before her, and troubled her occupations by day and her slumbers by night.

Near the village rose the towers of an ancient castle which had not been inhabited within the memory of man. One day a gentleman arrived, proclaiming himself the heir of the ancient lords, and he caused the castle to be restored and furnished with luxury. Numerous visitors arrived, and gay feasts, balls and hunting-parties succeeded each other without intermission. The lord of

the castle called himself Sire Robert de Volpiac. One day he chanced to see Jeanne, her beauty struck him, he sought an interview with her mother, and asked her in marriage. The widow at first was inclined to refuse, but Jeanne, dazzled by the splendour of the offer, prevailed on her to consent, and an early day was fixed for the marriage.

The union of the "very high and very noble Sire Robert de Volpiac and of Damoiselle Jeanne" was celebrated in the chapel of the castle by a stranger chaplain, and in presence of the bridegroom's friends. A brilliant festival, to which all the neighbours were invited, succeeded. But, amid all the gaiety and splendour which surrounded her, the bride did not forget her Easter egg. She had caused it to be brought in the casket and placed in the nuptial chamber.

The feast was ended; the guests, one by one, had taken their departure, and the young mistress of the castle was conducted into its most magnificent chamber. Midnight sounded from the lofty tower when the bridegroom entered, and, advancing towards Jeanne, was about to embrace her, but she drew back, and said:

"My dear lord, before becoming yours, as I have sworn before the chaplain to be, I would fain know what this egg contains." She then told him its history, and prepared to break it. He stopped her and implored her to wait until the morrow. But Jeanne, without heeding him, seized the egg. It was burning hot, and she hastily let it fall. It broke: an enormous toad sprang out, leaped on the nuptial bed, vomiting flames which set fire to the curtains. The whole castle was speedily in conflagration, every soul within it perished, and the sun rose on a heap of smouldering ruins.

In the picturesque pages of our ancient chronicles may be found the account of the "*mariage aux œufs*" between the beautiful Marguerite of Austria, *gouvernante* of Flanders, and Philibert the Handsome, Duke of Savoy. The royal lady had come on a pilgrimage into the charming district of Bresse, lying on the western slope of the Alps. "Où," says the old chronicler, "*jeune fille pouvait resser moult.*"

The castle of Brou was gay, Marguerite had taken up her abode there, and serfs and nobles alike shared her hospitality. Philibert the Handsome, who was hunting in the neighbourhood, came to the castle in order to render homage to the fair princess of Austria.

It was Easter Monday, high and low danced together on the green. The old men drew their bows on a barrel filled with wine, and when one succeeded in planting his arrow firmly in it, he was privileged to drink as much as he pleased, "*Jusqu'à merci.*"

A hundred eggs were scattered on a level space covered with sand, and a lad and a lass holding each other by the hand came forward to execute a dance of the country. According to the ancient custom, if they succeeded in finishing the "*branle*" without breaking a single egg, they became affianced; even the will of their parents might not avail to break their union. Three couples had already tried it unsuccessfully, and shouts of laughter derided their failure, when the sound of a horn was heard and Philibert of Savoy, radiant with youth and happiness, appeared on the scene. He bent his knee before the noble *châtelaine*, and besought her hospitality. And as the games continued he proposed to his hostess to essay with him the merry dance of eggs. How beautiful they looked as they stepped forward hand in hand! "Savoy and Austria!" shouted the crowd. The dance was finished without the breaking of an egg, and the blushing Marguerite allowed her hand to remain within that of Philibert, as he said,

"Let us adopt the custom of Bresse."

So they were affianced, and their marriage soon took place. A few years of exquisite happiness were their portion, but an untimely death carried off the husband. Marguerite lived long, but never forgot her beloved Philibert. She caused to be built, and in 1511 dedicated to his memory, the beautiful church of Notre Dame of Brou. Within it is his tomb, and there Marguerite, too, rests by the side of her beloved husband. Visitors still admire the magnificent architecture which enshrines the buried love of Marguerite and Philibert.

Formerly at the approach of Easter all the hen-roosts of France were ransacked for the largest eggs, which were brought as a tribute to the king. At the conclusion of the Easter high mass in the chapel of the Louvre, lackeys brought into the royal cabinet pyramids of gilded eggs, placed in baskets adorned with verdure; and the chaplain, after having blessed them, distributed them in the presence of His Most Christian Majesty to all the persons about the court.

The idea of fabricating imitation eggs in sugar and pasteboard is of later origin; but their manufacture has become, both in France and Germany, a source of important traffic. In Paris, especially, that city, as Béranger says, "full of gold and misery," the splendour and luxury of the Easter eggs are almost fabulous. A few years since a Parisian house furnished, destined as a present for an Infanta of Spain, an egg which cost twenty thousand francs (800*l.*) It was formed of white enamel; on its inside was engraved the gospel for

Easter-day; and by an ingenious mechanism a little bird, lodged in this pretty cage, sang twelve airs from as many fashionable operas.

In Germany the tastes of the people are more simple and their means more limited than those of their Gallic neighbours; consequently the cost of an Easter egg, even when most gorgeous with colours and gilding, seldom exceeds two or three gulden. A curious custom prevails amongst them, of which I have in vain sought an explanation: hares are, in the popular belief, transformed for the nonce into oviparous animals, and you see in the pastry-cooks' windows animals of that species as large as life, modelled in sugar, and sitting upright in a nest, surrounded by any quantity of eggs. The fresh, simple-minded German children believe implicitly in this egg-producing power of the hare; and when about Easter time they see one running across a field, they clap their hands and shout after it, "Hare, good little hare, lay plenty of eggs for us on Easter-day!"

It is the custom in German families on Easter-eve to place sugar and real eggs, (the former usually filled with *bonbons* or tiny play-things,) in a nest, and then conceal it in the house or garden, in order that the young ones, who always rise at break of day on that important morning, may have the delight of seeking and finding the hidden treasures. The shouts of innocent, joyous laughter which hail the discovery, are amongst my pleasantest reminiscences of the Fatherland. Happy the little ones who are thus taught to associate joy and pleasure with the deepest mysteries of that religion which amongst us is too often made the harbinger of gloom and restraint.

M. A. HOARE.

LORD AYTHAN.

AYTHAN, or Aëthan, ap Gwaithvoed (the Dominus Aythan of many old records) was a young noble of large possessions lying about midway between the towns of Usk and Abergavenny. The route of Archbishop Baldwyn, when preaching the Crusade of 1188, lay through his territory, and Giraldus Cambrensis, who accompanied the archbishop, relates what appears to have been an incident of the journey when passing Lord Aythan's country. The result of this meeting was the taking of the crosses by the latter, and it is probable that he disposed of most of his possessions that he might join the expedition in a manner befitting his dignity, as many estates in that neighbourhood were long held (till the custom became obsolete) under the nominal payment of a red rose.

I.

Sing, sing, for my lady fair,
For her who can make of a man her slave,
Lifting him here, and throwing him there,
Coaxing and flouting him, gay or grave;
But listen, listen, O lady fair,
I know charms as subtle and deep,

Potions that into the brain can creep,
And make a man act tho' asleep, asleep;
So Lady fair, O Lady fair,
If still your slave at your side you'd keep,
Of the tongue of a Priest beware, beware.

Of stalwart frame, and genial port,
With beard six palms in length.
Old Baldwyn wore a wondrous look
Of candour, love, and strength;

Baldwyn, the good archbishop,
Who, with crosier in his hand,
Is come to preach the new crusade
Through the brave Cambrian land;

'Twas when he of the Lion-heart
Had cast his lions free,
And the great flutter of that flag
Play'd on the eastern sea.

'Twas not through strength of passion,
But of pure and earnest thought,
That life-long changes in an hour
Were by good Baldwyn wrought;

Though there was compass in his tone
And aptness in his words,
The sweetness that enkindles love,
And the force that sharpens swords.

Brigands who met with words of praise
Instead of rope and brand,
Brought in one half their plunder
For the good of Holy Land;

And greater rogues built churches
With part of other's store,
(Thus, they say, churches oft were built
In the good days of yore).

Base metal he could change to gold,
In the pure and noble breast;
By looking in his own he knew
The throb that stirr'd it best.

So, strong and kindly, shrewd and good,
He on his errand sped,
With fourscore summers in his heart,
And winters on his head.

II.

"Now tell me, young Lord Aythan,
Fit mate for a noble band,
Would you not shine in the glorious light
That beams on the Holy Land?"

"Where there's wealth for those who heed it,
Where there's fame for those who care,
And power that only conquerors wield,
And only kings can share."—

"Oh, well you know how willingly
The Holy Cross I'd take,
But I've friends and kin, and I must wait
For friend and kinship's sake."—

Then thought the good archbishop,
Friend, kin—no word of wife;
Yet have I heard that thou dost feel
That touch still nearer life.

Enough—this is true metal,
And it must not melted be
By enervating creature-love,
And fond idolatry.

And with his smile there mingled
One little jet of scorn,
As he prest Lord Aythan's shoulder
On that hopeful sunny morn,

And said, "How good is counsel,
Take it in peace or strife,
Ask it of friends, ask it of kin,
Lord Aythan, ask your wife."—

Lord Aythan reddened suddenly,
And said with fiery look,
"Men do not ask a woman
When man's work is undertook.

"Here on my lands, Lord Bishop,
I kneel before your hand,
And vow the Holy Cross to take,
And sail to the Holy Land."

III.

Meanwhile Giraldus craftily
The lady held in play,
Reading true women at a glance,
Graceful and vain and gay;

With learning deep (as ladies learn)
He talk'd her subjects o'er,
And differ'd but to be convinced
By her profounder lore;

He talk'd of courts, and courtly laws,
What ladies late were wed,
What gallant knights won honour
Who before for her had bled;

Till at length he smiled, and bowing cried,
"Oh, might I stay till night?"
Then laughingly she turn'd to go,
But her lord was out of sight.

And from that day full wearily
Set many a hopeless sun
Ere she heard the news, that for Holy Cross
Such gallant deeds were done.

And that where the fight roll'd farthest
On the shores of Holy Land
One speck of the foam on the topmost wave
Was good Lord Aythan's brand—

Aythan who gave broad manors,
Aythan who granted lands,
Who for the good of Holy Church
Had flung them with both hands.

Three castles of his forefathers'
Now other standards bear,
And but the rent of one red rose
Is left Lord Aythan's heir.

And an old oak shield that many a year
In the church he built * display'd
The saltire and the bezants
That told of the old Crusade.

C. H. WILLIAMS.

THE FIRST OF MERRY ANDREWS.



ND what is a
"Merry Andrew"? Most
of our readers, young
and old, will
scarcely need
to refer to
the pages of

Johnson's Dictionary for
a practical definition—
or, to speak more logically
and correctly, a description—of the individual
to whom the term is applied. The Merry
Andrew, as all the world
knows, was a most conspicuous and necessary
personage in the train of
that once familiar, but
now almost obsolete
character, the mountebank;
one who, even in the days
of our fathers and our
grandfathers, used to frequent
country markets and fairs
and other places of public
resort, to which he called
the gaping crowds of
rural loungers by his
facetious harangues,
de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis; and who,
having exhausted the

list of his country engagements, used to star
it in all his glory in Smithfield in the month
of August, at each recurring celebration of
Bartlemy-tide and the fair of St. Bartholomew.

We find, on referring to "Nares' Glossary," that "the Merry Andrew" is defined
as "A stage clown or fool;" and the Earl of
Rochester alludes to him thus:—

They ne'er had sent to Paris for such fancies,
As monsters' heads and Merry Andrew's dances.
Poems, 1710, p. 56.

"The clown in Shakspeare," say the
commentators, "is commonly taken for a
licensed jester, or domestic fool." The fool
was indeed the inmate of every opulent house,

* The church of Llanarth, Monmouthshire, is said to
have been founded by Aythan; the shield was there till
within these few years past.

but the rural jester, or clown, seems to have been peculiar to the country families. There was in him a premeditated mixture of rusticity and bluntness which heightened the poignancy of his jests. Shakspeare's clowns were deservedly famous for their wit and entertaining qualities, yet they did not escape a sarcasm from a later wit, Cartwright, who probably would have laboured in vain to imitate what he satirised,—

Shakspeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
I' th' lady's questions and the fool's replies;
Old-fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town,
In trunk hose, which our fathers call'd the clown.
—Verses prefaced to *Beaumont and Fletcher*.

In an old play we have this stage direction: "Entreth *Moros*, counterfeiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songs, as fools were wont." ("The Longer thou Livest," &c., pr. 1580.) Shakspeare's fools and clowns abundantly answer to this character, since the foot or burden of many songs, and other fragments of them, are exclusively preserved by these personages, as will be seen by a reference more particularly to "All's Well that Ends Well," "Twelfth Night," and "Lear." His clowns have certainly more wit than fools in general, and sometimes appear to have a little consciousness of their talents.*

In the middle ages there was a custom, almost universally prevalent, of keeping professional fools and jesters in palaces and other great houses. "It was founded upon, or at least was in strict accordance with, a physiological principle, which may be expressed under this formula—the *Utility of Laughter*. Laughter is favourable to digestion, for by it the organs concerned in digestion get exercise, the exercise necessary for the process. And, accordingly, we usually find an ample meal more easily disposed of where merriment is going on, than a light one which has been taken in solitude and under a sombre state of feeling. According to the ideas of modern society, cheerful after-dinner conversation is a sufficient stimulant for the digestive organs. Our forefathers, less refined, went at once to the point, and demanded a fixed and certain means of stirring-up merriment, and perhaps it may be doubted if they were not nearer to a true philosophy of the matter than we are. Anyhow, the fact is, that all through the middle ages men of means and consequence did keep officers for the promotion of laughter in their household, and especially at meals. Such officers were of two kinds: one was an imperfect-witted man, or fool, whose follies were deemed to be amusing; he wore a parti-

coloured dress, including a cowl, which ended in a cock's head, and was winged with a couple of long ears; he, moreover, carried in his hand a stick called his bauble, terminating either in an inflated bladder or some other ludicrous object, to be employed in slapping inadvertent neighbours. The other, called a jester, was a ready-witted, able, and perhaps well-educated man, possessed of those gifts of representing character, telling droll stories, and making pointed remarks, which we have seen giving distinction to a Charles Mathews, and occasionally find in a certain degree in private society. The fool was a very humble person, haunting kitchen and scullery, messing almost with the dogs, and liable, when malapert, to a whipping. The jester was comparatively a companion to the sovereign or noble who engaged his services. The importance of Berbic, 'joculator' to William the Conqueror, is shown by the fact of three towns and five carucates in Gloucestershire having been conferred upon him. The names of Scogan, Will Summers, John Heywood, Pace, Tarleton, and Archie Armstrong, who were 'jesters' to a succession of Tudor and Stuart sovereigns of England, have all been sufficiently notable to be preserved."

In England, those merry serving men, whose success was sometimes rewarded by making them lords of landed estates, were occasionally employed rather for sedative than stimulating purposes. Strutt, in his well known work on "Sports and Pastimes," records that it was not unusual to engage them as story-tellers to kings and princes who required to be gently talked into sleep. This office has expired, but well-qualified candidates for it survive. In our own court, however, it was the more rattling fool who enjoyed the greater share of admiration. He spoke so boldly, when there was need for it, that honest and merry men of note, desirous to serve their royal master, borrowed the liberty, as it were, and told valuable truth under the form of an idle joke.

"With regard to existing jesters officially appointed," says Dr. Doran in a supplementary chapter to the "History of Court Fools," communicated through Chambers' "Book of Days," "there are several who presume so to describe themselves; but of the genuineness or authenticity of whose pretensions much might be said, particularly in an adverse sense.

The Merry Andrew or clown of the present day, then, may be said to be, as it were, lineally descended from the comic actor in the "mysteries" or "miracle plays" of the

* "Nares' Glossary." (Halliwell and Wright, 1859.)

* "Court Fools and Jesters," in Chambers' Book of Days.

twelfth century, who generally bore the name of Lucifer or Beelzebub, and who, assisted by a merry troop of under-devils, with variety of noises, strange gestures, and contortions of the body, excited the laughter of the populace. Vice succeeded as the representative of Beelzebub in the "moralities," which took the place of the "miracle plays," and from that character, upon the introduction of the regular tragedies and comedies, we may trace the descendants of the facetious iniquity in the clowns and fools which so frequently disgraced them. The introduction of this motley character into the most serious parts of one of Shakspeare's plays has given rise to ridicule both by Jonson and Goffe, the latter of whom, in the prelude to the "Careless Shepherdess," where several of the characters are introduced upon the stage as spectators, waiting for the commencement of the performance. One of them says:—

Why, I would have a fool in every act,
B't comedy or tragedy: I've laugh'd
Until I cry'd again, to see what faces
The rogue will make. Oh! it does me good
To see him hold out' chin, hang down his hands,
And twirle his bawble. There is nere a part
About him but breaks jests. I heard a fellow
Once on the stage, cry doodle doodle dooe
Beyond compare; I'de give th'other shilling
To see him act the changeling once again.

But to pass from such dry-as-dust subjects, of interest to antiquaries only, let us endeavour to set before the reader a picture of the man, from whom all subsequent "Merry Andrews" have derived their name, so far as local history and tradition have handed it down to us.

The Merry Andrew is said by Warton ("English Poetry," vol. iii. p. 74) to have been named from the facetious physician Andrew Borde. "'Twas from the doctor's method of using such speeches at markets and fairs, that in after-times those that imitated the like humorous jocular language were styled Merry Andrews, a term much in vogue on our stages."

Seven cities, we know, have contested the honour of having given birth to Homer, the earliest and the prince of bards; but, although there is a question as to what village gave birth to Andrew Borde, or De Borde, it is quite as certain as any such thing can be, in the absence of a trusty extract from a parish register, that he was a native of Sussex, and of humble extraction. It is more than probable that he was born in the eastern division of that county, and Ditchling and Pevensey have both put in a claim to the honour of having given him birth. At all events, a reference to Horsfield's well-known

"History of Lewes" * will serve to inform us that, on the 27th of June, 1511, in the second year of Henry VIII.'s reign, George Neville, Lord of Bergavenny, enfranchised one Andrew Borde, son of John Borde, "his native or villain," belonging to his lordship of Dychening [Ditchling], in the county of Sussex, and "made him, the said Andrew, free from all bondage, villenage, and servile condition." We know from other sources that it was not at all an uncommon thing in those ages, for the lord of a manor thus to "enfranchise," or set free the child of any of his tenantry, then simply *glebe addicti*, who happened to show any signs of more lively and precocious talents than the boors from whom he sprang, and among whom his lot was cast: and, looking at the strange and eccentric after-career of "the First of Merry Andrews," it strikes us as most probable that in placing this document on record, Mr. Horsfield has given us a clue to the real parentage and origin of one of the earliest of English literary characters, somewhat a Bohemian it must be owned in his ways and habits, but the precursor in due lineage and succession of the Grimaldis of the last century, and of the PUNCHES and ARTEMUS WARDS of our own day.

Our friend, Mr. Mark Antony Lower, is the highest of all possible authorities on subjects relating to his own county, the fair county of Sussex, and of his own neighbourhood in particular. He is a perfect storehouse of information on all matters connected with Lewes, and Pevensey, and Hastings, and Bodiam, and indeed of all East Sussex, its history and its antiquities, and its biography. And in his "Chronicles of Pevensey," he puts forward very strong grounds for believing that the birth of Andrew Borde was such as we have described above. He writes:—

"This eccentric character was a native of Sussex; some authorities say of Pevensey, or its neighbourhood. He received his early education at Oxford, but left that seat of learning without taking a degree, and became a Carthusian friar in a convent † near London. Disgusted, however, with the monastic life, though without quitting some of its austerities, he left the brotherhood and addicted himself to the study and practice of medicine. To gratify his 'rambling head and inconstant mind,' says Anthony à Wood, he travelled throughout Christendom and into Africa. In 1542 we find him settled, temporarily, at the university of Montpellier in France, where he

* Vol. ii. p. 80.

† This was very probably what is now the Charter-house, the school taking its name from the Carthusian monastery, "La Chartreuse," which stood on that site till the Reformation. The only other Carthusian monastery near London was at Sheen in Surrey.

took the degree of doctor of physic, an honour which he also subsequently obtained at Oxford. He next appears to have resided at Pevensy, and afterwards at Winchester. At the latter place he practised with so much success that he received the appointment of physician to King Henry VIII. It also seems, from a passage in one of his works, that he enjoyed the favour of the Vicar-General Cromwell. His 'inconstant mind' seems, however, to have involved him in serious difficulties, and he died a prisoner in the Fleet, in 1549. It is clear that pecuniary embarrassment was not the cause of his incarceration, since by his will, dated 11th and proved 25th April in that year, he left to one Richard Mathews several tenements in Winchester, Lynne, and Pevensy."

Hearne says, in "Wood's Athenæ," that "the doctor was not born at Pevensy, as they say, but at Boond's Hill, in Holmsdayle, in Sussex." Should we not read "Borde Hill"? that place belonging to the family of Borde for many generations. It is in Cuckfield parish; the house may be seen from the Ouse Valley viaduct.

At an early period of his life this "First of Merry Andrews" took upon himself to follow the strict rule of the Carthusian order, entering the Charterhouse, in London, and practising not only the three virtues of Celibacy, Poverty, and Obedience, which were common to the members of all religious orders without exception, but adopting the hair-shirt and frequent fastings and penances which were enjoyed by his founder, St. Bruno: and Mr. Lower remarks that, "although he hung his winding-sheet at the foot of his bed, and drank water only on three days at least of each week, he exceeded a Skelton or a Scogan (to say nothing of Joe Miller) in the natural mirthfulness of his temper, which obtained for him among his compeers the *sobriquet* of 'Merry Andrew.'"

Notwithstanding Borde's voluntary mortifications, scandal was busy against him, and he was accused of unchaste life. In a letter addressed to Cromwell after the latter was made Lord Privy Seal, the facetious doctor complains that certain Londoners who owed him fifty-three pounds had called him an apostate, and slandered him behind his back of things done twenty years before; "but," says he, "trewly they cannott prove ytt, nor I never dyd ytt." The story, however, was propagated after Borde's death by no less a personage than Dr. Ponet, the bishop of Winchester, who, in his "Apology for Priests' Marriages," published in 1555, asserts that he had maintained in his house in that city three women of abandoned character, and that

profligate unmarried priests often resorted thither. But Wood treats the charge lightly, and characterises Ponet's book as containing "a great deal of passion," as he does a similar scandal propagated by "foul-mouthed" Bale. The most charitable view of the matter, says Mr. Lower, is that Borde occasionally received in-door patients, and that the three women were of the number.

The rule of the Carthusians, which is said to have been confirmed by Pope Alexander III. as early as 1174, was the most strict of any of the religious orders of the Mediæval Church; the monks never ate flesh, and were obliged to fast on bread, water, and salt one day in each week; nor were they permitted to go out of the bounds of their monasteries, except their priors and procurators or bursars, and then only upon the necessary affairs of their respective houses. It is not easy to understand how a strict conformity to the above rules could possibly have consisted with the eccentric and wandering life of adventure led by Andrew Borde. Is it possible that he became a monk late in life, and turned saint after having "sown his wild oats" up and down the world? or are we to read in his life a casual and incidental proof of that general corruption, and neglect of the rules of their founders, which marked the religious houses at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and led to their dissolution and destruction? For, no doubt, so far from keeping strict enclosure, as St. Bruno bade him, Andrew Borde was

Sourra vagus, non qui certum praecepto teneret;

and we should much have liked to make the acquaintance of such a jolly, good-natured monk, the prototype, as he must have been to some extent, of our own jovial and witty "Father Prout."

Andrew Borde is said to have lived at one time on the site of Dudley Court; but it does not appear how long he was a parishioner of St. Giles's.* Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his "Handbook of London," makes no mention whatever of Borde living in St. Giles's. He practised his vocation as a physician for some time in Scotland; but he seems to have been in no great favour among the northerners. "I being there," he says, "and dwelling among them was hated, but my sciences and other policies did keepe me in favour."

A writer, in criticising one of Mr. Lower's earlier notices of Andrew Borde, disputes the fact of his having given rise to the order of Merry Andrews: "but," rejoins Mr. Lower, in his "Worthies of Sussex," "if the *sobriquet* was not taken from him, how did it originate?"

* Dobie's "St. Giles's," chap. x. p. 365.

Surely the epitaph communicated to Fielding and published in his 'Joseph Andrews'—

Stay, traveller, for underneath this pew,
Lyes fast asleep that merry man, Andrew, &c.,

with the gloss that this was 'the founder of that sect of laughing philosophers, since called Merry Andrews'—cannot have misled any serious inquirer." Anthony à Wood supposes that Borde was buried at St. Bride's, in Fleet Street; but no proof of this fact is to be found.

Such are the scanty facts of his life which have come down to us. Besides these, it should be stated that desultory, and wandering, and aimless as was his life, he seems to have been very active with his pen, and in various directions. He was one of the earliest of writers of medical books; he did something more than dabble in astronomy and astrology; he compiled books of general information of an educational character; and he devoted his leisure hours to works of a "merry" character. Among those of a medical character, Mr. Lower enumerates his "Breviaire of Helthe," his "Compendyouse Regimemente or Dietary of Helthe," and a "Treatise of Urines." The chief of his works of a miscellaneous and non-professional kind are "The Principles of Astronomical Prognostications," "The Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge," "The Mylner of Abingdon" (probably based on one of Chaucer's tales), a kind of topographical or itinerarian work, never made public, and "The Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham."

"The Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge" was reprinted in London in 1814, in black letter in fac-simile. The title-page is as follows:—"The First Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge: the which doth teach a man to speake parte of all maner of languages, and to know the usage and fashion of al maner of countreys. And for to knowe the moste parte of all maner of coynes of money, ye which is curraunt in every region. Made by Andrew Borde, of Phisicke Doctor. Dedicated to the right Honorable and gracio^s lady Mary daughter of our soverayne lord kyng Henry the eyght." The dedication is dated from Mountpyler, 1542. The work is dedicated to the Princess (afterwards Queen) Mary, and the wideness of its scope is apparent from its title-page. Mr. Lower says of this book that it is adorned with cuts, spirited though rude; and that it is divided into thirty-nine chapters, each of which treats of a particular country and the "naturall disposicion" of its inhabitants, first in verse and then in prose, with a summary of the coinage, and a few conversational phrases with an interlinear translation. The first cut in the book, and

that by which it is generally known, represents a nude figure holding in his right arm a piece of cloth, and in his left hand a pair of shears, under which we read, "The fyrste chapter treateth of the naturall disposicion of an Englyshman and of the noble realme of England," &c.

I am an English man, and naked I stand here
Musing in my mynd, what rayment I shall were
For now I wyll were thys and now I wyll were that
Now I wyll were I cannot tel what.
All new fashyons be plesaunt to me
I wyll have them, whether I thyrve or thees.
Now I am a frysker, all men doth on me looke,
What should I do but set cocke on the hoope,
What do I care yf all the worlde me fayle,
I wyll get a garment, shal reche to my taile, &c.

In like manner are taken off the characters of the inhabitants of all the various nations of the then known world, "Egypt, Turkey, Barbary, Normandy, Bayon, Castelle, Spain, Aragon, France, Jeneva (*sic*), Lombardy, Venice, Italy, Naples, Sicily, Greece, Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, Saxony, Denmark, Almayne (*sic*), Braban, Seland (*sic*), Flanders, Christendom (*sic*), Norway, Scotland," &c., some with more and some with less success, and to every poetical description is appended a paragraph in prose, giving a portrait of the several people. On the whole, although much of this portraiture is no longer true to the life, and has little beyond an antiquarian interest, there are many passages which have a certain value as photographs of actual scenes taken by a cotemporary. Such, for instance, is the following:—

I am an Iryshe man, in Ireland I was borne,
I love to weare a saffron shert, all though it be to
torn;
My anger and my hastynes doth hurt me full sore,
I cannot leave it, it creaseth more and more;
And although I be poore, I have an angry hart;
I can kepe a Hobby, a gardyn, and a cart.
I can make good mantyls, and good Irysh fryce,
I can make aqua vite, and good square dyce.
Pediculus otherwhile do byte me by the backe,
Wherefore dyvers times I made theyr bones cracke.
I do love to eate my meate syttyng upon the ground,
And I do lye in oten strawe slepyng full sound.
I care not for ryches, but for meate and drynke,
And dyvers times I wake, whan other men do winke.
I use no potte to seeth my meate in,
Wherefore I do boyle it in a bestes skynn.
Then after my meate, the brothe I drynke up,
I care not for my mazer, neyther curse nor cup.
I am not new fangled nor never wyll be,
I do lyve in poverty in my owne countre.

As a set-off to the ribaldry and coarseness that may be met with in his "Boke of Knowledge," there is sound sense and good advice contained in the following response of the "auctor," after a biting satire on some of the prevalent vices of his countrymen:—

O good Englyshe man, here what I shall say;
 Study to have learning, with vertue night and day;
 Leve thy swearyng, and set pryde a syde,
 And cal thou for grace that with thee it may byde.
 Then shall al nacions example of thee take,
 That thou hast subdued syn, for Jesus Christe's sake.
 And werkes of mercy and charyte do thou use,
 And al vyces and syn utterly refuse.
 Then al countreys a confluence wyl have to thee,
 To have knowledge of trueth and of the veryte,
 Of lernyng of Englyshe, of maners also.
 Jesus I beseeche to kepe thee from all wo,
 And send thee ever fortune and also much grace,
 That in heaven thou mayst have a resting place.

Inter alia he writes of the Cornishmen of his day in the following terms:—"Fyrrs and turves is their chief fewel, there ale is starke nought, lokinge whyte and thycke as pygges had wrasteled in it, smoky and ropye and never a good sope, in most places it is worse and worse, pitie it is them to curse, for wagginge of a straw they wyl go to law, and al not worth a hawe, playinge so the dawe," &c.

Singularly enough, too, Andrew Borde mentions the curious fact relating to the nightingale's dislike for St. Leonard's Forest, near Horsham, which has already formed the subject of poetry in our columns.* He says, "In the Forest of saint Leonardes in Southsex there dothe never singe nightingale, although the Foreste rounde aboute in tyme of the yeare is replenysshed with nightyngales, they wyl syng round aboute the Forest and never within the precincte of the Forest, as divers keepers of the Foreste and other credible parsons dwellyng there dyd shew me."

The "natural disposicion of the Scotychen man" is set forth by Andrew Borde in the following lines:—

I am a Scotychen man and trew I am to Fraunce;
 In every cuntry myselfe I do avaunce.
 I will boost my selfe, I will craike and face,
 I love to be exalted, here and in every place.
 An Englyshe man I cannot naturally love,
 Wherefore I offend them, and my lorde above.
 He that wyl double with any man,
 He may spede wel, but I cannot tell whan.
 I am a Scotychen man, and have dissembled muche,
 And in my promyse I have not kept touche.
 Great morder and theft in tymes past I have used;
 I trust to God hereafter, such thynges shall be refused.
 And what worde I do speake, be it in myrth or in borde,
 The foule evyll shalbe, at the end of my worde.
 Yet wyl I not chaunge my apparell nor aray
 Although the French men go never so gay.

Anthony à Wood seems to hold Borde in higher estimation than a perusal of his writings would justify, styling him not only "a witty and ingenious person," but a "noble

poet." Borde himself, however, thinks very differently of this latter accomplishment, as expressed at the beginning of the seventh chapter of his "Boke of Knowledge":—

Of noble England, of Irland, and of Wales,
 And also of Scotland I have told som tales;
 And of other Ilandes I have shewed my mynde;
 He that wyl travell the truthe he shall fynd.
 After my conseyence I do wryte truly,
 Although that many men wyl say that I do lye.
 But for that matter I do not greatly passe,
 But I am as I am, but not as I was.
 And where my metre is ryme dogrell
 The effecte of the whiche no wyse man wyl depell;
 For he wyl take the effecte of my mynde,
 Although to make metre I am full blynde.

The once popular story-book known as "The Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham," is now quite a thing of the past. It has passed away into oblivion, and has become almost as obsolete as the live mountebank and "Merry Andrew" himself; and though it is usually attributed to Borde, it is only fair to state that the question of its authorship, like that of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," and that of "Junius' Letters," is still a matter of uncertainty. Perhaps one fine day some hunter after the chance treasures of a town or country bookstall will be fortunate enough to light upon an original copy of it; but at present we regret to say that a really ancient copy of it is not to be found in the British Museum, and might be advertised for among "Desiderata, or Books wanted to Purchase," in "Notes and Queries," and in Mr. Quaritch's, or Mr. Hotten's Catalogues, for many a long day in vain. If it were to turn up, it would be well worth more than its weight in silver, and possibly some bibliomaniac would be found to purchase it for its weight in gold. Probably, as Mr. Lower thinks, like "Joe Miller's Tales," no two subsequent issues among the earlier editions of "The Wise Men of Gotham" were quite alike. Mr. Horsfield, in his "History of Lewes,"* and after him Mr. Lower, state that the work was written in order to ridicule the proceedings of Thomas Lord Dacre, the abbot of Bayham, the priors of Lewes and Michelham, and others, at a meeting held at Gotham, one of Lord Dacre's manor-houses, near Pevensy, in the twenty-fourth year of Henry VIII., for the purpose of preventing unauthorised persons from taking fish within the Marsh.

It is somewhat curious, adds Mr. Lower, that "The Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham," have been at a later date ascribed to the village of Gotham in Nottinghamshire: and in an edition of this, published by Mr. J. O. Halliwell,† from a chap-book printed in

* See Vol. xiii., Old Series, p. 153.

* Vol. i. p.

† London, J. R. Smith, 1840.

the present century, it appears that that gentleman at the time was not aware of the fact of Pevensey and its neighbourhood being the scene of these jests at the expense of the wise men who,

Went to sea in a bowl.

That such, however, is really the case can hardly be doubted by anyone who will take the trouble to examine and weigh fairly the weight of internal evidence, which is all the stronger because it is so wholly incidental; and in all probability the introduction of the names of Nottingham and of some other places in the same locality into the text is nothing but a modern interpolation. "Several of the stories," as Mr. Lower remarks, "are identical with those still traditionally preserved and handed down in the neighbourhood of Pevensey." And the allusions to a "mayor" and to sea-coast which occur in others in the collection, can scarcely be thought to apply to the Nottinghamshire village, which, lying as it does near the peaceful and quiet Trent, five miles from any town or borough, never can have enjoyed either maritime or municipal privileges.

Mr. Lower makes the following remarks in conclusion on this much vexed question:—

"The seventh tale, which will be found at page eight of Mr. Halliwell's book, and which makes the Gothamites attempt to drown an eel as a punishment for its having eaten the salt-fish with which they had stocked a pond, seems clearly in my opinion to refer to the ancient municipal custom which prevailed at Pevensey, of putting criminals to death by drowning. Added to which, there is no proof, nor even the semblance of a proof that Borden was ever in Nottinghamshire; and, if he really were the author of the 'Merry Tales,' which there seems to be no reason for doubting, it may fairly be presumed that his satire was directed against persons nearer to his own home."

We must, however, content ourselves with placing on permanent record this opinion of one of the most able and competent of local antiquaries, and here take our leave of "the First of Merry Andrews." E. WALFORD.

POLYXENA.

"WHY should I care to live? I that have known
The sweetness of past days, to sink and sink
From queen to courteous captivity,
From this to slavery, by such fine degrees
That I would sit contented with my lot;
And, sought in other days by suitor kings,
Would smile upon some kindred slave's request,
And bake his bread, and sweep his hut; and this
Blind that the hand was Priam's daughter's hand.

For we are weak, and easily do slide
From high to low, scarce witting that we slide.
Wherefore I court thee, Death. And still again
I mind me of my girlhood's days in Troy,
And all our merry party, and the games
Of catch-ball, and the hide-and-seek thro' lawns
And gardens sloping to the stream, and where
The hide was easy but the seek was hard.
Our nurse would call them royal gardens, us
Her royal children; but I knew not then
What was this royal, but it seems me now
That royalty was only happiness.
And these were children's games, and by and by
We were not children; but the spring would come,
And still the bays would echo with the shouts
And liquid laughter born of lightsome hearts.
And yet I hear the ring of Hector's voice,
And Hector's laughter drops upon mine ears;
And yet I hear the fall of pattering feet—
Oh gods, what days! But this is foolishness.
The golden past is gone: the present still
Hated is here—when loved, a deeper curse.
The days that wait me may be golden yet.
Oh! speed the loitering hours until again
We meet as erst, albeit in other lands.
And what there was of idle difference,
(If aught there was) or little jealousy,
Or graver charges which those later days
Would wring from Hector upon him of us
That brought the bright-eyed ruin of our Troy—
All such shall melt before the sun of love;
And pardon sweetly asked and lightly given
Shall weld the golden chain of unity
But little broken, to be sundered more
Never so little. And we'll celebrate
A bounteous loveday that shall never need
Renewal. And we'll lightly, gaily tread
The shadowy poplars in the numerous dance,
While Paris wakes the music of the pipe.
And shall I care to live? Nay, king, lead on—
But thou, my mother, thou wilt yet be here.
This withered royal hand that oft has charmed
The fever from the brow of stricken child,
Will yet be here, and may be toiling here
In slavery. The peaceful mother's smile
Will not be here indeed, but yet not there.
And thou, my brother youngest born; and thou,
Cassandra, slave where thou wast daughter once.
And others of the wreck may be abroad,
Nor yet safe-haven'd. Well, we will await
The coming of you all. Then weep no more,
Weep no more, mother; would these tears of mine
Could weep thee to a painless death with me;
For ere I bow to Death I am forwept.
Farewell, I may not stay. Lead on, O king!
Thou shalt not find the victim troublesome."

"Nay set me free, by Heaven, that I may die
As I have lived, in freedom. I should blush
To meet my noble kinsmen as a slave
There in sweet Hades. And I'll bide the thrust,
For now 'tis dear to me. Nay, set me free,
And see how Hector's sister knows to die."

She stood unhandled, and a quick observe
Made of the pressing soldiery, and lived
For one brief moment her wild loneliness.
But steeled again her erst resolve, and bent
Her royal knee before Achilles' son.
Then from her shoulder to her maiden waist
Down-rent her garment, and the driven snow
Of her pure bosom was unveiled to view.

And then her voice was heard unfaltering :
 " See thou my bosom—strike. Or, if thou wilt,
 Choose thou this throat. I shall not flinch. Strike
 on."

She ended, and a face of royalty
 Was seen upturned to heaven; for her eyes
 They could not bide to cast a downward glance,
 And see the desecrated shrine beneath
 Whose veil had ne'er before been torn aside
 For vulgar gaze. And so they could not look.
 And though the blade but now was trembling o'er,
 Yet was her face not pale, but rose-suffused
 With blushes at the sanctity defiled,
 And rosy from the forehead to the neck.
 But lo! her virgin bosom could not blush,
 There was no shame, and there no modesty;
 It had not learned to lose its innocence,
 Unschooled to know that this is pure, and that
 Impure; and all unconscious rose and fell
 The breathing marble as a child in sleep.

Not Heracles with madness in his blood,
 Not the fell Furies with the serpent looks,
 Not the hound Cerberus, nor stock nor stone
 Would view unmoved the wondrous spectacle.
 But has not their Achilles asked her life?
 And who's Achilles' son, to dare refuse?
 And so her life-blood flows; but, as she falls,
 Even with Death's dewy circlet on her brow,
 Her peerless chastity bethinks itself,
 And, Death's work done, she folds her mantle
 round,

And careful-shrouded sinks unto the earth,
 Smiling to leave unstained her maiden fame.

C. C. C.

THE PRIEST'S TALE.*

I WAS on a walking tour in the Tyrol. My companion knocked up at the village of Zell, in the Zillertal, and as we had not much time to spare, I left him to recruit himself while I went alone to see the waterfall at Krimml. I was climbing the steep track which leads out of the valley, and groaning a little under the weight of my knapsack, as I stepped from one of the boughs of which the path is composed to another, when an old woman hailed me, and offered to relieve me of my burden. She was a strong and hearty old creature, though bent almost double from a long life of portage. My knapsack was soon transferred to the basket on her back, and while I went on twice as nimbly as before, the weight did not affect her visibly. I had full leisure to observe the grand scenery of the glen, which she did not seem to notice. When

* (Lest it should be thought that the hinge on which this story turns is so great a departure from the usual habits of priests in the Church of Rome as to be impossible, I wish to state that the two chief circumstances—that of a priest being seen to faint in the confessional, and that of a priest drawing a criminal into conversation about his crime, and then taking part in giving him up to justice—were related to me by a friend who is closely connected with the Roman priesthood. There would be no merit in such a story if it were an invention. But where stringent rules exist, and it would be unjust to infer that they are broken, there is good reason for occasionally dwelling on the exceptions which—rare though they may be—prove them to be sometimes evaded.—E. W.]

I stepped on a jutting stone by the roadside and peered over the precipitous side of the ravine to the torrent dashing and breaking some hundreds of feet below, I was not sorry to have my back and shoulders free from a weight that would have made craning perilous.

As we rose higher, the fir-woods grew more gloomy, the sides more abrupt, the roar of the torrent more awful. We suddenly turned a corner, and I almost started at the scene it opened. On the right the bank had been hollowed out, so that a man might have lurked there without chance of being observed till it was too late. In front and behind you saw nothing but the lonely path winding painfully through the sombre forest; and on the left a gap in the trees disclosed a slide like the track of an avalanche going straight and sheer to the raging waters. The place had a fearful look; one could not help imagining tales of horror. Heaven help the unsuspecting passenger who met danger here! Still there was a strange fascination in the sight and thought, and I could not help taking a long and earnest gaze. My old woman noticed it, and began nodding her head significantly from one side of the path to the other. "Ay, ay," she muttered, "that's a fall, sure enough. Ay, ay."

"Was it an avalanche?" I asked.

She laughed feebly, and wagged her head again.

"An avalanche, gracious gentleman, ay, ay, perhaps it was an avalanche. No, no, it was no avalanche, though you may well look. And the bank hollowed out so well just behind the corner, and the tree just above which one could slip behind so easily if he was not alone! Ay, and where's the rock that stood there?"

This speech was uttered with such strange gestures that I feared the good old lady was wandering in her mind. The look of the place evidently affected her, and I was not sorry to move on a little briskly. She trudged after me, but still continued her mutterings. I could hear broken phrases, such as, "It's in the stream now, you can tell it from all the rest of them; the thunder it made, and the crash; but you heard his cry above it—down in the valley, upon the pastures, I heard it."

My curiosity was roused, and I questioned the old woman; but nothing was to be got from her directly. She parried my leading questions with a skill that surprised me, and all the time she pretended to an ignorance which contrasted oddly with her former mutterings. So I turned the conversation, or rather I allowed her to turn it.

"That's my village," she remarked, as we passed a few straggling houses at a great

height. "That's my house," pointing to the dreariest and most desolate among them.

"What is your husband?"

"Oh, he's dead this many a year."

"Any children?"

"Ay," she said, stopping short, "as fine a lad as any in the country. He's to be married next week to the prettiest girl in Zell."

I congratulated her, and resolved to add a small sum to her hire for the young couple.

"Ay," she repeated, "the prettiest girl in Zell. She wouldn't have the woodcutter. I saw him stamp and swear when he met them together. A bad lot, a bad lot. But they're to be married next week, and he can't prevent it."

The prospect of her son's marriage filled the old lady with such pleasant thoughts that she sang the rest of the way. When she took leave of me I gave her a trifle for the bridal pair, and she shook my hand so warmly that I felt I had made a friend. I carried my knapsack into the great chamber of the small inn at Gerlos with a light heart, and forgot my fatigue and the small chance of accommodation before me in the joy I had caused.

I was soon reminded of the smallness of the house by the embarrassed looks of the Kellnerinn. She asked me if I wanted to sleep there, and on my answering that I did, she kept silence. Then it came out that there was only one bedroom in the house, and one of the beds in it (there were four of them) was already occupied. Did the Kellnerinn know the person who occupied it? Yes, she knew him perfectly, he was the priest of Zell. But then she looked still more embarrassed, implying that she did not know me. I might be willing to sleep in the same room with the priest, but would he be willing to sleep with me? I might accept her assurance of his respectability, but who would assure him of mine?

This knotty point was settled by the production of my passport. I believe the neat leather case and the gilt lettering had more effect on the landlord and waitress than the arms and signature, which were not so carefully scrutinised. While I was at my supper my future companion came in, and hearing that we were to share the bed-room, asked leave to share my table.

Of course the conversation turned on the road I had taken that day. The priest knew it well. Some of his duties led him that way almost every week. He was a good walker, thanks to constant exercise; and the trunks of trees which had wearied me so easily, were as familiar to him as his own staircase. Yet he could not say that he liked the road. It was not the gloom or the loneliness he objected to,

for the stations of the cross were painted at intervals; but ever since that fearful murder—

"What murder?" I exclaimed.

"You do not know the story?" he asked.

"I thought no one could pass without hearing of it. Did not you notice a sharp turn in the path——"

"With a hollow place, and a slide down to the water like the track of an avalanche?" said I, interrupting him.

"Yes; I see that you are on the track. That is the place. There was the foulest murder committed at that spot!—the foulest I ever knew or heard tell of in the whole country!"

The priest needed little pressing to repeat it.

"You will wonder at my being able to tell you," he began, "for such tales generally come to us through the confessional. Secrets told us there are inviolable; we cannot dare to repeat them."

"Then this was not confessed to you?" I asked, with some slight disappointment; for if the priest had heard the story secondhand, I could not count on its accuracy. I had hoped that he would reveal some of the "secrets of the prison-house." One hears so many fearful tales, told with such exaggeration, that one becomes sceptical or indifferent. One such story from the lips of the priest who has received it from the lips of the criminal, would outweigh all the added horrors of the newspaper reporter.

But the priest reassured me.

"This was confessed to me; it came to me under the seal of confession, and that seal shall not be violated. If the ministers of justice had suspected that such a confession was made to me, and had asked me about it, I could not have betrayed the culprit. Such a case has never been known amongst us. Crimes have been committed,—we have known the criminals, and we have seen them living in impunity! It was the will of God that this man should not escape."

"Some one had seen him?"

"Not a living eye."

"He told it to some one beside you?"

"To no living soul."

"Then how was he detected?"

"It pleased God to make me the humble instrument of His vengeance. It is no violation of the seal of confession to tell you that this man came to me. Many who were in the church and saw me will tell you that, in the middle of his tale, I fainted from horror. What did this prove? We are subject to the same weaknesses as other mortals. The confessional is sometimes close and hot; I recovered in a moment, and no help was needed."

"But I suppose that some one had observed you and came to listen?"

"Pray spare me such unchristian surmises. Did not I tell you that no one heard? that I had recovered before any one called attention? It was not by such means that the murderer was brought to justice."

My patience began to fail me. The worthy priest noticed it, and tantalised me no longer.

"Your questions only hinder my story; do not interrupt me, and you shall hear everything. The daughter of one of the innkeepers at Zell was betrothed to a young man in the village you passed on your way hither. They were to have been married in a week when the young man disappeared. No one had seen him go from the village; no trace of him was found anywhere. His mother, a widow, searched all the woods, went to all the places round, asked, hunted, brooded day and night, and at last got distracted. No one was suspected of having made away with him; the girl had no other lover, as far as she or the rest of the world knew; the young man had no enemies. All that remained was a mysterious disappearance, a girl's hope blighted, a mother driven to despair. You are going to interrupt me; let me beg you to reserve your questions.

"Some time after, a man of this place, who was occupied as a woodcutter on the pass, came to confess to me. I do not tell you what he said; I will not breathe a hint about it. Suffice it that at one point of his story I was so overcome with horror, or by the heat of the confessional, that I was unconscious for a moment, and when I recovered I made a firm resolve that the wretch should be brought to justice.

"He was lingering about the church when I came out, and I signed to him that I wanted to speak with him. There was an uncomfortable look in his face as he approached me; he scrutinised me out of the corners of his eyes to see what I wanted. But I reassured him at once; I made no allusion to what he had told me. 'My son,' I said, 'I am walking over the Gerlos, and if you are going that way I shall be glad of your company. The road is lonely and gloomy, and there are strange wild people who do not regard even the messenger of Heaven. Not that I fear aught for myself; but what would become of my poor flock if I was taken from them? You, my son, I know, may be trusted.'

"He was flattered at my confidence, but still he tried to get off. After one or two excuses, which I overruled, he consented to accompany me.

"You know the road which we traversed. As we began to mount, and the way became

lonely, I pointed to a crucifix on one of the trees, and reminded him that we were still under the protection of our Master. 'Who could commit a crime even here,' I asked, 'with that eye upon him? He might think himself safe from all observation, but would he really be unnoticed?' My suggestions had some effect on the criminal. He got uneasy, flagged in his walking, shifted from one side of the path to the other, and at last, as we came near the spot itself, he implored me for mercy.

"'Mercy?' I asked, with surprise in my voice. 'Do you meditate a crime? Had you any thought of using this lonely road to slay me?' You will think that I was rash in making these allusions to the possibility of his committing a fresh crime, but I knew my man, and impiety was not one of his failings.

"'Father,' he said, 'you know my guilt.'

"'I know your guilt!' exclaimed I; 'God knows it, I do not.'

"'Did not you hear my confession?'

"'Your confession was made to God, not to the priest. I cannot dare to speak of it, even to you. If you want me to show mercy, you must tell me the cause for which I am to show it.'

"And so he did. He told me the whole story. He had been jealous of the young man, and had sworn to put him out of the way; but he had kept his feelings secret, and had only betrayed them once by a slight gesture. The result was that no one suspected him; the young man took no precautions against him; and he was able to plot in safety. As he was far weaker than his rival, he would have had no chance in open fight. Even if he had surprised him in a lonely part of the road, his success would have been doubtful. Accordingly he hollowed out the lurking-place you saw, and on the other side of the road he loosened a large rock, so that it might give way with a slight push. He then lurked for days in his secret nook, slipping back behind a tree which grew above it whenever he heard footsteps. It often struck him when strangers passed, that if one of them stood on the rock he had loosened his revenge would be balked, and he would have committed murder without an object. But this never turned him from his purpose. Some days his victim came up with friends, and the villain slunk out of the way; once he came with his betrothed, and you can guess the feelings of the lurking wretch. At last the day came when he was alone. He was gay and light-hearted, stepping quickly along. As he turned the corner his rival rushed out against him. The poor young fellow suspected nothing; did not guard against the shock of

their meeting; did not cry or struggle. One push, too slight to be meditated, and he reeled; but he sprang lightly on the rock to recover his balance. The murderer had counted on this: the rock yielded to the spring, and went crashing with the victim.

"Here I checked the wretch in his recital. I was almost fainting again. The thought of such a fearful death was too much for me. But I nerved myself, and inquired further. 'Did the man scream as he fell?' 'Once,' was the reply, 'but that one scream was terrible.'

"By this time we had stopped at the place, and I marked the track which the rock had made in its descent. There, in the bed of the stream, he pointed it out to me; an enormous mass against which the water rushed with all its violence, as though it wished to heave it out on the bank, and show the human body that lay crushed below. With the sight of this place all my courage revived. 'You have told your tale to God,' I said, 'and to man. If it is not true, God knew that you were deceiving Him, but how shall man know? Will you swear it to me?' I made him swear the truth of it, and then—I said nothing more on the subject.

"We finished our walk and returned together. As soon as I had seen him safe at home, I set a man to watch him, and went straight to the police-station, where I repeated every word of his story."

"And the seal of confession?"

"It was preserved inviolate. I never told any one what I had heard there. The man himself confided his crime to me. If he connected my sacred office with myself, what is plainer than that he was blinded in order that he might not escape his punishment?"

"And was nothing said about it? Did not your superiors question you?"

"My answers were quite satisfactory. Every one said that I had done wisely, and I had the melancholy satisfaction of attending the murderer on his last journey. Remember his crime and the misery he had caused, and you cannot think that I was wrong. The penalty he suffered was for the man he killed; he suffered nothing for the grief he had caused the survivors. Think of the young girl whose hopes were blighted,—of the old mother driven to despair! To this day she goes about repeating that she saw the woodcutter's threatening gesture, that she heard her son's dying scream. And then she will tell you that her son is to be married next week to the prettiest girl in Zell. Which do you pity most?"

"I pity you most of all," I replied; and the priest did not understand me.

E. WILBERFORCE.

UP THE VALLEY OF THE ONEY.

THE Oney is a pleasant Shropshire stream, in great repute for its greyling and trout, and takes its rise from several sources among the hills of the mining district of Shelve, behind the mountain range of the Stiperstones. It comes sparkling along down the beautiful park of Linley,—if it does not help to make the lake in front of Linley Hall, it winds very gracefully and playfully round the edge of it,—and then flows from the park in a line almost parallel with the avenue by which it is approached. Here it had once an extensive Roman villa on its banks, part of the remains of which have been brought to light by a most excellent friend, the Rev. T. F. More, of Linley Hall. Thence the stream makes a sweep towards the south-east, winds round the southern foot of the Longmynd, through Plowden Woods, and down the beautiful valley of Onibury, until it loses itself in the Teme at Bromfield.

So far we have been following the stream of the river downwards; let us now retrace a small portion of the ground through which it has flowed, and which forms one of the most pleasant and interesting drives or rides of this beautiful and interesting district. We are at the Bromfield station (the first from Ludlow), but we turn along the high road, cross the Oney by Bromfield Bridge, and take the road up the western side of the stream. Railways are things to be avoided in country rambles. The first part of our way, which lies through pleasant meadows and fields, and between hedge-rows such as Shropshire boasts, presents uneven but open country to the view, bounded behind us on the left by Bringewood, and to the right by the less elevated hills of Stanton Lacy. At Onibury it crosses, first the river, and afterwards the railway, and brings us in face of the prettily-situated garden and vicarage of one of the oldest of old friends, the Rev. J. J. Hodges. If we take the road to the left, we pass in succession the vicarage of another valued friend, the Rev. J. D. La Touche, of Stokesay, the interesting ruin of Stokesay Castle, and the Craven Arms, a celebrated old posting-house, where there is at present a railway station. But the features of the landscape have now entirely changed.

Behind the village of Onibury the ground gradually takes the form of a hill, which continues rising towards the north, until it terminates in a bold, abrupt brow, just above the Craven Arms, the side towards the valley covered almost entirely with thick plantation. The northern—that is, the highest and steepest end—is crowned by the very extensive and boldly defined entrenchments of an ancient

earthwork. The hill on the other side of the valley rises similarly towards the north, but turns off westwardly, presenting to the northward a rather bold escarpment, which is called the Yeo, or View-edge, which, however spelt, is still pronounced the same, *view*. Along the bottom of this valley the river Oney flows in its very tortuous course. The Yeo Edge is also crowned by entrenchments, and these two posts seem to have been raised to protect the road where it entered the valley, a branch from the old Roman road near Stretford Bridge, made perhaps when that road had already become insecure in its course toward Wigmore. But the history of these camps is now only subject of popular legend, which tells us that in remote ages they were the residences of two giants, who kept their joint treasure deep buried under the moat of Stokesay Castle. When the one wanted to visit it, he made his desire known to his companion on the opposite side of the valley, who tossed the key over to him. One day, through an accidental slip of the giant's arm in the act of throwing it, the key dropped half-way and fell into the moat itself, where it has been searched for in vain ever since, and there the treasures still remain buried, until the fortunate finder of the key shall make his appearance. Many a hard and diligent search has been made in comparatively recent times by natives who were greedy of the expected lucre, but all to no purpose!

The country over which we are rambling is full of interest for the botanist and the naturalist, especially for the former, as it presents many plants of great rarity or beauty. On Norton Camp is found the toothwort (*Lathraea squamaria*), a pale sickly-looking plant, white and half transparent, as though made of wax. In this locality, where it grows to the largest size, it rises with stout stems, from eighteen inches to two feet in height, and, among the masses of dead wood half covered with moss and fern, its clusters of pink foxglove-shaped flowers look almost pretty. However, it is chiefly remarkable for its rarity and curiosity, for it appears as parasitical on the roots of the hazel, though some doubt has been cast upon this subject. About Stokesay Castle we find some splendid examples of the *Myrrha odorata*, or sweet cicely, a handsome umbelliferous plant, with graceful feathery leaves. As this was a herb much used in former days in cookery, as well as for scents, &c., the situation in which it is found would lead to the suspicion that it may not have been a native here, but that it had originated from the Castle gardens, though it would not be easy to dislodge it now, for it has settled in the moat, and grows there in

profusion. From the Castle let us scramble up through Stoke Wood, which covers the side of the opposite hill, where we shall find the rare *Astrantia major*. On the way we shall meet with a great variety of orchises. The *Astrantia* carpets the ground in several places near the top of the wood, and is a singular plant in its appearance and growth. The florets are set in an umbel at the top of the flower-stalk, surrounded by an involucre, looking like a piece of paper crimped up and fixed to the stalk. This is said to be the only spot in England where the *Astrantia major* is found wild. We may also meet in the meadows below with another curiosity, the *Polygonum viviparum*, the flower-stalks of which, in wet seasons, bear small bulbs, instead of its usual bright pink, sweet-scented blossoms. When the seed would ripen, these bulbs fall off and root quickly among the turf. Just above the Craven Arms is Sibdon Castle, the residence of F. Baxter, Esq., with some remains of the ancient building from which it is named; and beyond it a footpath leads over Sibdon Common to the pretty little valley of Hope Say, and the quaint little mountain called the Wart Hill. On Sibdon Common the asphodel grows plentifully, with sundew, and many other rare plants.

But we must not leave Stokesay Castle itself, an interesting building, which remains as an almost solitary example of this particular style of early mediæval family mansion. The castle was the creation of feudalism—the fortified manor, or court, was a much older creation, modified by it and through many circumstances, which it is not difficult to imagine. Very few pure examples of the latter have remained down to our time. Our large old country mansions belong nearly all to a much later date. In primitive Anglo-Saxon times, the residence of a chieftain—that is, of the head of a family of freemen—consisted almost solely of one large room, built of timber, which they called a *heal*, the hall, and in which the family lived its in-door life, and a part of it slept there. Attached to it, and around it, were raised smaller cabins or chambers, called in Anglo-Saxon *burhs*, or bowers, for particular sleeping-rooms, for the more private life of the female part of the household, and for some other purposes. The hall and bowers were included in a space of ground to which they gave the name of *geard*, or yard, derived, it is believed, from the verb *gyrdan*, to gird or enclose, as it was surrounded, or girded, by a bank, on the top of which were palings, or a hedge. This raised inclosure was called the *weall*, or wall, for it was only at a later time that the wall was built of stone, and much later that brick was used for that purpose.

Our modern country cottage is a copy, of course on a small scale, of the mansion of the Anglo-Saxon chieftain, and if the only remains of the cottager's residence were reduced to the bank and ditch which had surrounded the garden, we should have a diminutive example of those earthworks which formed the wall or walls of the dwelling-place of the Saxon chieftain, and which now puzzle eager antiquaries, and give rise to dreams of Celtic kings and prehistoric peoples belonging to very mythic ages. The extent and position of these mansions were no doubt regulated by the peculiar circumstances of the locality and of its lord, and I have often thought that those fine and interesting intrenchments near Clun, now known by the name of the Bury Ditches, are the remains of the stronghold of some great and powerful Anglo-Saxon chieftain of the earlier ages of Saxon power on this border. Even our own Norton Camp, for all we know, may represent merely the inclosed *geard* or yard of some lord of this district, long before Stokesay was thought of.

It is probable that in the later period of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy, the buildings of a chieftain's house were less scattered in the yard, and the mansion had become more compact, and perhaps stone began, in some cases, to be used instead of timber. The Normans brought in the feudal castle, but the castle belonged properly only to the greater feudatory; it was a military establishment. The feudal tenants continued to dwell in the same old halls, inclosed in the same yards, which had been held by their Saxon predecessors, except that they substituted for the latter word the Latin name *curia* in a Frenchified form, and called it a *court*. As feudalism brought in entirely new relations, and a new sort of law between the chieftain and his peasantry and retainers, the forms of which were in great part exercised in the yard of the mansion, the people who were subject to it began to look upon the court as the more important part of the house, and fell into the habit of giving it to the house itself. Hence, when we speak of Sutton Court and Downton Hall, we only use two forms of expression—derived, one from the sentiment of Anglo-Norman society, the other from those of the Anglo-Saxons—for the same thing. No doubt many an Anglo-Saxon landholder gave up his hall and ancestral lands to recover them in the quality of a feudal tenant; and it is probable that English feelings gained root sooner among this class of society than among their superiors. It is probable, too, that the substitution of stone for wood in the building of these mansions took place very gradually during the earlier Norman period, for they were under

the powerful protection of their superior barons. But in the confusion and troubles which soon followed the establishment of feudalism in England, no man's house was permanently safe, and he was obliged to make himself strong enough to resist sudden attacks, and to hold himself always in readiness for them. He was then obliged to abandon timber, and build everything of solid stone; the old Anglo-Saxon's *weall* of earth became a wall of stone, and the ditch made by raising up the earth of the former was changed into a broad moat. It was under these circumstances that the fashion for building manor-houses like Stokesay arose.

The first that we know of this valley of the Oney is that, when the Normans came into these parts, the manor of Stoke, and great part of the adjoining manor of Aldon, were held by an Anglo-Saxon freeman named Ældred, and that after that event, in the partition of these border lands among the Conqueror's great feudatories, it was included in the share of the powerful Walter de Lacy. From the account of it given in the Domesday Survey, it appears to have been a very rich and flourishing agricultural district. Perhaps Ældred continued to live in his own old Anglo-Saxon manor-house; or, if he really was driven away, and there appears no reason why, his successor established himself in it. Thirty years after the date of Domesday, the Lacys enfeoffed it to a family of the name of Say, who remained its lords till after the middle of the thirteenth century, nearly two centuries, and were a family of great importance in Shropshire. From them it took its name of Stoke Say, and from the way in which their names were coupled with it in old records, we can hardly doubt that they had a mansion here. At the time last mentioned, Stokesay passed from the Says to the family of Vernon, and about the year 1281, this manor was again transferred to Laurence de Ludlow, the head of a family of wealth and importance, which no doubt took its rise as well as name from that town. In the struggle between the crown and feudalism, one of the first things in which the king asserted the right to interfere was the erection of castles. To build a castle within his dominions was, in fact, an act of defiance towards the crown, and accordingly it was forbidden to fortify without the king's permission, which cost money as well as trouble to obtain. On the other hand, society was in that state that no man could be too strongly protected by legal forms, and if a man merely put battlements on his house without the previous license, some enemy might lay an information against him, and say he had built a castle, and the

king's officers might visit him in person with punishment, as well as order it to be taken and thrown down. These licenses, therefore, became indispensable, and from the enrolment of them in the Court of Exchequer, we obtain knowledge of the date of erection of many English mansions during this early period. We thus learn that in the year 1284, that is, about three years after he came into possession of the property, Laurence de Ludlow obtained the king's license "to fortify with a wall of stone and lime and embattle (*muro de petra et calce firmare et kernellare*) his mansion at Stoke Say, in the county of Salop." A careful examination of the architecture will leave no doubt in our mind that we have in Stokesay Castle the mansion built by Laurence de Ludlow, in 1284, of course with some alterations.

Let us now approach. We pass through a gateway-house of timber into the court, and before us stands Laurence de Ludlow's hall. This gateway-house is an extremely interesting building of timber, of two storeys, the upper one projecting over the other, and the principal parts adorned with grotesque carvings of rather remarkable character. It is considered to be the work of the Elizabethan period. The court is about a hundred and thirty feet long and about seventy feet wide, and is surrounded by a rather low wall, and by a moat about twenty-two feet broad. The house occupies the western, or longer side. Of this, the principal portion forms the hall, a fine lofty room, fifty-one feet long by thirty-one wide, with a very strong timber roof resting on stone corbels. It was lighted by four large windows on each side, those on the west looking over the moat; and appears to have been warmed by a fire, supported in a brazier, in the middle of the floor. Adjoining to the north end of the hall are a series of rooms, approached from the interior, which form a sort of tower, with an upper storey overhanging the moat. These rooms, which are very interesting in their character, appear to have been the private apartments in which the family usually lived. A part, at least, of these buildings are less ancient than the original house. At the other extremity are rooms which appear to have consisted in a great measure of offices attached to the user of the hall; and joining to these, and forming the southern extremity of this body of buildings, rises a massive tower, the base of which forms an irregular polygon of twelve sides and about thirty feet in diameter, to the height of above fifty feet. This tower is divided into three stories, with every precaution for securing as much strength as possible, and at the same time as much internal convenience

and comfort as was consistent with it. It was, in fact, the stronghold of the mansion, and its main floor, on the second storey, was approached by an ascending passage, covered, and having a break with a draw-bridge. This tower appears to have been of the same age as the hall, and to have been part of the original work of Laurence de Ludlow. A narrow stone-staircase, in the thickness of the wall, leads from the lower storey to the roof, which, it is hardly necessary to say, is embattled. It was here, no doubt, that the sentinel of old kept his watchful eye on the beautiful scenery around. To the south his view ranged down the valley of the Oney, over Onibury and over Bromfield, and to the neighbourhood of Ludlow, embracing the wooded line of Bringewood. To the west and east it scanned the rich valley in which he stood, bounded on one side by the thickly-wooded slopes of Stoke, and on the other by the more abrupt, but no less wooded, hill of Norton. To the northward, the view was equally rich, and was bounded in the distance by the mountainous heights of the Longmynd.

There were two other adjuncts to the old mansion which must not be forgotten. One of these was a large circular dove-house, outside the court, which is believed to have been coeval with the oldest parts of the existing mansion, that is, of the time of Laurence de Ludlow, its founder, but it was taken down many years ago. The other was a deep well, within the court, which still remains; but an ancient cover, or roof, supported on thick oak timbers worked into trefoil arches, which formerly stood over it, has disappeared within the last half century. The moat, on the northern side of the court, separates the old mansion of Stokesay from the churchyard.

At the close of the fifteenth century, the manor of Stokesay passed, through marriage, from the Ludlows to the Vernons, whose head mansion of Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, remains as fine an example of the great mansion of a later period and style, as Stokesay of the thirteenth century. From this family it passed to the Cravens, and it is now the property of the Earl of Craven. During the seventeenth century it was underlet to the Baldwins, one of whom held it as a small garrison for the king, but it surrendered to the Parliamentarians in 1645, and a severe defeat inflicted on the Royalists in a small action in the immediate neighbourhood, confirmed them in possession.

From Stokesay and Craven Arms the country opens out into beautiful rides and drives on every side; but, inviting as it is, we must venture no farther into Corve Dale, except to return by the road from Diddlebury to Ludlow.

THOMAS WRIGHT.



HOT CROSS BUNS.—(After Pope.)

AWAKE, my muse! aside thy buskins fling,
 This day 'tis mine of hot cross buns to sing;
 Sure none but pedants would disdain the theme,
 The climax of the schoolboy's Lenten dream:
 Salt fish with egg-sauce to its birth he owes,
 And hot cross buns await him at its close.
 Say to what god or goddess I shall bend,
 Or Pallas wise, or Ceres, be my friend?
 That knowledge might impart, of this
 'tis said
 That she taught man the art of mak-
 ing bread.
 Shall I o'er ponderous tomes indus-
 trious pore
 To learn if hot cross buns were known
 of yore,
 Link them with "bouns" blessed by
 the heathen priest,
 Or sweet cakes at the Roman seed-
 time feast,—
 Find if from later Rome their fame
 they win
 Or to unleavened bread owe origin?
 Or to Queen Anne's or George's
 days draw nigh,
 When Chelsea Bun Houses held
 rivalry?
 When the "original" sent forth each
 hour

Of goodly buns in tins a plenteous store—
 Sweet buns, hot buns, slight flavoured with all-spice,
 And passing cheap, a penny each the price.

No; later still, our peans will we raise
 And give to modern hot cross buns due praise;
 Sing of the baker's triumph and the host
 Of ragged urchins in amazement lost.

As buns in hundreds through the glass
 appear,—

They scarce restrain th' involuntary
 cheer.

Their pence throw down, snatch up
 the smoking bun,
 Heed not the begging dog, but home-
 ward run.

Even the baby in its mother's arms
 Has early learned that hot cross buns
 have charms.

The little girl that cries them in the
 street,
 Loud rings her bell and promises a
 treat;

Nor old nor young but listens to the
 cry.

The young with longing, whilst he
 elders sigh
 In that their hot cross bun days have
 passed by.

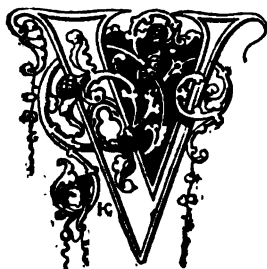
JULIA GODDARD.



HEVER COURT.

BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD, AUTHOR OF "RALPH," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII. IN WHICH WILL SEES HIGH LIFE.



WITCH NANTWICH was a peer of quite a modern type. He affected an indifference to rank, but yet in his manner there was an indolent hauteur which contradicted his affectation as plainly as though he

had worn his coronet and robes in everyday life. He was a man of taste and refinement; and the elegance of life at Dropton was famous. Rich, young, and unmarried, his society was courted for himself and its advantages, but Lord Nantwich acknowledged to himself no object in life.

He had a hearty contempt for a mere "swell," and a ready disgust for ignorance or ugliness; but higher than this was above his head. The consequence was, that he was a pleasant host to those whose characters were in harmony with his cultivated senses. He was not a man who, from a feeling of neighbourly duty, would have asked Will to spend a week at Dropton, and in truth Will owed this invitation to his mother, who, with himself and his sister Ethel, made "home" at Dropton. Lady Nantwich had insisted upon this civility being shown to Will. She was the high priestess of the county society, and the Franklands were of the front rank of the squirearchy. And Lady Nantwich bestowed the whole of her intellect upon the management of the county society. In her view of it no one was duly admitted until she had *visé* his passports. She was the great power, and without her recognition no lesser powers would be in a position to make treaties or alliances. The Franklands had always the privilege of doing suit and service to her as squires of Bingwell and lords of Hever. So it was necessary that Will should be recognised, and accordingly he had been invited by Lord Nantwich, not discourteously—he could not be discourteous—but with no unusual anxiety that Will should accept.

Will did accept and readily. It was not an unmixed pleasure to betake himself to an atmosphere so uncongenial, but it was a

triumph of which he felt proud. He wanted to get all the enjoyment he could out of his wealth, and perhaps this was the way. He didn't know. It would be a fine thing to shoot the Dropton coverts as the guest of Lord Nantwich, but he would be very glad when the visit was over. It would be more pleasant still to meet Lucy Dunman there, and use his influence over her to his own advantage. He was not afraid of Lucy as he was of Nantwich, and if he were to marry her he felt he would have thrown nothing away; her beauty, her social position, were so much more gain; and then she was an only child.

But since all this had passed through his mind he had seen Clara and had kissed her. More than this, she had consented to meet him clandestinely, and Will, whom wealth had made more than the slave of his passions, felt all the intoxicating delight of this familiarity with a girl of Clara's grace and beauty. He had no intention, however, of marrying Clara, and far from neglecting his visit to Dropton, his success with her made him only the more anxious to go, for he would be a far greater man in her eyes when he could boast of such noble friends.

Yet Will looked very ill-at-ease as he entered the drawing-room at Dropton in unaccustomed evening dress. Lady Nantwich gave him her hand with a few courteous words of welcome, silently resolving that he was an irreclaimable "cled." Lady Dunman he knew, and Lucy. Nantwich presented him to his sister, Lady Ethel Morley, who made him a most frigid bow, and then to the Bishop of Waltham, who shook hands with him in a most friendly and re-assuring manner.

The dinner-party was small and conversation general. Will sat at Lady Nantwich's left, between her and Lucy. He annoyed her several times during dinner by assuming a low, confidential tone in his remarks, which in a more numerous company might have been less offensive.

Her mother perceived this, and not disapprovingly. For Nantwich was the husband she had chosen for Lucy. Uncertain whether she cared for Edward, Lady Dunman had spoken of him several times recently as "that unfortunate young man," or "that poor young man," implying that he had altogether dropped

out of their sphere, and was entirely dead to their world. But Lucy's answers betrayed no extraordinary concern, and Lady Dunman, for her own part, would not be unprepared to acquiesce in the inexorable logic of facts, and allow Will to take the place which Edward had formerly occupied in her regard.

At the end of five days Will found himself very far from being at home at Dropton. Lord Nantwich was civil, and called him "Frankland" quite in a friendly way; but then there had been two or three passages between them not quite pleasant to recollect, which made Will dislike his host, yet which he didn't know if or how he could resent.

One day they were out shooting, and when Will had spoken angrily to one of the keepers, Nantwich said, quietly,—

"I dare say they'd be better for it; but I never swear at my servants, Frankland, and I wish you wouldn't."

Then, on more than one occasion, Nantwich had risen to leave the dining-room, purposely, as Will felt, to prevent him from taking more wine. Now to his mind the drawing-room appeared an ordeal which he would be better able to face after a bottle of port.

But Nantwich had committed a worse offence than this. Will found himself every day more and more captivated with Lucy's beauty. She was the only person from whom he did not seem to have experienced some personal slight. She had kindly helped him through several difficulties in conversation. Even the bishop had reproved him for some offence against propriety. Lady Nantwich had become very cold and formal in her manner; she clearly gave notice that she did not intend any friendship or intimacy with Will. Lady Dunman discouraged his attentions to Lucy, preferring those of Nantwich.

He saw how Lucy was beloved by all; and then her gentle, graceful beauty, her soft and easy manners were all his admiration. If he could only gain her, he felt that she would teach him how to parry the keen tongue-thrusts of Nantwich, how to act the manners of society.

He hated these great folks, but he longed to carry off this prize from them. He longed, too, to get back to Hever, where he could follow without reproach the bent of his inclinations; but he would have Lucy, too, if he could. In the wayward impulse of his passion he had quite forgotten Clara. He attributed Lucy's kindness to him to fear of his threats, and partly to a more tender feeling which probably his attentions had inspired. And he resolved to ask her to be his wife before he left Dropton.

He tried to gain an opportunity that even-

ing, but Nantwich led her away from him to the piano, and monopolised her attention. Next morning, however, which was the last day but one of his stay, he was smoking in the gardens when he saw Lucy, with a book and some work in her hands, going towards an old summer-house commanding a charming view of the lake, and itself thoroughly hidden among trees.

Allowing her time to be seated, he leisurely followed, unobserved, as he was delighted to believe, by any one.

In the short path leading to the summer-house Lucy saw him approaching. It was quite impossible to avoid him. She could only leave by the path in which he stood. Besides, Lucy was not the girl who could easily commit a rudeness of this sort. She felt some compassion for this big, rude man, whose ignorance of good manners was so much rather his misfortune than his fault.

Will thought she had never looked more enticing. Her garden-hat lightly seated on her smooth brown hair, the fresh and pure beauty of her face, her dress, as always, so exquisitely neat and perfect. She seemed a flesh and blood fairy, such as there are in these days.

"You see I've found you out, Miss Dunman."

"Yes, this is quite a favourite place of mine. The prospect is so charming. I am sorry to hear you are leaving Dropton tomorrow, Mr. Frankland."

"I fancy you're the only person that is, then," said Will, with a hoarse laugh ending almost like a growl.

"These people don't suit me," he continued.

"Why not? There cannot be a kinder, truer gentleman than Lord Nantwich, and the bishop wouldn't offend any one."

Lucy shrank from him with an indefinite feeling of terror as he entered the summer-house and took a seat at her side. He observed her movement.

"You needn't run away, Miss Dunman," he said. "I haven't got very much to say to you, but what that is I want you to hear."

The colour left her cheeks. She remembered she was far from and hidden from the house, quite in the power of this strong, wilful man.

"You remember that day at the village show yonder, don't you?" he continued. "I didn't tell you then right straight out what I wanted, though I thought you'd understand me. Shall I tell you now?"

A look of pallid, sickening fear was in Lucy's face, as if she saw looming before her an inevitable and dreadful doom.

"Yes," she said mechanically, listening

with the same look on her face, anxious to hear the worst.

He had quite intended to make his proposal in lover-like fashion; but he instinctively felt her aversion, and was forced to be more business-like.

"There are many girls who would be glad of the chance," grumbled Will; "but I love you. Will you take me, Lu—Lu—Lucy?"

Her face expressing surprise, shame, and terror, Lucy rose, and saying, "No! I can never love you," firmly and distinctly, attempted to leave the summer-house. But Will barred the way with his arm.

"Why can you never love me?" he asked, his rising passion increasing his self-confidence every moment.

"Because I cannot." There was far less terror in Lucy's face now; the insult of detaining her by force had called an angry flush to her cheeks.

"You love Master Edward," sneered Will, with brutal coarseness.

A deep blush overspread Lucy's face.

"I do not!" she said boldly, at the same time angry with herself for submitting to his questioning.

"Are you prepared to take the consequences of refusing me?"

"What consequences?" asked Lucy, becoming pale again.

"Don't make me do it. I love you, I do indeed," urged Will.

"I could never be your wife—it is impossible!" Lucy spoke firmly and proudly.

"Then am I to make public all that I know?"

"Are you capable of doing it?" asked Lucy, with bitter scorn; "of blighting the few remaining years, if not of killing my father!"—her voice failed and fell in tremulous accents;—"of pretending to force my will by destroying the happiness of my parents?"

"One of us must give way," muttered Will; "and why not you? I don't want to hurt your father."

"Then I will not give way."

"You won't?"

"No, I don't feel it is my duty to sacrifice, not the happiness," said Lucy, bitterly, "but the dearer self-respect of my whole life, to purchase your silence."

"Then I will!"

"You must do as you please. Let me go out, Mr. Frankland; we can have nothing more to say to each other."

Why was she so splendidly angry? She had never appeared to Will half so beautiful as now in her anger. He stood hesitating in the

doorway inflamed with admiration and enraged at the thought of losing her. He knew that if he lost her now, he lost her for ever. Small chance of liberty would Lucy have had if this had been some wild country and Will a lawless cateran. He knew that he was within hearing of the house—at least, he might have known if he had reflected; but unreflecting—blind to everything but her beauty and his desire, he tried to catch her in his arms.

Lucy gave a loud scream, and managed to place a chair between them.

Will was scrambling this little obstacle away, his back still towards the door, when Lucy saw Nantwich's hand on his collar and Will thrown backwards.

In a moment he was up and facing his unexpected antagonist; and before Lucy could interfere by word or gesture, Nantwich had knocked him down with a stunning blow in the face. Again Lucy had to witness this horrid performance, which but for the blood on Will's face would have almost seemed a pantomime, so certainly did Nantwich deliver his blows, and so utterly prostrate was Will twice laid.

Seeing him motionless on the second fall, Nantwich turned to Lucy,—

"I'm sorry, Miss Dunman, you should have sustained this annoyance, and at my house. The brute can't box!"

He was going to lead her indoors; but Will was up again, no longer anxious to fight with Nantwich, but fearful in his imprecations of revenge.

Lucy's hand was on his arm as Nantwich turned towards Will. He could feel her little wrist trembling, and slightly pressed it in his arm.

"I have only one word to say to you, sir. My carriage will be at the door in half-an-hour,"—Nantwich looked at his watch as he spoke—"and if you don't avail yourself of it, you and everything belonging to you will be turned out of Dropton before an hour."

The carriage took Will and his luggage, but it didn't improve his temper to be compelled to exhibit his swollen, blackening eyes and cut face to the coachman and footman, in whose faces he was sure he could detect sneering smiles.

Inwardly he cursed all the aristocracy, and resolved never to leave Hever again; outwardly he writhed with the pain of Nantwich's well-directed blows.

His suspicions as to the coachman and footman were not unfounded. He formed the subject of their conversation on the road, and they thought no worse of their master, because, as the coachman put it:—

"M' lord's given 'im one-two in the heyes, ain't he?"

CHAPTER XIX. CLARA WINS THE GAME.

BETWEEN Dropton and Hever Lord Nantwich's carriage had to carry Will some eight or ten miles. Fortunately he was the sole occupant of the carriage, for his rage increased with every mile, as his brain cleared from the effect of the blows he had received, and he was able to realise the full extent of the deep and irretrievable humiliation he had suffered.

It was not the loss of Lucy that he felt so much—the passion that her presence inspired was quite sobered by the punishment he had received. He hugged the consciousness that he had the means of retaliating his discomfiture upon her. But what he craved was something by which he could show that he cared nothing for "the whole lot of them," in which he included the family and the visitors at Dropton.

When he came near home another difficulty presented itself. Will knew he was unpopular in the servants' hall at Hever Court, and that for all he was the eldest and the legitimate son of their old master, his servants held him in far less respect than Edward. To keep the Dropton servants from gossiping with his own, therefore, respecting his unceremonious departure and unexpected return became all-important.

Will's eyes were awfully swollen when he alighted upon his own doorstep. He ground an oath in his teeth at the old butler, who, seeing him covering his face with a handkerchief, received him with, "God bless me! 'fraid you're hurt, sir," and then, turning to Lord Nantwich's coachman—he couldn't look up at him—Will mumbled something about "stables being full"—"Lord Nantwich particularly desired they should make haste back"—"better lose no time"—"good-night, and—here!" which concluding monosyllable directed the coachman's attention to a sovereign.

To his great delight they exchanged no words with his servants, but turned immediately, and trotted down the avenue on their way back to Dropton.

But if Will could have followed them along the road to his own park-gates he would probably have regretted that he had not entertained them at Hever; for the coachman quietly turned in the direction opposite to Dropton, and was evidently making for the White Horse.

"Bayerly shabby, James," he said to the footman, "not to offer us a drink o' beer, nor nothing; howsomever, we'll wet this suvering,

and I ain't a goin' to drive my horses back 'ome without a rest."

Mrs. Smithson and the coachman were old friends. They approached each other in size, at any rate, more nearly than the rest of the world, and the hostess was soon in possession of the object of their drive.

"I wonder he warn't above comin' home in my lord's carriage," said Mrs. Smithson.

The coachman, holding his glass of gin-and-water in his hands, winked at James, and then both looked at Mrs. Smithson very knowingly.

"I rayther think he got the sack," said the coachman, solemnly.

"Lor! how d'ye mean?" asked the hostess.

"I rayther think, mum, there was a fite 'twixt him and my lord—wasn't there, James?"

"I sor m' lord comin' in," corroborated James, "with the young lady, Miss Dunman, and he ses, 'James, horder the big carriage to be at the door in half-an-hour, to drive Mr. Frankland to Hever.' I could see the young lady was rather flustered, and then Mr. Frankland came in, his face covered with blood."

"He'd bin a towzling o' the young lady, you may 'pend upon it." And this opinion of the coachman's being uncontradicted, was adopted as correct by the three.

It happened in the natural course of things that within a few minutes Clara had heard all her aunt's news, and knew that Will had been turned out of Dropton in a most disgraceful manner, after being thrashed by Lord Nantwich for improper behaviour to Miss Lucy Dunman, who was on a visit there at the same time.

But as Clara preferred to be the guardian of her own secrets, and to conduct her affairs in her own way, her aunt did not know that she had an appointment to meet Will the day after to-morrow.

On the whole, Clara saw no reason to regret what had happened. It seemed a fatality that he too should have been charmed by Lucy; for she shrewdly guessed that it was Will's too amorous attentions to Lucy which had brought upon him Nantwich's punishment. No girl likes a man the better for having been beaten by another; but Clara was too clever not to perceive how great a gain it was to herself and to her designs.

However, she would be true to her trust, though if they had not exaggerated Will's condition it was scarcely probable that he would keep his appointment with her.

But the next day, as Will sat alone in the library at Hever, his right eye poulticed,—the

damage to the other had not proved very much,—he thought more of Clara than of any one else. He was wretched and lonely, craving revenge and sympathy. He remembered his assignation for to-morrow, but he could not endure the disgrace of meeting her with his face in this battered condition. She seemed to be his only remaining friend. She was so bold and spirited, yet with such superior intelligence and manners, that in his abasement he seemed to regain the old feeling of admiration for her, which had been so strong upon him before his elevation. With her by his side, he could defy these proud people who had turned him out of their society with so much disgrace. But he must not disappoint her. He was not much accustomed to writing, and he had torn up four notes before he ventured to send the following to her at her aunt's house:—

DEAR CLARA,—I have had an accident, and cannot meet you to-day. Dear girl, do meet me on Wednesday. I remain, yours truly,
WILLIAM FRANKLAND.

A week ago, and Will would have hesitated before sending one of his servants with a note addressed to Clara; but now he was careless. When the note was gone, he thought more of her; he had publicly committed himself with regard to her. In his first elation, in his newly acquired greatness, she had fallen out of her place in his mind rather because he felt it was necessary he should throw off all his old belongings. Then the friendship and courtesies of the Dunmans and of the Nantwich family had somewhat turned his head. All his life he had looked up to these people as being so inaccessible that to sit down with them in free and equal social intercourse had broken his heart loose from the ties which in the old time had made it so willingly Clara's. Now all this was changed; he found he had nothing in common with his new friends, and that which in him was love reverted to her. He had all but determined to marry her. He had a vain, vague idea that this would pain Lucy, and then he knew that Clara's cleverness and strong will would assist him in any schemes of revenge.

Meanwhile the note arrived at the White Horse, and Clara's face flushed with a triumphant smile of gratified pride as she read it. She sat for a minute, apparently thinking, with Will's scrawling round hand before her eyes, and then called the servant who had brought it.

Her manner was dignified and composed as if she were already his mistress. The man was inclined to grin, supposing his mission to

be somewhat confidentially illicit. But rustic as he was, he at once checked this disposition.

"Give my compliments to your master," said Clara, authoritatively, "and tell him that I will bring what he wants myself, as I shall be passing the Court in an hour's time, and that I am very sorry indeed to hear of his accident. Now let me hear you repeat that message."

The man blundered the first time, but at the second repeated it perfectly, and Clara dismissed him, with a caution not to forget a word of it.

She had acted upon an impulse guided by her knowledge of the man with whom she had to deal. Will's note told her that this was her opportunity. It was now that he was forlorn and miserable that she could gain dominion over him. By next Wednesday he might have returned to his weak preference for a wealthier alliance. As for the impropriety of going to see him, she did not overlook this, but she felt it somewhat unimportant. For if she failed in her design, what mattered to her the opinion of Bingwell? If she succeeded, she could well afford to disregard it. She could, at all events, take good care of herself. And besides, the terms of her message, puzzling as they would be to Will, were to some extent a shield for herself, her aunt having a local reputation for the preparation of lotions to which many rapid cures of wounds and bruises were ascribed.

Still it was not without some tremor that she rang the bell at Hever Court, and asked for Mr. Frankland.

"I thought your accident might be serious, Will, and that you were alone, and had no one to speak to."

"Oh, yes; hit my head—out hunting—'gainst a tree, you know," replied Will, in some confusion as to how he should disguise the cause of his disfigurement.

"I was afraid you couldn't walk," said Clara, timidly. "Tell me what you did at Dropton, and whom you met there," she added.

"I hate the whole crew—a set o' proud devils." He felt he ought to say something about Clara's kindness in coming to see him, and the words were on his tongue; but then he reflected that she would think she had blinded him to her purpose, and he thought he knew what that was. But that this handsome girl should run after him was by no means unpleasant, whatever might be her object; and was especially soothing just now.

"I suppose Lady Nantwich is a proud old thing? But Lord Nantwich—I danced with him here—I thought he was a delightful man."

Will looked unutterably black and angry.

"And Lady Ethel," continued Clara, speaking of the Dropton people in a tone which implied mental, if not social equality, "I have often met: you know I was with her great friend, Lady Anne Dunkeld."

Still he made no reply. But he thought she was quite as much a lady and very much nicer company than Lady Ethel Morley.

"But I mustn't stay," she continued, rising abruptly. "I only came to see if there was anything I could do for you."

"Don't go," he said, with a look almost like the humble admiration she had been accustomed to receive from him in the old times.

"I must; I ought not to have come." And her eyes were downcast in maiden modesty.

Will's mind was made up.

"Look here, Clara," he said, with both hands in his pockets, in an attitude and voice which would have led any one, apart from the situation, to suppose he was dealing with a drover; "I know you wouldn't have me when I was a poor feller, and I don't blame you for it. But perhaps you won't say 'No' if I ask you now; and I tell you what, I think I shall go mad if I live in this blessed great place any longer by myself. I'll give it all up to you. Will you have me now, my girl?" And now he stretched out his hands to embrace her.

"You never asked me before, Will; you must remember that," she said, smiling archly. And she submitted to his embrace with composure. She felt it was horridly unromantic. In her girlish dreams she had never thought to be wooed and won in this manner. But she had not been won; she had played for this man's wealth, and now it seemed to be her own; and in the flush of happy triumph which her face now bore, and of which Will was so enamoured, there was more of gratified ambition and revenge than of love.

CHAPTER XX.—A WEDDING WITHOUT A BREAKFAST.

A WEEK afterwards, Will and Clara were in London spending money very fast. She was, through the good-natured kindness of her late mistress, staying at Lord Dunkeld's, and sallied forth every day to purchase *trousseaux* and pony-carriage, and a hundred knickknacks which she fancied appertained to the state of the *châteline* of Hever Court. Will had not felt so happy for a long time, perhaps never before. He was so proud of Clara; she did him so much credit, saved him so much trouble, that he became more and more her slave every day. They had only a few days to stay in London—a place which Will hated—

as the marriage was to take place at Bingwell during the following week.

Clara thought often of Edward as she drove about the London streets, and perhaps Will did also; but he never mentioned his brother, and Clara was not anxious to introduce his name.

She was most docile and attentive to Will's behests, though sometimes these were not conveyed in a very gracious or conciliatory manner. But she had found no difficulty in promising that there should be "no fuss" at the wedding, and that "they should be shot of everybody at the church doors," though she did feel for a moment that this last stipulation would seem very hard to the two old women who had treated them respectively as their own children.

On the morning of the wedding Will's eye still wore a light halo of yellowish green, the departing effects of Nantwich's well-delivered blows. His carriage, which would return with him and his bride, was at the door. As Will had no "best man," he took Mr. Pedder, the butler, who looked a most respectable person. His own desire was only to get the ceremony over as quickly as possible.

At the church Mr. Bustard shook hands and talked gaily with him about the weather, and Mr. Fipps, who was to "assist" the rector, smiled and said "he should be running after Will soon about his schools;" and Mr. Pitcher, in white gloves with wrinkled fingers far too long, rapped two or three boys' heads by way of punishment for talking too freely of Will's earlier days right under the nose of the Squire.

Presently Mrs. Prickett hove in sight, and the parish clerk was marshalling her into a good seat, to which he considered she was entitled on this occasion.

But she held back.

"No, Mr. Pitcher, I don't see nobody as has a better right to be in the chancel end."

And she took no further notice of her old friend, but made her way up the aisle towards where Will stood awaiting his affianced bride. Mrs. Prickett felt she was quite equal to the occasion, for she wore a new white silk bonnet and a well-preserved blue and green shot silk dress, and shawl of some light colour that had been her mother's. She felt she was not unworthy of a position behind the Squire.

"Come to see me tied up?" said Will, smiling kindly.

"I'd as lief a been buried as not been here," replied Mrs. Prickett, her eyes wandering over Will's dress. She marvelled at the magic alteration which a few weeks had made in his appearance. She didn't give the West-end tailor sufficient credit for what he

could always accomplish with a fine young fellow for a foundation, who would not be very critical of his bill.

"Here she comes," exclaimed Mrs. Prickett; adding in a lower key to herself, "and she would be a pretty creature if she didn't look so mortal proud."

Clara was simply dressed: her toilet looked bridal only because it was a little in advance of the season, her pale face expressing resolution rather than happiness. Yet she was happy in her way: happy to escape the thralldom of a meaner life, even to be rid of these faithful friends that surrounded her. By her side walked a heavy-looking man, who was a miller, generally of very jovial aspect; but now he, being Mrs. Smithson's brother, had been chosen to give away the bride; and his face expressed a comical agony, for he watched his every footstep in terror lest he should tread upon Clara's ample skirts. Behind her waddled Mrs. Smithson, gorgeous in the colouring of her dress and of her face, which she was obliged to wipe twice in passing from the door to the altar. Two or three friends made up the rear of the bridal procession, which could not have been better composed to set off Clara's superiority in grace and beauty. That beauty seemed an ample justification of her ambition.

The service proceeded, the morning sun casting rich colours from the painted glass upon the scene.

When Mr. Bustard approached the inquiry if there was any just cause or impediment to the marriage, Clara's breath came quickly, and she seemed to listen in momentary expectation of some sound. Not that she expected any, but the formal inquiry seemed to be the first word of the service she had heard, and this fell upon her ear as a menace or a threat. Yet, though her heart stood still for a brief pause, Mr. Bustard made no long tarrying, and Clara found herself wed while she was wondering if any one would, or could, or ought to forbid the marriage to proceed.

Then, when she knew it was all over, and she had entered upon a new sphere of wealth and power that no one could take away from her, there came over her a sense of delight and triumph which was all her own; for the tears were trickling down her old aunt's rosy cheeks, and Mrs. Prickett was thinking of nothing but her own anxiety to add her name as a witness of the marriage, and the miller had begun to feel hungry, and the rector was thinking of his fee, which was a good one; while his curate moralised on marriages, and marvelled what Lucy Dunman would say to a proposal from him.

Will felt rather ashamed that he had made

no hospitable provision for their friends, and received their congratulations with a somewhat sheepish air; but his wife rose to the occasion, and said with a circular glance at all, something about, "the pleasure Mr. Frankland and she would have some early day in entertaining their kind friends at Hever Court, which they had not proposed to do to-day as they were going to remain there." And this was delivered with so much kindly yet conscious patronage, that every one present knew, for all the blush that accompanied the little speech, that Clara had at once risen to her new position, and in this solemn half-hour cut away the less glorious memories of the past.

So in the first moment of their married life Will learnt his dependence on his wife; but this was not at all displeasing to him. He knew it would be so, and the submission would save him a great deal of trouble. Already, before he was engaged to her, he had begun to feel his wealth a burden. It would not be so now. Clara, who had never appeared so handsome as she did to-day, would save him all trouble, and then he thought with pleasure how proudly and successfully she would assert and maintain their station in the face of those great neighbours, out of whose society he had been cuffed.

But the first words he spoke to his wife were, as they drove homewards past her old home,—

"D'ye remember that flower for your hair, Clara? I never thought you would marry me then."

He didn't intend to remind her of her scornful rejection of the poor man, and her ready acceptance of the same man made rich. It was only the verbal expression of the self-gratulation with which he hugged his good fortune, in which he thought his wife the best part.

But Clara's mind was more finely tuned, and his remark jarred upon it like a false note. It seemed a reproach made bitter by her own thoughts, in which there was some lurking sense of shame. She looked round at him with a sudden flush, perceptibly angry.

"We are better matched now, Will." She threw herself back upon the cushions of their handsome carriage, inclined to wonder how she could ever have lived at such a place.

It was not a good beginning, nor was it right that, with her marriage vows but just recorded, Clara should sigh as she did at the remembrance of the camellia and of Edward, for whom, it seemed to her, she had worn it.

She had been unreflecting, but she had never succeeded in deceiving herself. It was not her husband that she loved; yet her hus-

band's feeling towards his half-brother was affectionate compared with the hatred she bore to Edward, for he had scorned her avowal of her love. Would he not feel that she had triumphed, that he had fallen, when he should hear the news of to-day? This was her happiness.

Yet was it a triumph? She thought her husband, cowed by her remark, looked brutally stupid and vulgar. But her face brightened as they came in sight of Hever Court, and the pretty dappled deer skipped for the gratification of their new mistress.

(To be continued.)

THE RISE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. PART II.

THE decided success of the exhibition in the Strand was yet attended by certain disadvantages. Ill-fortune would probably have closely united the artists; prosperity seems to have divided them—to have engendered among them jealousies and dissensions. The proceeds of the exhibition soon proved a source of encumbrance and difficulty to the exhibitors. Their original intention had been to apply their profits to the relief of distressed painters. But now among a certain party a strong feeling was manifested in favour of devoting the money to the advancement of art. Finally it was resolved that the matter should stand over until the funds should have accumulated to the amount of 500*l.*, and that a vote of the majority of artists should then decide the question.

Further evidences of disorganization and want of definite aim were to come. While many artists desired to continue relations with the Society of Arts, others regarded the conditions imposed by that society as vexatious and embarrassing. Particularly they objected to the introduction into their exhibition of the works of the society's students. They represented further that the exhibition had been "crowded and incommoded by the intrusion of persons whose stations and educations disqualified them for judging of statuary and painting, and who were made idle and tumultuous by the opportunity of attending a show;" and by way of remedy, proposed that in future the price of the catalogue should be one shilling, and that no person should be admitted without one, but that a catalogue once purchased should serve as a ticket of admission during the season. The Society of Arts, however, distinctly refused assent to these changes. The dispute quickened, waged warm. Finally a large and distinguished section of the artists, comprising in its ranks the committee of sixteen who had managed the first exhibition, determined to sever their connection with the

Society of Arts, and to assert their independence. They accordingly engaged a room of an auctioneer in Spring Gardens for a display of their works during May, 1761. The more timid party still clung to the friendly society in the Strand, and there held a second exhibition. From the spring of 1761, therefore, there were two exhibitions of works of art in London.

The exhibitors in Spring Gardens styled themselves the "Society of Artists of Great Britain;" the old committee of sixteen being at the head of the affairs of the new society. The designs on their catalogue by Wale and Hogarth demonstrated their intention to devote their revenue to the relief of the distressed. Of the catalogue, rendered attractive by these embellishments, 13,000 copies were sold. No charge was made for admission; but the purchase of a catalogue was made imperative. The catalogue, however, was a ticket of admission for the season. The receipts of the exhibition of 1761 amounted to 650*l.*

At the other exhibition in the Strand, to which sixty-five artists contributed, the old system prevailed. Visitors were at liberty to purchase a catalogue or not, as they chose; but a check was placed upon the indiscriminate admission of all classes by requiring from visitors the production of tickets which had been distributed gratuitously by the exhibitors, and were readily obtainable. After defraying all expenses the exhibition produced upwards of 150*l.*, which sum was appropriated in benefactions—to the Middlesex Hospital 50*l.*, to the British Lying-in Hospital 50*l.*, to the Asylum for Female Orphans 50*l.*, the small balance remaining after these donations being distributed among distressed artists. In the following year the Strand exhibitors took the first practical measures for founding a provident society for the benefit of British artists by forming themselves into an organised body, with a constitution and rules for their proper government, and assuming the title of "The Free Society of Artists, Associated for the Relief of the Distressed and Decayed Brethren, their Widows and Children." The society was to be maintained by the sale of the catalogues of an annual exhibition, or by charging for admission to such exhibition, as a committee of management to be chosen every year should determine; such committee having also power to reject the works sent in that they might deem unworthy of exhibition, and to hang or dispose of accepted works "without respect to persons." Every artist who contributed works to the exhibition for five years in succession, intermission by reason of illness or absence from the country not being a disqualification, was to be a perpetual mem-

ber of the society and entitled to share in its benefits and privileges. In 1763 the institution took legal shape, and was "enrolled of record in His Majesty's Court of King's Bench," fifty members signing the roll.

Meanwhile the rival association had not been idle. It had increased the number of its committee from sixteen to twenty-four; this committee exercising absolute authority over the affairs of the society. Vacancies in its numbers were filled up by the remaining committeemen, without reference to the society, while it enjoined upon all its members that its transactions should be kept a profound secret from the general body of the society. Already a love of rule seems to have gained upon this committee. Its members began to regard themselves in the light of academicians for life—as perpetual governors, rather than officers of the society, removable at its pleasure—an erroneous view of their position which led to much trouble in the sequel. Other changes had taken place—a charge of one shilling was made for admission to the exhibition of 1762, the catalogue being given gratis, and appended to the catalogue appeared an address written on behalf of the society by Dr. Johnson, explaining the objects of the exhibition, the reason for charging for admission to it, and a change that had been determined upon in regard to the appropriation of the society's revenues. "The purpose of this exhibition," declared the address, "is not to enrich the artists, but to advance the art; the eminent are not flattered by preference, nor the obscure insulted with contempt. Whoever hopes to deserve public favour is here invited to display his merit." When the terms of admission were low, it was stated, the rooms "were thronged with such multitudes as made access dangerous, and frightened away those whose approbation was most desired." A curious plan for appropriating the expected profits was then set forth. The works sent in for exhibition were to be reviewed by the committee of management, and a price secretly set on every work and registered by the secretary. At the close of the exhibition the works were to be sold by auction; if they sold for more than the price fixed by the committee, the artists were to receive the increased amount, but if they sold for less, then the deficiency was to be made up to the artists out of the profits of the exhibition. For the most part the pictures at the subsequent sale by auction did not realize the prices set upon them by the committee, and upwards of 120*l.* had to be paid to the artists out of the exhibition funds. Upon the whole, the plan did not work very well. The society's attempt to come between buyer and seller satisfied

neither party. After one experiment, the scheme was abandoned.

The society had, however, little reason to complain of want of public support. In 1762 the exhibition produced over 520*l.*, and in 1763, 580*l.* In 1764, the receipts rose to 760*l.* But the internal economy of the institution was in a less satisfactory state. Many members expressed discontent at the arbitrary power exercised by the committee—a permanent body, not always recruited from the best sources, for many of the most eminent artists declined to accept office, or were neglectful of their duties as committeemen, so that ultimately there seemed to be danger of the whole government of the society falling into the hands of the least competent, if the most active, of its members. And the society was much in want of a distinct legal status. After all, it was but a private sort of corporation most imperfectly constituted; it was growing rich without its property being regularly secured to it. Enrolment was not regarded as sufficiently answering this object, and it was proposed at a general meeting of the members that the crown should be solicited to incorporate the society by charter. The committee, content with the existing state of things under which they exercised extreme authority, opposed these projects. However, the general body proved too strong for them: the charter was petitioned for and granted on the 26th of January, 1765. In substance it followed the terms of the charter which had been proposed by the artists ten years before, when an attempt had been made to establish an academy "on general benevolence." It placed no limit to the number of the society's members, or "Fellows," as they were thenceforward to be called; the committeemen being designated "Directors." It gave the society arms, a crest, a constitution, power to hold land (not exceeding the yearly value of 1000*l.*), to sue and to be sued, &c.: and it authorised the society, every St. Luke's day, to elect Directors to serve for the ensuing year. In other respects the charter was somewhat indefinite; but it was presumed that under the power to make by-laws, all points in dispute might be finally dealt with and adjusted. The "Fellows," were disposed to be conciliatory. They elected the late committee to be the first "Directors," under the charter. Everything seemed to promise well. Two hundred and eleven artists signed the roll of the society, promising to the utmost of their power to observe and conform to the statutes and orders, and to promote the honour and interest of the "Society of Incorporated Artists of Great Britain."

But between the Fellows and the Directors

there seems to have been but a hollow truce after all. They were bent upon different plans and objects. The Fellows entertained practical views enough. The only academy of art was still the very inadequate private school in St. Martin's Lane—a distinct institution, a common resort of artists, whether members of a society or not. The Fellows desired out of the funds of their society to found a public academy of a high class, that should be of real value to the profession. The Directors, among whom the architects Chambers and Payne were remarkably active, proposed, on the other hand, "that the funds should be laid out in the decoration of some edifice adapted to the objects of the institution." The Fellows declared that in this project the society as a whole had no interest; and at a general meeting in March, 1767, they carried a resolution "that it should be referred to the Directors to consider a proper form for instituting a public academy, and to lay the same before the meeting in September next." An attempt was then made on the part of the Directors to comply with the terms of this resolution, and yet to reserve the funds of the society for the future carrying out of their own pet scheme.

Dalton, an artist of very inconsiderable fame, who held the appointment of librarian to the king, was treasurer to the Incorporated Society, and a leading member of its direction. He had, some time previously, attempted to establish a print warehouse in Pall Mall, but the speculation had signally failed; accordingly the speculator had been left with very expensive premises on his hands. He now conceived that his warehouse might readily be converted into a very respectable academy of arts, and he contrived to obtain the King's encouragement of the plan. Soon, at another general meeting, the Fellows were informed that the King intended to take the fine arts under his special protection, and to institute a public academy under royal patronage. At these good tidings opposition ceased. The resolution passed at the March meeting of the society was at once repealed. Universal satisfaction prevailed; there was great rejoicing among the Fellows at the brilliant prospects dawning upon art and artists. The words "Royal Academy" were substituted for "Print Warehouse" over the door of Mr. Dalton's house in Pall Mall. The subscribers to the school in St. Martin's Lane, on the representation of Mr. Moser that they would thenceforward have free access to the Royal Academy, that their school would be thus superseded, and that their furniture would consequently be of no further use to them, were prevailed upon to assign to him their

anatomical figures, busts, statues, lamps, and other effects and fittings, which were forthwith removed to Pall Mall. But bitter disappointment was to follow all this hopefulness and satisfaction. It soon appeared that there was no money applicable to the support of the royal establishment. The King had given nothing. The Directors would consent to no outlay from the society's funds. The Royal Academy was to be self-supporting. The artists had in truth gained not at all—were in a somewhat worse position than before. They were required to pay an annual fee of one guinea to an academy in which their comfort and convenience were less studied than in the old school in St. Martin's Lane. For now the disturbing element of non-professional membership was permitted. Any person, not intending to study, was allowed entrance to the academy on payment of an annual guinea. The discontent of the artists was extreme, and was vehemently expressed.

Public interest in the society, however, had meanwhile in no way abated. The exhibition of 1767 produced over eleven hundred pounds. But the dissensions of the Directors and Fellows had become notorious—arrested general attention, and attracted the comments and censures of the newspapers. The Fellows forthwith determined to effect a change in the composition of the directorate, whose oppression and mismanagement had been, as they judged, so fatal to the interests of the general body. It was proposed that a by-law should be passed, rendering compulsory the retirement of eight out of the twenty-four Directors every year, and that the retiring Directors should be replaced by other members of the society. But this not unreasonable proposition was strenuously resisted by the Directors, who argued that by the terms of the charter exclusive authority to originate new laws was vested in them absolutely. It was at length determined between the contending parties that the question should be decided by a reference to the opinion of the Attorney-General. The Directors, after much procrastination, drew up and submitted their case. The Attorney-General (Mr. William de Grey, afterwards Lord Walsingham) was of opinion, in answer to the questions put to him, that under the charter the Directors were to make laws, and the general body to approve or reject the same, and that, therefore, the Directors were not bound to take into consideration a resolution of a general meeting in order to form it into a by-law. But it was suggested that the Directors should consider how far it might be prudent to accept such a resolution, "since the same majority that resolved might unite in electing Directors of the same opinion with

themselves, especially in the case of resolutions that appeared to be reasonable and proper." The Attorney-General being further of opinion that the proposed by-law was not in any way inconsistent with the terms of the society's charter. Upon this opinion the Fellows acted. They submitted to the Directors the enactment of a by-law rendering no more than sixteen of the existing Directors capable of being re-elected for the year ensuing. The Directors were obstinate: they declared that the proposed law would be an attack on the freedom of elections, a dangerous innovation, and an ungrateful return for all the exertions they had made on behalf of the society. At the general meeting following this, held on St. Luke's day, the 18th of October, 1768, the struggle terminated: the Fellows, made less moderate by opposition, elected sixteen of their number to fill the places of sixteen old Directors, who were superseded and deposed. Mr. Joshua Kirby was appointed president in the room of Mr. Hayman, who had succeeded to that post on the death of Mr. Lambert in 1765; Mr. Newton and Mr. Dalton were removed from the offices of secretary and treasurer. On the 10th November the eight remaining of the old Directors declared that they could not act with their new colleagues, believing them bent upon measures repugnant to the charter and tending to the destruction of the society; and accordingly they placed their resignations in the hands of Mr. Kirby, the new president. They desired to be understood, however, as not objecting to all the new Directors. On the contrary, they professed to entertain the highest esteem for Mr. Kirby himself and "some others," who had been elected to their offices without taking part in any intrigue, and who, as being men of honour and ability in their professions, were extremely proper persons to fill the places they occupied. The conflict was thus brought to a close. The Fellows had delivered their society from the persistent misrule under which it had so long suffered. The price of this emancipation was, in the first place, the loss of all the twenty-four Directors. Further and more important results, however, were to be forthcoming.

Meanwhile, brief mention must be made of the transactions of the smaller institution—the Free Society of Artists. Adherence to the Society of Arts, though it brought with it restriction as to charging for admission to the annual exhibitions, and made the sale of catalogues almost its only source of revenue, was yet maintained by the Free Society for four years. But, in 1765, the Free Society no longer availed itself of the premises of the Society of Arts. An independent exhibition

was then opened at a large room, hired for the purpose, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, being part of the warehouse of Mr. Moreing, an upholsterer; and the exhibition of the following year was also held in the same place. In 1767 and 1768 the Society exhibited in two large rooms at the bottom of the Haymarket, Pall Mall. The Society published from time to time statements of its progress. In one of these the growth of the Society, its utility, and purposes, are plainly set forth. Every member afflicted with illness and applying for relief had been assisted with donations of from three, five, ten, fifteen, twenty, up to one hundred guineas. The Society possessed funds applicable to the purposes of benevolence to the amount of 1200*l*. With a continuance of public favour the Society trusted to be able in a few years, not only to provide for its distressed, but "to found an academy, and to give premiums for the encouragement of every branch in the polite arts." Up to 1768 one hundred members had signed the Society's roll.

The story of the two societies has thus been brought down to 1768. From that year dates the rise of a third society—the Royal Academy of Arts, an institution which has long outlived its rivals, which has indeed fed upon and gained strength from their decay and decease, as at the outset it owed its existence to the success of their previous efforts, and which, in spite of constant opposition and bitterest attack, flourishes still, as though possessed of that longevity which is proverbially the attribute of the threatened. "The Academy," said Haydon, "originated in the very basest intrigue." Undoubtedly there was intrigue in connection with its origin, but not necessarily of the "very basest" character. Some allowance must be made for "poor human nature." The contest dividing the Incorporated Society had been a very keen one—had been distinguished by much angry feeling and acrimonious spirit. It was hardly to be supposed that the defeated party, the sixteen expelled Directors and the additional eight who retired in sympathy with the expulsion of their colleagues, would sit down patiently under their defeat: their disgrace as they considered it. They had declined to regard themselves as members of a fluctuating committee, although such was distinctly their legal position, removable at the will of the society. For eight years they had held the reins of power; the supposition that these were to be theirs for life had some excuse, and they argued that their displacement, if in accordance with the letter of the law, was yet contrary to its spirit. It was true a majority was against them; but they found fault with

the composition of the majority. There had been, they declared, too indiscriminate an admission of Fellows. Inferior practitioners, troublesome, pragmatical, jealous, anxious for power, had availed themselves of the loose terms of the charter, to creep into the society, and conspire against the legitimate influence of the respectable members. This was the Directors' view of the case. What was now to be their course? Should they submit, serve where they had once ruled, sink into simple Fellows, and thus, as it were, grace the triumph of their foes? Perish the thought! They would found a rival society!

It must not be understood that the Directors, as opposed to the Fellows, were wholly without friends in the society. Though outnumbered, they had yet a certain small following; while many held aloof from both parties, ill-pleased at the virulence with which their dissensions had been conducted. Reynolds in particular declined all interference in the contentions which were rending in twain the society. He had long withdrawn himself from the meetings of the Directors, declaring himself no friend to their proceedings, and when he discovered their intention "to raise up a schism in the arts," as Sir Robert Strange phrases it, and make a separate exhibition, he declared that he would exhibit with neither body.

An exhibition of the works of the ex-Directors in competition with the exhibition of the Fellows would have been fair play enough—a perfectly legitimate and honourable proceeding. It would then have rested with the public to declare which exhibition displayed the greater amount of merit and was the more worthy of their encouragement and support. Further, the attempt on the part of the Directors to obtain the favour of the King for their undertaking was hardly to be blamed. But what was distinctly unjustifiable in their proceedings was their intriguing to secure a monopoly of this favour: to possess themselves exclusively of the royal patronage, to the detriment and ultimate ruin, not merely of the society with which their own connection had been so violently severed, but of the unoffending and praiseworthy smaller institution—the Free Society. In this matter, however, it must be said, the ex-Directors were not alone to blame. Other patrons of art may exhibit themselves, if they please, as partisans, but a royal patron should not condescend to a position at once so inequitable and so undignified. To this derogation, however, George III., good-humouredly weak or pertinaciously obtuse, suffered himself to be brought. He became the patron of a clique, and even yielded himself as an instrument to be employed for the injury of that clique's

antagonists. Whatever had been the faults of the other societies as against the founders of the Royal Academy—and it must be admitted that the Free Society was perfectly blameless in that respect,—as against the Crown they had done nothing to merit royal displeasure, but on the contrary, were entitled, with the other enlightened institutions of the country, to look forward to the King's encouragement.

DUTTON COOK.

BOAZ AND RUTH.

(After Victor Hugo.)

At work within his barn since very early,
Fairly tired out with toiling all the day,
Upon the small bed where he always lay
Boaz was sleeping by his sacks of barley.

Barley and wheat-fields he possessed, and well,
Though rich, loved justice; wherefore all the flood
That turned his mill-wheels was unstained with mud,
And in his smithy blazed no fire of hell.

His beard was silver, as in April all
A stream may be; he did not grudge a stook.
When the poor gleaner pass'd, with kindly look,
Quoth he, "Of purpose let some handfuls fall."

He walk'd his way of life straight on and plain,
With justice clothed, like linen white and clean;
And ever rustling towards the poor I ween,
Like public fountains ran his sacks of grain.

Good master, faithful friend, in his estate
Frugal yet generous, beyond the youth
He won regard of woman, for in sooth
The young man may be fair—the old man's great.

Life's primal source, unchangeable and bright,
The old man entereth, the day eterne;
And in the young man's eye a flame may burn,
But in the old man's eye one sooth light.

As Jacob slept, or Judith, so full deep
Slept Boaz 'neath the leaves. Now it betided,
Heaven's gate being partly open, that there glided
A fair dream forth, and hover'd o'er his sleep.

And in his dream to heaven, the blue and broad,
Right from his loins an oak tree grew armain.
His race ran up it far, like a long chain;
Below it sung a King, above it died a God.

Whereupon Boaz murmur'd in his heart,
"The number of my years is past fourscore:
How may this be? I have not any more,
Or son, or wife; yes, she who had her part

"In this my couch, O Lord! is now in Thine;
And she half living, I half dead within,
Our beings still commingle and are twin,
It cannot be that I should found a line!

"Youth hath triumphal mornings; its days bound
From night, as from a victory. But such
A trembling as the birch-tree's to the touch
Of winter is on old, and evening closes round.

"I bow my soul to death, as kine to meet
The water bow their fronts athirst." He said.
The cedar feeleth not the rose's head,
Nor he the woman's presence at his feet!

For while he slept, the Moabitess Ruth
Lay at his feet, expectant of his waking.

He knowing not what sweet guile she was making;
She knowing not what God would have in sooth.

Asphodel scents did Gilgal's breezes bring—
Through nuptial shadows, questionless, full fast
The angels sped, for momentarily there pass'd
A something blue which seem'd to be a wing.

Silent was all in Jesreel and Ur—

The stars were glittering in the heaven's dusk
meadows.

Far west among those flowers of the shadows,
The thin clear crescent lustrous over her

Made Ruth raise question, looking through the bars
Of heaven, with eyes half oped, what God, what
comer

Unto the harvest of the eternal summer,
Had flung his golden hook down on the field of stars.

W. ALEXANDER.

THE OLD KEEPER'S STORY.

It was a quaint room in which I sat, with the firelight flashing into each corner, and the stuffed birds, foxes, and polecats looking life-like in the leaping blaze. A quaint cottage room, but the essence of comfort. As I pulled at the stiff glass of whisky-and-water and puffed my meerschaum, I felt excessively comfortable. I was in no hurry to get my wet water-boots dried, which lay steaming on the ample hearth.

My temporary host sat opposite; a fine, athletic old man, with snow-white hair and whiskers. The cut of his coat and the wary look on his weather-beaten, honest face, sufficiently told the ex-gamekeeper, had not the retriever pup at his feet and the gun behind him added evidence. A fine specimen of his class, he was well-knit and active even at eighty years of age, and with a frank, cheery look in his eyes that told of straightforward truth and worth.

I had been snipe-shooting on some marshes I rented of the lady of the manor, and having got soaked in a deep rivulet from a fall, had sought shelter in the keeper's cottage. To be a sportsman was, of course, a passport to his favour, added to which his grandson, Tom, was my invariable attendant and bag-carrier. The old man I had seen but once, save when on my renting the shooting from Lady Linwood, he, as her head-keeper, had shown me the boundaries. The great hall was closed, for Lady Linwood, a childless widow, lived permanently at Nice, and her fair estates were all let. She was the widow of a poor lieutenant-colonel, knighted for gallant service, and had succeeded to the property in lack of direct heirs.

Seaman, my host, was something more than head-keeper. Evidently he had been one of

those trusted ancient servants, to whom the honour and welfare of a family are dear as to its own members. And by the sad look on his face whenever he spoke of the squires of Linwood I fancied some portion of the family history was mournful and unhappy.

"Do you see much of Lady Linwood?" I asked.

"Never, sir. She always is abroad. And there's never been a Linwood here since the last squire died.

"That was long ago?"

"Yes, sir, long ago. Five and forty year ago, sir," he said, musingly, his eyes fixed on the fire. "Five and forty year ago—and like yesterday."

I was interested. The keeper's manner, diction, and expression were all unlike his class, and I felt a curiosity, as we all do, when something tells us of a hidden history.

"I suppose the last squire had a good stock of game?" said I.

"Yes, sir. Hundreds of pheasants he turned out. I was a youngster then—under-keeper—and I used to fetch the sacks of barley for 'em."

"And was he much of a sportsman?"

"Yes, sir; with gun, rod, and horse he wasn't equalled all the country round. He was a tall, fine man, with coal-black hair and whiskers, pleasant and kind to the tenants, but with a fearful temper if anything went wrong. He'd rave, and swear, and smash all round him in the room when he was in one of his storms. The only person who managed him was Miss Dora."

Here the keeper became silent, and a look of deep sadness came over his rugged face.

"You'll have to stay a longish time, sir, for your things are soaked. So, if you like to hear it, I'll tell you the story. I suppose I'm like old men, sir, and love to maunder," he added, with a smile of such natural dignity and courtesy, as might have befitted a prince.

"Mr. George Linwood five-and-forty years ago was the squire. He lived here with his mother, a gentle lady. She was always on her sofa and never well, but as kind as an angel to the poor. Miss Dora Maitland, her niece, came to stay up at the Hall with them. Her parents were very poor, and she'd six sisters; so they were glad—Miss Dora's parents, I mean—when Mrs. Linwood said she'd adopt her as her daughter. I heard this you know, sir, from the lady's-maid at the Hall, who was afterwards my wife. She died years ago." And the old man sighed, and glanced at an empty chair near his own.

"Well, sir," he resumed; "Miss Dora came, and Mrs. Linwood was very fond of her.

So was everybody, for she was so sweet and gentle, and her voice was like a blackbird's. Everybody about the estate knew Miss Dora, as she used to go about in her broad hat and carol her songs, for all the world like a blackbird in a holly. The cottagers used to know her, for whenever any one was ill there Miss Dora was, petting and cosseting them.

"So, sir," resumed the old man, after a pause; "by-and-by Mr. George became fond of Miss Dora. He used to follow her about and watch all her wishes. He broke her in a chestnut filly himself, and used to ride with her. But she seemed always shy of him. His temper was so shift, and she'd heard his awful curses once when he was bitterly angry, though he didn't know she was in hearing; and she seemed to shrink from him. She was such a beauty—golden hair, and eyes, sir, just like the sky on a clear day, such a deep clear blue, while her complexion the village girls used to call roses and lilies. I've heard it said that a great portrait-painter came down to paint her face, and showed the sketch in London as that of the greatest beauty he'd seen anywhere.

"Mrs. Linwood, sir, the servants could see, was very anxious about Mr. George. She'd murmur to herself for hours about him and she was always looking at him and Miss Dora, so wistful-like, as if she didn't dare say what was on her tongue. So things went on, till one day a company of soldiers marched into the village. The officer in command was invited by Mr. Linwood to dine and he did so, but he didn't see Mrs. Linwood or Miss Dora, for they were both ill with colds, and they stayed up-stairs. The officer was a handsome young gentleman, with keen grey eyes and a quiet manner, and a look like real honesty about him, sir. And Mr. Linwood asked him to come when he could get leave, and shoot.

"Well, by-and-by he came—Captain Calton was his name, and he wore the Waterloo medal, for he'd been in the thick of that; and he came late one night, and after dressing—(so Polly, my poor wife, then lady's-maid, said)—he came into the drawing-room. There were Mrs. Linwood and Miss Dora. The Squire introduced him; when, suddenly, Captain Calton grew very agitated, and Miss Dora gave a little shriek, and then looked so charming, that half an eye might see, Polly said, where her heart was.

"The Squire didn't see this, and fortunate too, for only the day before he'd asked Miss Dora to marry him, and she'd cried bitterly and refused. And the Squire had gone off wild duck-shooting with me, but he laid his gun down in the punt, and kept staring sternly

at the air, and muttering. You may guess sir, that I held my tongue.

"Well, sir, at dinner—the butler said—nothing much was said, for Captain Calton seemed very silent, and so did Miss Dora. The Squire drank a good deal and talked about the shooting and fishing, but now and then he looked at his cousin with such a wild, eager, terrible look, and she blushed like a rose each time he caught her eye.

"After dinner, when Polly was putting some embroidery away in the cabinet at the end of the drawing-room, she heard Miss Dora tell Mrs. Linwood enough to find out that Captain Calton was her old lover whom she'd met at Bath with her family, and that they were to be married when he was rich enough. Polly couldn't help hearing it, sir; all women are curious about lovers," continued the old man, smiling; "but she loved Miss Dora with all her heart, and wouldn't have said a word for the world.

"Several days went on, and the Squire and the Captain came out shooting, and Dick Smith, the head-keeper, and I used to go with 'em.

"One day, Miss Dora came down in a little pony-carriage with the luncheon. The Squire was just finishing his beat of a copse, but Captain Calton was outside. When Miss Dora came up he took her hand and kissed it. But I saw him, though I wasn't such a booby as to show myself. What was worse, sir, the Squire saw it through the hazel bushes, and her pretty face blushing and looking happy.

"I heard him grind his teeth where I stood, and whisper a curse. Did you ever hear one *whispered*, sir? it makes a man creep all over!

"Presently he came out, with a very jolly air, and after luncheon he drank Miss Dora's health, and then the Captain's. Afterwards, when we began beating, he told the Captain he wanted to speak to him. I was carrying the bag, and the Squire spoke in a bluff sort o' way, so I heard all.

"My cousin's a pretty girl," said he.

"Yes," said Captain Calton, nervously like, sir, and I could see his hand quiver.

"Ah, well," said the Squire, heartily, 'I used to be jealous; for I always admired Dora; that I did. But what's the use *now*? Never mind, old fellow, I wish you joy of her; you must excuse my temper, it's a devilish bad one.'

"That was truer than he thought, sir," said the old man, musingly.

"Captain Calton answered him very friendly, and the matter seemed all right.

"The Squire was in a dreadful temper next day with Dick and me, because we hadn't



killed some stray dogs that had been driving the woods.

"He was very savage against poachers, and swore he'd have spring-guns put for their dogs in all the open runs of the copees.

"So matters went on till just before Christmas, when a large party of neighbours of the Squire came up to shoot over the pheasant covers.

"We had no peace day or night. All the spring-guns and dog-traps were taken up; damaged raisins put in all the runs to toll* the pheasants there, and the woods watched every night. On the night before we met the Squire, who gave us a curse or two for running against him as he came round the

* "Toll," a southern word for "to attract," used of game chiefly.

copse. He'd been looking after the raisins, he said, for he was a good hand at seeing his orders carried out.

"The next day, all the party went from the Hall to the woods; only the Captain, he loitered to have a few words with Miss Dora. He drew her back into the hall, and kissed her; and I shall never forget the way she clasped his hands, and looked—not saying a word—into his eyes. The Squire saw it, and I saw his face. It was dreadful, sir, to see, for he had almost bitten his lower lip in two. He pretended not to see them, and walked on after the party.

"The Squire, sir, was very particular in his shooting parties about everyone going just where he wished. If you didn't, he'd let you know it in some way. So, now, he gave everybody their instructions where to go. And Captain Calton he told to take a ride, which was narrow and through hollies, but a good one for woodcocks. He himself went into the centre of the copse with me, and Dick Smith headed the beaters at the end.

"Well, sir, the beating began, and the pheasants got up well, and there were several shots fired. 'Twas odd to me that the Squire never shot at anything, though, for all that, several birds went by him. I didn't dare to speak though, for he looked so stern.

"By-and-by, he turned and saw Captain Calton in another part. He swore, but that I took no notice of.

"'We'll beat this wood again before lunch,' he said; so, of course, we all came out after an hour or two—during which the Squire missed everything. We went back to the wood."

Here the old keeper paused, and drew a deep breath.

"What's coming, sir," he said, "has never been out of my mind for nigh fifty years—no, sir, not day nor night, I assure you.

"We came back to the copse, and were all put into our old positions. And the Squire told Captain Calton to take Holly Ride again.

"'I suppose Dora will be here soon with luncheon,' he said, with a laugh.

"'Soon enough—soon enough,' said the Squire, with a dreadful sort of laugh, and his black eyes gleaming like coals.

"The shooting went on: suddenly a shot sounded from near the Holly Ride.

"'What's that?' said the Squire, suddenly.

"'Captain's shot a cock, sir, outside the copse,' said Dick Smith, quietly winking at me, for he knew how savage the Squire was at men changing positions.

"'Here comes Miss Dora,' said I; 'she's going through the Holly Ride.'

"'What!' screamed the Squire, as he

wheeled round, and saw her. 'Dora! Dora! not there! Back, for heaven's sake, back!'

"But she didn't hear him, for the spaniels were in full cry, and the beaters' voices drowned the Squire's.

"He flung down his gun, and rushed towards her.

"'Dora!' he screamed, sir—that's the word—'stop you're——'

"Before he got the word out, sir, there was a little report like a pistol—a wreath of blue smoke curled upwards from Miss Maitland's feet, and she fell—fell, with her pretty white dress all streaked on the bosom with blood.

"Ah, sir," said the old man, shuddering, "it makes my heart cold even now.

"I ran up and lifted her; she never shrieked, only moaned once as we raised her. Her sweet face was all pinched and white with pain.

"But Captain Calton came up, like a man struck dumb. He knelt down, and drew her, poor girl, on his breast; and she laid her poor head there as if she was a tired child.

"The surgeon of the village was out with us. He came up, sir, as we stood round—rough fellows as we were, all sobbing—he knelt down, and looked at the wound, and then, sir, he shook his head.

"Meanwhile the Squire was being held by two men; cursing, raving, foaming, tearing at the grass, cursing himself and his birth, and calling on somebody to blow his brains out, they dragged him into the bushes so as not to be heard by the dying girl.

"She looked up once at her lover, with her sweet blue eyes all dim. Do you know, sir, the glazing, filmy look that creeps over the eyes of those dying from gunshots? Ah, it is enough to break one's heart!

"She caught her breath several times. Her lover kept his handkerchief on the wound, but the bleeding wasn't much outwardly; only you could see her going; and she looked so beautiful—like a wax mask, sir—white as a lily.

"'Poor, poor Freddy!' she murmured, and put her little hand on his heart.

"'My darling!' he said; and then he gave a sob that seemed to tear his heart up, sir.

"'Kiss me, my own,' she said, as her beautiful, dimming eyes, with their last look of love, were turned to his. 'I can't see—it's all dark; but I'm on your bosom, Freddy, dear—on—your bosom—love.'

"These words she murmured, one by one, and then she gave a long sigh; and it was all over.

"He took her up, sir, with such an awful

look of grief on his face that he seemed turned to stone. He'd let no one touch her, and he carried her in his arms home.

"'She said she was on my bosom,' he said, in a voice you wouldn't have known for his; and then he went on like a man in a dream."

"Well, sir, there's little more to tell. The Squire only lived two years, and died in a madhouse. He set a spring-gun in the Ride, it was found, meaning it for the Captain. As for the Captain, he went to the East Indies, I heard, and died there. That's my story, sir."

WM. READE, JUNR.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

INTRODUCTORY.

I AM I. This is not an alphabetical puzzle, nor a grammatical definition, nor a metaphysical assertion. I am I—letter I, large as life; itinerant I, I on two legs, I incarnate. Enigmas are not things I ever took a liking to. I could never guess a riddle unless I knew the answer beforehand; and so, hating riddles myself, I am not going to bother you with guessing what I am. Very likely you know me by sight, or rather you know the letter of which I am the embodiment. If you live in or near London, or have ever been to London within the last twelve months, you must have heard of the great burlesque, "Amphitryon," nightly performed at the Regina Theatre to overflowing houses. (For particulars, see play-bill.) Possibly you are not a theatre-goer, never went inside a play-house; and could not tell, to save your life, whether Mr. Phelps is a high tragedian or a low comedy man; but for all that you know the name "Amphitryon." If you have eyes in your head you cannot help knowing it. The name stares at you from placards on blank walls, from the roofs of omnibuses, from the backs of newspapers. And if all these means fail to impress the name upon your sluggish memory, I am there to cudgel it, as it were, into your brains. Wherever there is a crowd in the streets, or a stoppage in the traffic, or a block in the thoroughfares of this city of London, you are pretty sure to meet me and my mates tramping along in single file. Surely you must know now what our company is. We are the walking posters who, between us ten, make up the word "Amphitryon," and I am the letter I, number five in the alphabetical ten-oar.

It may perhaps surprise you that I, being what I am, should show a certain acquaintance with grammar and orthography. If you

had been a walking poster as long as I have, nothing would surprise you much. Perhaps I have reasons of my own for following this pursuit. It may be that I have been in trouble, and cannot get any respectable employment; it may be that, even if I could get work of any kind, I should positively decline to do it. Possibly I am doing the job for a wager, or because I am half crazed, or because I wish to study life. You may take what explanation you like, I am not going to give you any further clue. One of the few advantages of our profession is, that when you apply for employment nobody asks you any question as to your past character, or inquires for references, or demands guarantees of sobriety and respectability. A pair of shoulders strong enough to carry two boards, slung one in front and one behind, is all that is essential for admission into the itinerant placard fraternity. We don't ask each other questions as to what we have been before; and if you try to make out from my companions who or what I am, or rather was, you will learn nothing, because they know nothing. All I will tell you is, that I am not the only walking sandwich in London—supposing I am such—who has been to college and belonged to West-end clubs, and ridden my own horses, and gone to the bad as a gentleman born and bred alone can do. In fact, I should say most of us, as far as I can guess from stray indications, have, at some time or other, been in better positions than you would fancy. Very few, I fancy, were ever honest, industrious sons of toil—that, I think, is the proper phrase nowadays for the intelligent mechanic or the sturdy labourer we used to hear about when I was young. Low and feeble and sunk as we are, we could, for the most part, do something better for a livelihood than this treadmill tramping. But one and all—it is the only characteristic common to us—we have an incapacity for exertion. In one form or other, we are all broken men: many by wealth, some by misfortune, others by a dark past. Of energy we have scarce a tittle left amongst the whole lot of us. I don't wish to describe our band as a collection of broken-down gentlemen. Drink and not gambling, "goes" of gin not throws of the dice, have been the ruin of most of our walking brotherhood. We have figured, I fancy, more often in the Police Court than in the Court of Probate and Divorce; we are more familiar with the union workhouses than with the gilded saloons of the aristocracy. But if honest industry and exalted station do not contribute many companions to our craft, I think we have few recruits from the ranks of thiefdom. It is not that we are too honest to steal, but

that we lack the energy and pluck required even to pick a pocket. Shakiness I should describe as our predominant quality. We are shaky on the legs, shaky in our speech, shaky in our heads, shaky in our characters, shaky in our walk.

Ours is a hard life, you say; a wretched life, if you like; but not perhaps so very hard a one as you fancy. I am not speaking of those pariahs of the profession who walk about with placards over their heads, fastened by iron bars to their shoulders. Poor as we are, we have not come to that. I wonder what punishment will be reserved down below for the men who first invented that method of turning human beings into sign boards. I dare say you never thought before what it must be to walk about for hours with a board over your head, requiring you to balance yourself every moment in order not to lose your footing; with your shoulders numbed with the weight; with your neck stiff with the necessity of always bending your head; with your chest aching with the wrenches given you every time a puff of wind catches the board. Even in the posting trade there is such a thing as legitimate business, and I draw the line at walking sandwiches.

I quite admit that, if I am not in the lowest branch of the profession, I am by no means in the highest. The aristocracy of the trade are the single sign board-bearers. One man walking alone can do pretty well what he likes. The individual, for instance, who patrols in front of Smoothly's, the hair dresser, on the Broadway—bearing a notice in front and behind, "If you want your hair smoothly cut, go to Smoothly's"—has, I take it, as good a time of it as any of us. He can choose his own pace, he can look into the shop-windows, he can talk to the woman of the apple-stall, he can stand still for a few minutes out of the wind, and, if nobody is on the look-out, he can tilt his boards on the doorsteps, and ease his shoulders for awhile.

None of these luxuries are for us. Like the Wandering Jew, we are obliged to be always moving: convicts chained by alphabetical fetters, we can never leave the ranks. If one walking letter quits his position the word is spoilt. So we trudge on, hour after hour. No doubt we are all well inclined enough to loiter all day long; but a string of men patrolling down the streets is an object too large to be overlooked, and we should be caught directly if we tried to shirk our labour. Besides, we are compelled to follow our leader. Unless your eye is practised in estimating the different degrees of squalor, the comparative anatomy of hollow cheeks and shrunken limbs, you would probably fail to detect any dis-

tinction between our leader and his followers. But if you are skilled in this squalid lore, you would see that A is a shade less shabby, a degree more upright, a trifle less forlorn and destitute than M and P, and so on down to N. It needs a certain amount of nerve to be head even in such a company as ours. Our bell-wether has to walk with some approximation to steadiness, or else the shuffling, shambling sheep who follow him would shift about, so as to render the word they represent illegible by passers-by. Then, too, the captain has to pilot us across the streets. Our general instructions are, to cross the road as often as possible, to cross it always when we are most likely to block the traffic, and to pass as close to the horses' heads as we can without actually being run over. And the best captain—that is, the captain who draws the best salary—is the man who will just shave the closest in cutting over, who will bring his walking posters right under the mouths of the horses fretting to get on as soon as the road is clear. As is commonly the case in this world, the man who draws the salary and receives the credit has comparatively little of the risk and labour. It is all very well for A, who can measure the distance with his eye before he begins to cross; it is the end letters who really bear the brunt. It is not a pleasant thing, I can tell you, to see the men in front of you tottering feebly across, while a handsome cab is driving down at full pace to cut in between the last man and the pavement. Somehow or other the feeblest, most broken man of the gang is always shoved into the last place. As a compensation, he is not liable like the rest of us to have his heels trodden on at any moment; but then he is the unlucky wight who gets most grazed by passing wheels, and most flicked by the whips of irritated drivers.

On the whole I prefer my own position to any other. In an advertising gang, if nowhere else, the maxim that you go safest in the middle holds perfectly good. It is true you have no opportunity of distinguishing yourself, but then I have no ambition to qualify myself for the post of captain. It may be from shame, it may be from modesty; but I prefer not to be conspicuous. Ever since A was promoted, on the death of our last leader, I have noticed he pulls his hat down over his eyes every time we pass up or down Pall Mall. Possibly if I were in the post of honour there are streets I should shun, stray glances from passers-by I might dread to encounter. But in the centre of a gang I could pass my own father and mother and wife, supposing them to exist, without fear of detection. Nobody, I notice, ever looks at us.

The very police on our beats do not know us by sight. We are walking letters; we have no identity or individuality of our own; we are lay-figures, moving dummies, on which placards are hung. Even amongst ourselves we are A, B, C, and so forth; we neither know nor care to know much about each other's names or homes. We meet in the morning, trudge together through the day; separate at night, and there, for the most part, our acquaintance ends.

When you have been knocked about the world as I have been—the knocking always being of that character from which it is not easy to get up again—you grow to be pretty well case-hardened to most things. I have neither kith, nor kin, nor child: and I might easily find many much more remunerative and creditable pursuits which would suit me far worse than one in which I can slouch along all day, with my hands buried in what once were pockets, with a pipe in my mouth, and with no master or mistress to order me about. Of course the pursuit, like any other, has its disagreeables. When you are more shaky than usual, and your head aches and your mouth is parched, you don't know what it is to see a row of greasy heads bobbing up and down before you constantly in every possible and impossible direction. There are times when I feel a hatred I can hardly express towards number 4, H by letter, who precedes me. He has a way of letting his head droop down upon his chest till you think it is going to drop off, and then sending it back with a jerk that makes his boards rattle. When I am nervous, as I often am of a morning, I keep watching for the last jerk of H's head with much the same feeling as I remember looking at a pistol pointed towards me one fine summer morning, long years ago. Then, too, it is dreadful work in cold, bleak, wet, and windy days. Frost is bad enough, and snow is the very deuce; but then in the winter time we are little out, and our hours are very short; for when people are walking quick and only about on business, they pay little heed to walking advertisements; it is the idle loitering folk for whose attention we cater, and these only come out when the days are long and the weather ought to be warm. No, for real depressing misery commend me to a day when the keen pitiless wind comes from the east, black with dust and laden with sharp, short, pelting showers of rain and hail. The boards bang against our backs and breasts, the tattered buttonless ragged garments in which we are clad fly fluttering open, our feet are dead with cold, our hands numbed, the very marrow of our bones seems frozen up; the dust is in our eyes and mouth and

nostrils, and somehow or other we are always peeling each other's shins and treading on each other's heels. Nobody seems to pity us. Crossing-sweepers on a sheltered crossing, beggars comfortably ensconced in snug corners out of the wind, get on such days sixpences and shillings enough; but in the records of our trade nobody was ever known to give a copper to a walking poster. I should have thought we looked wretched and ragged enough to be deserving objects of charity, and as to offending our dignity, just try and see if that is possible. The only difference between us and professional beggars is, that we do something for our livelihood and they don't. However, as most of us have tried begging before we took to carrying advertising-boards, and found we had not the talent required to make a living by it, I suppose we have no right to complain.

Any way, I do not complain. I have always had a passion, ever since I got to years of discretion or indiscretion, for seeing life. Perhaps it would have been better for me if I had had a taste for botany, or collecting ferns, or scouring bronzes; but, after all, I am not responsible for my tastes, and my taste prompts me to study man and woman. That taste grows upon me as I grow older, and I can gratify it gratis in my present position. When your present is dull and dreary, and your past is not pleasant to brood upon, and you have no future to look forward to, it is an immense boon to have something to take up your thoughts, so as I walk about I watch the ways of the great city. A stray word, overheard by chance, the sight of a face, or the name of a street recalls to me scenes at which I have been present,—stories I have heard, people I have known in the days when I was an actor in the drama of life, not a spectator only.

If you want any moral from my observations, I am afraid you will be puzzled to get it. At the present day it is your fashion to bother yourselves about the meaning and tenor of everything; but I don't see that you are much wiser after all than we were in the time when I was young, and when we left things as we found them. The saying of the weaver in Mr. Dickens's "Hard Times," "It is all a muddle," is about my philosophy of life. But if you think my musings about the things and people and manners in London can be turned to any advantage in a literary point of view, you are welcome to them. Odd shillings are very much in my way as long as I can earn them without trouble. Let me run on as I like, and then, if you think my observations worth anything, put them into any form you like. You know where to find

me; our gang is not easily missed from view. And as to my name,—well, as I told you before,—I am I.

MAY DAYS IN APPENZELL.

THERE is no country in the world so haakened, so trampled by tourists, so turned inside out and worn threadbare, as Switzerland; and yet Switzerland still remains the most interesting country in Europe, considered, at all events, in its physical aspects—as young, as fresh, as inexhaustible a topic as that “old, old story” of love itself, which still forms the mainspring of interest in all popular literature. And this for three reasons. The first is, that Switzerland is chiefly visited at a certain set season, comprising the three months of July, August, and September; and its visitors confine themselves for the most part to certain set routes, which they follow with a religious scrupulosity; and when this season and these routes are avoided, much is left that is still comparatively new. The second is, that Switzerland, although a small country, measured in every direction as the crow flies, would become a very large one if its vast ridges and gullies could be rolled out into a plain surface; and the travelled routes would appear to its whole area much as the superficies of England in relation to those lines of ground actually occupied by railroads, while its comparatively untravelled parts are so because of their difficulties of access. The third is, that those scenes which realise every imaginable condition of beauty produce ever new impressions on different minds: and that mind must be indeed commonplace which cannot receive from such impressions a stimulus to original thought. These considerations induced me to visit, in the last week of the glorious May of 1865, the still somewhat sequestered Canton of Appenzell, with the intention, if the weather allowed, of ascending the Sentsis, a mountain of an unusual form and peculiar character, and of such moderate height in comparison with the greater Alps, that the accomplishment of the task at this early period of the year seemed reasonably possible, and success sufficiently exhilarating, without attaining to the dignity of a feat worthy of commemoration in the annals of the Alpine Club.

From the cleanly and thriving little town of St. Gallen, the road to Appenzell winds up a long slope, for part of the way along the course of a torrent piercing the conglomerate hills, the character of which is that of a stream, generally rather scanty, with deep pools at intervals, when the hardness of the strata presents greater difficulties than usual

to the erosive action of water. At one point in the road occurs a very striking waterfall. Shortly before Teufen is arrived at—a little sparkling industrious town, with large clean houses, covered with wooden scales resembling those of Apollyon in “Pilgrim’s Progress,” and a high tapering steeple—the one great mountain chain of Appenzell, called the Alpstein, culminating in the pyramidal peak of the Sentsis to the westward, fills up the background of a scene of deep river courses, and small green mountains of various form, scant of trees, but covered all over with an uniform green carpet of herbage, and pretty evenly dotted over with chalets. The savage grandeur of the Alpstein, with its great stripes and patches of snow, and perpendicular or nearly perpendicular buttresses and pinnacles of naked limestone, shining in the sun or frowning under the cloud, contrasts beautifully with the pastoral repose of the foreground. From the elevation of Teufen, which is 2573 feet above the sea level, the Alpstein appears one long serrated ridge, rising from east to west; but its real form is of course not seen, which is that of three ridges, one behind the other, and the longest overlapping the two others, all being bound together in a knot or nucleus at the western extremity, where the highest points are the Sentsis, 7709 feet; the Gyren, or Geierspitz, 7019 feet; near which is the conspicuous Oehrlí or Ear; and the Altmann, about a hundred feet lower than the Sentsis. A spur is also extended towards Toggenburg in the west, so that the whole formation is a rough representation of a gigantic bird’s claw. After Teufen is passed, a huge mound of “nagelfluh,” or conglomerate, shuts out the view of the Alpstein, till it reappears again in the neighbourhood of Gais. The name of Teufen is supposed to be a corruption of “Tinfín,” which in the Allemannian tongue denoted a deep ravine, while that of Gais is of more obscure origin, but some suppose it derived from the Rhetian *Casa*, a chalet. Gais is a bright little town of a few very large picturesque houses, most of them built round an open square, in a free and commanding situation, with few trees in the neighbourhood. It possesses two spacious inns, the Ochs and the Krone, besides others, and is much resorted to in summer for the whey-cure, being in the season the most fashionable place in Appenzell. The whey-cure seems principally to consist in all the guests in the establishment being summoned at six in the morning by a bell to drink warm greenish whey out of a pail. Like the grape-cure, &c., its chief real efficacy lies doubtless in the fact that it gives invalids a change of air. Gais has gained a celebrity similar to

that of the country near Fishguard, in Wales, where the appearance of a crowd of women in red cloaks on the hills, suggesting British troops, caused a French detachment to lay down their arms in the Revolutionary war.

In 1405, the Duke Frederick of Austria and the Abbot of St. Gallen, nettled at their defeat at Wolfshalden, planned a surprise of the town from the Rhine valley. Their troops, three thousand men strong, advanced from Altstetten, and climbed the low height which is the boundary of the canton on that side, in rainy and foggy weather. But the Appenzellers were prepared: Count Rudolph of Werdenberg stood with four hundred men near the present site of the chapel of Stoss, at the foot of the mountain ridge. The mountaineers were barefoot, to enable them to stand firm on the wet grass of the sloping meadow. They allowed their enemies partly to pass a wooded ravine, and then fell upon them, the ball being opened by the sudden descent of a number of huge blocks of stone on the van of the invaders. The strings of the invaders' cross-bows were useless from the rain, and the fight now became a hand to hand encounter, where the halberts and "morning stars" of the Appenzellers told with deadly effect. While victory was still doubtful, a host clad in white was seen approaching from the Sommersberg. It was composed of the women of Gais, who had put on chemises over their dress. Perhaps the superstition of the time caused the enemy to invest them with the attributes of avenging angels. At all events the Austrians were discomfited and pursued to the walls of Altstetten, losing nine hundred men to twenty of the Appenzellers. It was on this occasion that Uli Rotach won himself an everlasting name. After standing at bay, with his back to a chalet, against twelve men-at-arms, and slaying a foe for each finger of his right hand, he met his death by some of the surviving cowards setting on fire the wooden building at his back. The distance from Gais to Appenzell, which lies in the valley of the Sitten, is some two miles and a half down a long slope. Appenzell is a pretty little town of gabled houses with large eaves, and the most striking of which is the old residence of its governors, when it was dependent on the Abbey of St. Gallen. Most of the church is comparatively new, and not picturesque; but there are some objects of interest in the interior. Excellent quarters are found at the Hecht, or Pike Hotel, the late landlady of which was renowned in all the country about the Lake of Constance for her beauty, wit, and friendliness. Her daughter-in-law, a widow, the present landlady, does all in her

power to perpetuate the pleasant memories of the hostel. It is odd that there should be a Hecht hotel at Teufen also, as at St. Gallen, and other places in the neighbourhood. The name is rather suggestive of *land sharks*, but I cannot complain of its being justified by my experiences.

Appenzell is, perhaps, still the cheapest part of Switzerland, although the prices are somewhat higher than those usual in the hill country of the Grand Duchy of Baden. The town itself is the best situated place as a central point for visiting the canton generally, though the neighbourhood of Weissbad, at the distance of about half an hour's walk, is a more convenient point for exploring the Alps. It is in the town, too, that the beautiful cantonal costumes are to be seen to their best advantage, as the markets are held there, and the church services on feast-days attract the surrounding population together there in their best array. The women wear that becoming bodice of black or coloured silk, or velvet, which is so general in Switzerland, the neck and upper part of the bosom being covered with full white lawn, as also the arms, which are seen through the ample semi-transparent sleeves, which being partially starched, mould themselves to the form. Round the neck itself there is a chain of silver passed many times, from which a crucifix often hangs. The bodice is festooned and decorated by silver chains and clasp-like ornaments, the chains crossing each other backwards and forwards on the front. A tasteful kerchief is also often worn out of doors on the neck and nape. A close cap of pink silk is the usual head-dress, with ribbons flowing behind; the same cap which appears in black in the Rhine-wald slope of the Schwarzwald. In addition to this, and this is the distinctive characteristic of the fair Appenzellers, many wear a kind of butterfly wings of black crape on the back of the head on high occasions, and especially when in mourning, when all the rest of the dress is black. Some of the young ladies commit the solecism of adding a crinoline to the national purple or dark-green plaited petticoat. Seen against a background of clouded mountain, few figures can be imagined more charming than a blonde beauty of Appenzell in full costume. A red waistcoat is *de rigueur* with the men, and they generally wear a close-fitting skull-cap of black leather, picked out in holes at the edge, through which peer divers colours; this cap is exceedingly hot, and gives them rather a bullet-headed aspect; but its use is justified by its being convenient when the head is pressed against the cows in milking. They seem almost entirely in summer to discard the use of coats,

and tuck up their shirt-sleeves to the elbows, displaying their brown, brawny arms. In some cases a whitish stuff jacket is worn, embroidered in red and green on the breast and collar. Across the shirt-front passes a band with representations of cattle in brass fastened on to it. But this appears to belong to gala costume, and then a brown jacket is generally added.

I had determined to visit the different minor points of interest in the country first, and keep the Sentis excursion for a *bonne bouche*, partly in the hope of finding companionship, partly because every day of sunshine diminished the snow-fields to be necessarily traversed. Hanging over Appenzell is a long mountain of conglomerate, parallel to the Alpstein, and culminating in the Kronberg, still bearing patches of snow upon it, though vastly inferior in height to the Alpstein. By ascending a gully just above the town, the ridge of this mountain was easily gained. In the recesses of the gully, an almost dry watercourse, several flowers, apparently rare elsewhere, made their appearance; conspicuous among these was that splendid orchidean, the *Frauentusch*, or lady's slipper, *Cypripedium Calceolus*, whose name, however, is scarcely accurate, as its shape is more like that of the slipper of a gouty old gentleman. On the crest of the hill there were a number of pretty white goats, with whiter kids, browsing on the lush herbage, and particularly tame, with two herd-boys engaged in the hard work of looking after them, or rather keeping them company by sleeping in the sun; they made a good picture, as seen against a storm cloud rising out of the horizon. It was easy to climb down the sides of this hill to Weissbad. On the way there was some fine broken ground caused by the fantastic forms of the conglomerate rock, which is made of a hard cement welding together pebbles and boulders of different sizes and colours, and belonging to different geological epochs. Weissbad is beautifully situated in grounds of its own, shaded with an abundance of large deciduous trees. The meadows above it were sown with globes of gold in thousands, the blossoms of that splendid ranunculus, *Trollius europæus*. The groves were vocal with birds, and as evening came on, the indefatigable cuckoo seemed to keep up a running fire of applause to the solo of the nightingale. In the neighbourhood of Weissbad a landscape painter might set up his easel with great advantage. There are numberless studies of foreground in the wooded glens and water-courses, the naked snow-covered rocks of the Alpstein forming the distance, seen through luxuriant trees; and the painter of figures and animals would with difficulty find better

head-quarters. The only objection to the animals is, that being so much petted by the natives, and treated as semi-rational beings, they are too tame, and their curiosity prompts them to be ever poking their fragrant muzzles into the lap of the sketcher. There is an inexpressible charm in the music of the bells which the cows and goats bear; and, in fact, it is difficult to imagine a more perfect realisation of classic Arcadia than the whole of the pastoral part of the canton of Appenzell. Sheep are rare, which is well—as sheep, although it may seem rather profane to say so, are far dirtier, stupider, and less interesting altogether than goats. A little beyond Weissbad, on the road parallel to the river, is a neat little inn called the Alpstein, which, from standing on a slight elevation, commands a beautiful view; and farther on still another, with more accommodation, and a shady garden—the Rösali. This name exemplifies the strange tendency in the Allemannian dialect to run into diminutives. When Germans speak of a “Schaaf,” these people say Schäffe; for “Haus” they say Husele, &c. In Freiburg, in the Briesgau, where nearly the same language prevails, the great cathedral is pettingly spoken of as “das Münsterle.” Although the Allemannian may be more philologically interesting than classic high German, yet such forms cannot but be regarded as corruptions. The road from Weissbad, on approaching Appenzell, passes through a very pretty covered wooded bridge, under which there is a sweep of placid water, ended by a rapid—a place that trout delight in. The Sitter would be a famous fishing river if it were not entirely free. As it is, abundance of trout come to the fly, but they are usually small. There are good fish to be had in the lake of the Seelalp and the Sentisee of the species called *Salmo alpinus*. I could not get them to rise at my flies, and I apprehend they despise any bait smaller than a gudgeon or a small trout.

Before I could get to the town from the bridge aforesaid, on this afternoon, the 24th May, the thunderstorm so long brewing burst like a waterspout, with blinding flashes, and nearly simultaneous thunder. On returning to the Hecht, I heard that the Franciscan nunnery had been struck, but the goodness of their guardian angels, or the conductors, enabled the pious ladies to escape with the fright. The next day being Holy Thursday, the church was thronged with worshippers, who overflowed to the steps outside the porch. The Feast of the Ascension, both among the Catholics and Protestants in German countries, seems to be made more of than it generally is in England. The wet weather cleared away towards the evening, and gave place to a sky

uniformly clouded, with rays of light slanting through it. From the summit of a hill of moderate height gradually ascended from the road to Gais, an unexpectedly fine view of the valley of the Upper Rhine presented itself—the partial beams seemed to light up one village after another, as if some one above the clouds was engaged in showing them, and turning the light of a bull's-eye lantern upon them in turn.

The most conspicuous peaks from the town of Appenzell are those of Kamor and Hohen Kasten. These belong to a prolongation of the southern limb of the Alpstein, exceed 5000 feet in height, and are said to command splendid views on the side of the Rhine valley. The ascent over steep meadows is clearly seen from Bruhlisau, the latter part only being somewhat stiff; while the form of the Kamor is pyramidal, that of Hohen Kasten—"The High Box," as its name implies—is square, at least as seen from a distance. I was detained half-way on the ascent of the Hohen Kasten by a sketoh, and consequently did not accomplish it; but it is generally said that few points better repay the trouble of attaining to them, which appears to be by no means great. At Bruhlisau I had a conversation with the Pfarrer, a stout, elderly gentleman, with earrings, and a black figured damask curtain round his waist by way of a sash. Just beyond Weissbad that limb of the Alpstein which terminates in the Sentis commences with a flat height appropriately called the Ebenalp, nearly 5000 feet high. Half-way up the abrupt overhanging cliff, which forms the escarpment of this mountain, are some great caves in the limestone, at the entrance of one of which is built the rustic chapel called Wildkirchlein. This place is accounted one of the chief lions of Appenzell. It is reached by climbing a rough horse-path, which winds up a promontory just over Weissbad, then turns to the left under the overhanging cliff which it follows to the side of the valley of the Seealp, then becomes a little path, with steps ascending in a backward direction the face of the cliff. Into a platform blasted out of the rock on this path, Swiss ingenuity and cupidity has managed to screw a tolerably commodious inn, the "Gschler." There is another inn at Wildkirchlein, sleeping-chambers in connection with which I found the landlord engaged in building in the cave itself. A third inn stands on the flat surface of the Ebenalp; but, as the rival landlord at Wildkirchlein holds the keys of the subterranean passage which leads to this, it stands there under a manifest disadvantage. Mine host of "Gschler" is deserving of sympathy, as he brings up twelve

children on his rocky ledges, who play about on the brink of the sheer precipice fearless as young chamois. The little church belonged to a hermitage founded in 1656, and is dedicated to St. Michael. Through the adjoining cavern, where the inn stands, a long passage leads upwards, and then out on the Ebenalp. To traverse this a torch is necessary. These caverns appear to have harboured beasts of prey in primeval times, as great quantities of teeth and bones have been found in them. The Ebenalp is a commanding platform, blest with delicious air and rich in the flora of the Alps. One of the most exquisite of the flowers is the yellow auricula, in form like a cowslip, with a faint, delicate scent. The rhododendron is found in abundance, but at the time of my visit was only just beginning to bloom. I pursued for a short distance the course of the Altenalp in the direction of the Sentis, and came on limestone rocks, which had been reduced by the action of water to the semblance of a petrified glacier, finding at length a zig-zag path which led down the face of the steep towards the valley of Seealp, and back again to Wildkirchlein, along the fringe of an awful precipice.

For the next day to this I planned an excursion with a Berlin painter to the lakes called Sentisee and Föhlersee, in the valley to the north of that of Seealp, and secluded between the huge cliffs of Alpiessel and the last range of the Alpstein. Through our not taking a guide, we eventually missed the Föhlersee altogether. After passing the hamlet of Brühlisau, we entered a narrow defile, the Brülltobel, through which a rushing stream found its way in a bed encumbered with huge fragments of rocks. We were detained for some time observing an exquisite picture formed by one of these blocks, with a little fall and pool below, a tree covered with white blossom above, and on the margin of the rock a wild rose tree, whose deep crimson flowers were reflected in the water. As we mounted the height further on, we found that the brook had disappeared, but came upon it again as the valley widened. It disappeared again when we gained another height. On descending which, we discovered the Sentisee on the left. The torrent we had followed was its subterranean outlet. The Sentisee, with its deep green waters about half a mile long, lay at the bottom of a valley of exquisite beauty shut in on every side by mountains with copings of crag and snow, and entirely secluded from the outer world. This valley seemed about three English miles in length. There were no permanent habitations in it, but a few chalets for the goats and cows. The vegetation was of the most luxuriant kind, the

whole ground, as far as one could see, a vast prairie of gorgeous flowers, screened from every wind by its apparently inaccessible walls—the contortions and convolutions of whose strata were of the most fantastic kind—everlasting monuments of Nature's agony. At the head of the valley grew groves of fine oaks and beeches at an elevation where deciduous trees are seldom found. It was easy to fancy one had alighted in the plains of Asphodel assigned by Homer as a residence to the happy dead, or in that valley of Avilion of Celtic fable—

Where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair in orchard lawns
And downy hollows.

After a midday meal on the bank of the brook, we made for a steep path which we saw at the end of the valley winding up to a "col," which, as a matter of course, we imagined to be the way to the Fährersee, but we mounted even higher and higher till we came to snow fields, across which we had to pass. At length we stood on a mountain-saddle. To our surprise the group of heights about the Sentis lay before us—a vast wilderness of black rocks and white snow. We then knew we had gone wrong, and afterwards discovered that the way to the second lake ran through a gap to the left, rendered nearly invisible by intervening trees. The Fährersee is said to be peculiarly wild and majestic, lying just at the foot of the snows of the Altmann. We ascended, as it proved, to the saddle of the Schäfer far above, and commanding a view of the Meglis Alp with its châteaux, and of the great gulf yawning between the Sentis and Altmann. The precipices looked very frowning and formidable, and the snow-fields to be traversed on the ascent of the Sentis appeared almost perpendicular. An especial horror seemed to attach itself to certain green steepes on the flanks of the Altmann, which looked like meadows set upright. Though disappointed at missing our way, we consoled ourselves with the sublimity of the scene, and my companion, not forgetful of his student days, exclaimed, "Jetzt liegt das ganze Philisterium weit unter uns!" Which might be freely rendered, "Now then, we are well out of the reach of respectability!"

Though this excursion was a long and fatiguing one, the still beautiful weather, with some signs of change, convinced me that I had better start the next morning for the crown of the Appenzell mountains.

There are three ways to the Sentis—one, the usual one, by Meglis Alp; another by the crest of the Altenalp, behind the Oehri, and over the glacier; another past the Seealpsee, up the face of the steep which covers the

valley. I chose the first by the advice of my guide, Bühler, of Weissbad, who proved an intelligent companion, and in every respect trustworthy. His charge for the Sentis was six francs, and his entertainment for two days. At Weissbad we procured two alpenstocks made of young fir saplings, and the shoemaker drove some ice-nails into the heels of my boots; and about nine a.m. we started from the pretty inn of Schwendi in the direction of the Seealpsee, across rich meadows; then we left the valley by a path to the left, which in the sultry heat seemed particularly steep and rugged. After a halt by a delicious fountain in a wood, we arrived at a ledge which runs parallel to the Seealp valley. On the left are the sheer naked rocks of the Marwies; on the right the Seealpsee, with clear, deep, green waters, seen over a precipice of fearful height, yet seemingly within a stone's throw. The path here is perfectly straight, nearly level, and wide enough for all practical purposes; but a careless step on one side would ensure certain destruction, and this state of the case lasts for a league at least. The Meglis Alp is a green, uneven upland, rich in vegetation, strewn with broken boulders, and bound by fantastic needles and spires and wedges of rock, and extending to the lower edges of the snow-fields of the Altmann and Sentis, whose corrugated structure shows signs of a disposition to glacier formation. On the Meglis Alp are a number of châteaux, one of them alone inhabited, and serving as a rough inn. We had proposed to ascend the Sentis the same evening, sleep on the summit, and return the next morning; but the herdsman who acted as our guide told us that he had just discovered, by an excursion with an Appenzeller on the previous day, that the wind had carried away bodily the roof of his chateau just under the final pyramid, and strewn the beams on the rock, but had blown the wooden tiles into infinity. So we wiled away the day on the Meglis Alp as best we could, sketching, botanising, bathing in a little tarn under the snows, and playing with the goats and cows. One splendid buck, said to be of Hungarian breed, proved a great source of amusement. His beard was worthy of a Rabbi; his horns were huge, flat, and curved at the ends; and his eyes had an expression of fun, when he was playing, only equalled by those of a frolicsome Newfoundland. He challenged every new-comer to a pushing match, having been played with in this manner by the herd boys, and his strength was nearly a match for that of a strong man. This circumstance made it somewhat difficult to take his likeness. As to the flowers, bouquets in profusion were

gathered and thrown away. My guide laid by in a deep recess some of the choicest saxifrages and bluest forget-me-nots (the colour of this flower being far more intense in elevated spots), as an offering to the fair hostess of the Hecht. At this season the larger deep purple gentian is in all its splendour. Later in the summer it is overblown, and the exquisite little flower, with hue like violet fire, is said to outlast it.

Towards evening there was some appearance of rain, and it looked at one time as if the Sentsis must be given up, in which case it would have remained, as its name implies—a "thorn" in my memories of Appenzell. But at sunset the wondrous Alpine glow suddenly lighted up the high-pitched planes and peaks of the mountain opposite, perhaps the most beautiful vision that human eye can see on this side the grave. It is by no means of common occurrence, as it results from special atmospheric combinations, and must be distinguished from the ordinary rose tint which falls on the heights opposite the sun. It lasts but a few minutes, and is followed by a deep blush of after-glow, as if the mountain had drunk the light into its very essence, and now become luminous itself. The after-glow may be owing to the reflection from clouds. After this we saw the goats and cows milked, the herdsman keeping up a mild though exact discipline, as if they were school children, chiding those who butted each other, and calling them up each in turn by name. The goat's milk is so rich that, modified by a little coffee, it almost served us for meat and drink at midday after our hot walk. We supped on "stierenaugen," "bull's-eyes," which is the country expression for eggs fried whole in butter, and the red wine of the Upper Rheinthal, and then turned into beds of tolerable comfort, stuffed with leaves. The night was cold, but its breath through the open window seemed health itself, and the stars sparkled like diamonds.

At half-past two o'clock the guide was stirring, coffee was dispatched, our host had freighted himself with a huge basket of wooden tiles to rebuild his roof near the summit, and we started in the twilight on a path which, indistinctly marked and tortuous, led to the sloping rocky ledges on the right of the great snow-fields. The air was so fresh as to dispel any idea of extraordinary exertion, though the way was steep and difficult, and among the pointed rocks care was necessary in planting the feet.

The view from the shoulder, as the sun rose over the Alps by Sonthofen, in Bavaria, was very fine indeed. Then we came to the Wagenbuke, a grand opening in the rocks,

whence we mounted the snow-field in a zigzag course, the snow at that early hour being in fine condition, neither so soft as to impede progress, or so hard as to give insecure footing. The only danger in such a case would be to a weak person in a sudden collapse of strength. An involuntary glissade would only have ended on a ridge of sharp rocks some thousand feet below. When the top-most pyramid is approached, there is certainly one rather critical place in the shape of a sort of "couloir," down which rocks and stones come which are detached from above by the action of the weather. One block, as big as a small house, which was lying on the snow before us, as our host remarked, was not there last Sunday. But this spot is traversed in two minutes. The ascent of the lower part of the pyramid presented no great difficulty, and between five and six we had arrived at the ruined hut, the walls of which were firmly imbedded in the depression of a little rocky platform. There was still a goodly little barrel of wine in it, which had been there through the winter, and "Hôtel du Sentsis" was written over the broken door. Formerly, when no one was there, visitors found a list of prices, and they were encouraged to help themselves, and then leave the money on the table. A causeway had yet to be passed, somewhat like the Striding-edge of Helvyllin, or the Coupée of Sark, but there was abundant room for two or three persons to walk abreast over it; then a short ladder had to be mounted, which led up a narrow, rocky stair, where the only precautions necessary are not to be overbalanced by knocking against the rocks, and to avoid treading on or holding on by loose stones. The view on the summit became panoramic, but all its best part had been disclosed at the spot where the hut stands. There lay before us a great white sea of peaks to the east, south, and west, unlike the sea, however, even when most broken at a meeting of currents, in being of every imaginable irregularity of contour.

To enumerate the summits would be to give a list of those between the Bernese Oberland on the west, and the nearer Tyrol and Upper Bavaria on the east. Those most striking from this point are the seven Churfürsten, standing up like sharks' teeth on the other side of Toggenburg, and in the midst of the white chaos to the west, the giant Tödi, with its square top, like, but larger than the Hohen Kasten by Appenzell. The summit of the Sentsis is also called the High Meesmer. Below, on the side of the Altenalp, is a vast dreary chasm, and at its bottom a great inclined plain of glacier and rocks, rounded by glacial action, which from below looks like a mere shelf. To

the north of the Messmer, separated by a great gap, is the Gyrenspitz, or Peak of Vultures. On the sloping plain far below us we had the luck to descry a moving speck, which our glasses decided to be a chamois. The guide raised a peculiar screech; it stood for a minute to see whence the sound came, then darted off in a series of marvellously swift courses up the steep, till it vanished in the crannies of the topmost rocks. We accomplished to the Meglis Alp in three-quarters of an hour a descent of three thousand feet, for the snow-field stretched at this early period of the year completely to the bottom of the gully; and we slid down in the usual Alpine manner, by keeping the body stiff, and steering with the alpenstock. This method of progression is extremely easy at the time, and extremely fatiguing afterwards, at least to those unaccustomed to it. On the descent we saw five more chamois, and the remains of a grey hare devoured by a fox, with many tracks of chamois, hares, and foxes. I do not by any means believe that the chamois is nearly extinct in Switzerland, as the natives generally say. In the eastern mountains I have seen many. That the danger of hunting them is great to those who suffer themselves to be overcome by the ardour of the chase I can readily believe; but it is not improbable that sport is to be had on easier terms occasionally. The places where we found them on the Sentsis were by no means inaccessible. We walked very leisurely back to Appenzell, and the air seemed singularly thick and sultry in the valley, after twenty-four hours passed in the higher region. I was the first stranger on the Sentsis this year, having made the excursion in the last two days of May. The fact that the snow-field was much more extensive than later in the summer, as our guide remarked, was an advantage.

The next day was lazily spent in exploring the Sitter. This river is said to be derived from the Allemannian "Site Run," signifying a deep stream; but if Dean Swift were alive, he would derive it from its property of sitting so often in its course, and forming pools among the conglomerate rocks, or from its picturesqueness. A painter could certainly not have a better "sitter." Wood and rock and water form most forcible foregrounds, with a constant background of snowy mountain. The pools are so clear and tempting to the bather, that Etty would have delighted to fill them with naked nymphs; while Rosa Bonheur would rather have valued them for the sake of the cows, who find pleasure in their coolness, and whose images the surface reflects so faithfully. A week in Appenzell is soon passed. It is, in the most literal sense

of the words, a land flowing with milk and honey; and its inhabitants are some of the most real and original of the Swiss, in their manners and customs still very much like the idealised Germans of Tacitus. They are certainly a lawless people, in that they are said to possess no written laws, and an attorney would consequently starve among them. Causes are decided by equity and common sense, and most civil actions are settled in doubtful cases by splitting the difference conformably to that spirit of conciliation which induced the Appenzellers, after much religious discussion, to settle that the industrial half of the canton called Ausser Rhoden should be Protestant, while the pastoral half, or Inner Rhoden, should remain Catholic. The officials are proposed by shouting out the names of the candidates at the Landgemeinde, which is attended by all citizens in arms, according to ancient custom; and there is no dignity higher than that of landamman, the mayor, or baillie, or president, of the little republic. Hero worship centres itself on the Tell of Appenzell, Uli Rotach, in whose honour a great festival is still held on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the victory of Stoss, the Waterloo of Appenzell, just one day before the anniversary of Waterloo itself.

The name of Appenzell is as old as the eleventh century. In the year 1061, Abbot Norpert of St. Gallen caused a religious house to be built at Neustadt on the Sitter, whence that place acquired the name of Abbatis Cella. The first known inhabitants of the land were Alemanni, said to have been refugees from Frankish conquest, who themselves afterwards fell under the yoke of the Franks, and then became dependents of the counts of Thurgau. In time, however, the dominant influence in the land became that of the Convent of St. Gallen, whose rule, however, was not so mild as that of the mediæval ecclesiastics generally. The Appenzellers shook themselves free at the end of the thirteenth century. In 1393, Abbot Kuno, of Staufien, endeavoured to regain the sovereignty, but, with his allies, was decisively beaten at Vögelinsegg, Wolfhalden, and Stoss. In 1452 the Appenzellers were received into the Swiss Bund, having found it necessary to secure the assistance of the Confederates against Count Frederick of Toggenburg. The Reformation having been accepted by the outer part of the canton, it divided itself in 1597 into Ausser Rhoden and Inner Rhoden, the former now containing some forty-four thousand inhabitants, the latter about twelve thousand. Flocks and herds form the main occupation of the Catholic half of the canton, though their women may be seen sitting all day long at

the windows busy at lace-making, with cushions before them, and singing to beguile the labour; while the Protestant part looks to manufactures of linen, muslin, &c., as the chief source of profit. In the political chaos occasioned by the French Revolution, both Appenzells were made part of the new canton of the Sentis, but the old constitution was restored under the Empire. In referring to the local histories, it seems astonishing how so small a population could do and suffer so much fighting without being entirely exterminated, and still more astonishing that through all the changes and chances of politics, Appenzell should have preserved a purely democratic constitution far older than any of those monarchies professing to exist by Divine Right.

G. C. SWAYNE.

ATHENS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

At the time when the Spring brings the glow to the roses in Athens to-day,
And sweetly the night-time is stealing the fragrance of gloaming away;
And high shines the moon, and her shimmer on cypress and palm-tree is rolled,
O'er temples and pillars of marble, the glories of Athens of old,
Let us garland the head, and the goblets fill high with the Samian wine,
Remembering that Socrates lived here, in Athens;—the teacher divine.
Our speech is enwoven with love, though Athenè o'er battles holds sway,
Young Eros, the bright God of Love, rules supreme in our Athens to-day.
Our rede is commingled with music, sweet tones of the gittern fall light,
The song and the gittern do battle melodious in Athens to-night.
The glories of old classic fable, and names that were famous of yore,
Come back to remembrance, and Athens is mighty in Hellas once more.
The song rises louder and louder, and filling the goblets of gold,
We drink here in Athens to-day to the glories of Athens of old.

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

THE CAMEL.

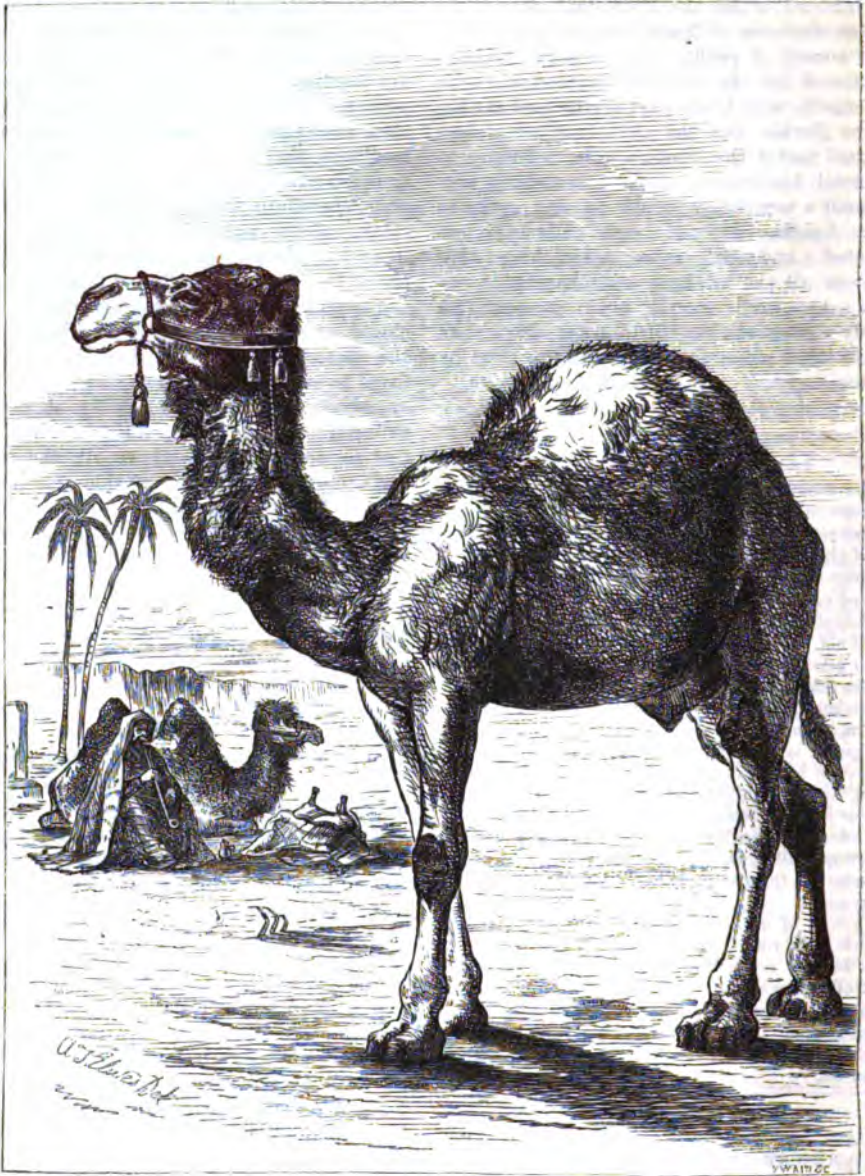
A RECENT writer has remarked that, "human civilisation appears in a great measure to have been dependent on the presence or absence of animals capable of domestication;" and that "if we examine the facilities enjoyed by the civilised natives of Europe, Africa, and Asia, as compared with those of America and Australia, we shall find that the former have had (alone) these great co-operatives in their social progress, the horse, the ass, the camel, the ox, sheep, and goat."

No animal, perhaps, has thus contributed to human progress more than the camel—

"the ship of the desert,"—the earliest "vehicle of commerce" of which we have any account; although its title to the epithet "domestic" may need some qualification.

Many points connected with these animals are familiar to every reader; none more so, perhaps, than the wondrous adaptation of their structure to the wants engendered by the localities they frequent. The spare sinewy form devoid of all superfluous weight—the wide spreading feet, with their cushion-like soles, which buoy up the animal on the loosest sand—the lofty pose of the head, far above the fierce heat reflected from the ground—the wide spreading nostrils, which can be closed at will against the burning drift of the desert—the powerful projecting teeth, fitted to seize the minutest forms of herbage, or divide the toughest prickly shrubs—the callosity of the joints, which enables it to rest on the fiery soil—above all, the cellular texture of the stomach, capable of being converted into an assemblage of water-tanks;—all these points have been dilated on, and all are indeed scarcely capable of exaggeration. But it appears to us that the interest with which we regard the animal will not be lessened, if we view it in its *true* character in other respects, divested of those docile, loving attributes with which imaginative naturalists have endowed it; divested, too, of that sort of romantic association, not perhaps unnatural in travellers looking back on their wanderings in the far-off East; and regarded as a passive, much-enduring beast, of a temper and habit such as would certainly not appear to commend its companionship to man, or in any way to facilitate its domestication.

The early history of the camel, like that of every other animal which now exists in the domestic state only, is lost in obscurity. Remains of camels have been found in Europe and Asia, in recent beds of the tertiary epoch, showing its co-existence with the Mammoth elephant, the Cave bear, the giant wood-stag, the little fossil horse or pony, and other animals of a period supposed to have been prior to man's existence. Diodorus and Strabo, though only on hearsay evidence, assert its existence in a wild state in Arabia in their day. Desmoulins states that it so existed in the reign of Hadrian. Later writers have asserted its existence in a wild state in the present day, in Central Africa and the deserts of Mid-Asia. Be this as it may, however, the explorations of travellers in the former continent have certainly not brought to light any traces of these herds; and the celebrated German traveller, Ermann, devoted much time and trouble to the search for them in Asia, but in vain.



Cuvier, referring to the naturalist Pallas's belief in their existence, remarks that it should be remembered that the Calmucks give liberty to all sorts of animals on a religious principle; a custom, by the way, not uncommon in the East, of which we have a type in the Levitical Scapegoat, and which we may even trace in certain Gipsy customs which exist, at least traditionally, in our own country in the present day.

We hear of the animal in a state of domestication at a very early period. Thus, for example, in Genesis xxxii. 7—15, we read that Jacob "divided his flocks and herds and camels into two bands;" and further on, that to propitiate his brother Esau, he sent him "thirty milch camels with their colts." And again, in chap. xxxvii., when Joseph was sold into captivity, "They lifted up their eyes, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came

from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt"—evidence, as a writer in the "Edinburgh Review" has remarked, of the existence, even at this early period, of the caravan trade, which has never since been abandoned by them. And in the book of Job, to which commentators assign an antiquity of at least thirty-five centuries, we read that the patriarch was a dweller in Uz (Yemen), and that he was the mightiest of the men of the East, his substance consisting of "7000 sheep, and 500 yoke of oxen, and 500 she asses, and 3000 camels."

Camels do not appear in the Egyptian remains; possibly, as the writer of a recent history of Egypt has suggested, they invariably belonged to the Arabs, in whose hands was the caravan trade of the desert, and who, being a subject race, may have caused their animals to be equally regarded with contempt. Camels are often portrayed on Assyrian bas-reliefs, with much minuteness and accuracy of detail, showing the rude bridles and the bales balanced on either side of the animal's bunch, "the chests bound with cords," (Ezek. xxvii. 24), precisely as they may be seen in the streets of Cairo to this hour.

But we must turn to the characteristics of the animal itself, and on this point let us hear Mr. W. G. Palgrave:—"I have, when in England," he writes, "heard and read more than once of the 'docile camel.' If 'docile' means stupid, well and good, the camel is a model of docility; but if the epithet be intended to designate an animal that takes an interest in its rider so far as a beast can, that in some way understands his intentions, or shares them in a subordinate fashion, that obeys from a sort of submissive, or half fellow-feeling with his master, like the horse and elephant; then I say that the camel is by no means 'docile,' but very much the contrary; he takes no heed to his rider, pays no attention whether he be on his back or not, walks straight on when once set going, merely because he is too stupid to turn aside; and then should some tempting thorn or green branch allure him out of the path, continues to walk on in this new direction simply because he is too dull to turn back again into the right road. His only care is to cross as much pasture as he conveniently can while pacing mechanically onward, and for effecting this his long flexible neck sets him at great advantage; and a hard blow or a downright kick alone has any influence on him, whether to direct or impel. He will never attempt to throw you off his back, such a trick being far beyond his limited comprehension; but if you fall off he will never dream of stopping for

you, and walks on just the same, grazing as he goes, without knowing or caring an atom what has become of you. If turned loose, it is a thousand to one he will never find his way back to his accustomed home or pasture, and the first comer who picks him up will have no particular shyness to get over; Jack or Tom are all the same to him, and the loss of his old master and of his former camelline companions give him no regret, and occasion no endeavour to find them again. One only symptom will he give that he is aware of his rider, and that is when the latter is about to mount; for on such an occasion, instead of addressing him in the style of Balaam's more intelligent beast, 'Am not I thy camel on which thou has ridden ever since I was thine, even unto this day?' he will bend his long snakey neck towards his master, open his enormous jaws to bite if he dared, and roar out a tremendous kind of groan, as if to complain of some entirely new and unparalleled injustice about to be done him. In a word, he is from first to last an undomesticated and savage animal, rendered serviceable by stupidity alone, without much skill on his master's part or any co-operation on his own, save that of extreme passiveness. Neither attachment nor even habits impress him; never tame, though not wide awake enough to become wild.

"One passion alone he possesses, revenge, of which he furnishes many a hideous example, while in carrying it out, he shows an unexpected degree of far-thoughted malice, united meanwhile with all the cold-blooded stupidity of his usual nature.

"Indeed" continues Mr. Palgrave, "so marked is this unamiable propensity, that some philosophers, doubtless of the Professor Gorres' school, have ascribed the revengeful character of the Bedouins to the great share which the flesh and milk of the camel have in their sustenance, and which are supposed to communicate to those who partake of them over-largely, the moral or immoral qualities of the animal to which they belonged. I do not feel myself capable of pronouncing an opinion on so intricate a subject, but this much I can say, that the camel and his Bedouin master do afford so many and obvious points of resemblance, that I did not think an Arab of Shomer far in the wrong when I once heard him say, 'God created the Bedouin for the camel, and the camel for the Bedouin.'"

Such is the unflattering picture, drawn by Mr. Palgrave, of the camel as he is. We may perhaps be allowed to refer to the deplorable description he gives of a Bedouin's life in the desert,—driving camels about an open waste,

without laws or religion, with no idea or sense of moral obligation, no comprehension of beauty, love, fidelity, or purity, enduring constant privation, in life-long insecurity,—and ask, can we wonder that such an existence for more than twenty centuries has degraded the Bedouin to the very lowest point, and that his evil qualities are reflected in the beasts which form his sole companions? We fear that the bad qualities above described are, in truth, in some measure characteristic of the camel, wherever he is found.

Of the varieties of these animals Mr. Palgrave writes as follows:—"The camel and the dromedary" in Arabia is the same identical genus and creature, excepting that the dromedary is a high-bred camel, and the camel a low-bred dromedary; exactly the same distinction which exists between a race-horse and a hack. The dromedary is the race-horse of his species, elegant, or comparatively so, fine-haired, light of step, easy of pace, and much more enduring of thirst than the woolly-coated, thick-built, heavy-footed, ungainly and jolting camel. But both and each of them have only one hump, placed immediately behind their shoulders, where it serves as a fixing point for the saddle or burthen. Owing to this similarity they are often confounded in the common appellations *Bua'reer* and *Nok*, male and female camels, though yet more often the dromedary enjoys his special title, of 'hejeen' or 'dolool.' As to the two-humped beast, it exists indeed, but it is neither Arab dromedary, or camel; it belongs to the Persian breed, called by the Arabs 'Bakhtee,' or Bactrian."

Of the two-humped, or Bactrian camel, which is reputed to be better fitted for moving over wet ground, we have been unable to find trustworthy accounts of equal minuteness. We will, therefore, turn to another reliable source of information, for some further particulars respecting camels in general. Mr. Marah, at one time the American minister at the Ottoman Porte, who paid much attention to the subject of the advisability of introducing the animal into the United States, collected much information on its capabilities and performances, from which we will quote a few observations. "By means," he writes, "of the absorption of the hump, and the fluid preserved in, and perhaps also secreted from, the water-sacs of the belly, the camel is able to travel several days without fresh supplies of meat or fluid drink. The period of abstinence

depends on the temperature, the seasons, the breed, training, and habits of each particular animal, and the degree of labour required from him. With respect to food, there is no doubt that the camel sometimes endures two or three or even more days of entire privation, but long abstinence is seldom necessary, because, although there are well-authenticated instances of tracts of desert frequently traversed by caravans, of six days' journey in width, and absolutely without a particle of vegetation, yet there are few portions of the Libyan or Arabian deserts, where more or less of the shrubs on which the camel feeds do not occur at much shorter intervals."

The camel's powers of abstaining from water are no doubt often put to a severe test; but it is quite possible that differences in the succulence of the food consumed by different animals may account for many of the discrepancies in the accounts of the camel which are given by even the most trustworthy observers.

The late Sir Alex. Burnes, in his *Travels in Scinde*, asserts it to be a vulgar error that the camel can live any length of time without water. "He generally pines away and dies the fourth day, and will, with great heat, sink even sooner."

Camels are in much more extended use than is generally known. We find them in every part of the northern half of Africa, from the foot of Mount Atlas to the borders of the Red Sea. In Asia, too, they are everywhere present, from the shores of the Levant to the furthest confines of Mantchouria, where recent travellers picture to us long strings of begrimed, sad-looking camels, carrying coals from the mines of the north-east to Peking, as they did in the days when Marco Polo wrote his account of "far Cathay," and as they probably had done for centuries long previous.

Camels have been lately introduced (but we believe in small numbers), both in Australia and in America.

The miserable-looking dwarfish breed which has existed for several centuries at St. Roque, near Pisa, is well known to tourists, and need not be here described. Camels have also been employed in Sicily, and in the Balearic Isles; a small breed also exists in the Azores, of which the origin is rather uncertain; and a few animals, we believe, are in use in some of the Cape Verde islands.

Camels appear to have been extensively used in Gaul in the fourth and fifth centuries; but whether they were introduced by the Romans, or by some of the barbarous hordes from the East, remains still a matter of doubt.

C.

* In old English books on Natural History, the camel was represented erroneously as having two humps, and the dromedary one: the confusion has been further increased by the fact that some French writers on Africa use the distinctive term, *Chameau*, always translated *Camel*, for the swift "hejeen" or dromedary proper.

HEVER COURT.

BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD, AUTHOR OF "RALPH," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.—A BOARD OF DIRECTORS
(LIMITED).

THAT class of men of whom it may be said that they could fill, with decided success, two very distinct positions, cannot be numerous; yet it may not have escaped the reader's observation that there are head-waiters who have the physical gifts indispensable to the heaven-born chairman of directors. Blandly conforming to the sensual appetites of the guests at a public dinner, such an one will condescend to bear a tureen of soup, or even a

cod's head-and-shoulders,—the boiled caricature of his own,—serving them the while with his superior manner, and with a serene contempt still mingled with urbane regard, throwing their vinous orders from him to his obedient and less obese satellites. Perchance the highly-favoured guest to whom the soup has not yet arrived, may ponder, as he receives a plate from his august hands, how that massive bald-head, with its neatly brushed-up white whiskers, set in its white unrumpled stock, framed, as it were, between two ridges of increasing collar; how that portly bust, conspicuous in its snowy mounting of shirt-front and waistcoat, would become the chair of a certain board-room, where those pudgy hands would wield the hammer of order, and that stentorian voice put the quavering amendments of less dignified colleagues with so much unctuous decorum.

Of this class was Mr. Timothy Gotobed; but he had taken what must be called the higher line,—he was a chairman of directors. No company, whether with or without a settling-day, was destitute of solidity while Mr. Gotobed was its chairman, for he was solidity personified. He might have sat for a fancy portrait of the English idea of commercial security; his creditable features had been represented on canvas many a time, and hung in this, that, or another board-

room; and more than one of these, so the wags of the Stock Exchange said, had found its way to Wardour Street, there to be sold for a family portrait to any gentleman in search of a respectable dining-room pedigree.

Now Mr. Snodgers had the privilege of a long acquaintance with Mr. Gotobed, who did not disregard—perhaps he was not wealthy enough to disregard—the compliments by means of which the financial agent now and then cemented the acquaintance which was thus one of a mutually beneficial character. The considerations that had induced Mr. Gotobed to accept a seat on the board, and the chairmanship of the directors of the "Iron-Working Company, Limited," did not appear, but Mr. Snodgers boasted of the fact as the accomplishment of a great success; and he even hinted, in a delicate and highly confidential manner, that this one service was a more than sufficient recompense for the modest allotment of five thousand pounds in shares which he was to receive for his services in promoting the formation and establishment of the company.

Of Mr. Batt nothing had been heard, but it was believed that he was by this time in America. Of his debts, however, plenty had been said; indeed the company, "though well launched," as Mr. Snodgers told his colleagues, "had not floated;" but the directors exhibited a surprising degree of equanimity under the circumstances. The board consisted of Mr. Gotobed, Mr. Snodgers, Mr. Plynlm, who was lighter, physically, by three stones than the chairman, a coarse, stubby-haired Welshman; whom many would have taken for the master of a coal brig; but Mr. Plynlm was a shipowner as well as a mine-owner, and a long-headed man. Mr. Gernet, who, with Edward, made up the remainder of the board, was a tall, spare man, whose sharp features and greedy eyes, always considerably in advance of his body, seemed, to those who knew his avaricious nature, to be craning after profits everywhere and in everything.

Edward had been prevented by illness from attending any of their meetings. He had been for a month confined to his room by an utter prostration of strength, accompanied with painful nervous debility. His doctor said he had caught cold; he himself didn't know what was the matter, but he felt very

wretched and powerless. Several times he had opened circulars from Mr. Snaggs inviting his attendance, and had thrown them aside with increasing disgust at the entire business, and a suspicion that he should lose all his money. But now he had so far recovered, that, upon receiving one of these which announced "special and urgent" business for the consideration of the board, he was able to get into a cab and drive down to the works.

There could be little in common between him and the men assembled round the baize-covered table, at which Mr. Batt had been wont to transact his business. His first thought on entering was amazement that he should have become their associate.

The secretary, who looked just as rusty as when he was only a clerk, stumped about to get and place a chair for him, and Mr. Snodgers successively introduced his three colleagues, upon which Mr. Gotobed unctuously patronised our young friend. Mr. Plynlm offered his snuffy hand, and Mr. Gernet coolly stared at Edward, and appeared to be studying his financial capabilities by prospecting in his face.

Pale, handsome, and unsympathising, with a weary look in his eyes which boded ill for the affairs of the company if left to him, Edward sat, while Snaggs mumbled something which had been announced as the minutes of the last meeting.

"Order for the Chair!" cried Mr. Snodgers, as Mr. Gotobed gave two loud knocks on the table, all which appeared very unnecessary, as there were only four other persons in the room, each of whom was quite willing to listen. The chairman seemed to be inflating himself preparatory to speaking, a process which greatly increased his resemblance to a codfish.

Then in a pompous tone and manner, full of solvency, Mr. Gotobed proceeded to disclose the state of affairs. The nominal value of the shares taken up, including those fully paid up, which had been allotted to the members of the board, was 24,200*l.*; the liabilities of the company were 41,000*l.*; the assets, Mr. Gotobed thought, if carefully—"care-ful-ly"—realised, might be 18,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* "Now, as the share capital of the company," Mr. Gotobed went on to explain, "was 50,000*l.*, it was plain that if all had been taken up the business might have been cleared of liabilities and carried on with great advantage to the proprietors; but that, as my friend Mr. Snodgers will explain to the meeting, has not been the case——"

"But," interrupted Edward, and addressing himself to Snodgers, "I understood you that all the shares had been applied for."

"You told me something like that," growled Plynlm; "it looks rascally bad."

"Why, we shan't get ten shillings in the pound," screamed Gernet.

Mr. Snodgers looked quite at ease.

"So they were, in a manner of speaking, all applied for," he said, "but you know they weren't 'placed,' and the Stock Exchange have refused a settling-day. Then of course the bargains were off, and I'm afraid, to tell you the truth, we shan't get rid of many more shares than those at present allotted."

"I don't understand," said Edward.

"You don't look as if you did," replied Plynlm coarsely, before the gentler Snodgers could explain. "Well, then, I'll show you what the rig is. You see, when he," pointing to Snodgers, "wants to catch flats, he gets a lot o' fellers to pretend that they're flats, so as to pass the bait on to the real flats; well then, if these sham flats can't catch any real 'uns, they don't want to be took themselves. Now, if there was a settling-day, each one would have to pay up for the bait in his possession; if there ain't a settling-day he just gives it back to Mr. Snodgers. Now do you see the rig, sir? I'm about right, ain't I, Snodgers?"

"It's a very coarse way of putting matters," remarked the chairman.

Edward felt disgusted and ashamed. Disgusted at the open villany of these men, and ashamed to find himself in their company, acting with them. He was in that feeble state of health in which pecuniary difficulties do not much affect men. He began to see how he had been swindled out of his money; but even this was better than to have been a gainer in such an affair. "Then I fear I have been the flattest of the flat," was his rejoinder to Mr. Plynlm's exposition.

"He! he! he!" laughed Gernet; "well, that's good, very good."

"Order! order!" said Mr. Gotobed in his best manner. He believed it was closely modelled on the Speaker's tone.

"I don't see what you've got to do with it; neither you nor him have got a groat in the concern." And Mr. Plynlm looked furiously at the chairman and Mr. Snodgers, who immediately rose, as he said, "to order."

"I should like to knock you down to order," growled Plynlm.

"He! he! he!—I wouldn't pick him up. I second that motion," grinned Mr. Gernet.

"I shan't ask more than my rights," and Snodgers as he spoke glanced timidly at Edward and Snaggs, to see if they would defend him in case of need from his irate colleagues. "But you have not heard me

out yet: what I propose is that we petition to wind up at once, and divide the assets upon the paid-up share capital."

"There can be no better course," said Mr. Gotobed, who was doing all he could by mere deportment to maintain good feeling among the board.

"What!" exclaimed Plynlm, "and you, you little thief! to share pound and pound with us!"

"You agreed to it in the articles of association," faltered Snodgers, backing his chair from the table, to put more space between Plynlm and himself.

"Ah! but then you was going to do fine things and you ain't done them."

"I never was treated so disrespectfully at a board—ne-ver!" and Mr. Gotobed blew himself out to his biggest.

"Wasn't you? Well, I've been treated worse—I've been robbed, and Tim Gotobed was at the bottom of it."

"Sir, if you are going to assault me?"

"Assault you!—you ain't worth it, you old firkin of foul stuff."

"Take his words down, Mr. Snaggs; take his words down." All Mr. Gotobed's dignity was gone. It was the cod-fish boiled. His cheeks hung white and flabby, and his dress seemed "a world too wide" for the portly person who but just now filled it.

"Take that down!" shouted Plynlm, dashing the contents of the inkstand over Gotobed's white waistcoat. It was aimed at his face, but he got up so as to catch it in a long splash over his spotless front.

Trembling with fear, bedabbled with ink, Gotobed was a pitiable object.

At length order was restored. Mr. Gotobed buttoned his coat mournfully over his wounds. "He was not a man," he said, "to nourish anger against any man, and he hoped Mr. Plynlm would see he had been too hasty." But the Welshman didn't see, or confess any contrition whatever, but engaged in a private conference with his colleague Gernet. Mr. Snodgers was similarly engaged with the dilapidated chairman, leaving Edward biting the end of a quill, and Mr. Snaggs looking philosophically rusty.

"We can beat 'em if you will vote with us," whispered Plynlm across the table to Edward.

But Edward declined entering into any arrangement to support either couple.

"We've power to add to our number," said Plynlm aloud, quoting from the prospectus. "I move that the three gentlemen to whom the largest number of shares have been allotted be placed on the board."

Gernet seconded his motion.

Much now depended upon Edward. Snodgers and Gotobed looked imploringly at him, afraid to ask him to vote against Plynlm, yet waiting anxiously for him to speak.

"If you want to get your money back," said Plynlm to him, "you'll vote with us."

Neither Snodgers nor Gotobed dared to canvass for his support.

There was an expression of the deepest scorn on Edward's face as he addressed them, looking from one to the other.

"The only satisfactory reflection that I can have in connection with this dirty business will be that I have never taken part in any of your proceedings. I must say that I am sincerely glad you have failed in your attempt to impose upon the public. I am bitterly sorry and ashamed that some have already been induced to take shares in a bankrupt concern, with which my name is connected. I need hardly tell you that I shall instantly expose any further attempts in that direction. I resign my seat here, and I shall instruct my solicitor to watch my interests as a shareholder. Good morning, gentlemen." And before any of them replied, Edward had left the room.

Plynlm and Gernet resigned themselves to their fate. They knew they were beaten now, for Gotobed had as chairman a casting vote.

Mr. Snodgers' motion for winding up the affairs of the company was therefore carried. And he and the majestic Gotobed stood to make a very comfortable sum out of the concern in which everyone else would be a loser, including Mr. Snaggs, to whom the idea of the closing of the company's affairs had just presented itself, and then in a rusty sort of activity he began to think of himself—and the cash-box.

CHAPTER XXII. A BARONET IN RUINS.

IN the front room, upon the first floor of a house in Piccadilly, sat an old man of striking appearance. He was tall and thin; his dress scrupulously neat and gentlemanlike. His closely-fitting collar bound twice round with a handkerchief, the ends of which were formed into a diminutive bow, betrayed methodical precision of character, and his sharp, intelligent features, which in their clear outline looked younger than his bald head and scanty white hairs, were dominated by restless, fiery eyes which, like the lamps in a beacon, seemed the all-important feature—indeed, the feature which the entire structure was designed to carry.

Strewn about and around him lay newspapers and share-lists. Two or three brokers' circulars lay open upon the table. A file of

the Economist cumbered a side table, and a well-worn despatch box, full almost to bursting with papers, stood at his elbow. Before his eyes was the monetary intelligence in the leading morning journal, and they seemed fixed upon a particular paragraph which he appeared to be reading again and again, nervously crossing and uncrossing his long thin legs, and shifting about in his chair, as though he wished to regard this paragraph from every possible point of view. For him the paper seemed to contain no other intelligence worthy of attention.

The paragraph announced a panic among the shareholders of the Merchant Princes Credit Association, Limited, the shares being quoted at an actual discount equivalent to the amount paid upon them, and referred to a mercantile failure for an enormous amount as the cause of this sudden and tremendous depreciation.

Sir John Dunman, for he it was, had received a crushing blow in this piece of news, he having made a heavy speculation in the shares of this young and hitherto reputed prosperous association. For years he had been a gambler in public securities, playing his game upon the broad table of the Stock Exchange, while quietly seated in his own room, which has the great advantage over other tables, that it is not illegal, does not compel late hours, nor lead to those personal conflicts which are too frequently the sequel of such comparatively paltry games as rouge-et-noir or écarté.

Family differences and his own peculiar temperament had led Sir John to a solitary life in London, where he had become engrossed in constant speculation. Proud, shy, and nervous, he was very ill-fitted for the game he spent his existence in playing. By nature unsympathising, his pursuits made him still more so. He seemed to shrink from contact with the world, and to enjoy nothing but the excitement of his financial ventures. Hitherto he had speculated with varying success, never risking a serious stake in one undertaking. But the marvellous success which the new finance companies seemed to have accomplished, had unsettled his caution, and he had made an all-important venture in the shares of the "Merchant Princes." His restless movements, his eyes fixed in seeming fascination upon the newspaper, were the only signs that betrayed a loss which might prove ruinous. For it was evident that a further call upon the shares would at once be made, and Sir John knew perfectly well that they were at present quite unsaleable.

He was making mental calculations, with his eyes still fixed on the paper, when his man entered the room with an enamelled card,

closely followed by Mr. Gribble, whose name and profession were inscribed upon it in flowing letters.

"You announce yourself, I see, Mr. Gribble," said Sir John, with dry hauteur; "but sit down and tell me to what circumstance I am indebted for the honour of your early visit."

Whenever Mr. Gribble wished to see anyone, especially on money matters, he always made a point of following his card pretty closely. He bore Sir John's rebuke with a complacency which annoyed him immensely.

"What may you please to want with me, sir?" asked the baronet, snappishly.

"Oh, I want nothing," replied Gribble, taking up his hat as if to leave the room. "I only came to tell you that, as the interest is still unpaid, my client has instructed me to foreclose and take possession of Thistlewood."

Tears of blood would not have ill-expressed the agony of mind which Sir John Dunman was enduring.

"Your client," he said; his lips were pale, but there was no faltering in his eyes,— "I thought it was understood that the mortgage was to remain in your own name. But probably you do not conceive yourself bound by the mere word of a gentleman; pray excuse me for assuming the contrary for one moment."

Gribble smiled a bow of mock solemnity in acknowledgment of the scornful sneer with which Sir John uttered these words.

"Well, so it does, Sir John," he replied, "in point of fact; only my friend and client, Mr. William Frankland, stands in for the five thousand, and he is pressing me for the interest; you may put it that way if you like, it comes to the same thing."

This mortgage had a curious history, which at one time, at all events, was known only to the two persons now in this room. In the earliest days of Mr. Gribble's professional career, three bills of one thousand pounds each had found their way into his cash-box, drawn by Arthur Dunman, Sir John's only son, and accepted by Lord Nantwich. Perhaps Gribble had not become the absolute owner of these pieces of paper until he had discovered that they were of no value—in fact, until he had ascertained that Nantwich's signature was a clumsy forgery, and Arthur Dunman had died by the accidental discharge of his gun, while crossing a hedge in a day's partridge shooting. Gribble and a few other persons always believed that the stout twig which pulled the fatal trigger was adjusted by the hand of a determined and guilty suicide; but it was not to their interest to question the coroner's verdict of accidental death.

But in these pieces of paper Mr. Gribble dis-

cerned a value which he resolved to turn to his own advantage. He had not the least doubt in his own mind that Arthur Dunman, pressed by debt, and reckless of consequences, had forged Lord Nantwich's acceptance to these bills, and then committed suicide from fear of exposure and punishment. But Gribble had been an indirect agent in this catastrophe; for upon obtaining possession of the bills, their true character being made known to him by the money-lender, who was his confederate in the transaction, he had at once found out Sir John Dunman, and had so worked upon the old man's sensitive family pride that he had given him this mortgage upon the Thistlewood estate upon Gribble's agreeing to destroy the bills. The arrangement had been fully carried out, and when Sir John had with trembling hands destroyed the evidences of his son's criminality, he knew that his family estate was mortgaged up to the full value of everything he possessed there, including stock and furniture, while his honour was saved from an indelible public stain. For though he reflected that Lord Nantwich must be aware of the forgery and suspect the forger, yet he knew that Nantwich would not speak of his suspicions. Shortly after the affair was concluded, Arthur applied to his father for money, which had been a very common occurrence, and Sir John, with all the acrimonious precision of which he was capable, narrated what had passed between Gribble and himself, and dismissed his son, declaring that he would never again give him pecuniary assistance, nor shield him from the danger of punishment.

A short time afterwards he committed suicide, having first written a letter full of loving penitence to his mother, who deoted upon him. This letter, which had merely alluded in general terms to his difficulties, had created great ill-feeling between Sir John and Lady Dunman. She felt that her husband had denied their son money in order to waste it upon his own financial schemes. And Sir John was never able to drive this unjust suspicion from her mind, for he was too proud and too kind to tell the truth.

He had been unable to pay the interest on this mortgage, and according to its covenants Gribble had by this default acquired the right to take possession of Thistlewood. Perhaps at any other time Sir John would have been able so far to lay aside his pride as to ask for time from the attorney. Yet he would rather have bled for payment than have so humbled himself, if Gribble would have accepted any such discharge. Now, however, with inevitable ruin before him, Sir John felt far less concern about the matter. At the most,

it could only be a race between his creditors which should enter the first appearance upon his family estate. Certainly he would not have preferred that Gribble should be the first, but he never felt less disposed to ask any forbearance from a man whose vulgarity and presumption were so disgusting to his refined taste.

"You must take what course you please, sir. I regret I have not the means at hand of discharging my debt, nor can I say that I am likely to be in a position to do so at any early period." Nothing could exceed the dignity and self-control with which Sir John made this confession.

But when Gribble had left the room, purposing, as Sir John well knew, immediately to take possession, and, as he had power, to distraint upon and sell off the household furniture at Thistlewood, the old man threw himself upon his couch, and the lines in his face seemed visibly to grow deeper in his tearless agony, in which he more than once felt a strong impulse to follow the example of his unhappy son and put an end to his existence; and he himself felt that he would have yielded to the temptation which was so strong upon him, that he seemed to see through door and case the very shape and substance of his razor, had it not been for loving thoughts of his daughter Lucy, and recollection of her childish face, so pure and sinless, which seemed now to be regarding him.

(To be continued.)

STROLLS WITH INVALID CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

No. II. THE FOX HUNT.

THIS time, children, it is only I who take you the imaginary stroll. My dog lives still in peace and prosperity, but he and I are undergoing a temporary separation. I have left him behind me, some two hundred miles away, while I wander southwards to a region in which both climate and appearance form the strongest contrast to that wherein you took your last stroll with my dog and me.

The poor wee man seemed to have a foreboding that he was about to lose me for a time, and time must be a rather unknown quantity in doggyish calculations. The night before I left him he crept after me from room to room, watching my packing with a sad inquisitiveness, as if to say, "Oh, please tell me what is going to happen?" And not many minutes before I actually started (which I own to doing surreptitiously during his absence in the cellar, searching eagerly for an imaginary

rat), he came and laid himself on my gown-skirt, rolling over and over caressingly, pawing and licking my feet; and when I finally departed, still hearing him bark at the impossible rat, and knowing that he would soon come bounding back to the empty room, I felt not unlike a traitor.

Still it must be; and I look forward to another happy meeting by-and-by, when I return to the familiar spot, only brightened by green leaves and unfrozen noisy waterfalls, and my Black Prince will again seek with me his natural felicities—the hunting of rabbits, birds, hedgehogs, crabs, and other amenities with which he frequently enlivens our mutual walks.

Meantime I might, if I chose, find a substitute for my own dog, in one that is always volunteering to accompany me here. Let me spare him a word or two, for he is a very remarkable animal. He was mentioned to me as, "Our little lap-dog—a puppy, only six months old," when the door opened, and in walked a gigantic deer-hound, as large as a young donkey; of the breed, now very rare, to which Walter Scott's Maida belonged; the finest specimen of dog kind I ever beheld, but a little inconvenient in domestic life. For instance, his paw thrown across my lap feels as strong and solid as the arm of a big boy; his head laid on my feet—as in his extreme affectionateness of disposition he is rather fond of doing—fairly pins me to the earth, and when he jumps exuberantly upon me, he very nearly knocks me down. In a small room his large length monopolises one half of the fire-side, and when he turns round he produces an alarming disturbance both among people and furniture.

Yet he is a magnificent animal, with a head almost human in expression, and a shape of which every movement is more graceful than another. He would be a perfect study for a painter, and one here hunts him from room to room and sketches him in every possible attitude. I am always picking up stray bits of paper with portraits of this beautiful beast. He is a quiet beast too, and to see him playing with his particular friend, a skye terrier, is quite a picture. The big dog opens his mouth wide enough to swallow the little one, who yet puts his head confidently into it, when they roll over and over, giving caressing bites and an occasional affectionate growl, but never really quarreling; and they hang about and whine after one another, seeming to weary for each other's company, just like friendly school-boys. I call to mind the familiar verse,—

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature, too;

and cannot help thinking that both dogs and schoolboys might be trained, by loving-kindness, to a great deal less fighting and snarling than is generally supposed necessary, since even dogs cannot live in this loving family where I now am staying without living together in love also.

But much as I admire this deer-hound, he is not my own. I like my Black Prince's cheery bark, his quaint ways, and his speciality of lovingness. Nobody lies in wait for me at my room-door, and nobody scampers after me into the open air; for the splendid beast aforesaid is rather inconvenient as a companion, both in the house and out of it. He has an unlucky propensity to mistake sheep for his native deer; and even cows, bewildered by his great size, seem to think him some wild animal, and run roaring about at the sight of him; so that in this pastoral country his company in the fields is very unadvisable. And in the villages he is far too particular in his attention to the children,—bends down and licks their faces in a condescending manner, while they, unable to get away, stand petrified with terror. On the whole, grand as his appearance is—so much so that every passer-by turns round to look at him—my noble friend is better left at home, where it was unanimously decided to leave him on the day about which I am going to tell you.

You should know first something of the sort of country where I am. It is English; midland, far away from sea, mountains, rivers, or any of the beauties which I described last time; yet it has beauties of its own. Though inland, pastoral, and agricultural, it is not flat, but tumbled about in a charming up and downiness which the natives politely call "hills." Still there is a wonderful beauty in these green rounded knolls, dotted with patches of brown bare woods; and in the little dales between, where usually runs, not exactly a river or stream, but a pretty brook, whose course can be traced by its fringe of osier beds. There the colouring of the landscape, even on this February day, is very fine; red, ploughed fields, some bare, some across which the tiny blade of springing corn throws faintest possible shade of green; pasture fields dotted with cows, and intersected with hedges and hedge-row trees.

The trees form a great feature in this rich and luxuriant district. Even now, with not a leaf to be seen, there is no mistaking an oak for an elm, a beech for a chestnut; each keeps down to the smallest twig its law of individuality—its own special outline of trunk and branches, infinitely varied, and yet the same in kind; and already each is preparing to

re-clothe itself for the coming year. The ash-trees are beginning to darken,—

Black as ash-buds in the front of March.

The chestnut buds are growing "sleeky" and large; yellow catkins are dropping from the willow, and those soft buds which the children call "palms," and carry about with them on Palm Sunday, are already showing. Along the hedges on either side the road, runs a reddish shade, which will by-and-by turn greenish, and then brighten into that tender colour of young leaves which six weeks or two months hence will flash out in sheltered places and gradually make all the hedgerows smile.

Very pleasant is this clear, sunshiny, smooth country road, straight as one of the Roman roads, which are still to be traced in this district, as well as Roman camps on the hill-sides and Roman villas and pavements among the valleys. This road may have been Roman made for ought we know, originally planned in the days when we Britons painted ourselves with woad and dressed ourselves in skins of bears and foxes. Which reminds me of the object of our walk, to see a "meet," or fox-hunt, this being a fox-hunting country.

Now, children, I am not going to discuss the question of fox-hunting. Some people think it a truly British sport, right and lawful and manly; others consider it exceedingly cruel and wrong. I myself have never thought much on the subject, and therefore am not competent to give any opinion. When you grow up you must judge for yourselves, and in the meantime you had better let the matter rest with older people, reading my description simply as a description of what was at least a very pretty sight. How far it is fair to turn into a "very pretty sight" the hunting of a poor beast to death, and whether, on the other hand, it is not allowable to destroy the farmer's greatest pests, are questions which I too shall leave to wiser heads than my own. We grown-up, as well as you little people, have often to learn that it is our utmost wisdom to confess humbly—"I don't know."

Well, there is the "meet." We can see it a long way off,—an upland field, with woods behind it, in the which many foxes dwell. Last night, while the creatures were prowling about in farmyards and other places, keepers went round these woods and stopped up their "earths,"—great holes or burrows extending far under ground. Consequently the foxes have no homes to shelter in, and will be more easily "found," as the phrase is. Good sport is evidently expected, for the road, usually so lonely, is thronged with people—fashionable people from the fashionable town a few miles off, and country people, who have come down

from what the natives here call "the hills," in gigs, carts, or plough-horses, and on their own feet. They are rather a remarkable looking race, intensely Saxon, with the Saxon round, ruddy face, blue eyes, and flaxen hair, just as you might imagine the faces of Gurth, the swineherd, and Wamba, the jester, in Scott's "Ivanhoe," if you have read it (and if you have not, go and ask permission to do so immediately). They are mostly farmers, dressed in velvet, with bright-coloured waistcoats, breeches, and leather leggings; or farmers' labourers, wearing the usual smock-frock. All are evidently deeply interested, in the quiet unexcitable way in which the British labourer does show his interest in things about him. They trudge soberly along, or stand in groups, staring at the grand folks in carriages, or the red-coated hunters, who every now and then gallop past, and enter the open gate of the field where the "meet" is held.

A more picturesque sight could hardly be than this green sloping field, over which a hundred or more people, on horseback and on foot, are now moving. Sometimes a horseman darts out of the immediate circle and gives a canter round the field; and once there is a great excitement, a hunter is thrown, his horse rolls over him, and there is a moment of breathless alarm, till the poor gentleman extricates himself by pulling his leg out of one of his top-boots. The horse springs up and dashes wildly about the field with the bridle dangling dangerously under his feet, a beautiful, fierce, frantic creature, whom nobody dares to catch. However, it is caught at last, and its master, with true English pluck, goes after it (limping a little, and rubbing legs and arms, but otherwise unhurt), caresses, soothes, and at last remounts it, looking very white, but still riding fearlessly and calmly, as a bold, British hunter ought.

This little episode has greatly excited both us, and our neighbours on either hand—a carriage full of little girls with their governess, and a couple of boys on Shetland ponies accompanying papa on his big horse,—papa who has evidently given up hunting in order to take his little sons to the "meet." We have scarcely settled down when the hounds appear, coming down the hilly road in a compact body, headed by the whipper-in, or "whip," as he is technically called. They are regular thorough-bred fox-hounds, not an attractive sort of dog to my mind, being all alike, with no individuality about them, and kept necessarily in such strict order, like a pack of wild beasts, that no special affection between dog and master can be possible. They obey the "whip," with a whip in his hand, but they

take no notice of him or anybody; rushing on with a savage unanimity of delight, as if they already scented the creatures they were born and reared to exterminate.

After them rides their owner (and people say they cost him 10,000*l.* a year), the master of the hunt, a handsome, grand-looking gentleman, whose diamond ring flashes as he reins up his hunter, which is a perfect picture for breed and beauty. Probably nowhere in the world could there be seen such a collection of splendid horses as are riding up and down this field, snorting and champing, and seeming as eager for the chase as their riders.

And now, the hunt being all assembled, the master gives the signal to "throw off," which means letting the dogs loose to find the "scent." This is easy enough, for, even to human beings, the odour of a fox is so strong that when one has crossed the road you can know it by the scent he leaves behind him for ten minutes afterwards. The hounds rush forward into the wood, whence almost immediately rises first one yelp, then another, and finally the whole pack "give tongue;" the fox is "found,"—he "breaks cover;" we cannot see him, but we can hear the "view halloo" of the huntsman across the green field, and we can trace the dogs rushing forward in a compact mass, so close together that, according to the saying of the keepers, you might "cover them with a tablecloth." One after the other the huntsmen dart away, galloping so fast that their horses seem to lie level along the grass, with legs stretched out before and behind, then diminishing to mere specks of scarlet, black, or grey, and so vanishing over the top of the hill.

The hunt has begun. Poor Reynard—or "sly Reynolds," as they call him in these parts—I wonder what will become of him!

Nobody knows. In a very short time the field where the "meet" was is totally deserted, the carriages and horsemen move lazily up and down the road, and the foot people hang about, wondering what direction the hunt will take, which, seeing it all depends upon the will of the poor fox, and none of us know "sly Reynolds's" mind, is a matter of pure guess-work. We eagerly watch both the hill-side and the valley below, listen for the "view halloo," the distant yelp of the hounds, and fancy often we catch a glimpse of scarlet between the trees. Whether fox-hunting be right or wrong, it is certainly very exciting. The little pale boys on Shetland ponies, apparently recovering from illness—for their papa has just administered a glass of wine a-piece out of a flask in his pocket—flush up with delight as they ride to and fro. Some village youths of our acquaintance, and even youths

of higher class, are seen tearing up the valley, having followed the hunt on foot, ankle deep in mud, and torn with briars, as some of our companions—staid gentlemen now—own to have done when they were boys, making short cuts across country, and running for miles in order to keep up with the hunt and be "in at the death," which, with pride they avouch, they not seldom were. Bravo, lads! whether gentlemen or ploughmen. This is the good thing in hunting and all field sports, that they teach the spirit of adventure and endurance which carries our British youth through the Indian jungle, the ice-fields of the Arctic circle, the Australian bush, and the deathly swamps of Africa,—anywhere, everywhere, to colonise, subdue, or civilise the world.

But the hunt has evidently disappeared. Reynard, wise beast, has led them far away from his native wood and his stopped-up earth. All the company are riding or driving away, and shortly ourselves, and those two labourers in the osier-beds who have been cutting osiers the whole time without once looking up—poor men; perhaps their day's wages depend on the amount of the day's work—are alone left in the quiet valley which an hour ago was so lively and so full of people. Suppose we take our usual walk, just as if there had been no fox hunt,—one of those delicious field-walks in the interval between winter and early spring, when the air is so soft, the sunshine so sweet, and the whole earth full of pleasant promise. True, there is a good deal of mud, wholesome, honest, country mud; we require the strongest of boots, and clothes that will bear rough usage, for we may have to scramble over stiles, and through gaps in hedges, and amidst brushwood, and tree stumps, and brambles, and even occasionally subside to "all-fours." But we have a great delight in it; there is nothing like a regular field walk when we have the country all to ourselves, and can talk and sing and shout to one another, merry as crickets, and free as air.

We go right up through a gate and a lane to the wood where the fox "broke cover," for we want to find his "earth"—the nearest approach to the den of a wild animal now to be seen in England, as he himself is the only remnant of our beasts of prey; except, perhaps, the badger. We listen, by the way, to a curious account of a wood not many miles from this, one of the very few places in England where the badger still exists; what a curious place it is, all intersected with paths and lairs, and trodden down with foot-prints of strange creatures. We think we should very much like to go and see it, though we have no particular wish for a badger hunt. Man has, some writer observes, "a natural

propensity for hunting something;" but I am not sure that woman has, and we are all women here, and our pleasures are of a different and more peaceful sort. Though we have left our childhood behind, some very far behind, still, my children, not one of you could enjoy more thoroughly that enjoyable wood which has already begun to dress itself for spring.

It is noticeable for how very short a time, even in winter, vegetation actually lies dormant. In reality not for a day—the young buds being formed before the old leaves drop off. Not many weeks since, before Christmas, I found in another part of the country young green thorn-leaves (what children call "bread and cheese"), daisies, dandelions, and two abortive attempts at buttercups. And here, in a sheltered nook, is actually a spray of honeysuckle, already green with this year's leaves. Another year!—another spring! God bless it to you all, my children, and to all good and happy people everywhere! And it must be a very hard and wicked heart indeed which will not rejoice that year after year while the world lasts God will always send us spring.

The wood is full of treasures, even so early as this part of February, though the trees are still quite black and bare, except the juniper, which is an evergreen: the low beeches, with their rich brown leaves, which, though withered and crinkled up, persist in hanging on till spring, and the furze, which has already put out a few yellow blossoms. Then there is the ivy, very plentiful everywhere, and the queer bunches of mistletoe, which stick themselves, nobody knows how, in the topmost boughs of oak, poplar, or apple-trees. Why this odd parasite should prefer these particular trees to attach itself to, I cannot say, nor how it grows there, probably by a seed left by some bird. It is a very mysterious plant altogether, especially at Christmas time.

Every tree stump is a nest of curiosities; different sorts of lichens, fungi, and moss, and tiny nurseries of plants which ought to have perished long ago. We find, with great triumph, a flourishing bed of wood-sorrel, and another of wood-ruff, both quite fresh and green. And in turning up a mass of dead oak-leaves, we come upon a tiny primrose root, embedded in moss, stretching out its small leaves just like a little baby out of a cradle. If it only had a flower upon it! How some of us would delight to paint it, the little yellow darling, peering out from the green moss and dead leaves. What a pretty picture it would make under the title of—let us consider—"A Discovery!"

But we are making discoveries every

minute, heedless of the brambles which tear us and the brushwood we keep stumbling over. We have filled our baskets with moss and our hands with great heaps of the long hart's-tongue fern. Ah! February is no time for carrying nosegays, for our fingers are growing pinched and numb. In spite of the bright sunshine, and blue sky, and white fleecy clouds, we are painfully convinced that it is not spring just yet.

Still, we enjoy ourselves so much that we had almost forgotten the fox's "earth," till we come suddenly upon a hole not unlike an enormous rabbit-burrow, scooped out under the root of a nut-tree, the soil being thrown up all round it, like an embankment. Strewn about are bits of fur and hair, and a feather or two, showing that the inhabitant is not quite such an innocent animal as a rabbit. Otherwise, it is a very quiet, desolate den, and whatever murderous relics there may be at the other end of it, which is probably ever so far underground, there are none outside. The "earth" has evidently once been stopped up, and the determined fox has burrowed his way again into his familiar hole, where, perhaps, he has long lived in peace, and brought up a large family of little Reynards; for, we are told, young foxes were often to be seen playing about in this very wood, pretty and harmless as rabbits or kittens. But we see none now. In the breeding season fox-hunters mercifully or prudently hunt no more. So it was only old habit that drew "sly Reynolds" to this hole, if, indeed, its owner be the identical fox who lately flew before the hounds.

We feel almost sorry for him, in spite of our memory of game, ducklings, fowls, and geese. He is tried and punished so deliberately, and so long after the offence, that we feel for him some of the sympathy which always attends great criminals in those horrible hangings which I trust you, children, will live to talk about as things belonging entirely to the past. Poor beast! bad as his character may be for cunning and cruelty, we almost hope he has escaped, and are trying to forget all about him and the hunt in listening to a thrush, the first thrush of the year, who had just opened his mouth from a neighbouring tree-top, and is pouring out his rich notes as if there was no such thing as pain or trouble in the world, when suddenly we start, hearing close behind us a yelp and a howl.

Ah! it is the hounds. They come tumbling and tearing through the brush-wood. We see no individual dog, but a mass of black and white heads, legs, and tails; and a little distance in front of them is a small brown thing, so very small it looks! It runs, doubles,

turns, and runs again; then, as if driven by a sort of desperation, it seems to spring back right in the middle of the pack. They close upon it with that horrid universal howl, and it is never seen more.

At least we saw it no more; for we got out of the way as fast as we could, feeling sick and sorrowful, wishing we had never been to the hunt. Was that the poor fox, that small creature, a mere ball of brown fur it looked among the dogs? What a poor thing to be the object of so much excitement, the prey which lords and gentlemen, keepers and hounds, had followed for miles and miles? Well, fox-hunting may be very good sport, but I am not quite sure, children, that if I were a man I should enjoy it with a clear conscience, and I am very sure that I should not like to be "in at the death."

We were not, though it must have happened within a few yards of us; that is, if it happened at all. But we heard afterwards a report that the fox had escaped—ran into his earth; and though two or three men were "digging him out" for some time, they failed to get at him. Let us hope it was so.

But for us, our pleasure in the morning's sight—the scarlet hunters, the splendid horses, the musical-tongued dogs—was considerably damped. We felt relieved when they all vanished, as they did in a very few minutes, scouring the country in search of another fox, and left the wood, in its delicious solitude, to us and the thrush on the tree-top, who recommenced, happy bird! as soon as everything was quiet, and sang at the top of his voice as plain as bird's notes could say—"Spring is coming! spring is coming!"

Yes, though the roads are muddy, and the fields rather damp and dreary for the young lambs—look! there are two wee, toddling creatures, showing white as daisies against the green meadow, though many a day as to-day our fingers will tingle and our noses get pinched; still, spring is coming—the days are lengthening and brightening, the sunshine is growing stronger; I should not wonder if before very long, under the hedge we know so well, we might find, as some of us have found every year of our lives, a little, tiny, delicate white violet, to be followed in a day or two by hundreds more, till the whole field is fragrant with them; and further down it, hidden among the grass, we might already find the three little flat leaves of the tenderest, most delicate green, which show where, by-and-by, will rise up a flower, the very delight of our hearts—

Then came the cowslip, like a dancer at a fair, She spread her little mat of green and on it danced she—as she will dance next May by thousands

over this field, and we shall pop on our knees to smell at her and admire her, just as ardently as we did—well, well, it matters not how many years ago!

Thank God, in one sense, we too shall be always children. We shall never lose our delight in this beautiful world; in the day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, which He has ordained shall not cease, until He creates a new heaven and a new earth. And what we shall be then,—whether children, men and women, or angels,—we know not. Nor is it necessary for us to know; if it had been, He would have taught us. As it is, He teaches us instead the two hardest things on earth for any one to learn—not seeing, to love, and not wholly understanding, to believe.

Try this, and you will never be quite unhappy, even you poor sick children!

MAY MORN AT MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

[An old custom prevails at this college, of singing a Latin hymn to the Holy Trinity on May morn on the top of the tower.]

HAIL, sacred city of the Nine! your halls

In loving fancy would my due feet tread,
Where from high-storied panes the rich light falls
A jewelled aureole round each Founder's head,
Or flings bright glories o'er the pious dead
Who sleep beneath—fain would I catch the breeze
That fans thy haunts of Academic ease!

For May breathes fragrance; like a queen she comes:

Flow'rs break before her, balmy clouds above
Dapple blue skies, and round their airy homes
The wrangling jackdaws in slow circles move,
Or speck the tower whose pinnacles they love,—
The tower that crowns the walls which * Waynflete
plann'd,
And Fastolf further'd with no niggard hand.

There sleep my cherish'd mem'ries of May Day;

To Magdalen's precincts with this morn I fly,
Wing'd by swift hurrying fears I seize the way
That I may list beneath the soft grey sky

A sudden burst of choral harmony—
The hymn a grateful College then outpours
First of its neighbour-choirs in these dusk hours.

High on its graceful tower at length I stand,

(Farthest from earth is nearest heaven there,)
The clock gives signal to the white-robed band,
Five silver strokes, and straight the solemn prayer
Like angel music takes the listening air:
And thus, with joyous burst and gentle close,
At May morn Magdalen's early love-flow'r blows.

Re-echoed softly from the old grey walls

The anthem dies, and leaves me in a trance,
Of rapt'rous praise; meanwhile the blackbird calls,
The skylark whistles, sylvan choirs enhance
Man's grateful strains, and merry martins glance

* Magdalen College was founded 1473 by William of Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester. Sir John Fastolf was a great benefactor of the young foundation.

Athwart the elms, or down that water-walk
Where Addison would roam, where Hough * would
talk.

Still would I linger on this lofty post
To scan the farspread view—groves, hills, and
dales,
Where Isis streams in light blue vapours lost,
And 'neath the whitethorns Cherwell's lustre
pales,
Marking how each red casement sunrise hails,
Watching where Morn's smile pierces Learning's
bow'rs,
Gilds Wisdom's domes, irradiates its tow'rs.

No wreaths of smoke, no curling mist-reeks rest
On the Fair City, in this sea of light
Her gardens glitter with Spring's glories drest,
Their tender blooms in sparkling dew-drops dight,
And every gilded turret flashing bright;
Oxford! Be mine thy young Spring glow to see,
For quiet pleasures garish joys to flee!

There would I loiter while May's beauties flush
With fullest Summer languors; not the brake
All rose-embowered, not the violet's blush
'Neath Zephyr's kisses so my fancy take:
Accept the verse love fashions for thy sake,
Fair city of my dreams! But hark! the swell
Of pray'rful chimes floats on the breeze—farewell!
Thou art no place for dreams, thy laurels deck
None but stout workers: honest hearts and true
Thou bleesest, Alma Mater! little reck
The giddy crowd how hard the favour'd few
Have striven ere thy awful smile they knew.
Farewell, Fair City! in an endless May,
Oh! that thy deathless youth may bloom alway.

M. G. WATKINS.

PRISCILLA'S LOT.

A Story in Three Chapters.

BY GEORGIANA M. CRAIK.

CHAPTER I.

GREGORY HUTCHINSON and his daughter Priscilla had for many years lived alone in a cottage standing at the extremity of a straggling village, and removed by some little distance from any other dwelling. Hutchinson was, as far as means went, above the rank of an ordinary labourer. The source from which he derived his living—for he carried on no visible occupation—was indeed unknown in the village, and formed amongst the neighbours a subject of unwearied and endless speculation, but it was at least certain that, however acquired, money was not scarce with him. He lived quietly, for he was not a man given to hospitality; but he lived in comfort. The few who were ever invited to cross his threshold were accustomed to speak with envious admiration of the signs of worldly well-being which met their eyes

within. I say with envious admiration, for Gregory was not a popular man amongst his neighbours. He was a close, surly, cross-grained fellow, who, even in his best moods, had seldom a pleasant word for any one; with a brutish love of drinking too, which led him to sit for hours daily muddling himself alone, dully and stupidly adding glass to glass, till his eyes would grow bleared and vacant, or he would drop off as he sat into a drunken sleep.

He had lost his wife before he came to settle in the place. "She's buried far enough away," he told a neighbour one day, in a rare moment of confidence; "hundreds an' hundreds o' miles across th' sea. She'd never ha' lived in this country. She were an American—south country—a handsome gell as ever ye saw. Somethin' like Pris, only Pris is long and lean, and she were as plump when first I took up wi' her as a young pigeon."

It was three-and-twenty years ago, he said, since she had died, and Priscilla was four or five years older than that. A silent, reserved woman; very quiet, very handsome, but liked by few people. "She's as proud as though she were queen o' the whole country," the neighbours used to say, ruffling their plumage in angry agitation when they spoke of her. But they were wrong. Proud she was, but not in the way they thought. Hers was a sorrowful, crushed pride, not queenly pride at all; a pride born of shame not of honour. There was scarcely one of those towards whom she was the haughtiest that she would not have changed places with if she could. But she was not liked, because she would neither endure pity nor give confidence; and most people, with very little knowledge of the truth, spoke ill of her.

Even the men of the place, handsome as she was, seldom had much to say in defence of her. When she first came to the village, a splendid gipsy-looking girl, they had gathered with rustic enthusiasm about her, and she might have had a dozen lovers at one time if she had liked, but she had, with cold indifference, repulsed them all. She had other things to think about, she told them sternly. Old Gregory, too—when some one or two, bolder than the rest, had tried to force their way into the house—in half-drunken rage, yet with a glimmer of cunning sharpness in his old, bleared eyes, had roused himself, and routed them from the field with a vigour that left them little courage for a new assault. So Priscilla's lovers had by degrees dropped off, and at the time this story begins, when she was seven-and-twenty, she had not one, nor had she had for years. Yet she had never been handsomer than she was now. She was

* John Hough, Bishop of Worcester, President of Magdalen College, celebrated for his noble defence of its liberties against the tyranny of James II.

too tall and spare perhaps, but she was a woman whom no stranger could have crossed unnoticed. You would have turned to look at her if you had passed her in the street; if you had spent five minutes with her you would have been haunted afterwards by her face.

It was seven o'clock on a summer evening, and Gregory and Priscilla sat together in the kitchen of their cottage. It was a comfortable, well-kept room, the furniture excellent of its kind, the white-washed walls bright with well-scoured tins, and the whole place scrupulously clean. There was little enough decoration of any kind about it; in the whole room perhaps there was only one thing that was not of use—a solitary geranium plant standing upon the window-sill.

Priscilla sat by the window, making a cotton gown; her father was at his usual evening occupation. He was not drunk as yet, but was only preparing himself to be so; or, in his own way of considering the matter, beginning to be "comfortable;" and was, as occasionally happened at this stage of his condition, inclined to be what for him might be considered talkative and good-humoured.

"There's Jim Stokes, up Mill way; his wife's got a lass. Did ye hear that, Pris?" he asked.

"No. Has she?"

"Ay—a strapper, so he says. It's the fifth, too! My word, if I'd a wife that brought me five lasses——!" With a vicious chuckle to himself he left the sentence unfinished, and subsided into eloquent silence.

"That fellow allays makes me think," he began again, after a few moments, "of a man I know'd once in Mexico. It was when me and Tom Burns was chums together, 'fore ever ye came into th' world, Pris. We was short o' cash pretty often in those days, and one night we hadn't no money to get a lodgin', and, says Tom, 'Come you with me,' says he, 'and I'll bring ye to a place I've slep in 'fore now.' So I goes with him. And when we'd got a bit out o' th' town——"

Priscilla interrupted him abruptly.

"There's some one coming up the path," she said; "some strange man. Do you know him?"

Gregory Hutchinson raised himself from his seat for a moment, and looked through the open house-door.

"Know him? know who? There ain't no one," he said.

"There was some one just now; I saw him," she answered.

"Well, he's vanished then," and Gregory laughed. "Ye're fond o' seein' ghosts, Pris. I remember, year after yer mother died, ye

set up a screechin' one night in yer bed, and when I went to ye to shake ye up—Lord save us!" he suddenly cried, starting from his seat.

There was a man standing in the doorway with a grin upon his face, looking in. He was a man about five-and-forty, dressed shabbily, almost raggedly, with a cunning, dissipated, reckless face. He stood composedly gazing in, and only grinned the more broadly when Gregory started to his feet at sight of him, and cried, "Lord save us!" The next moment,—

"Well, he *has* saved you," the new-comer said in a thin, whining voice, "and given you a pretty tidy berth, too. What more d'you want? You're snug enough here, friend Gregory."

He stepped into the house as he spoke, and Gregory Hutchinson came forward also a step or two. He was entirely shaken out of his ordinary surly indifference by this apparition, and his face had become the colour of ashes, to his lips.

"We was talkin' o' ghosts just now, and ye come as if yer was one," he said. "I thought ye was dead years ago."

"Much obliged to you," the other answered with a sneer. "Daresay you grieved for me, too, didn't you? I'd have come back to you sooner if I'd known." He went forward to the table where the drinking things were standing. "What's this you've got? brandy?" he said, and he took up the bottle.

"Brandy—d'ye think I could afford to drink brandy?" Gregory cried, with a hypocritical whine.

The other raised the bottle to his lips and took a draught from it before he answered. Then, as he replaced it—

"Why shouldn't you afford it?" he asked, coolly. "It don't take you long to earn *your* money."

"Dan, hush!—for—for God's sake!" the old man cried.

He stood, with all his face livid, pointing towards his daughter. She had risen up and was standing erect, not with any look of fear, but collected and alert. The stranger had stood hitherto with his back to her, but at the sight of Gregory's eager pantomime he turned round and faced her. A moment after he had broken into an expression of coarse admiration that brought the blood to her cheek. She made a step forward, and said quickly,—

"Who is this man, father?"

The stranger answered her before Gregory could speak.

"A friend of the family, my dear," he said, familiarly. "My name's Dan Skeeton, and

you ought to have heard of me before now, for my friend Gregory must have forgotten a day or two in his life that's past if he's forgotten me," and he looked at Hutchinson, and chuckled as he saw him wince.

"Yer needn't talk afore the gell," the old man said hurriedly, in a husky voice; "if we've been—been wild, it ain't for her to know."

"Why not? She's blood of your blood, ain't she?" Skeeton said, roughly. "Your daughter wouldn't need to have delicate ears, or you've changed from what I've known you."

He turned away, and going back to the table took up the bottle of spirits again. After a few minutes the two sat down and began to drink. Priscilla had gone back in silence to her seat and her work in the window, interfering with what went on neither by word nor sign. Presently Skeeton began to lead the talk to his and Hutchinson's doings in their former days. The conversation was all in his hands at first, for Gregory more than once, by nudgings and pointings at his daughter, tried to silence him; but by degrees he began to give way in his reserve; excited by Skeeton's talk, as the spirits that he drank mounted to his brain, he gradually forgot his first reluctance, and, by the time that half an hour had passed, with drunken recklessness he had entered heart and soul into his companion's humour. From that time, with hideous merriment, they recalled together one scandalous adventure after another of their past life, they exulted over their old villainies, they cheered one another in their iniquity as they went on drinking, each, in horrible denial and mockery of his humanity, trying more and more to paint himself lower than the beasts.

And Priscilla sat still and heard it all. Her father after a time forgot her presence, and she sat there and judged him; judged him, though she was flesh of his flesh, and blood of his blood. Most daughters placed in the position that she was would probably have crept away, and, anywhere that they could steal to out of sight, would have hidden themselves from the view and hearing of their father's shame; but Priscilla Hutchinson was too stern for that. She sat still, listening to every miserable recital, to every brutal detail, and letting the iron, as she sat, eat into her soul.

Skeeton was right when he said that Gregory's daughter had no need to have delicate ears. She had not, and she had learnt that truth for herself many a sad year ago; and, in learning it, had gathered up such scorn, and contempt, and bitterness into her heart that all that was tender and womanly

in her nature had been nearly withered by it. But in all her past life she had never yet listened to such revelations as she listened to to-night. Her father was a hardened sinner, a drunkard, a blasphemer,—she had known all that; but she had not known until now how he had robbed the poor and betrayed the helpless; how he had made women outcasts and children beggars; how, even now, out from the places of his unforgotten iniquities, a cry of cursing, like the smoke of a furnace, must be rolling across the broad seas towards him. She learned it now, sitting quite still, with no change coming on her rigid face; and she judged him with such a judgment as few women, let it be hoped, have ever seared their souls by uttering.

The fair summer evening drew on to its close. The sun had set, and twilight had fallen, and still they sat drinking. The Hutchinsons' house was removed by about a quarter of a mile from the rest of the village, and the small amount of stir and life that on summer evenings ordinarily went on there did not reach them. No neighbour ever looked in for a draught of beer or an hour's chat with Gregory; few even passed the door, for the house stood off the main road, at the head of a lane that led to no thoroughfare. They were entirely undisturbed, therefore, to-night throughout the whole time that Gregory and Skeeton sat drinking, and as the light faded and night drew on a feeling of alarm seized on Priscilla, lest they should continue to drink there until her father sank into his customary intoxicated stupor, and she should be left alone with his companion. But this did not happen to-night.

They were still talking loudly when, in the midst of some shameless reminiscences, with a laugh, Skeeton exclaimed:

"Why, that was the week before you managed the best stroke of business you ever did in your life. That night week was the very night——"

Bursting into a savage oath, Gregory started to his feet and interrupted him. Rage or fear seemed suddenly to have sobered him.

"What the devil d'ye mean by talkin' o' that 'fore her?" he cried, hoarsely.

"Whew! I supposed she knew," the other carelessly answered. "Why don't you tell her, you old hypocrite?"

The old man stood glaring at him without replying; after a few moments, in a tone of helpless threatening—

"When are ye goin' ?—are ye goin' to stay here all night?" he sharply demanded. "Come,—tramp! Ye've been here long enough—tramp, I say!"

"Put your hand in your pocket then, my

good friend," Skeeton answered coolly, as he rose up. "Mine's empty, and I've no fancy for lying out of doors to-night. Come," he held out his hand, "no shilly-shallying."

"Ye beggar, d'ye think I'm goin' to stan' the keep o' ye?" Gregory roared out.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head—you'd better," the other answered with a laugh. "Remember who was in the lane that night."

"Ye devil, hush!"

The two men stood face to face, hatred and cowardice in the looks of the one; cold, cunning malignity in those of the other. After a few moments, Gregory put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a coin.

"Take that, and the devil go with ye!" he muttered, and threw it on the table.

CHAPTER II.

Two or three minutes afterwards Skeeton's figure had disappeared in the twilight, and, returning to his place, the old man stooped down over the fire and began to mutter oaths and curses, gurgling them down low in his throat, addressing them to no one, merely breathing and gasping them forth on the summer air out of the rage and fear of his heart. He neither spoke to his daughter, nor she to him. She rose up and made the window fast, and bolted and locked the door, as slowly and quietly as she did on any ordinary night, and then without a word to him went her way. Went to her room, and to her bed, and lay down without the relaxation of a muscle of her face; and then lay awake in her pain and misery. As hour after hour passed she called on God out of her wretchedness to help her; but she called for assistance from his stern justice, not from his pity; she cried as one who had a right to demand freedom from a shameful bondage, not as a helpless woman whose one prayer is the stricken cry—God have mercy on me!

The morning came, but it brought no comfort with it, for early in the day Skeeton returned. He came and hung about the place for hours, the old man letting him stay, talking to him sometimes with coarse familiarity, sometimes sitting in silence, watching him with a scowl of fear and hatred. They had been alone when he first came, and had held a half-hour's talk together. Priscilla had gone to buy provisions in the village, and on her return found him in the kitchen. He greeted her with some loud coarse compliment as she came in, to which she made no answer, but passing by him went about her work in silence. Her whole soul rose at the sight of this man; she shrank from him—she loathed him. Several times that morning he came where she was, and began to talk

to her, standing watching her as she moved about, and boldly declaring his admiration of her. She was accustomed, poor soul! to the hearing of coarse talk, so that it fell on her ears sometimes and scarcely grated on them, but the mere tones of this man's voice rasped upon every nerve within her. His insolent familiarity, his coarsely-uttered admiration of her, made the proud handsome woman feel what she had never felt in her life yet, that her very beauty was a pollution when it attracted such a man as this to hang about her.

She was forced that morning to endure his presence for a time; as soon as that necessity was past she went away, and shut herself in her own room, and stayed there until from her window she saw Skeeton's figure sauntering down the road. Then, returning downstairs, she went deliberately to the outer door and locked it, and, having done that, went to her father's side.

"What is that man's business here, father?" she said, sternly.

The old man looked up irritably.

"His business! What should I know about's business? He's nothin' to me. What ha' I got to do with other men's work?" he said.

"Then why do you let him come here?" she answered, sharply. "He's been here all day; has he gone for good now?"

"Gone for good! He never went anywhere for good yet," the old man said bitterly.

"Then he is coming back?" she asked.

She fixed her eyes upon her father's face, not cruelly, scarcely even angrily, but with a look in them as if they could pierce through the false mask of flesh and blood down into the old man's naked heart. There was a mesmeric power in those dark eyes of hers that had shot terror through him before now.

"I can't help it—it ain't my doin'. I say, I can't help it, Pris!" he began to gasp out hastily. "If he likes to come, how can I keep th' door shut in's face?"

"How have you kept it shut in everybody else's face?" she answered. "You would keep it shut in his too, if you weren't afraid to do it."

"I ain't afraid—it's all his lies; I ain't afraid!" he cried out in his high, sharp key. "But I'm a miserable old man—I'm a poor miserable old man," he moaned suddenly, and then his voice went off into a thin wretched whine, as he sat muttering and rocking to and fro in his chair.

She broke out all at once as she looked at him into a burst of indignant anger.

"Yes, you may say you are miserable—



(See page 510.)

we are both miserable, and who has made us so?" she cried. "Day and night, from year's end to year's end, who is it makes and keeps us miserable and degraded? It is you, as you sit there cursing God! There isn't a good man or a pure woman living who would take you by the hand. And yet I have to live with you. And you want to bring another devil now into this hell. But, father," she cried, passionately, "I tell you, before you try

again to do it, that you must choose between me and him. I will not stay here with that man. If he comes back I will go out and beg my bread upon the streets, though it should come to my starving and dying in a ditch by the road-side. God knows," she said, desolately, "if I should care!" And she threw up her clasped hands above her head in a bitter passion of woe.

He had sat staring at her in a kind of stupid

terror; for, whatever she suffered, she told him seldom of her wretchedness, and he never knew or cared whether she was miserable or happy. But he got up from his seat now, shaking and nervous, and began to fawn about her.

"Don't ye talk so. How could I get on without ye, my lass?" he began, in a hideous tone of caressing. "Who's got as handsome a gell as mine? There ain't the like o' her—"

"Father, hush!" she cried.

She shrank back from him. A moment or two after, looking at him with another of those deep glances that pierced through the falseness of his face, she asked him slowly,—

"What do you want? You want something from me, and you had better say it plainly. Father," she repeated, sharply, for she had paused and he had not answered her, "I say—what do you want?"

"I just want ye to ha' patience," he answered, doggedly, at last. "What harm does Dan Skeeton do t' ye? Can't ye let him be here a day or two and hold yer tongue, ye stormin' witch?"

"Will he go away after a day or two?" she retorted, quickly. "He has no money, and you keep him—do you suppose he'll go away? Father," she cried, after a moment, passionately, "if you can speak the truth, speak it for once; tell me why this man comes here. He has some hold upon you—what is it? If it is a slight hold, break it—never mind at what cost—break it: if it is a firm hold, give up every thing you have, but break it still." She stopped and stood looking at him, and then, before he made any answer, one touch of tenderness broke from her. "Father, I have so little in the world to cling to," she said, "that I cling even to you. Don't force me to go; I will bear anything but the presence of that man. We are bad enough now, but if he comes amongst us—God help us!" she said, in a low voice of horror, "for we shall be incarnate fiends."

"What's the use o' saying 'send him away'?" the old man broke out, in a sharp, quavering tone. "I'd send him to th' devil if I could. But I can't, Pris—I can't, Pris," he cried, in a miserable whine; "Pris, he's got a grip o' me." And from the seat where he sat cowering, he lifted up a look of abject terror into her face.

She looked at him, and said slowly,—

"What could he do to you?"

And the next moment she had read it in his face; there was no need of the miserable pantomime which he presently showed her of his fingers set about his throat.

He had confessed his secret; but, once told,

it seemed as if it sank back again into the grave out of which it had come. Days passed after this, and no whisper of it was breathed again. Only for half each day Daniel Skeeton hung about the house.

A look of restless uneasiness, too, deepening sometimes into helpless terror, came to Gregory's face. He rarely left the house. He would sit for hours, though it was summer, crouched by the kitchen fire-side, watching the man who held his fate in his hand, with a stealthy fascinated stare. The two men still talked at times familiarly together, and joined in bursts of boisterous laughter over the stories that they told; but by degrees Skeeton assumed the manners of a master in the place. He came and went as he pleased, ordering meals at such hours as suited him; when he wanted money Gregory gave it to him; Gregory also was compelled to supply his wardrobe. He led an idle enough life. Out of the house he had, as far as was apparent, no occupation whatever; within it, however, he carried on one pursuit, as became evident enough before the termination of many days. Wherever she went about the house, he followed Priscilla. No matter that she evinced hatred of his presence, no matter that, forgetting prudence in her horror of him, she openly showed her contempt and disgust, he spent hours day after day in dogging her steps, following her with his greedy eyes, watching her with a hideous leer of admiration, which, when she saw it, used to make her proud soul sick with an intensity of loathing that no words could utter.

From day to day this went on. She had said that she would go away, if it were to beg upon the streets, rather than endure his presence; but she had not gone. The secret that her father had told her was like a chain about her feet, binding her where she was; since she had known it she had not dared to go—she must stay and help the old man. Help him, yet with what kind of help she did not know; one sort of aid that she could give him was daily with slow horror becoming clear to her sick heart, that one and no other; yet, with the dim but ineradicable hope of a strong nature, she stayed. Surely when the time came there would be something that she should have the power to do.

Days went on; a fortnight had passed since Skeeton had first come. He had a lodging in the village, but he spent the greater part of each day in the Hutchinsons' house. He never went away at night till it was dark; sometimes not even then.

One evening, at the end of the second week, before his departure he had been more than ordinarily insolent; he had openly threatened

the old man, and had sent the dark blood burning into Priscilla's cheek. That night she bolted the door behind him as he went, and then, with the fierce courage that comes to a creature goaded by torture, she went to where her father sat, and spoke to him. She sat down; there was nothing disordered or reckless in her, nothing extravagant or wild; but she had borne till she could bear no longer, and the turning point of her endurance had come.

He was sitting, as he often sat now, looking with a vacant stare into the fire. For a minute or more she sat and gazed at him in silence; then, abruptly—and her voice had a strange sound as it struck on the silence—she said,

"Father! we cannot bear this. We must do something. Can we not go?"

He started, and looked up nervously.

"Go! What d'ye mean? Go where?" he said.

"Anywhere! What does it matter?" she answered, passionately. "Out of the country if you like. Anywhere—out of the reach of that man."

"But I can't, Pris," he said, with a tremulous whisper; "he'd follow me; he'd find us out in th' ends o' the earth!"

"He might not," she answered, through her set teeth. "Try, father! Let us go. Why shouldn't we go to-night? Let us get the start of him, and there'd be a chance at least. Father," she cried, and she struck her clasped hands on her knees, "for God's sake, let us go!"

"I can't, I can't," he only moaned again. "'Tis easy for ye, Pris; ye're strong and young, but I'm a miserable old man; I'd die upon the road. And how could I go and leave all I have, ye fool? He'd be after us like a bloodhound, and track us down! It ud be better to die here, if we *must* die. Lord! Lord! it ud be better to die here!"

She sat rigid as he moaned and rocked himself. Something must be done. That one thing alone was clear to her through her misery. She sat still and erect, and it was he who left off his wretched moan first, and spoke to her. He looked up slowly in her face, with a spark of stealthy cunning in his bleared eyes, and he said, suddenly,

"What are ye so wild to go for? Ye could save us if ye liked by a word o' yer mouth."

She turned upon him sharply as he spoke.

"By what word?" she said.

There was something in her face so wild, startling, and terrible, that his own fell cowed before it. Instead of speaking at once he began to fawn upon her, stretching forward

and pawing her dress, and laying his withered hand upon her knees.

"Ye know, Pris, ye know what it is; ye know what he wants, my lass," he said, presently. He tried again to look into her face, but a second time he winced before the aspect of it, and, shrinking down, could only twitch her dress, and draw himself towards her as he muttered his abject prayer. "Pris, ye'll do it to save yer old father? 'Tis a little thing to save a life—a very little thing. Oh, Pris! ye'll say yes, will ye not, my gell? He'll tire o' ye presently, and leave ye free; ye'll not be troubled with him long. Oh, my lass, ye'll say yes, and save me! Ye'll never see yer old father hanged for the want o' a word o' yer mouth?"

He hung about her, whining and moaning, every finger of the hand with which he grasped her knee shaking with eagerness.

She had sat, still as any stone. She let him clutch her and fawn upon her, and never moved; her rigid face was like a dead mask, nothing in it bearing the look of life except the dark agony of her eyes. When she spoke her words had as hard a tone of misery in them as ever rang in living voice.

"You want me to marry him that I may save you; to marry him, is that it?" she said. "And would that do it? Has he ever said so?"

"Said so! he's said it a hunderd times!" the old man answered, with fearful eagerness. "There's nothin' else 'll do it. He's mad for ye, Pris. Money's nothin'! he'd take all I have, and ask for more afore he'd got it in's pocket. But he wants ye, Pris. And ye'll say yes to him?" he cried, stretching himself over her again, with his old craven whine. "Oh, my lass! ye'll not leave yer old father to be hanged?"

"For God's sake, hush!" she only cried.

She gathered herself together, bowing down her face upon her clenched hands. There was a long silence—for five minutes or more, only broken by the old man's murmurs as he sat looking at her. Then, at the end of that time, he began like a coward to try and rouse her by reproaches.

"'Tis because I've said a hard word to ye now and then that ye won't do it," he said. "Ye've got a cold, unforgivin' heart, Pris. Some day, perhaps, ye'll stand yerself as I'm standin' now, and ye'll know what trouble is; and, if ye do, may ye have a gell o' yer own to treat ye as ye're treatin' me! Yer own father, and ye won't keep him from th' gallows. Oh, my lass!" he cried, changing back again to a whine of miserable entreaty; "don't ye be so hard upon me. I've been a bad father to ye, but I'll remember what ye do now. I

will! I will! I'll never cross ye again. Oh, if I'd been better to ye, ye'd give me yer promise now."

Then she lifted up her head and turned upon him.

"I would not!" she cried; "I say before God, I would not! Not if you had loved me and tried to lead me right; not if you had cared for me as a father ought to care; not if I had clung about your neck and trusted you all my life; I say, I would not!"

She had been sitting down hitherto, but she sprang up now, and began to walk to and fro in the room, her hands clasped above her head. She was moaning at times like a creature in bodily agony, all colour gone from her face, her very eyes clouded as if a film were over them. She only paused when her walk had endured for several minutes, and standing suddenly still broke into these words:

"I say, no! No, and not yes! No—no—no!" she cried, "a thousand times! I cannot do it! If he wants your life he must take it,—and God help us! for I can't."

And then she sank down where she stood, and the old man's bitter curses were the only other sound within the room that night.

THE RISE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

PART III.

SOME such demon as, whispering in the ear of Visto, bade him "Have a taste!" had been wheedling George III. The King proclaimed himself a patron of the arts, and then proceeded to assume the airs of a connoisseur. Certainly he did not distinguish himself much in that capacity; his pretensions were not backed by any real learning. He made woeful mistakes. For instance, he never appreciated Reynolds, whose merits one would think were sufficiently patent—needed not a conjuror to perceive them—passing him over to appoint Allan Ramsay serjeant-painter, when Hogarth dying vacated that honorary office. He preferred West's works, because they were smoother! and Dance's, because they were cheaper!

West was the King's pet painter. Dr. Drummond, Archbishop of York, had obtained for him, in February, 1768, the honour of an audience. The artist took with him to the palace a picture, "Agrippina landing with the Ashes of Germanicus," which he had executed for the archbishop. The King greatly admired the work, and West forthwith received the royal command to paint "The Departure of Regulus for Rome." Later in the year a sketch of the picture was submitted to the King. At this time the newspapers were full of the dissensions of the Incorporated Society.

Concerning these the King inquired of West. The artist—one of the eight Directors who had voluntarily quitted the Society after the ejection of their sixteen colleagues—related to the King the history of the Society's proceedings from the Directors' point of view. Whereupon the King stated "that he would gladly patronise any association that might be found better calculated to improve the arts."

West returned from the palace full of this royal announcement. He at once put himself in communication with three ex-Directors of the Incorporated Society,—Cotes, a fashionable portrait painter; Chambers, who had been instructor in architecture to the King when Prince of Wales; and Moser, the gold-chaser and enameller, who had taught the King drawing. These four artists formed themselves into a committee to arrange the plan of an academy. The King, it is stated, took great personal interest in the scheme, and even drew up several laws with his own hand. He expressed great anxiety that the design should be kept a profound secret, lest it should be converted into a vehicle of political influence. The artists did not object to this secrecy; they rather preferred that their plan should, as it were, open fire upon their foes unexpectedly, with the suddenness of a battery promptly unmasked.

We now come to the well-known story of the arrival at Windsor Castle of Kirby, the President of the Incorporated Society, at a time when the King is inspecting West's completed picture of "Regulus." Kirby joins in the general admiration of the work; he turns to West, and trusts that it is the artist's intention to exhibit the picture. West replies that the question of exhibition must rest with his Majesty, for whom the picture has been painted. "Assuredly," says the King, "I shall be happy to let the work be shown to the public." "Then, Mr. West, you will send it to my exhibition," adds the President of the Incorporated Society. "No!" his Majesty interposes, "it must go to my exhibition, to the *Royal Academy*." Mr. Kirby is thunderstruck,—the battery had been unmasked. Profoundly humiliated he at once retires from the royal presence, not to survive the shock very long, says the story. However he lived to 1774.

Mr. Kirby was a landscape painter of repute in his day. Author of a work on perspective, and the friend of Gainsborough, he had risen from quite humble life to a position of some eminence, entirely by his own exertions. It was admitted that he had attained the post of President of the Incorporated Society without intrigue on his part, and that both by reason of his professional skill and

his private worth, he was entitled to the respect alike of the friends and foes of that institution. The King condescended to play an ignoble part when he took pains to mortify and distress so honest a gentleman. Rival artists might conspire against the Society from which they had seceded, and seek to mine its position; but his Majesty stooped very low when he lent his royal hand to the firing of the train. However, he had thrown himself heart and soul into the project for founding a new society—the Royal Academy. So that he reared that edifice he seemed to care little how he might sully his fingers in the process. In this, as in some occurrences in the course of his reign, he demonstrated sufficiently that he could on occasion be obstinate and fatuous, wanting both in discrimination and in dignity.

After the scene at Windsor Castle, in which poor Mr. Kirby had been demolished, a meeting was held at the house of Wilton, the sculptor, of some thirty artists, including, of course, the twenty-four ex-Directors of the Incorporated Society, to hear Chambers, the architect, read the proposed academy's code of laws which had been prepared under the immediate inspection of the King, and to nominate the officers of the institution. Some uneasiness had been felt during the day as to whether Reynolds would or not join the academy. He had hitherto abstained from all part in the proceedings; but that he should be the first president had been decided by the King in consultation with the other conspirators. Penny, the portrait painter, had visited Reynolds to sound him on the subject, but found him obdurate. West was then deputed to wait upon the greatest English painter, and to leave no means untried in the way of persuading him to join the new association. For a time Reynolds was cold and coy enough, but influenced at last by the allurements of probable knighthood, or the force of other arguments, he permitted himself to be carried in West's coach to the meeting at Wilton's. He was at once declared president; Chambers being appointed treasurer, Newton secretary, Moser keeper, Penny professor of painting, and Dr. William Hunter professor of anatomy. Reynolds, however, deferred his acceptance of the post of president until he had consulted his friends Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke upon the subject, and it was not until a fortnight after his election that he finally consented to fill the proposed office.

The first formal meeting of the Royal Academy was held in Pall Mall on the 14th December, 1768. Mr. Chambers read a report to the artists assembled, relating the steps that had been taken to found the Academy.

No allusion was made in this report to the secret negotiations and consultations with the King; but it was set forth that on the previous 28th November, Messrs. Chambers, Cotes, Moser, and West had had the honour of presenting a memorial to the crown, signed by twenty-two artists, soliciting the royal assistance and protection in establishing a new society for promoting the arts of design. The objects of the society were stated to be "the establishing a well-regulated school or academy of design, for the use of students in the arts, and an annual exhibition, open to all artists of distinguished merit, where they may offer their performances to public inspection, and acquire that degree of reputation and encouragement which they shall be deemed to deserve." "We apprehend," the memorialists had proceeded, "that the profits arising from the last of these institutions will fully answer all the expenses of the first: we even flatter ourselves they will be more than necessary for that purpose, and that we shall be enabled annually to distribute somewhat in useful charities. Your Majesty's avowed patronage and protection is therefore all that we at present humbly sue for; but should we be disappointed in our expectations, and find that the profits of the society are insufficient to defray its expenses, we humbly hope that your Majesty will not deem that expense ill-applied which may be found necessary to support so useful an institution." This memorial, so the report went on to state, the King had received very graciously: saying that he considered the culture of the arts as a national concern, and that the memorialists might depend upon his patronage and assistance in carrying their plan into execution; further, he desired that a fuller statement in writing of their intentions might be laid before him. Accordingly Mr. Chambers had drawn up a sketch of his plan, and, having obtained its approval by as many artists as the shortness of time would allow, had submitted it to the King, who, on the 10th of December, 1768, signified his approbation, ordered that the plan should be carried into execution, and with his own hand signed Mr. Chambers' plan—"the Instrument," as it was then, and has ever since been called. Mr. Chambers then read the Instrument to the meeting, after which the artists present signed an obligation or declaration, promising to observe all the laws and regulations contained in the Instrument, and all future laws that might be made for the better government of the society, and to employ their utmost endeavours to promote the honour and interest of the establishment, so long as they should continue members thereof. The Academy thus obtained its constitution, and assumed such

form of legal existence as it has ever since possessed.

The Instrument is simply a document on parchment, signed by the King, without any counter-signature. It recites that sundry eminent professors of painting, sculpture, and architecture had solicited the King's patronage and assistance in establishing a society for promoting the arts of design, and that the utility of the plan had been fully and clearly demonstrated. Therefore the King, being desirous of encouraging every useful undertaking, did thereby institute and establish the said Society under the name of the "Royal Academy of Arts in London," graciously declaring himself the patron, protector, and supporter thereof, and commanding it should be established under the forms and regulations thereinafter set forth, which had been humbly laid before his Majesty, and had received his royal assent and approbation. The rules declared that the Academy should consist of forty members only, who should be called Academicians; they were to be at the time of their admission painters, sculptors, or architects of reputation in their professions, of high moral character, not under twenty-five years of age, resident in Great Britain, and not members of any other society of artists established in London. Under this rule, it will be noted, that engravers could not aspire to the honours of the Academy. Sir Robert Strange regarded this as a direct affront to the members of his profession, and attributed it to his well-known attachment to the Incorporated Society and hostility to the designs of the ex-Directors of that body. The provision that members of other societies were to be disqualified from becoming members of the Academy, was of course aimed at the rival institutions, and undoubtedly a severe restriction upon the general body of artists. Of the forty members who were to constitute the Academy, the Instrument named thirty-six only; a circumstance which justified suspicion that the leaders in the enterprise had so small a following that they could not muster in sufficient force to complete the prescribed number of original members: or they may have purposely left vacancies to be supplied as artists of eminence were detached from the rival societies or otherwise became eligible. Among the thirty-six,* while many artists of fame appear, it

must also be said that many very obscure persons figure, whose names, but for their registry upon the list of original Academicians, would probably never have been known to posterity in any way. Nearly a third of the number are foreigners. There are two ladies, Mesdames Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser, the first and last female Academicians. Then there are coach, and even sign-painters, a medallist, and an engraver—Bartolozzi, whose nomination was in direct contravention of the Academy's constitution and an additional injustice to Sir Robert Strange. The originators of the plan must surely have felt that they were marching through Coventry with rather a ragged regiment at their heels. The number of reputable names missing from their list was remarkable: Allan Ramsay, serjeant-painter to the King; Hudson, Reynolds' preceptor, and Romney, his rival; Scott, the marine painter; Pine, the portrait-painter; and the engravers Strange, Grignon, and Woollett; besides such artists as Edward Edwards, Joseph Farington, Ozias Humphrey, John Mortimer, Robert Smirke, Francis Wheatleigh, and many others (members of the Incorporated Society for the most part), who, though ultimately connected with the Academy, had no share in its foundation.

Having named the original members, the "Instrument" proceeded to lay down rules for the further government of the institution; to prescribe the manner of electing future members, a council, and president, a secretary and keeper (the treasurer was to be nominated by his Majesty, "as the King is graciously pleased to pay all deficiencies"), the appointment of different professors, the establishment of schools, and a library for the free use of students, and of an annual exhibition of works of art to be "open to all artists of distinguished merit." New laws and regulations were to be framed from time to time, but to have no force until "ratified by the consent of the general assembly and the approbation of the King." At the end of the Instrument the King wrote, "I approve of this

* The thirty-six members nominated by the Instrument were: Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Thomas Sandby (architect), Francis Cotes (portrait painter), John Baker (coach-panel painter), Mason Chamberlain (portrait painter), John Gwyn (architect), Thomas Gainsborough, J. Baptist Cipriani (Italian), Jeremiah Meyer (German, miniature painter), Francis Milner Newton (portrait painter), Paul Sandby (water-colour painter and engraver), Francesco Bartolozzi (Italian, engraver), Charles Catton (coach-panel painter), Nathaniel Hone (portrait painter), William Tyre, (architect), Nathaniel Dance (portrait painter), Richard

Wilson, G. Michael Moser (Swiss, gold-chaser and enameller), Samuel Wale (sign painter and book-illustrator), Peter Toms (portrait and heraldic painter), Angelica Kauffman (Swiss), Richard Yeo (sculptor of medallions, engraver to the Mint), Mary Moser (Swiss, flower painter), William Chambers (Swede, architect), Joseph Wilton (sculptor), George Barrett (landscape painter), Edward Penny (portrait painter, chiefly), Agostino Carlini (Swiss, sculptor), Francis Hayman, Dominic Serres (French, landscape painter), John Richards (landscape painter), Francesco Zucarelli (Italian, landscape painter), George Dance (architect), William Hoare (historical and portrait painter, father of Prince Hoare), and Johan Zoffany (German, historical and portrait painter). The number of forty was not completed until 1772, when were added Edward Burch (gem sculptor and wax modeller), Richard Coxway (miniature painter), Joseph Nollekens (sculptor), and James Barry (historical painter). Several of the original thirty-six Academicians do not appear on the roll of the Incorporated Society in 1766, viz., Baker, Cipriani, Toms, A. Kauffman, M. Moser, Penny, and Hoare.

plan; let it be put in execution"—adding his signature.

The Instrument, with the bye-laws and regulations made upon its authority, cannot be said to possess the characteristics or incidents of a charter, still less of an Act of Parliament, or indeed, to present any very formal or legal basis upon which to found a national society. The Commissioners of 1863, while they recommended the grant of a charter to define satisfactorily the position of the Academy, considered the Instrument as a solemn declaration by the original members of the main objects of their society, to which succeeding members had also practically become parties, and were of opinion that its legal effects would be so regarded in a court of law or equity. It did not appear, however, that the Academy itself was in favour of the objects of its institution being more clearly defined by means of a charter. In 1836, Haydon boldly accused the Academicians that they "cunningly refused George IV.'s offer of a charter, fearing it would make them responsible 'to Parliament and the nation.'" The charge would seem to have some truth in it. Certainly the Academy has made no attempt to obtain a clear definition of its position in regard to the crown and the public.

The Incorporated Society viewed with natural alarm the rise of a rival institution, favoured in so marked a manner by the patronage of the crown. Sir Robert Strange at once proposed the presentation of a petition, setting forth in plain terms the grievances that would be entailed upon the Society, and upon artists generally, by the illiberal constitution of the Academy and its apprehended monopoly of the royal protection. Sir Robert's proposition was, however, not accepted. A petition of a more cautious nature, from which everything likely to offend was carefully eliminated, was presented to the King by Mr. Kirby, the president. His majesty replied to the prayer of the petition, "that the Society already possessed his Majesty's protection; that he did not mean to encourage one set of men more than another; that, having extended his favour to the Society incorporated by charter, he had also encouraged the new petitioners; that his intention was to patronise the arts; that the Society might rest assured his royal favour should be equally extended to both, and that he should visit the exhibitions as usual." This reply was gracious enough: but it was not ingenuous. The King was not as good as his word. He did mean "to encourage one set of men more than another." He visited the exhibition of the Incorporated Society in 1769 for the last

time. In the same year he presented the funds of the Society with £100, *his last donation*. Meanwhile his visits to the Royal Academy were constant, his preference for that institution clearly manifested; between 1769 and 1780 he presented to its funds from his privy purse upwards of £5000.

The Incorporated Society, shut out from studying in the Royal Academy, determined to open an art-school for themselves and their pupils. Application was made to the Academy for a return of the properties which Mr. Moser had carried away, it was now alleged, under false pretences, from the St. Martin's Lane Academy. It was intimated that payment should be made for the chattels in question, or that they should be restored. The Royal Academy, however, took no steps in the matter. Tired of waiting so long, the Incorporated Society at last fitted up at great expense a new study for themselves at premises in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, occupied in more modern times by the Cyder Cellars.

Early in 1769 the Academy opened its art-schools in Pall-Mall; Reynolds presiding, read his first discourse. One grave defect in the Academy's constitution was then in a measure remedied. The art of engraving was recognised: a law was passed, by which not more than six engravers could be admitted as "associates of the Royal Academy." In April the first exhibition was held. The exhibited number of works was 136. Among these were four portraits by Reynolds, seven by Cotes (some of them in crayons, in which he was supposed to excel), and three by Gainsborough. West sent two pictures—the "Regulus," of which mention has already been made—the firebrand work which brought about indirectly so much mischief and discussion; and a "Venus lamenting the Death of Adonis." There were landscapes by Barrett, Gainsborough, Sandby, Serres, Wilson, and Zucarelli, and poetical and historical works by Cipriani, Bartolozzi, and Miss Kauffman. The exhibitors were fifty in number. Mr. Pye, in his "Patronage of British Art," divides them into, "Members of the Royal Academy, 33; non-members, *having no interest in the revenue*, 17." A glance at recent catalogues will demonstrate the changed proportion now existing between exhibiting members and exhibiting non-members, as compared with the first exhibition of the Royal Academy.* By this exhibition a clear profit of nearly £600 was realised. A sum of

* "In the year 1862 there were 1,142 works exhibited; of these 146 were the works of academicians, leaving 996 for the non-academicians."—Sir Charles Eastlake's *Examination before the Royal Academy Commission*, 1863.

about £150 was expended in charity: the surplus was applied towards the general expenses of the Academy. These, however, so far exceeded the receipts as to necessitate a grant from the privy purse to the amount of £900. The King and Queen visited the Academy exhibition in May, accompanied by a guard of honour. From this incident arose the practice, still existing, of stationing sentries at the doors of the Academy during the exhibition.

In addition to a charge of sixpence for the catalogue, visitors were required to pay one shilling for admission to the exhibition. In explanation of this charge, the following curious advertisement preceded the list of pictures: "As the present exhibition is a part of the institution of an academy supported by royal munificence, the public may naturally expect the liberty of being admitted without any expense. The Academicians, therefore, think it necessary to declare that this was very much their desire, but they have not been able to suggest any other means than that of receiving money for admittance to prevent the rooms being filled by improper persons, to the entire exclusion of those for whom the exhibition is apparently intended."

This advertisement, which was repeated in the Academy catalogue of 1780, would seem at the first sight to suggest that the Academicians had failed to comprehend their exact position. Or had the King in his enthusiasm for their cause led them to believe that he intended to defray their expenses wholly from the privy purse without aid from the public? However this may be, it has long been understood that the amounts taken at the doors of the exhibition for admission, and the sales of catalogues, form the real support of the Academy. A gross income of about 10,000*l.* is thus produced, half of which amount, as clear profit, the Academy is enabled every year to add to its ever increasing store of wealth.

Concerning the destinies of the rival institutions, but brief mention must suffice. Their downfall dates from the rise of the Royal Academy. Still, they died lingering deaths. The Incorporated Society struggled gallantly though vainly against the superior advantages and the royal preference enjoyed by the Academy. In 1772, the Society built the large room, the Lyceum, in the Strand, at an outlay of 7500*l.* But in a year or two the decrease in its revenues compelled it to part with the building at a sacrifice. In 1776, the Society made no exhibition. In 1777 and 1778 it exhibited at a room in Piccadilly, near Air Street. In 1779, it again did not exhibit. In 1780, it appeared once more at

its old quarters in Spring Gardens. But its existence now was of a very intermittent kind. In 1781 and 1782 it made no sign. In 1783, and again in 1790, it held exhibitions at the Lyceum. In 1791, it made its farewell appearance in public at the rooms in Spring Gardens. In 1836, Mr. Robert Pollard, the last surviving member of the Society, being then 81, handed over its books, papers, letters, documents, and charter, to the Royal Academy. This was, as it were, the "throwing up of the sponge," but in truth the struggle had been decided long and long before.

The Free Society dragged on its existence, making feeble annual exhibitions until 1779 inclusive; but at that time it had long outlived public notice. In 1769, it had built a room next to Cumberland House, Pall-Mall. But this, ill-fortune had probably compelled it to surrender, as in 1775 its exhibition was held in St. Alban's Street. The provident, praiseworthy, modest aims of the Free Society ought to have saved it from ruin—ought to have excited public sympathy on its behalf. But this was not to be. The Royal Academy was left master of the field. In the success of the King's exhibition, the older institutions were forgotten and lost.

DUTTON COOK.

SPRING SONG.

Proserpine.

I.

WHEN Boreas blows
And March dust flies,
And April clouds
Flit o'er the skies,
Then shall Proserpine arise.
Violets, bluebells, daisies springing,
Daffodils their gold heads swinging,
Lily-bells their fragrance flinging,
Spread a carpet at her feet.
Wild birds through the woodlands singing,
And the cuckoo joyous ringing,
Cuckoo! cuckoo! Spring is coming,
Leaves burst forth and bees are humming,
Proserpine is coming, coming!
Don your brightest buds to greet her,
Water-flowers rise up to meet her,
For a fairer or a sweeter
Never trod the earth before.

II.

Through soft summer's lazy hours,
When the earth is gay with flowers,
When the glassy waters lie
Calm beneath the summer sky;
Sky above and sky below,
Deepening with a crimson glow;
Whilst the golden grain is bending,
Whilst the days seem never-ending;
Till the leaves turn red and yellow,
Till the pears are ripe and mellow,
Till the swallows fly away

With the last fair summer day,
 Proserpine on earth shall stay.
 But when clouds o'erspread the sky,
 And the tender flowerets die,
 And the wind his doleful lay
 Whistles through the shortened day,
 Then shall Proserpine once more
 Tread dark Orcus' dusky shore;
 There a queen in beauty reigning,
 Pluto's crown no more disdaining;
 Sunlight into Orcus bringing,
 She shall dwell whilst voices singing,
 Cry, "In hell is no more sadness,
 Night is day and sorrow gladness,
 Pluto hath regained his bride."

III.

Till the earth aside doth throw
 Crystal crown and robe of snow,
 Till the unchained waters flowing
 Once more whisper "Winter's going,"
 And the breezes gaily humming,
 Answer, "Yes, the spring is coming,"—
 Darting sunbeams tell the story,
 Proserpine in all her glory
 Soon is coming! soon is coming!
 Shout! All nature join the chorus,
 Proserpine will soon reign o'er us.
 Hail! Proserpine. JULIA GODDARD.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER I.

AND what is an Impresario? If we turn to an Italian dictionary we shall find it explained thus:—

Impresario, *s. m.*, one who undertakes a public job—the manager of a theatre.

According to this definition our hero may be a Member of Parliament—a much-abused promoter—an undertaker pure and simple—or, in short, any individual who interests himself or is concerned in the management of (as Graglia elegantly says) "a public job." It will, however, suit the present purpose to adopt the latter part of the translation as it stands, and acknowledge at once that our enterprising Impresario is neither more nor less than a theatrical manager, who is indebted to some good-natured critic for the flattering appellation which stands at the head of these pages.

It is hard to say what particular curriculum of study is necessary to qualify the professional Impresario for his vocation; whether he ever or never was under the fostering wing of Alma Mater. The lawyer, in his course of hard work, acquires what is known as the "legal mind." The physician in his professional pursuits forms certain habits and mannerisms by which he is easily recognised. The City merchant, whether in counting-house or country-house, is not to be mistaken; but an Impresario, unless he be a vocalist or actor who has gone into the "undertaking line,"

defies the most acute observer of men and manners to say off-hand what he is, and how he makes his money—the latter, by the way, a question sometimes difficult even for himself to answer.

A thorough knowledge of his business should include experience in painting, to enable him to judge correctly the scenic effects of the stage and expenses of the painting-room, taste in music and the drama, correct appreciation of the abilities of those to be engaged, whether singers, actors, dancers, or instrumentalists; and if he would properly economise, he should have an acute idea of the value of silks, satins, and other articles employed in the theatrical wardrobe. Taking him for all in all, the Impresario is an anomaly; never at rest, and yet an idle man; selfish, but continually promoting the success of others; worshipped when sought after, to be, when found, remorselessly tormented; he leads the most anxious life, and can nevertheless indulge in venison and champagne, while others make his fortune; he is at once the most despotic ruler and submissive slave; the "super" trembles at his nod, while he is kneeling at the Prima Donna's feet. He is the incarnation of unlimited liability. He is liable to the public, liable to the artists, liable to Government, liable to proprietors, liable, in short, to everything and everybody except himself. By nature amphibious; at times strutting proudly upon the high and dry land of prosperity, at others wallowing in the muddy waters of misfortune; equally familiar with both, he is philosophically indifferent to either. His habits are luxurious to extravagance. Whether fortune smile or frown, he keeps his carriages and horses; he is a good whip, and, if not gouty, riding is his favourite exercise.

In common with other members of the community, he has, however, his *mauvais quarts d'heure*. Would you see the Impresario in trouble—a cloud of thunder on his brow—the victim of despair? Watch him when he hears that his popular primo tenore or favourite prima donna is indisposed. The opera which is drawing crowded houses has to be changed or sung by a substitute not attractive to the public. The manager may for a while have thrown the reins of government carelessly aside, a flourishing account from the Box-office having increased his gusto for the good dinner at which he is comfortably seated. A delicate little note is handed to him,—whether from a tenor or prima donna does not signify, they both indulge in similarly diminutive-sized envelopes. It is opened; the manager turns pale as he peruses the contents; a few incoherent sentences escape his lips; his din-

ner and peace of mind for twelve hours at least are irremediably ruined. The delicate little note informs him that a change of opera is unavoidable. The soup is left untouched; he hastens to the theatre; his secretary is forthwith despatched to summon other artists; the call-boy runs for his life to the printer; instructions are given to the door-keepers, scene-shifters, in fact, to the entire establishment to prepare for the emergency. A bill is drawn up expressing the regret of the "management" (why the Impresario insists on calling himself the "management" has never been correctly ascertained) at being obliged to announce a change in the performance of the evening. The secretary returns, after a furious drive to all the outskirts of the metropolis, and finds the manager pacing his room in an agony of disappointment and uncertainty. Sometimes the secretary has been successful, and tranquillises his chief with words of consolation. Sometimes, however, it is quite the reverse; and he is the bearer of anything but satisfactory intelligence: the artists he has sought may not be found, or, if found, are equally unable to appear as the singer whose illness is the cause of all the difficulty. The Impresario is now in what is popularly called a "quandary," and uncertain whether to open the theatre or not. Generally, matters are so arranged that it is unnecessary to resort to the latter alternative: but the Impresario's nerves and temper are made to suffer in the interim. The chances are, moreover, that he is abused by the aristocratic *habitudes* of the stalls and the democratic frequenters of the pit, for not keeping faith with the public: neither aristocrat nor democrat considering for one moment that it is the singer's throat that is sore, and not that of the Impresario, who would willingly sing soprano, contralto, tenor and bass, were it in his power to do so to the satisfaction of the grumblers aforesaid. Strange *contretemps* will sometimes happen on such occasions. Artists who were not to be found when wanted will arrive at the last moment when others have been persuaded to sing for them. Such an occurrence actually took place at Covent Garden some years ago. Illness had necessitated a change of opera, and "Il Barbiere" was to be given instead of the one originally announced. The alteration was made at a very short notice. Ronconi, who, according to a stipulation in his engagement, had the part of the Barber allotted to him, was out of town. No other opera, under the circumstances, being practicable, Tamburini, after much coaxing, consented to sing the Figaro, and repaired to the theatre at the usual time. A

few minutes before the opera was to begin, Ronconi made his appearance, and insisted upon his right to the part Tamburini had undertaken. He went to his room and dressed. As the curtain was about to be drawn up, there was Ronconi on one side of the stage and Tamburini on the other, both in the well-known costume, and ready to appear as the vivacious Figaro. Here was a chance of a "Barbiere" after the fashion of the "Corsican Brothers." It was truly a momentous question. Had the curtain been raised, Figaro would have had a "double," which would have puzzled the audience more than even Charles Kean's famous impersonation of the De Franchis. The commencement of the opera was for a short time delayed till the matter was explained to Tamburini, who relinquished the position with the politeness of a gentleman and good feeling of a true artist. When it is considered how entirely the fulfilment of the announcement of an opera depends upon the health of the sensitive soprano or tenacious tenor, it is perhaps surprising that disappointments are not more frequent, and that an enterprising Impresario can at any time enjoy his dinner undisturbed.

He has, notwithstanding, his moments of enjoyment. If a man of taste and fond of art, he has opportunities to indulge his fancy of which but few can boast. He will find a pleasure in his pursuits, such as is the envied privilege of artists who derive profit from that which is most gratifying to their self-esteem. By the exercise of his judgment a large class of the community is influenced. The progress of music and the drama may be promoted by his exertions; he can be of more service to rising talent than the most "distinguished patronage," and these are surely advantages upon which an Impresario may justly pride himself. His vocation is legitimate—speculative unquestionably to a certain extent, but not more so than any other business, while requiring perhaps greater judgment and experience to be followed by success. Reckless speculation, whether induced by opposition or by an inordinate desire of notoriety, is not enterprise, and is as much to be censured in a theatrical Impresario as in any other "undertaker of public jobs," and perhaps in his case is more reprehensible, when it is considered what numbers depend for their livelihood upon his careful and judicious management. The closing of a theatre, or failure of any important undertaking for the amusement of the public, deprives many families of their weekly income, reducing them to want. Singers, actors, and musicians are not the only sufferers, and they are better able to withstand such

a misfortune than those employed in the other departments of a theatre.

By these inferior officers, the obedience paid to the Manager, or "Governor," as he is called, approaches slavery. His orders are obeyed as implicitly and promptly as those of a despot. His sway is absolute, and he issues his edicts with the air and dignity of a monarch. A change of temper in the "Governor" is discussed by the mercenaries with fear or delight as an important event affecting their interests and happiness. The "Governor" smiles and the mercenaries rejoice—he frowns, and they are sad and silent. It is an evil presage, and none dare approach him till he smiles again. So complete is the submission of these servants, they will incur almost any danger or perform any duty to gratify the caprices of the manager. An instance is on record of the Impresario of an English Opera, who in a moment of hilarity wishing to play a practical joke upon the baritone of the company, desired four of his minions to carry that functionary off the stage at a given signal. The order was executed when the unsuspecting victim was singing a sentimental ballad. A man seized each arm and leg, and in spite of violent kicking and struggling, the unfortunate baritone was borne away upon the shoulders of the four servants, much to his own surprise and the bewilderment of the audience, who had been listening to his singing thus unceremoniously interrupted. The baritone's name was Duruset—the incognito of the Impresario must not be betrayed in these pages, which are intended to contain anecdotes of many who must remain unknown.

I have mingled in the crowd of courtiers at the "Governor's" door, waiting to be received by the successful manager, and have watched the propitiating flatteries bestowed on his private secretary—the true medium of communication with the spirit of management whose "rappings" he interprets. The private secretary alone has free access to the throne-room of the theatrical autocrat. He is at once the Peter and Cerberus of the establishment, admitting those who please him,—keeping at bay the importunate intruders. In the same antechamber I have heard the mob of hungry creditors clamour rudely for their rights, when the public was blighting all hopes of a replenished treasury by "damning" the last opera, and when, instead of smiles and compliments being bestowed on the private secretary, threats of violence, and the rudest messages were sent through him to his lord and master. I have also seen the Impresario in court suit, knee-breeches and silk stockings, a silver candle-

stick in each hand, proudly receiving royalty on state occasions; and oh! I have seen him when, in accordance with slavish custom, trying to walk backwards up the treacherous stairs, miss his step and bump down in a sitting posture, candlesticks, knee-breeches and all, in the front of royalty, to the horrible confusion of himself and infinite amusement of the lookers-on.

A successful Impresario is rarely met with in the flesh, a statement which, obviously admitting of two interpretations, may safely be accepted in either sense without fear of contradiction; for prudence dictates silence concerning financial matters on the part of every manager; if he makes money it concerns nobody but himself, if he loses it, the less it is talked about the better. Hence the fabulous accounts of the profits and losses in theatrical undertakings. They are usually spoken of by those who are entirely ignorant of their true character, and by them exaggerated accordingly. Theatrical and musical affairs seem to be favourite topics with those members of society who delight in making themselves a name for exclusive information on questions of general interest.

By these valiant knights of the long bow it is considered quite justifiable to make the most malignant assertions as to the private life of any public favourite, singer or actor, male or female. They will tell you how they know for a fact that Baroski the tenor was unable to appear last week, owing to his being, *as usual*, too intoxicated to walk across the stage. Unless those be present who care to contradict the statement, it passes for reliable information, and poor Baroski's reputation suffers in consequence; whereas if the chatterer be challenged for his authority, it invariably ends in the whole story being disproved, and the listeners convinced of its injustice. The charge of inebriety is one often brought against our public singers, although none can be more slanderous and false. The more eminent their position, the more are they exposed to the accusation. A moment's reflection should, however, convince any one of common sense that habitual drinking to excess would completely incapacitate a singer or musician from pursuing his vocation. Singers, in fact, have every reason for avoiding such a means of excitement, both for the sake of preserving their voices as well as for sustaining their reputation with the public. Moreover, singing in itself is sufficiently exciting and quite as much so as any vicious stimulant, which must inevitably destroy its effect. Society, however, encourages these idle tales about any artist who happens to be popular, and slander that would be resented and cried

down with indignation about a private individual may with impunity be invented and circulated when its victim is any favourite of the public. Although less conspicuous in his position than the maligned tenor, our Impresario is not exempt from these attacks. He too has his traducers, though they may not take sufficient interest in his doings to invent stories personally affecting him. Success or failure is the standard by which he is judged. If triumphant, he's the cleverest fellow in the world; if the reverse, he's the greatest fool. In either case he is at any rate as necessary a part of any public performance as music, actors, or musicians. Without a "Management" no theatre can be opened, no amusement afforded to the public, and whether it consist of a Board (which is rarely the case and never long so), or is mysteriously represented by an "unknown quantity" such as an Impresario, it must exist, or a theatrical undertaking can have no being.

CHAPTER II.

ENGAGEMENTS in the provinces are an important source of income to all who make their money by contributing to the amusement of the public. The English provinces are at once the nursery and harvest-field of our singers and actors. There the ambitious tragedian and "walking gentleman" make their first attempts, and go through an arduous course of practice before daring the ordeal of a London debut; there the rising tenor gets confidence in his high notes, intended hereafter to electrify the good people in Exeter Hall; and there the tragedian, walking gentleman, and celebrated singer return to be received with open arms, and royally rewarded when they have made a successful appearance and acquired a reputation in the metropolis. Though none of the provincial theatres are as large as Drury Lane, Covent Garden, or Her Majesty's, yet with these exceptions a comparison of the provincial with the London theatres would probably result in favour of the former; while the concert halls in the provinces are far superior to any buildings of the kind to be found elsewhere in Europe—a bold assertion, apparently, but fully justified by the magnificent edifices erected in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bradford, Leeds, and the other principal towns, for the purposes of public meetings and musical performances. It is discreditable to the musical societies of London that they have not followed the example set them by the sister societies of Liverpool and Manchester, and built a concert hall better adapted to the requirements of the art than the concert rooms which at present exist in the metropolis. In Liverpool, notwithstanding the close proximity

of St. George's Hall, the Philharmonic Society has a room of its own—a model building in every respect; in Manchester, almost next door to the Free Trade Hall, stands the Gentlemen's Concert Room, belonging to the society whose name it bears, and admirably constructed for its purpose; but in London, where there are no splendid St. George's or Free Trade Halls, and where the musical societies are richer than those of any other city, there is no building in which performances on a large scale can be given with adequate effect. It is surprising such a want should not be supplied, considering that the Sacred Harmonic, the Philharmonic, and other musical societies, might singly or by co-operation provide an edifice that should be worthy of the progress music has made among us, and be, at the same time, an honourable tribute to the art that has so much enriched their treasures. Had the intentions of the original promoter of St. James's Hall been carried out, a much larger building would have been erected on that site, the most favourable in London, than that which has caused so much disappointment. By trying to combine a restaurant and a concert hall on a space barely enough for either, the success of both was sacrificed, and an opportunity, such as rarely occurs, of erecting a fine hall, was thrown away.

The facilities of communication between London and the provincial towns have destroyed the monopoly of all that was new in music and the drama—formerly almost the exclusive privilege of the metropolis. England at the present day has not inaptly been compared to one large town with iron streets; the communication with every part of the kingdom is so rapid and so constant, that distance no longer prevents one branch of the vast community called the British public from participating in the advantages enjoyed by any other. Public amusements have been affected to an extraordinary degree by the great change brought about by railroads. A new play makes a hit in London; it is forthwith produced—and quite as well put upon the stage—in Liverpool, Manchester, and other theatrical districts of the one gigantic city. Pantomimes are transplanted bodily from one theatre to another, no matter how far apart; and the same scenery, properties, and dresses that have delighted thousands in the metropolis are exhibited on the boards of the Manchester Theatre Royal, to excite the admiration of thousands more. A new soprano makes her debut in London, and will most likely the same week of her first appearance be judged by the critical audiences of the Liverpool and Dublin Philharmonics, as well as by the Manchester *conocenti*.

It was very different thirty years ago, when the advent of a musical or dramatic London celebrity in any provincial town was an event looked forward to and talked of as an occurrence of public importance. In those days, enterprising Impresarios used to engage half-a-dozen singers to form a concert party, buy two travelling carriages to carry them about in, and so take them to those towns that were nearest to one another. Grisi's first visit to the provinces was made after that fashion; and I have heard her describe the pleasures, pains, and penalties of the road: how, on one occasion, the post-boys of her carriage took her from Chatsworth to Matlock, instead of to Sheffield. They had lost sight of the carriage which preceded them, and had mistaken their instructions. Grisi alighted at Matlock with her travelling companions; there were no signs of the rest of the party, and none whatever of any concert going to take place. "Che fare, per Bacco!" The landlord of the inn was at a loss to know what to do with the foreigners, none of whom spoke English. After a great deal of dumb show and pantomime, Grisi opened her desk, and discovered that the concert that evening was to be at Sheffield. "Sheffield," she said to the landlord. "Sheffield is a very long way off, this is Matlock;" on hearing which, Grisi understood enough English to know a mistake had been made, and getting into the carriage again, ordered the postilions to drive as hard as they could to Sheffield. Whether it was for "her siller bright or for the winsome lady," Grisi does not say; but after great exertions on the part of the boys and horses, the travellers reached Sheffield just in time to prevent the public from being dismissed without hearing the Diva. Tamburini and Benedict had done their utmost to prevent complete disappointment—the baritone having sung several songs and got into a very bad temper at the absence of the soprano, who was then much younger than some of us remember her, and full of mischief. Tamburini declared it was a practical joke, and had told the unhappy Impresario he would sing no more, having, in fact, exhausted his concert repertoire, when the long looked-for absentees came into the green-room, and volunteered to finish the concert in their travelling costume, with one condition, that time should be allowed them to eat a sandwich.

Provincial concert touring in post-chaises was a matter of far greater difficulty, expense, and inconvenience than any enterprising Impresario of the present day can possibly imagine.

As railways have increased and multiplied, the formation of what are called Touring-

parties, for the purpose of giving concerts and operas in the provinces, has become the business of many a Manager. Formerly these undertakings were only attempted by one or two sagacious Impresarios, whose genius for catering for the public led them to extend their plan of operations beyond the limits of one town, and to become the contractors for musical and operatic entertainments on a large scale for the whole of England. They did immense service to the Art; by their combinations, good music, which thirty years ago was a much more expensive luxury than it is now, was performed by the first artists of the day in the different towns where it could otherwise have never been heard. They invested capital in the cause of music; engaged singers at what appeared reckless terms; paid all their living and travelling expenses; and treated them like princes. Yet they made money by their dealings with the provincial Managers, who were glad to arrange for the appearance of a party rather than engage the artists separately—a much more speculative plan, and a most perilous undertaking in the coaching days of old. They encouraged young aspirants to fame, by associating them with those who had already attained celebrity. To the practice afforded by a provincial tour many a popular favourite owes the proficiency by which alone distinction is to be acquired.

Touring remained for some time practically a monopoly—the capital and knowledge indispensable for such undertakings being possessed by but very few Managers. After a while, however, the difficulties of travelling being reduced to a minimum, and the profits of touring being much larger in repute than in reality, the example of the early musical contractors was followed by imitators innumerable, and the country was overrun—as it still is—with Touring-parties, until the custom of artists of every description engaging themselves to a Manager for the provinces has become more general than that they should perform or sing out of London on their own account. By those who are struggling for distinction it is considered a great point to get taken up by a Manager who knows all the depths and shoals of honour, and finds them a way to rise—a sure and safe one. An "Entertainer," who, as the Americans say, had been "going round" on his own speculation, without deriving any profit from his monologue performances, was asked by a brother professional how he was getting on.

"Oh!" replied the one questioned, with ill-concealed pride, "Mitchell farms me."

"Does he?" said one of the by-standers—

"it will take him some time to cultivate you."

To make up a Touring-party requires a certain amount of tact and experience. In this, as in many other undertakings, it is advisable to adopt Mrs. Glasse's counsel: "first catch your fish." As a rule, the first thing to be done is to "catch" a soprano and tenor whose reputations have been made by some former Impresario. Having secured your soprano and tenor, the next consideration is how to complete the party. If the soprano and tenor shall have run off with a large bait, and prevented your offering any great temptation in the way of terms to the others, then must the latter be of moderate pretensions, and sing small accordingly; although experience teaches that they often make the most noise. A concert-party should consist of soprano, tenor, contralto, and bass; and if the programme is to be perfect, a pianist and violinist should be included as the *morceaux de résistance*.

Having determined upon who is to form the party, the next step is to settle upon the route. And this is perhaps the most perplexing question of all to decide—depending, as it necessarily does, upon the local arrangements of the towns that are to be visited. It is, of course, indispensable that a concert should be given every evening. The Impresario, with Bradshaw in hand, and a map spread out before him, draws up a most charming tour—quite a *voyage de luxe*—for the whole period of the engagement. Starting from London, he will take his flock of swans (sometimes rudely called by another name) by easy stages to all the principal towns in the United Kingdom. He studies their comfort and the trains, with a view of preventing the necessity of early rising and late dinners. He sends off his proposals to his correspondents in the country, and pleasant little paragraphs appear in the friendly provincial newspapers, announcing the interesting fact, that a most attractive combination of musical talent, under the auspices of the enterprising Impresario is about to make a tour, and will, it is hoped, be induced to visit the country town in which the particular newspaper appears. Those papers whose columns are open to encouragement of music and musicians (and it would be difficult to name one whose columns are not so) will find space for the biography of some of the artists announced, and do all in their power to aid the Manager in his undertaking.

While waiting for the replies of his correspondents, the Impresario is in a state of intense anxiety. Some answer by return, others have to consult their friends, or the Directors of the Musical Societies, &c. A few

days elapse, and it is found that not one of the dates on which it was proposed to visit the different towns will suit. Then comes the dilemma—and a terrible one it is—of how to make those dates that are chosen fit in with one another. Manchester names October 15th; Plymouth the 16th, Glasgow the 17th. How to reach Glasgow from Plymouth in one day, in time for an evening concert! The Manager looks at the map in despair—he raves, and tears his hair, and ends by writing to Glasgow and Plymouth, requesting them to fix upon some other days. The replies are adverse. In Glasgow either the next week is Preaching-week, or some other counter-attraction is already announced. In Plymouth, it might be supposed, from the local Manager's reply, that October 16th was the only day in the whole year when music was tolerated in that remote corner of the world. There is no alternative but to give up either Plymouth or Glasgow; and that is done accordingly. The next post brings the Impresario still more troublesome news. Bradford, where he had counted on a certain date and a good engagement, writes to put off both indefinitely. At Leeds, a panic in the cloth trade is ruinous to the prospects of all public amusements. At Sheffield, the only room available has been taken by a popular conjuror, who refuses to give it up except for a larger sum than it can possibly be made to hold. Matters begin to look serious with the Impresario, who anticipates the pleasure of having to keep his party idle, or of taking them to places which it is very unlikely will prove to be remunerative. He has recourse to the telegraph,—changes the route of the tour entirely; and considers himself fortunate if in the end there is no loss upon the undertaking, out of which he expected to make so much.

In the voluminous correspondence that has been going on, he must be very careful that he has not arranged for his party to appear at two places far apart on the same date. Such a mistake has occurred, and the consequences been rather more expensive than pleasant. Considering how easily such an error can be made, it is surprising that it has not been of more frequent occurrence. A question which must inevitably torment every touring Impresario is how to dispose of the Saturdays. In the country, no public amusements prosper on that day of the week, attributable, I suppose, to its being market-day, or tub-day, or a day on which the good country folk have something else to do than to amuse themselves. It is hopeless to expect an audience on that night of the week, except at Manchester; and the Manager uses all his ingenuity to arrange his geographical puzzle so as to be able, as often

as possible during the tour, to get to that town on Saturday evenings. Morning concerts will do on Saturday at Leamington or Bath, but they do not pay so well as the more numerous-attended evening performances on other nights of the week.

And now, having with difficulty settled the dates of his tour, the Impresario has to decide upon the programmes of the concerts he intends to give. He consults the conductor, and gets the repertoire of each performer. The soprano sends her list of *scenas*, songs, and grand arias, omitting to mention any duets, trios, or quartetts. These have to be arranged; the basso suggests a trio, of which no one has ever heard, but which, on trial, is found to contain a splendid solo for the bass and very little for any other voice. The tenor insists upon singing a ballad, his own property, for which he has made a satisfactory arrangement with a music publisher who allows him so much a copy on all copies sold. The ballad must be introduced in every concert, according to the satisfactory arrangement just mentioned. The contralto objects to sing the second piece in the programme; the tenor, basso, and soprano have an instinctive aversion to the same position. The conductor and Impresario reason with them. It is a *point d'honneur* with all four, and difficult to overcome. What is to be done? Is No. 2 to be omitted on the Christy principle of taking the third lesson first, because it was half the price of the two previous? The violinist or pianist must be sacrificed; No. 2, the altar on which the immolation is to take place. No. 1. A Quartett. No. 2. Solo Violin. Having got so far, the soprano consents to sing her grand scena; and that being expected to make considerable effect, none of the party care to follow the prima donna. The tenor is asked, but indignantly refuses; the basso declares that his reputation, past, present, and future, depends upon his having a good place in this particular programme; the contralto, with some show of reason, contends that two female voices will not sound well following each other. The conductor ponders, and, with a stumpy pencil, hitherto concealed in his waistcoat pocket, draws out a skeleton programme, which he believes will meet the wishes of all concerned. No. 3, according to his suggestion, is a duet by the two ladies; No. 4, the basso; and No. 5, another instrumental solo; No. 6, the tenor. The tenor smiles—he is happy, having the post of honour, at any rate in the first part of the programme; but his serenity is of short duration, for he sees, lower down, in Part II., that his ballad comes last but one in the skeleton list. This will never do. The

music publisher, and the satisfactory arrangement—the sixpence a copy—flash before him, and he revolts. The ballad must come No. 2 in the second part, after the instrumental duet. To this No. 2, the soprano, basso, and contralto adhere as firmly as they had avoided the same No. early in the concert. The tenor has to give way, and sing the ballad later on, an arrangement to which he submits with a tolerably fair grace.

After much consultation and long delay, the programme is at length completed, every artist, however, protesting against being the last but one, the contralto being at length persuaded that “*Il Segreto*” will do better there than elsewhere. It is printed, and sent off to the country for the approval of the Impresario's correspondents. By return of post, innumerable suggestions are received. The programme will not do. The same grand scena was sung by the soprano the very last time she was at Liverpool. Manchester wishes the tenor to name a more classical piece than he has selected (a gentle hint at the ballad not being considered classical). Newcastle has a special request that the party will sing a quartett composed by a celebrated professor (unknown in any other part of the country). In short, every town to which the programme has been sent has some changes to propose, which add to the troubles of the Impresario, and tend to convince him that touring is not the agreeable sinecure he was led to expect.

The route and programme being finally arranged, the day arrives for the commencement of the tour, after perhaps two months have been spent in making the necessary preparations.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF “ONCE A WEEK.”

SIR,—Having read with much interest an article by Mr. Jesse, in “ONCE A WEEK” for February 23, 1867, I venture to send to you an account of an incident which lately occurred in this neighbourhood, and which strikingly confirms Mr. Jesse's remarks concerning the affection displayed by animals towards their young.

A hare having been started from her form, the greyhounds were forthwith unslipped for the chase. The hare immediately made for the fence, and ran round the field, which was of considerable extent. In the course of the chase the dogs became unsighted, and the hare, undaunted by the presence of the horsemen, returned to her form.

Struck by the singularity of the circumstance, the sportsmen went to examine the spot, when they found a leveret in the form, which was evidently the cause of the hare retracing her steps amidst such a formidable array of foes. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

H. WRIGHT.

Thuxton Rectory, Norfolk.



MAY DAY.

Up with the May-pole, little one,
Wreath it with garlands gay,
With flowers that set us a-
dreaming,
A-dreaming of old May-
day,—

When the wakeful maiden rose
early,
The May-dew at dawn to
seek,
And its magic drops with fresh
lustre
Of beauty dyed her cheek.

When bluff King Harry rode
bravely
A-Maying with all his court,
And princes and lords and ladies
The blossoming May-bough
sought.



When around the village May-
pole
The lads and the lasses met;
Or later, when London tho-
roughfares
Teemed with a motley set

Of sweeps in masqueradedresses,
Gay clown, or Jack i' the
green,
And boys armed with brush
and shovel,
Like imps in spangles, were
seen.

Give to the sweeps, kind gen-
tleman,
This is their day of days;
Nor disapprove, ye fastidious,
Since Elia sang their praise.
JEAN BONOEUR.

HEVER COURT.

BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD, AUTHOR OF "RALPH," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII. EXECUTION AT THISTLEWOOD.



SHALL get quite a name for turning parties out of their property in this part of the world."

It was Gribble who made this ill-omened speech to Lady Dunman and Lucy directly after his unexpected arrival, and announcement of the occupation which Messrs. Bumby and Cursitor, the sheriff's officers, who accompanied him, were about to make at Thistlewood.

The ladies had, however, been spared from the shock in all the rudeness which Mr. Gribble would have given to it, by a short note from Sir John, which had arrived the same morning, telling Lady Dunman that such an event was to be expected, and that he would endeavour to be at Thistlewood in the course of the day.

The intelligence had been a great shock to them. Neither Lucy nor her mother had more than the vaguest idea of monetary difficulties, and now that these rude men had come, as it seemed, to take their home and all its treasures away from them, their position appeared very dreadful. Lady Dunman knew much of her husband's occupations, although there was so little sympathy between them; but though she was aware he had not been a very successful speculator, yet she believed him to be a very astute and safe player at the game which so much engrossed him.

Naturally a very selfish woman, she felt no concern for Sir John in his difficulties; she was possessed with an angry feeling towards him, whom she regarded as having staked her position and home on some gambling enterprise—and lost.

"It's only a little formality, you know, my lady," said Gribble, pointing to the two men who were standing in the hall, Bumby looking round upon the pictures and furniture, pasting imaginary labels in the corners of the gilt frames, nodding his head as he lotted them out for an imaginary sale, while his colleague, whose mind was not so progressive, occupied himself in holding his battered hat in different positions, as though its study was his occupation.

"Are those horrid men to stay here then?" asked Lady Dunman.

Lucy's lovely face, so pathetic in her unselfish anxiety for her father and mother, had affected Gribble, and made him anxious to put himself to the best advantage in his disagreeable position. He said that Cursitor could sit in the hall "where he'd look as humble as a charity boy and be as quiet as a mouse," while Bumby, the business-like, might perhaps be accommodated somewhere in the servants' offices, "where he'd be quite out of everybody's way."

"As for me, my lady, I'm only here as Mr. William Frankland's lawyer—very unpleasant—business is business—duty to perform—can't help myself." And Gribble tried to look as though he would if he could.

"Mr. Frankland!" said Lady Dunman. "Is it he who insults us by this visit? I had thought better of him."

Gribble at once understood by this remark and the blush he saw on Lucy's face, that she had not told her mother of the scene which had taken place at Dropton. He glanced at Lucy with a smirk of confidence, which meant that he and she knew all about Will's regard towards her mother and herself.

"If you propose to await Sir John Dunman's arrival, he will be here in a few minutes; the carriage has gone to meet him at the railway-station," said Lady Dunman, hoping to relieve herself of the necessity of any longer parley with Gribble.

The lawyer did not propose to await the arrival of Sir John; indeed, he rather hastily pleaded an engagement with "his client, Mr. Frankland," and after making what he thought were most elegant bows to the ladies, and addressing a few words of caution in a low voice to the penitent-looking bailiff, Mr. Cursitor, Gribble took his departure.

Sir John Dunman approached his home with but few of the emotions which would seem natural to his position. He had been some time absent, but he experienced no delight in returning, no longing, lingering love for the place he was about to lose. It was some time since he had seen his wife and daughter, but he felt no anxiety to meet them; he loved his daughter as much as it was possible for him to love anyone, but then in his mind she was always associated with her mother, for whom he had no love at all.

The deep, incurable wound that his self-

pride had sustained might even be seen in his feebleness; he was scarcely able to lift his feet upon the carriage-steps, and his face looked wan and haggard. Like some alchemist disturbed in his philosophic search after gold by the call of family duties which he will not allow himself to neglect, duties by which his crucibles had been overturned, his fires put out, his laboratory destroyed; in such a frame of mind, Sir John had come towards Thistlewood.

He didn't care for the place, it had no delights for him. He didn't think much of his wife's loss of comfort or of Lucy's, for they were not in his heart. But if it had been in his nature to shed tears, this broken old man would have wept at the humiliation of his name, at the check to his pursuits. He saw before him nothing but a few years of aged life dependent upon his wife's small private fortune, and the bitterness of death seemed vanishing in prospect of so much misery.

His step in the doorway fell not like that of ownership. Thistlewood had not for a long time been "home" to him. Now that he must give it up, he felt that reluctant affection for the place which the gambler feels for the metal and the paper of the great stake as it leaves his unwilling hands in payment of his final debt. This he experienced, but nothing more. He had hardly crossed the threshold when Lucy met him.

Her quick, joyful step, her impulse to embrace her father, were checked by Sir John's cool reception.

Yet his face twitched and his lips quivered as he touched her forehead with them.

"Where's Lady Dunman, my dear?" he asked.

Lucy conducted him to her mother, who was crying and sobbing in an excited manner. She raised her head on seeing Sir John enter the room, but it was only to say:

"Oh! John—Sir John!—see what—you have—brought us to!"

"I had no choice in the matter," he replied, with a bitter smile, as he sank into a chair apparently exhausted.

"Did you put us in the dice-box and play for our happiness or misery, or are we the victims of one of your less reputable financial speculations?"

"Mamma!" It was all Lucy could say in deprecation of her mother's selfish anger. Nothing could be more irritating than the tone and look with which Lady Dunman had made this remark. Neither she nor her husband saw the anguish which Lucy suffered in bewildered anxiety to make any sacrifice of herself for their mutual happiness. Sir

John heard it with his head hanging down, and felt its remorseless and unpitiful sting in his heart.

"It is the price of your son's redemption from the gallows—or worse!"

The words had scarcely left his mouth when Sir John felt as though he had been guilty of striking his wife. He saw her face turn pale, and the look of querulous anger change to one of abject terror and pitiful anguish.

"What!" she screamed, as Lucy hastened to support her, fearing she would faint.

He wished she had not dragged the shameful story from him. She would have lived and died happier if she had never known it. The injustice she had done him since Arthur's death had never been hard to bear when he remembered how he could remove it by telling her the whole truth. But he had long since resolved to bear this great shame and sorrow alone, and now she had forced it from him by her cruel words, so cruel he felt in their untimely injustice.

Slowly,—for his emotions had increased his difficulty of breathing,—he told his wife how he had purchased Gribble's silence with the mortgage he was now foreclosing, but he was honest enough to add an account of other difficulties which had completed his ruin.

The stony stare of his wife's eyes was fixed upon him, but when he ceased speaking they closed, and she fell back into Lucy's arms, pale as death, and apparently in death.

When she revived she drew Sir John's face down to hers and kissed him.

"We must leave here, then?" she murmured faintly.

"Yes."

"We shall be together—always?" and she feebly pressed Sir John's hand in hers.

"Yes—always—if you will let me," replied the old man, tenderly, yet with a shamed look, as he thought he must in future be dependent on his wife.

Lady Dunman lay on a couch, her hand in Sir John's, when Lord Nantwich was announced.

"He will not misunderstand if we are engaged," said Lucy, seeing a look of indecision in her father's face. She felt after what she had heard, it would be impossible for her to receive Nantwich. The outline of the story of Arthur's crime she had heard from Will Frankland, who led her to suppose that he had actual proof of it, and that he and his informant alone were cognisant of it; but she had no idea that Nantwich was a partner in the dreadful secret, still less that it was his name which her brother had forged.

But her father insisted that Lucy should see him, and Lady Dunman, with an anxious

look, seconded Sir John. Perhaps they both hoped that Nantwich would ask Lucy to be his wife; but Sir John put it to his daughter that it was her duty and their duty to bear themselves bravely in their troubles, and not to admit to their friends that they were overwhelmed and broken down by their misfortunes.

But for all this, it was with a sad face and a heavy heart that Lucy moved towards the drawing-room.

"Mamma was very unwell," she said, in reply to Lord Nantwich's inquiry,—an answer which, she observed, did not seem altogether to surprise him.

Lucy felt quite incapable of maintaining a conversation, and Nantwich seemed to be forcing one with the most commonplace remarks, to which she replied in monosyllables.

She felt she was appearing very stupid, and half wished he could have known how much cause she had for grief. She had not the least idea that his heart was melting with sympathy for her, that her face, more lovely than ever in its pensive sadness, was confusing his clear brain and thwarting the purposes of his visit.

"Is change of air recommended for Lady Dunman?" he hazarded.

"I think we shall soon be leaving here."

She drooped her eyes, feeling that in saying this she was equivocating, hiding the stern necessity that forced them from home under a paltry subterfuge. And Nantwich was shifting in his chair, suffering acutely from loss of confidence in himself, he, who had known himself equal to any situation.

"Miss Dunman," he said, "may I consider myself your friend?"

"Oh yes!" Lucy looked up at him frankly, yet with some surprise. Then she blushed deeply, thinking there had been needless warmth in her acceptance of him as her friend. But was she not very lonely, and in need of friendship, and had he not been generous, so generous to Arthur's fault? Yet though she thus excused herself, her heart beat with anxiety to hear what it was that Nantwich prefaced in this extraordinary manner.

"I came here to-day to entreat you to allow me the privileges of a friend—to let me help you."

"Then you know what has happened?" said Lucy, her lip trembling and her bosom heaving with excitement, which she had hitherto with so much difficulty restrained.

"I think I do. It appears that Mr. William Frankland, or some one connected with him, has spoken freely of Sir John's embarrass-

ments, and so it came to my ears. I'm but a clumsy diplomatist, Miss Dunman."

Lucy was obliged to turn away from him to hide the tears she struggled in vain to keep back. Badly as he felt he had offered his assistance, Nantwich had determined to subdue the admiration he felt for Lucy; it should not, at all events, be master of him in this interview. He didn't think he loved her, he didn't believe in love; but he admired no living woman so much. It had crossed his mind that if ever he married he should like to marry her. But then—he had no serious intention of marriage.

He was a man of the world, but he felt himself thoroughly unequal to his present situation. Here was this lovely, gentle girl in tears and trouble about affairs which, after all had, as he believed, for their foundation nothing but money, and he who would rejoice to pour out his wealth in her service stood helpless beside her. For her sake he would not to-day have passed beyond the limits of friendship, had not her tears over-mastered his resolve.

He took the hand which hung by her side, and looking round into her face, said, in a low, determined voice,—

"Miss Dunman!—Lucy! Give me the precious right to help you and yours: be my wife!"

She smiled on him through her tears, not withdrawing her hand,—

"How good you are, Lord Nantwich. Let me remain your friend; it is better so." Then she withdrew her hand from his.

"For you, perhaps. But must it be so?"

Another man would have pressed his suit; but to raise a question in Nantwich's mind was to make him uncertain of his intention, and impatient of following it up without further reflection. He read, too, in her innocent, artless treatment of his offer that she did not love him.

"You must prove your words," he said, "by allowing me to help you."

Lucy was thinking what she should do, half resolved to tell him everything, half fearful of embarrassing herself and offending her father by doing so, when the door opened and Sir John himself entered the room.

She was relieved, but Nantwich was much surprised at her father's appearance, for he had no knowledge that Sir John was in the house.

"So glad to see you," said the baronet. "It has been one of the miseries of my life to lose the society of my Hertfordshire neighbours."

"And their misfortune to see so little of you, Sir John."

"Well, well, you are very kind; and now I have come to take my wife and daughter away."

There was a curious expression on Sir John's face as he made this remark. He was uncertain how much Lucy had told Nantwich, or how much he had guessed with regard to the causes of their leaving Thistlewood.

"Will nothing make you abandon this intention, Sir John, so fatal to the happiness of the neighbourhood?"

"Nothing—that I know of, my lord; but I assure you it is painful to myself and to us all."

"Lord Nantwich knows what has happened to us; the losses which compel us to leave here, papa," said Lucy, in order that the gentlemen might understand each other.

"And begs you will do him the honour to consider him your friend in this difficulty," said Nantwich, with a smile full of kindness and void entirely of self-conscious charity.

Sir John covered his face with his trembling hands. It was some time before he could speak. In truth he was sustaining and defeating a sore temptation. On the one hand it seemed to him that he might accept this generous young man's assistance, and with that might gain sufficient by speculation to pay his debts and return the kindly loan. But his better judgment and his sense of honour told him how small was the hope that he could offer of repayment, how large a sum his debts alone would swallow, how destitute he was of anything he could offer as security: and then, again, it seemed to him an already incurred disgrace that this man, he who must be cognisant of his son's disgrace, should be offering him money. No! whatever his difficulties might force him to do, he would never borrow of Nantwich.

"My lord, I am overwhelmed by your goodness," he said, in a feeble, broken voice.

"Pray, don't: I shall be quite unhappy if you refuse my help; in fact, you must not."

"You have been the guardian of my honour. How can I ever repay your forbearance to my poor boy. But I will not increase the debt."

Nantwich saw in a moment by a glance at Lucy's face that she knew the circumstances to which her father alluded. All the merit he could claim was that he had never spoken to anyone of Arthur Dunman's forgery of his name. But he was not by nature a babler, and this didn't appear to him to entitle him to much merit after all. Besides he only suspected Arthur of the forgery as he was interested in the bills; the crime had never been brought home to him, and therefore no one was entitled to speak of it as his crime, especially now that he was dead. Nantwich

looked pained and embarrassed by Sir John's reference to this distressing affair; then suddenly his face brightened, as if, out of it, had sprung some cheerful thought.

"Your remark relieves me of a difficulty I have felt for years, Sir John. I have no merit in the matter. Indeed, I think I have done wrong."

Sir John and Lucy fixed their attention upon him.

"After Arthur's death, who, you know, was an intimate associate of mine, I made inquiry about some bills amounting to 3000*l.* upon which my name had been subscribed. I repudiated them as—forgeries, when they were presented to me for payment; but after Arthur's death I made inquiry about them, and discovered that you had discharged and destroyed them."

"Yes, destroyed them," said Sir John, mechanically; then he added, in a testy voice, "we need not revive the subject, I think."

"But," continued Nantwich, "I contend that it was my duty—I might say, my privilege—to have done this. Arthur, who I know was in great straits at the time, on account of heavy play debts, may have been deceived by some rogue who forged my signature to these bills, and may have died believing that his embarrassments were caused by what he may have regarded as my refusal to acknowledge my own handwriting. You know how these things are done for one another by young men about town; you know, too, his sensitive nature—how, if such had been the case, he would have shrunk from putting direct questions to me upon the subject. If Arthur believed for a moment that the acceptance was my own signature I have the right, not you, to discharge those bills; I consider it my duty to my poor friend, and you, Sir John, must permit me to repay you the five thousand pounds which I consider you have advanced on my account."

As Nantwich looked to Sir John for his reply, he met Lucy's eyes with an expression which he would have thought very cheap at five thousand pounds. Lucy was filled with hopeful gladness at the thought of removing the hateful stain from her brother's memory, and admiration for Nantwich, who had thus thrown a new light upon the circumstances, whose whole conduct had been so generous.

To Sir John the temptation was awful, but he steeled himself to resist it. His whole frame shook, and as he caught Nantwich's hand, the young peer thought he wished to steady himself against some approaching fit or physical seizure.

He drew Nantwich from his chair, and, tottering towards the window, leaning heavily

on his shoulder, said in a voice sufficiently low, that Lucy could not overhear him,—

"He confessed to me his crime, my lord. Leave us in our misery."

Sir John seemed impatient to be left alone, and Nantwich, seeing that he could do nothing for them at present, made his adieux and quitted Thistlewood.

CHAPTER XXIV. EDWARD HEARS SOMETHING TO HIS ADVANTAGE.

SCARCELY three months had passed since the meeting of the directors of the Iron-Working Company, Limited, which had resulted in the triumph of Gotobed and Snodgers, when Edward found himself "in difficulties." The company was in process of winding-up; but when this was accomplished, and no one knew how long the process might last, there was little hope that he would regain a sixpence of his money. He had gathered this much information from inquiry; he had also learned that Snaggs had made some provision for himself by sloping with the cash-box containing about a hundred pounds, and had not since been heard of.

He became reconciled to the loss, but unfortunately he was too ill to make any effort to earn money, though he foresaw that he couldn't continue to live in London unless he did so, for the income from his farm near Hever was insufficient for his support.

The costly experience he had already gained made him distrustful of himself. His breeding and bringing-up had not fitted him for a hand-to-hand fight for life in London. He felt horribly, painfully at the mercy of sharpers and rogues; his health seemed completely broken down; he looked thin and flaccid, his eyes dull. What hope remained for him? This was his trouble. He felt beaten in the race of life, worsted, distanced; his nerves seemed shattered, and his hopes destroyed.

Why should he try again? If he cast his eye—as he did now and then in a hopeless sort of way over the advertisements of the Times—he felt that to accept any of their inviting professions, would only be to court a still greater downfall. No! he must accept defeat, and suffer himself to be put aside as a failure, to live or die as he might, with no one to care which.

Was it a comfort to him to read of Sir John Dunman's insolvency? Perhaps it was. He thought it brought Lucy one step nearer to himself. Had it been possible that she should be in a position to need assistance, then he thought he could act, and could succeed, but he had always heard that Lady Dunman had a large private fortune, besides a handsome settlement, and he presumed that

Sir John's insolvency would make no difference in their style or place of living.

With these thoughts he was greatly surprised, one day, in sauntering through Hyde Park, to see Lucy sitting on a bench with her hand in that of an old man, whom he at once took to be her father. He had seen Sir John but very few times in his life, yet if this were he his recent troubles must indeed have bowed him.

For a moment Edward stood still,—felt his health and strength return to him, and seemed to forget everything that had happened since he was dispossessed of Hever Court; and Lucy, unconscious of his gaze, looking so fresh and pretty in her light morning toilette, had her eyes fixed with tender solicitude on her father, whose lips were moving quickly, while he stared vaguely before him at no object in particular. Then Edward moved towards her, and she saw him raising his hat.

She blushed as she gave him her left hand, looking at the right to imply that she could not withdraw it from her father.

"I am so glad to see you," she said; "I've been hoping we should meet you ever since we came to London." And Lucy made room for Edward to sit down beside her.

"Poor papa,"—she continued, by way of explanation, for Edward glanced at Sir John, who didn't seem to recognise him—"has been very ill; he has had a great deal of trouble, and—and it has affected his head. This is Mr. Frankland, papa, dear."

"Oh! yes, I know," mumbled Sir John; "we were at college together."

"No, papa dear, this is his son, Mr. Edward Frankland."

"His son! He's come to take you away!" The old man tightened his hold upon her hand, and looked piteously in her face. "We used to talk about your marrying him; but you won't leave me, Lucy?"

"No, never, dear papa!" she replied.

Then he sunk back in quietude, and Lucy turned towards Edward.

"Do you know we have been ruined!—We have had to leave Thistlewood, to sell all the dear old things there; and now we are in lodgings at Bayswater; and we are so poor."

Lucy's poverty seemed to be almost a source of satisfaction to her; certainly there was nothing despondent in her tone. She spoke in just the same sweet, soft, happy voice that he had loved so well to hear in their rides and meetings about their Hertfordshire homes.

"I had no idea of this," said Edward, aghast at the troubles of which Lucy spoke so cheerfully.

"I'm so glad you had not; you would have been troubled if you had known at the time."

"But can nothing now be done? Sir John's affairs——"

"Oh dear no! Papa has lost everything; indeed I fear more than he had,—very much more. But the nicest thing happened," she continued, "about some of mamma's and my little household treasures. Of course we grieved to part with them very much, and perhaps with mamma's income we might have bought them; but we thought it prudent not to do so. Well, we had not been long in London before a cart came up to our lodgings and discharged so many of our old treasures, including my piano and mamma's arm-chair. Wasn't it nice? We made inquiries to find out our benefactor, but could learn nothing more than that they were bought at the sale by a Mr. Carter, who, the man said, 'never let a lot go once he began to bid for it.'"

"How kind!—how very kind! Whom do you suspect?"

"It is hardly fair to guess, is it?" said Lucy, blushing and laughing. "If you had been at Bingwell, I should have suspected you, Mr. Frankland. But now tell me your news; we have both lost our homes."

"My story is very short," said Edward, with despondency; "the history of downhill, Miss Dunman, and defeat and failure."

"No, I hope not. You are not well, I see that."

"I declare this is the first happy moment I have had since I left Hever."

"Oh! how sad."

"Had I been there still I might have helped you to keep Thistlewood. But you are superior to these conditions. As for me, I confess the loss of them has almost crushed me."

"You do yourself injustice."

"I am glad you think so," replied Edward, dolefully.

"Of course," added Lucy, "it is hard to lose one's home, and all that that implies."

"I hate myself for these regrets, which seem so selfish; yet looking back on the possession of wealth, it does appear a very paradise of possibilities."

"Yes, that is the delight of being rich."

"To live above the sordid cares of life; to avoid contact with mean, covetous natures,—free at least to choose your own society; to live the highest life. That is to be rich."

"I don't agree with you, Mr. Frankland; all the poor are not dependent, nor unhappy, and all the rich are not independent, nor are they contented."

"Perhaps I talk a little wildly; but I have fallen among thieves lately. I thought to increase my fortune, and instead of that lost it entirely."

"How very cruel! What will you do?"

Lucy's eyes looked upon him, full of sympathy, thoughtless of her own troubles.

"That's my great difficulty. The doctors say I must have country air; but one can't grow rich upon that." Edward smiled faintly. "I have a small farm near Hever, and I think of living there for a time, and then, when I get strong again, of selling the farm and going to the bar."

"And becoming a judge! as I am certain you would."

"I think I could gain some success," said Edward, his face brightening with a hopeful flush, "if you would give me the motive power, Lucy."

"I! how can I?" she asked, reddening at the same time with a consciousness in seeming contradiction to her words.

"How can you? I could do anything!—yes, anything! if the reward of your love awaited my success. Lucy, you don't think so badly of me as to suppose that now, in your presence, I would deplore the loss of my wealth for my own sake. I valued it, I would regain it, only to be more worthy of you. To think now upon the happiness it would have been to give it all to you, makes me miserable to have lost it. I could live upon the most distant hope, Lucy. I desire no more. Give it me for pity's sake."

"We will hope together," replied Lucy, as with tears gathering in her eyes she put her hand in his.

So they sat silent for some seconds, till Lucy said, lifting her blushing face and looking from Edward to her father, who sat sleeping by her side.

"You will remember, Edward, that my first duty is here. We have been so little together hitherto; and now poor dear papa needs my care so much, and I am so happy to be with him, that I could almost rejoice in our recent misfortunes had they not caused his illness."

"I am your slave—your disciple, dearest." Edward still held the little gloved hand, and emphasised his words with pressing it. "I can hardly believe in my happiness, Lucy. You do love me?"

Some happy affirmative sign reassured him.

"And now," said Lucy, "if you carry out your intention of going to your farm, we shall not be far distant from each other, for papa's physician has said that he must have country air and quiet. So in a fortnight we are going to take possession of a small house belonging to mamma's family, at Singlewell, which you know is on the Hertford road, not more than ten miles from Bingwell."

"Ten miles seems an awful gulf, now that I am unable to walk half the distance and have no horse."

"You dissatisfied boy! you would rather we were at Singlewell than here, would you not?"

"Where you are, dearest, is the place I prefer to all others; and to be ten miles from that place is certainly a less evil than to have forty miles between us."

Sir John was now awake, and looking at them with a smile, wagged his head.

"Ah, ah, perhaps the best thing an old gentleman can do is to go to sleep, under the circumstances." Then he whispered in his daughter's ear, "We must have the merry-making at Thistlewood, Lucy."

"Poor papa," she sighed, as they prepared to walk homewards; "perhaps he is happier in his ignorance of all that has happened."

(To be continued.)

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. II. LOST IN LONDON.

"LOST IN LONDON"—so I learn by meeting the posters of a rival establishment—is a drama of real life. I am not likely ever to see it. Though we perambulating advertisements may be considered to have a sort of theatrical connection, yet business must be very bad indeed before anybody gives us orders. The author of "Amphitryon" is a pleasant-spoken gentleman enough; once when our gang stopped his Hansom as he was driving up to the Regina Theatre, I saw him put his hand into his pocket, meaning, I hope, to give us a shilling to drink his health, but he thought better of it—and didn't; yet, though we have done more to make his piece famous than all the puffs which the gentlemen who dined with him wrote in the papers, he has never presented us with a pass even for the gallery. If he had, we should all have sold it for a glass of gin; but still the attention would have been appreciated. My theatre-going days are over, and if by any extraordinary combination of circumstances the lessee of the Adelphi should come and ask me as a personal favour to pay a visit to "Lost in London," I should decline to do so unless I was paid for my trouble. As to being lost in London, why that is a thing that is happening all day, and any day; the real sensation drama would be "Found in London." My experience, and that of my mates—and on this point we are tolerably good authorities—is that if you want to be lost, you need never be found in London.

Of course, you will tell me that murderers and robbers always are discovered, and that nobody can escape the vigilant eye of our detective police. To this my answer is shortly—gammon. Just think of all the

murders, robberies, and crimes of violence which have occurred within the last few years, and the authors of which remain undetected to the present hour. And then recollect how many crimes there are, the very existence of which is either never known at all, or is only suspected by some small handful of people who for reasons of their own keep the knowledge a dead secret. Moreover, as far as my observation goes, great criminals are almost always fools. They are too fussy to remain quiet; they are always thinking of some way to conceal themselves from observation, and by so doing they infallibly excite notice. But give me a man with a cool head and a knowledge of town, and I would back him, if I had money to back anything, to live unfound in London as long as he thought fit. Of course, he may be found out by accident; there is luck in anything, and odd accidents will happen in life. If you keep a tripe-shop in the Ratcliffe Highway, it is possible a lady you have known in Belgrave Square may drop in some fine morning to buy six-penn'orth of cow-heel; but though it is possible, it is not probable. If you would only tell me what the circle is in which you live, I can tell you how to drop out of it at once. You are an idle man, I take it, Mr. Nomad, and you think yourself pretty well known about town. Do you suppose there are five hundred people in all London whom you know by sight—that is, whom you could put a name to if you met them in the streets? If you know as many as that, you must have an unusually large circle of acquaintance. It is all very well to say that more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows; but then Tom Fool, I take it, is a well-known character, and you are not. As far as I can say, you are neither a popular preacher, nor a distinguished author, nor a favourite actor, nor a crack prize-fighter; you are simply a man about town; and if there are five hundred people who would recognise you if they met you about the streets, it must be the outside. And of those five hundred do you imagine there are twenty who would take the least trouble to find you if you disappeared. Well then, all you have practically to do is to drop out of sight of a score or so of persons. "Out of sight, out of mind," you will find to be true a good deal sooner than you fancy.

It may be some fine morning—the supposition is not meant to be personally offensive—you come to the conclusion you had better disappear from public ken. Every day, amongst the millions of this great city, there are people whose first thought waking, and whose last thought before they fall asleep, is that they would give anything to get clear of

the world in which they live. They may not be "wanted" by the police; they may not be afraid of being tapped on the shoulder by a sheriff's officer. More often than not there is a woman at the bottom of their trouble, be it what it may. It was only the other day, when our patrol was over, that A, the captain of our file, trudged home part of the way with me. At most times he is a silent, moody fellow, not given to words; but that night, somehow, he seemed as if he wanted to speak. It was a Saturday, and we had drawn our money, and had drunk a glass or two more than usual. As we hobbled past the police-station, in Bow Street, there was a new staring notice posted on the walls, offering £100 reward to any one who could give information as to the whereabouts of a gentleman who had left his home on such a night and not since been heard of.

"It must be an odd feeling, mate," he said, turning round, but speaking, I think, rather to himself than to me, "for a man to read such a notice about himself as I have known a man do scores of times, and to learn that he is supposed to have been murdered, when he is alive and well. It is not so many years ago as you would fancy, if you saw him, now that the man I spoke of 'went under,' as the Yankees say. I don't suppose, on the day when he disappeared, you could have found a young fellow whose prospects looked brighter. He was a lad at Oxford College then—a well-built, handsome, powerful fellow, with good expectations, and more than a fair share of brains. Everybody liked him, and he liked everybody. The tutors thought he would carry off all the prizes; the boys thought he would row stroke in the University eight. One day he told the servant at his rooms he was going up to London next morning, and wanted to be called early. He ordered supper to be laid out for him and the fire lit at night; went to the station; took a return day ticket to town; and was never seen or heard of again. There was an inquiry made, of course; but nothing could be found out about him. He was not, as far as could be learned, in any money bother. The only thing that ever seemed to indicate he had been in any trouble was, that on the night before he disappeared he had said to a friend of his on their way home from a noisy supper party, where he had been the noisiest and gayest of the lot, 'Did you see that lame cripple who looked into —'s rooms to ask for a light? It would, perhaps, have been better for me if I had been like him.' Nothing was ever heard of him again by his friends or kindred. The services of that 'active and intelligent' officer, Inspector Riddle, were specially re-

tained; but with no result. A vague story came home, no one knew how, that he had been seen in the diggings at San Francisco; but no corroboration of the report was ever brought out; and 'supposed to have been waylaid, trepanned, and murdered' was the verdict of those who ever thought twice on the matter."

"And was he murdered?" I asked.

"Not he," was the answer. "When he reached the Paddington Station he simply turned to the right towards Kilburn, instead of to the left towards Charing Cross; and from that moment he was as lost to sight as if he had hidden himself in the North Pole."

And then, before I could ask more, A had turned away and sauntered off with his hands carried in his pockets, and the odd swinging stride which ever and anon he puts on for a few steps or more and then breaks down in so suddenly.

Whether A meant to say, or really said without meaning to say it, that he himself was the man who had read the reward for the discovering of his own dead body, I don't know, and what is more, I don't much care. We have troubles enough of our own, without plaguing ourselves about other people's; but I am sure he spoke the truth, in saying that if you are to be lost, you had better lose yourself in London. You think you know the "little village"—as it was thought funny by young men from the country to call London years ago—tolerably well. You are certain if you walk from Charing-Cross to the Bank, to meet a dozen people you are acquainted with, you know the name of every shop, the faces of most of the shop-girls along the Strand and Fleet Street and Cheapside, and you imagine your face is pretty well known to every *habitué* of that world's thoroughfare. Well, sir, I could stake anything you like to give me, that I could take you in the busiest part of the day from Charing-Cross to the Bank, and never carry you more than a couple of hundred yards or so away from your usual route, without you meeting a soul you knew. You are regular man, I suppose, go about the same time every day to the same places, and meet the same people. Well, there is a network of courts, lanes, alleys, running parallel more or less to the Strand, through which you can dodge in almost absolute security. Of course there are certain main thoroughfares you must cross—Chancery Lane and Farringdon Street for instance—but if you keep your eyes open, and give a glance before you cross them, you are very little likely to be seen. Everybody in London is so busy about their own business, that if you are on the look-out and other people are not, you can generally pass them without being

noticed. There is no risk in being recognised first, if your eyes are good, by persons coming towards you—the only risk is from those following behind you; and in those out-of-the-way pauper streets nobody is likely to out-walk you. Did you ever observe that it is only well-to-do people who walk quickly? working men, and persons to whom time is said to be money, always move lazily. I am partial myself to these by-ways; people don't hustle me about and shove me into the gutter as much as they do in your crowded busy thoroughfares. Policemen don't tell me to move on, if I loiter about; and the crossings are easier to a man like myself, very weak at the knees, and not very strong in the head. So as I make my way homewards, through these alleys, I speculate often on what brings there the few well-dressed men I ever come across. I know that they are either in debt or in trouble of some kind; perhaps they want to meet somebody, generally of the opposite sex, whom they do not wish to be seen with, or more likely they do not want to meet any one at all. Every now and then too, I meet a passenger, who has simply picked out these by ways because he wants to be alone with his thoughts, pleasant or otherwise—the latter, I fancy, more often. But when once you have noted the look in the eye of a man who, for some cause or other, wants to shun his acquaintances, there is no mistaking it again. It is a look which remains with you, which haunts you in your dreams.

Still, if your main object in life is to avoid recognition, you should not frequent even these by-paths of the central thoroughfares. Go and live in a quiet, ungenteel neighbourhood, and you may be lost as long as you like. Do you know, for instance, All Hallows Square in the Borough? Did you ever know anybody who knew it? No, of course you did not. To the whole of your world, whose area is bounded by the Thames on the South, the Bank in the East, Kensington in the West, and the New Road on the North, the Borough is an unknown country. Formerly, when London Bridge was the Continental Terminus, you might have caught a glimpse of All Hallows Square, driving to the South Eastern Station. But now, no conceivable combination of circumstances is ever likely to take you, or anybody you know, to All Hallows Square, Southwark. It lies out of the way; and yet it is not too quiet a locality. The lodgers about there could seldom be qualified for electors, if a two years' residence was required; they change frequently enough for a new-comer to attract little notice; and yet it is not one of the places where the police look for people who are wanted. Take a quiet lodging thereabouts, live

quietly; go to your daily work, whatever it is, early, and come home latish; and you may lay long odds that you live there a score of years, undisturbed and unrecognised. There are a hundred such spots about London as All Hallows Square; you may take your choice. North, South, East and West, London is, after all, not one great city, but a collection of great cities, the inhabitants of which never visit each other. If you are known in May Fair, you are unknown in Clerkenwell. Once drive this fact into your head, and you will see it is an easy thing enough to get lost in London.

Why, only the other day, I saw a story of a respectable tradesman, who got tired of his wife and family, and took a fancy to have a new wife and a new family of his own. So, like a wise man, instead of going abroad, with all sort of expense and bother, he simply moved into another quarter of the town, and lived there till he died, without ever being discovered by his deserted wife or her friends. Of course, any moment in those twenty years he might have met some one of the few people who would have recognised him; but then, at any time you take up a hand at whist you might hold all the trumps; only somehow you don't. Take my advice, Mr. Nomad, and if ever you want to get out of the way, stop in London.

PRISCILLA'S LOT.

A Story in Three Chapters

BY GEORGINA M. CRAIK.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was something in the faces of both of them next morning which struck Skeeton when he came.

"What's the girl been saying to you?" he asked the old man. And before long, by threats and importunity, he wormed enough of the truth out of Gregory to kindle his rage against her. For the love he had for Priscilla was of a kind which would hinder him from no brutal act or feeling towards her; there never was a day or hour, even when he followed her most hungrily, when he would not have treated her savagely; a born ruffian, she never crossed him in word or deed but he could have struck her. He went to her to-day. He had been drinking, and his temper, roused by what Gregory had let fall, was at its savagest. He went to her, knowing that she knew all now, to intimidate her with threats of revenge. She was in his power, he thought, and he let loose the flood-gates of his brutality upon her.

But she turned upon him. She had done

enduring now; fear was swept away, and she flung out her scorn at him; a noble and dignified woman, she stood before him and trod upon him. It was her one moment of triumph—her one moment of fierce revenge for all that she had suffered; and she stood up and defied him with the reckless courage of despair. It was only when it was over—when he had left her with as dark an oath upon his lips as ever man swore, and she sat down with her own words ringing in her ears—that she knew, and could think of, what she had done. The reaction came then. She had only hurried on the inevitable end perhaps by a few hours or days, but in this first hour of knowing that the thing was done, she reproached herself for her part in it with a bitter wail of remorse. Only one hope remained to her now—the last hope to which she clung—that she might still persuade her father to attempt to fly.

But that hope, too, left her. The miserable old man had grown too terrified by the nearness of his danger to have strength left, either of body or mind, for flight; a kind of fascination had seized him—a panic fear and horror. A bully all his life, he had become the weakest of cowards now. Except to curse his daughter when she spoke to him he scarcely opened his lips throughout the day; even his wretched whine of self-pity had ceased. He sat for hour on hour after Skeeton had left the house, huddled together in his chair, staring with his vacant eyes into the fire, with one hand sometimes raised and clutched about his throat. He started and shook at any unusual noise; once towards evening, at the sound of a strange voice speaking to his daughter at the door, he started from his chair with a wild scream.

He was standing in the middle of the floor like a hunted hare, when the man who had spoken pushed past Priscilla and came in. He had guessed rightly who it was, and, coward as he was, for a moment he showed fight, and leaped upon the officer—for it was no other—like a wild beast. But the short struggle was ended in a few seconds. He was struck down and secured; and before five minutes had passed he was walking handcuffed between two men, through the staring faces along the village street.

Priscilla stayed in the cottage alone. She had stood by while they took her father, with such a look upon her face as, accustomed though the officers were to the sight of every form of wretchedness and despair, moved even them to a kind of awe. She neither spoke nor moved till they had set the handcuffs on him; she only said then:

"May I come with you?"

The man she spoke to answered: "No; you couldn't get in to see him to-night;" and then added compassionately: "But come to-morrow if you like, and you'll hear the result of the examination."

She said nothing more. She and the old man never spoke to one another.

She passed that night alone, sitting up during the whole of it. When morning came she dressed herself, and set out, and walked to the police-station. It was in the next town, four miles away. She reached it early—too early by several hours to learn anything about her father's fate, and when she found by inquiries at the prison-gates that he was not to be taken before the magistrates who would meet for his examination until the afternoon, she had nothing to do but to wander about the streets of the town, a weary circuit round and round, with its only terminus and resting-place at the gaol walls. But she was too sick at heart to mind fatigue of body. After the night that she had passed, motion, of whatever kind, was a sort of blessing to her.

She walked about almost all day. When she was footsore and worn out she went at last again to the prison-gate, and asked to be allowed to enter and sit down. They let her in, and she sat down and waited there for the remainder of the time. After an hour or so one of the officers about the place came to her, and told her that if she liked she could see her father.

Then he had come back. She started up.

"What has been done?" she said.

"They've committed him."

She stood quite still when the man had spoken, looking in his face. She did not know that she had had a hope in her, till now when it had gone out.

"If you're coming you'd better make haste," the officer said, impatiently, after a few moments.

Then she moved, and tried to force down the thing that seemed choking her.

"Yes, I am ready," she said, slowly; "only—tell me first, what was the charge? I don't know it."

"Well, it was a bad enough one,—murder and robbery. It's an old comrade that's peached upon him; but there was other evidence besides his."

She followed him without another word. He only spoke to her once more, as after a few minutes he delivered her to the charge of the turnkey.

"The old man's in a devil of a temper," he said to her then; "you'd better take care what you say to him."

They opened the door, and she found him sitting down, quite still. She went forward

to him, saying something,—his name probably, or it might have been only giving a cry or sob,—but it was something at least by which he knew, even before he looked up, that it was she, and before she reached him he had started up and sprung at her, catching her by the throat, and shaking her with the fury of a savage beast. The turnkey, rushing to her help, had to strike him twice with all the weight of a strong arm before he loosed his hold of her.

She had only moaned out once or twice, "Father! Father!" As the turnkey held her back from him, the miserable old man shouted,—

"Take her away! I'll murder her if she comes near me! D'ye hear, I'll murder her if she comes within sight o' me again!"

She went away, she could do nothing more there. Almost without a word she left the prison and went back home, and closed the door upon herself in her own house.

Throughout a month, until her father's trial came on, she never crossed the threshold of that house again, except at intervals of five or six days to walk the long four miles to the prison gates, and ask there for tidings of the old man. She had a faint hope that he might relent and express a wish to see her again, but he never did. The rest of her time she passed in entire solitude, speaking to no human being, occupying herself as she could by going mechanically about her household work. One or two neighbours at the beginning of her trouble came to her with offers of assistance and sympathy, but she only thanked them, she accepted nothing from them. She passed a month in this manner, and in that month her dark hair became streaked with grey.

Her father had been confined for nearly five weeks when his trial came on. The assizes were held in the same town in which he had been confined, and on the day appointed for his trial, at early morning when the sun had barely risen, Priscilla left the house. It was still early when she reached the court, but she stood at the doors till they were open, and entered with the crowd that had gathered round. Screened from recognition by a thick veil, she made her way as near to the bar as she could press.

The trial began at ten o'clock. Quite still, with the marble face even behind its veil showing scarcely a change upon it, she sat from its commencement to its close,—sat quite still, while slowly every hope was taken from her.

She had clung to the thought that, true though she did not doubt the charge was, they might not be able to prove it; they

proved it in almost every detail. The secret had been buried for more than twenty years, and they dug it up out of its grave as if it had been set there yesterday. Unflinchingly, fact by fact, they proved it, gathering back out of the very earth the blood that had been shed upon it.

She sat there and listened to it all: there was no respite given her, there was no moment when hope stole back upon her; steady as the coming on of night so did the darkness close about her, and the shadow of the advancing misery grow deeper and deeper to the end.

The old man stood in the dock throughout the whole trial, leaning his arms upon the rail before him, with his face half raised, and a look upon it in which fear was stronger than ferocity. There was something vacant in its aspect, too, as if the solitary days and nights that he had passed had touched his brain. He never attempted to speak, scarcely to move: the crafty bleared eyes, with the light almost out of them now, stared for the most part straight before him, and only now and then, as a new witness entered the box, moved for a moment aside to look at him.

It was ended at last, and the judge had risen to sum up. But for a moment before he began to speak there was a slight movement on the front benches where the audience sat, and a woman rose up and pressed forward. She had her eyes fixed on the judge's face, and as she came forward she said something—what it was could not be heard at first; but she struggled and said it again—this time audibly. It was only these words,

"He is such an old man."

But she repeated it again, after she had said it aloud once.

"He is such an old man—such an old man," she said, looking wildly in the judge's face. Her veil was up then, and few who saw her face at that moment ever forgot it afterwards.

"And it was I who brought him here!" she cried rapidly, breaking into a sort of cry before the officers, who had come hastily forward, could force her back. "I could have saved him, and I didn't. My lord, I am his daughter! Dan Skeeton wanted me to marry him. If I had done it he would have held his peace; and I refused. I couldn't do it! Oh! my lord, he is an old man! Don't hang him! Oh! for God's sake don't hang him, and bring his blood upon my head!"

They took her by force and carried her away, while a murmur rose through the court, and the blood stirred in some hearts. Then the judge rose again, and began his address. Half an hour afterwards the jury had retired,

and before another hour had passed they had brought in their verdict—Guilty, but recommended to mercy. Then the judge put on the black cap, and passed sentence on him.

He had sat with his head buried in his hands during the absence of the jury; when they came back and spoke their verdict he leaped up with a sudden wild-beast yell of terror, the only sound that had come from him all day. But it seemed to be only a momentary awakening of his old ferocious nature. Almost instantly he subsided again, and stood gazing with a vacant stare into the judge's face as he pronounced the sentence. Then he let himself be led out quietly.

They had taken Priscilla into an ante-room through which he would pass on his way back to prison. Some one had told her the verdict when it was announced, and her heart attached itself, with a ray of hope that was strong enough to sustain her, to its recommendation of mercy. She came to him now as they led him out of court, and cried to him as she came near,

"Father, speak one word to me!"

He looked in her face, and said slowly,

"I'm not yer father. Ye're an old woman; ye're not Pris, though ye have a look o' her."

"Hush! hush! he's wandering a little. He's been doing it once or twice lately," one of the men at his side said quickly.

But Priscilla had burst into terrible tears. It was best so, perhaps; yet this was as the drop that made her cup run over.

Without a word she followed after him as he passed on. They let her do it, and she entered into the prison with him.

"You'd better not stay alone with him," the turnkey said to her, remembering their last meeting on the day he was committed; but she answered quietly, "I am not afraid;" and stayed.

They had laid him down on his bed, and she went and sat beside him. He was muttering to himself in a wandering, childish way. She took his hand in hers, and bending over him, began presently to cry to him,

"Father, father, tell me that you know me. Father, say a kind word to me, for my heart is breaking!"

But he did not answer her or notice her for a long time. She did not even know if he was conscious of her presence till once, as she was stooping over him, and the tears she shed so seldom were falling on his face, he looked up to her, vacantly at first, then with a faint apparent effort at recollection, and at last he spoke.

"What ails ye?" he said slowly. "Are not ye my lass Pris?"

There was no anger in his tone, nothing in

it of the fierce brutality with which he had spoken to her last. The blot in his memory had effaced his recollection of all the recent past; and the woman, with a great cry, that was half anguish and half thanksgiving, fell on his neck, and through her sobs she kissed him for the first time that her lips had touched his for long long years.

They did not hang Gregory Hutchinson. He never more than partially recovered his right mind again. About all connected with his trial his memory, as long as he lived, remained dark. He varied a good deal in his mood. Sometimes he would be sullen and fierce, but his ordinary state was one of quiet, vacant harmlessness, and by degrees his fits of rage grew more and more rare, till at last they ceased entirely. He was removed to an asylum for insane criminals, and there Priscilla was allowed to visit him at regular intervals; but he manifested neither pleasure nor anger at sight of her: all resentment against her had, with the memory of its cause, passed away. He lived for a number of years, till Priscilla's erect figure had begun to bend, and the streaked hair had become wholly grey. Then at last one day they found him lying in his bed dead.

His death snapped the last cord that bound Priscilla to any other living soul. From that time until the end of her days she lived alone—a woman who felt that the world looked on her as one with something darker even than a Cain's mark on her brow. But to her loneliness and to her sorrow there was added, at least in her own heart, no sting of remorse. She did not accuse herself for what she had done: she never lived to repent that she had not bought her father's life with the price of her own soul.

THE JACKDAW AND RAVEN.

Then Jackdaw seeks
The hidden shelter of some hollow tree,
And with the neighbouring twigs
Constructs a safe retreat.

It is always a pleasure on a fine summer's evening to watch the flight of a large flock of rooks, returning to the high tops of a cluster of elm trees for their nocturnal repose. Their harsh notes are accompanied by the shrill cries of a number of jackdaws, who appear to have intruded themselves into their company. Indeed, so much is this the case, that the jackdaws sometimes build their nests under those of the rooks, and thus appear to form a part of the same colony. The jackdaw, in fact, is an impudent, intruding bird, with much self-sufficiency. On the other hand, he is an

amusing bird, lively and active, and when tamed is affectionate and intelligent. As a proof of this I may mention that a respectable person resides near me at Brighton, who is too ill to leave her house, but for eighteen years past has had for her companion a tame jackdaw, which performs some curious feats. For instance, when asked to shake hands with any one, it invariably gives its right foot, but only to a right hand. Nothing can induce it to give its right foot to a left hand, although repeatedly told to do so, and even if threatened it is not done. When told to die, it throws itself on its back, closes its claws as birds do when dead, gives three dying croaks, and then puts on the semblance of death. If any one touches the work on the table belonging to his mistress, it attacks them with much anger. It opens and shuts its cage with great facility when told to do so, and is, in fact, a curious instance of a little bird becoming an agreeable companion, for so it is to its owner, who has enjoyed its society, as I have already mentioned, for eighteen years.

Jackdaws build their nests in odd places—sometimes in rabbit-holes, and not unfrequently in hollow trees, near to a rookery, and join the rooks in their daily excursions. They will also build their nests amongst the stones of Stonehenge. They settle, as I have often seen them, on the backs of sheep, either in search of insects or to pluck wool for their nests. When once paired they are supposed to remain faithful to each other for the remainder of their lives. These birds are easily tamed and may be taught to talk. I had one some years ago, which was so tame that it was generally introduced on the table with the dessert, and amused himself with looking at everything on it. He did not attend much to the bottle of port, but if the sherry was put near him he pecked at the bottle, probably from seeing a reflection of himself in it, and showed much anger. He one day escaped from the house, and got under a large Portuguese laurel bush. Here he enjoyed his liberty so much that, although he would come close to me when I called him, I never could catch him, and he seemed to enjoy my attempts to capture him. I supplied him with food for some time, till the breeding season arrived, when he took his departure, and I never saw him afterwards.

Perhaps the most extraordinary nest built by jackdaws was in the spiral tower of the chapel of Eton College. In one of the openings in the tower, made for the admission of light, a pair of jackdaws built their nest. The ledge, however, of this aperture was so narrow that the nest leaned on one side towards the steps. In this dilemma they had recourse to

an extraordinary expedient. They proceeded to make a pillar of sticks, beginning on that identical step which alone would give them the precise slope which was necessary for the support of the nest. It was the eighth step below the aperture for admitting light, and from it the pillar of sticks was raised to a height of exactly ten feet. The nest then rested partly on the top of it, and was perfectly secure. The quantity of sticks and other materials used in forming this pillar was enormous. Many persons went to see it, myself amongst the number.

As the raven is entirely extinct in many parts of England, some notice of him may not be unacceptable. This sable and ominous bird was long regarded by superstitious persons as a harbinger of evil, its croak foretelling death to the person who heard it if alone. A proof of this came under my own knowledge some years ago. A gardener, who worked in the Cumberland Gardens in Windsor Great Park, was alarmed one day by seeing a raven fly close to him, and heard him utter his doleful cry as he passed by him. He went to his cottage, mentioned what had occurred, and said that he should not live much longer. This was the case, and I verily believe that he fell a victim to his superstitious apprehensions, for he was a hale, hearty man.

Pliny relates a singular instance of ingenuity employed by the raven to quench his thirst. He had observed water near the bottom of a narrow necked vessel, to reach which he is said to have thrown in pebbles, one at a time, until he raised the water within his reach. Ravens have also been known to carry up shell-fish into the air and dropping them on rocks, for the purpose of breaking them, in order to obtain their contents.

Ravens are sociable birds, and in my youth I have seen them attached to the stables of inns, where they amused the guests by their familiarity and boldness. They would very frequently steal and hide things, especially any dropped money, as if they were aware of the value of it, but they almost invariably deposited the money so found in the same place.

The raven sometimes inhabits high rocks upon the sea-coast, and also frequents very lofty trees, in the forked branches of which he builds his nest. It is formed of sticks, and lined with hair and wool. I was once a witness to an interesting fight between a pair of ravens and a pair of herons. There was, and I hope still is, a fine heronry on the tops of some unusually high beech trees near Sand Pit Gate in the Great Park at Windsor. One day, accompanied by a friend, I was sur-

prised on approaching the heronry at hearing deep and loud croaks, which I knew came from ravens. Two of those birds were evidently intent on appropriating to themselves a heron's nest, built on the top of one of the tallest beech trees. The herons defended their nest with great courage, uttering shrieks and distressed cries. When in the air, they evidently endeavoured to keep above the ravens, that they might descend upon and attack them with their sharp beaks. The ravens would seem to be aware of this, for they avoided all such attacks and made some unsuccessful ones in return. Finding, at last, that they would not succeed in their object, they flew away, and although I repeatedly visited the heronry, I never saw a raven there afterwards. These, however, were the last ravens I have seen; with this exception, I have of late years seen only one other, and that was in the neighbourhood of Selborne, where I was reminded of Gilbert White's very interesting account of the pair of those birds, which had built their nests and reared their young for so many years on the raven's oak tree, as it was generally called, at that place. There are many interesting associations connected with this bird. It is frequently mentioned in our Bible history, as employed by the Almighty as the *caterers* of food, and of its young being under the immediate care of the Great Creator. It has been immortalised by Shakespeare, and referred to by Addison, Dryden, and Young, and indeed by many of our poets. It is still connected with the history of the superstitions of this country. We may fancy some one exclaiming, if he should hear (which is very doubtful now) the harsh croak of a raven—

That raven, on the left hand oak,
Curse on his ill-betiding croak,
Bodes me no good.

Mr. Waterton, who always wrote well and to the purpose, says of a pet raven he brought up, that of all known birds, there is none to be found so docile, so clever, and so amusing, as the raven. This pet, he assures us, was as playful as a kitten. He showed vast aptitude in learning to talk, and he was so correct an imitator of sounds that he would sing with great distinctness, truth and humour. When what may be called domesticated at a house, the raven was generally observed to attach himself chiefly to the cook. In doing this, he showed his discrimination and good sense, for the cook in all probability pandered to his appetite for good bits of meat.

Perhaps there is no bird which shows finer symmetry than the raven. All his proportions are beautiful; his glossy plumage is very

striking, and poets are fond of using it as a metaphor—witness Dryden in the following quotation:—

On several parts a several praise bestow,
The ruby lips, and well-proportioned nose—
The snowy skin, the raven-glossy hair—
The dimpled cheek, &c.

Ravens, unlike the rook, jackdaw, and starling, do not congregate in any numbers. They may be called solitary birds, more than a pair of them being seldom seen in the same locality. Where he may now be found, his aerial flights, his wonderful modulation of voice, and his lone aspect, render him an interesting bird. Let us hope that the few which remain in this country will be carefully preserved.
EDWARD JESSE.

CHERRY BLOSSOM.

CHERRY-BLOSSOM, wildly growing, 'mid the coppice of
the stream,
Show'ring snow-flakes all around me as I sit beneath
and dream
Of the time that erst I roved here, with a maiden by
my side,
And we sent thy silver petals floating downward on the
tide.

Do thy mossy stems remember all we said and did that
day?
How, when I would have her listen, childlike, she
would laugh and play;
Snatching from its nest the blue-bell, shaking cones
from off the fir,
Wasting Nature's precious treasures in that wilful
mood of hers?

When she saw me vexed and sorry, sweet one! how she
softened down;
Smoothed me gently, stroked me kindly, chased away
my ugly frown.
Lovingly I took her finger, on it drew a troth-plight
ring,
Then, delighted, watched how coyly she caressed the
glitt'ring thing.

Cherry-blossom, yes, you saw her hide her face upon
my breast,
Sweetly blushing, gently weeping, seeking there her
place of rest;
And you shed a veil around her, bridal veil so dazling
bright,
Covering all her golden tresses with a wreath of purest
white.

Emblem meet of her betrothal—virgin flowers, how
soon you fade!
Like that short-lived, happy morning—sunshine gliding
into shade;
Had I left her, fondly hiding, till her shyness passed
away,
I had ne'er been broken-hearted, sitting here alone to-
day.

Cherry-blossom, how you shiver, driven wildly by the
breeze,
And the ivy round your branches quivers like the aspen
trees;



You remember how I shocked her, in my mad, impetuous mood,
And in rash, unthinking folly, scared the heart I fondly wooed.

Hidden close, I kept a treasure—mystic pledge of wedded love—
And I placed it on the finger of my young and timid dove;
Drew it o'er the diamond crescent she had hidden from my view—
Bade her look and tell me truly, would she to that pledge be true?

How she started at my nonsense, mantled o'er with maiden shame,
Looked reproachfully upon me with a cheek like crimson flame;
Seized the ring—the wedding-ring—then hurled it from her to the ground,
Cherry-blossom! did you hide it? for I searched, but never found.

Thus we parted—perhaps for ever—and I've heard she mourns me dead;
But they say she wanders often near the fair spot whence she fled.

'Neath the cherry-blossom loiters, picking blue-bells in the spring,
And upon her wedding-finger ever wears a plain gold ring.

On my breast I wear the pledge with which I plighted her before,

Will she let me place it meekly on her tiny hand once more?

If the cherry-blossoms wither all too soon to crown her mine,

Will she wear the orange-flowers in the fragrant summer-time?

* * * * *

Cherry-leaves, with tints so ruddy, hail with me the year grown old,
All your silver spangles over, weave a crown of purest gold;

Spring was fickle, but in Autumn true and tried my wife I bring,

Blossoms hid my golden treasure—now I've found my wedding-ring.

J. C.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER III.

THE tour during which my personal experience of such matters was acquired took place some two or three years ago. Whether I was Impresario, tenor, or basso in the undertaking is not of much importance; suffice it to say, I was certainly neither the prima donna nor contralto.

We were eight in party. The tour was made during August and September, shortly after the London season. The first concert being announced at Birmingham, we were to start from Euston Square Station. Notice had been sent round to the artists a few days previously, that we should all meet at the station on a certain day, at 9 a.m.

I was requested to escort the prima donna of the party, whose acquaintance I had made abroad, and on the morning we were to leave London went, for that purpose, to the hotel at which she was staying. The lady, who was at breakfast in her bonnet and shawl when I was shown into the room, had arrived from the Continent the evening before, and had hardly recovered from the effects of the sea passage; neither had her companions—a French poodle, Bibi, and a pet monkey, Jacko,—one of whom she was nursing tenderly, while the other was being fed by a careful attendant.

The prima donna, Bibi, Jacko, and the prima donna's *dame de compagnie* were put into a cab. I followed in a Hansom, contemplating at my leisure the pleasure that such delightful companions as the two pet quadrupeds would surely afford the touring party we were going to join.

The lady's luggage, consisting of three

boxes, each large enough for an Aztec family of moderate pretensions to live in—those gigantic trunks that are made only in France,—bonnet boxes, and Bibi and Jacko's sleeping apartments, were more than enough for cab No. 3.

We reached the station ten minutes before the train was to start, and found some of the party had arrived before us. The contralto with her mamma (a shrivelled-up old lady) was introduced with much ceremony to the soprano. The tenor—dressed in a very new travelling suit, with a heavy watch chain, from which hung "charms" of every fanciful description, a white silk neck-tie carelessly (but oh! what study in the carelessness!) fastened by a gold ring set with precious stones, straw-coloured kid gloves, and the very tightest of patent leather boots—came up and shook hands with the lady, being of course saluted by Bibi, and clutched at by Jacko.

The basso—a German—in his native country must have heard strange stories of an English climate, for he was smothered in furs. He had a fur coat, a fur cap, fur boots, and was in every way fitted out for a severe Siberian winter. He seemed, however, to enjoy his furs, and to like being looked at, as he was to his heart's content, by the wondering pressers-by.

With the luggage we had a huge case containing what one of the party called his "baby." It was large enough to hold any number of babies, and was the case of a double bass. This unusual travelling companion caused the railway porters no little diversion, and the cabmen a reasonable pretext for a double fare.

It was within five minutes of the time of starting, and the violinist and conductor had not yet made their appearance. The Impresario got anxious. He paced the pavement outside the booking-office impatiently, looking with pardonable curiosity into every cab that came up. He returned to the platform to see that those who had arrived were seated in the carriage reserved for them. Presently the violin followed him. It was carried by a most remarkable-looking little Italian, short in stature, of sallow complexion, with hair somewhat à la Paganini, and prodigious eyes, of which he made good use to give expression to every word he said—they rolled about like two highly-polished balls of jet;—a genius in appearance, as he was in reality, for it was no other than Camillo Sivori.

"Just in time," said the Impresario.

"Si," said Sivori, "*sono sempre à tempo.*"

"But where's the maestro?" asked the tenor from inside the carriage.

"*Paga il Cabbe*," replied Sivori.

The Impresario went in search of the conductor, who had been left by the celebrated violinist to pay the cab, and found him in angry discussion with the cabman, who loudly demanded double that which had been offered him. The dispute was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, by the Impresario paying the fare himself, and the whole of the party were got into the train just as it was set in motion.

It was a lovely morning. The sunshine and fresh air, the desire of making a favourable impression upon each other, the novelty of all around them, and the prospect of a pleasant tour, induced every one to be as agreeable as possible.

We were six in our carriage, or rather eight, counting Bibi and Jacko, who had up to the moment of starting been kept in du-rance vile, one in the muff of the soprano, the other under the shawl of the *dame de compagnie*. As soon as we were out of reach of inquisitive railway guards and porters, these two lay members of the touring party made their appearance, and were introduced to their less-fortunate *compagnons de voyage*. Jacko went through an impromptu trapèze performance among the straps and hangings of the carriage, alighting now and then on the head and shoulders of the tenor, who was seated opposite the prima donna, trying to look good tempered under the circumstances. Bibi found it more according to his (or her) taste to wander about unseen under the seats, where he (or she) could quietly and at will indulge his (or her) fancy for legs and trousers.

The contralto's mamma ventured to remark what a heavy expense the travelling of such a party must be.

"It is indeed," said the manager.

"But you are allowed many privileges by the railway companies, are you not?"

"Not one," replied the Impresario. Nothing of the sort is allowed in England. A meeting of the managers of the principal lines took place at Derby some seven years ago to consider the question. Up to that time, certain privileges had been conceded to Jullien and others who travelled with large numbers; but it was then resolved that no reductions whatever should be made, no matter how many were included in the same party, and since then we have had to pay the same fares as the rest of the public."

"It seems very unreasonable," said the contralto's mamma; "for these touring parties must be the means of bringing large custom to the railways."

"And so it is," replied the Impresario. "Moreover, the want of liberality on the part

of the railway authorities in this respect retards to a certain extent the progress of music in England. Were the expenses of travelling reduced, singers and musicians generally would more frequently visit the provinces than they do at present."

The contralto's mamma agreed with the Impresario, and then left him to his calculations and joined her daughter, who was engaged in an animated conversation with the German basso.

On the train stopping at Rugby, the basso alighted to get some refreshment—to shake his furs and show himself. His singular appearance on a hot August day caused a sensation, as might have been expected. Whether he was taken for a Russian prince—Russian princes being, I believe, popularly supposed to be born and live in sables—or for an escaped lunatic, I cannot say; at any rate he made an effect which perhaps gratified his vanity, and certainly did no harm to any one. During his absence from our carriage the conductor, who had so far travelled with Sivori in a separate compartment, took his place. He was one of those men whose age it is impossible to guess. His bright complexion, and clear skin without the trace of a wrinkle, upset the opinion that his grey hair, which showed itself in curly profusion from underneath his travelling-cap, might lead you to form. A luxuriant beard, almost as white as snow, made a handsome outline to his good-looking countenance. He wore spectacles as big as gig-lamps. Yet, notwithstanding the grey curls, white beard, and spectacles, I would defy you to tell his age. By some he was called the veteran composer, but looking at him you would not say the appellation was appropriate, although to conclude that he was a juvenile composer would be equally erroneous. His music smacks of the old school—he has an idolatrous veneration for Bach and Handel. On presenting himself at the door of the carriage, he was loudly welcomed, and made to change places with the basso. He was saluted as "the Sultan:" he is, however, universally known as J. L. Hatton, a name which his remarkable talent has made popular. The Sultan, though sufficiently corpulent to be comfortable, took up much less room than the furs, and was a pleasant change in many respects; his jovial face being more agreeable to behold than the melancholy features of the chilly basso. He fraternised cordially with Bottesini, to whom he offered his snuff-box, in which the Sultan himself indulged so freely that his waistcoat and shooting-jacket were soon covered with streams of Lundyfoot, the dust of which pervaded the carriage, making

the sensitive tenor sneeze violently in spite of himself.

"*Molto buono*," said the Sultan, taking another pinch more copious than the first.

"*Eccellente*," replied Bottesini, who, however, had not done much more than look at the snuff, which he still held carefully between his finger and thumb. The prima donna asked the Sultan if he would try over some of the music she had to sing, as soon as they arrived at Birmingham. The Sultan, of course, said he should be delighted, but that the lady need be under no apprehension as to the music not going well. He knew it all, and would be responsible for any mistakes.

"You sing 'Fat Man'?" asked Bottesini.

"Yes," said Hatton, "I shall sing 'The Little Fat Man,' although the Town Hall è *troppo grande per me*."

"What solo shall you play, Sultan?" asked the Impresario. "You are down for one, but the name of the piece is not mentioned."

"I hardly know," said Hatton; "I am almost afraid of playing a fugue after what I was told last week."

"And what was that?" asked the contralto.

"Why, a friend of mine, who knew I was playing at Willis's Rooms, asked a lady who had been there, how she liked the pianoforte music—it was during the Glee and Madrigal Concerts—when she declared there was none performed. My friend assured her she must be mistaken, for that I was announced; when she said the only instrumental music she had heard was when some one came in between the parts to tune the piano."

"Oh, that's too bad!" exclaimed the contralto.

"And it happened on that particular evening," continued the Sultan, "I played two of the finest of Bach's fugues."

"You must not allow that to prevent your letting us hear them to-night," said the Impresario.

"Well, we'll see, *vedremo*—if the piano is a good one, you shall have a bit of Bach." The Sultan took another pinch, replaced his box, folded his arms, and prepared himself for sweet repose—which, notwithstanding his having so recently come among us, he soon accomplished. We did not disturb him, but watched his approaching slumbers with interest. He nodded gently at first, then more heavily, but occasionally tried to keep his head up. In a few minutes one ponderous nod jerked off his travelling-cap, which fell upon the floor. This made him open his eyes for a second—not longer; he saw what had happened, his head sank on his chest, and he slept profoundly.

"*Bella testa!*" whispered Bottesini, as the cranium of the Sultan was exposed to view. We all agreed with him.

Presently the slumberer snored; louder and louder became his stertorous breathings, until one deep roar woke him up, and when not half awake he put his hand mechanically into his pocket for the snuff-box. It was not there. This startled and completely roused him—more effectually perhaps than any noise could have done. He looked about, and found it at last concealed in a corner of the seat. The recovery of the lost treasure was a great relief to the anxiety of the Sultan, for which he rewarded himself with a larger pinch of snuff than usual, and then settled down to read a newspaper which he had found in some deep recess of his pockets while searching for the snuff-box.

On reaching Birmingham about two o'clock, a railway-guard came to the window, and asked for a ticket for the dog. Bibi's mistress did not understand the question, but was taking great pains to conceal her favourite, who on his (or her) part did all that a dog could do to become conspicuous. There was no ticket for the four-footed foreigner, and madame was wickedly told by one of the party she would have to give up her pet. Great was her alarm. She proposed offering the ticket-collector any sum rather than sacrifice Bibi. The difficulty was at length got over by the Impresario asking what was to pay, and paying it. Jacko, being still in the care of Bottesini, was left to travel unmolested at the railway company's expense.

On arriving at the Birmingham station, we were received by a body of hotel porters, who had come to look after us. Although experience should have made them familiar with such matters, they were evidently amazed at the colossal proportions of our luggage. Piled up on the platform as it was taken out of the van, with the double-bass towering in its midst, it looked more like the belongings of a family of giants than the boxes containing the wearing apparel of ordinary sized individuals. It was all carefully removed to the hotel, the entrance to which it completely blocked up for some time. The party were shown their rooms, and informed by the host that dinner would be ready, as ordered, at three o'clock. The Impresario despatched a messenger to the concert-giver of the evening, to inform him the artists had arrived, and that all were well. Music was presently heard in every part of the hotel. The basso, who had cast his furs, was trying his low notes, and they issued from his room at the end of the corridor like the growlings of an opichide. The prima donna, in her apart-

ment next the general sitting-room, practised her solfeggi while she combed the little white hair the razor had left on Bibi's back. The tenor had taken possession of the piano in the sitting-room, and had made the Sultan sit down to teach him the ballad that was to be such a success. The contralto tried the shake in "Il Segreto," while her mamma unpacked the boxes; and from a room that had been engaged by one of the party could be heard the subdued sound of a violin. If you went in, you would have found Sivori sitting on the side of the bed, working away at some new effect, or perhaps amusing himself with overcoming some altogether impossible difficulty. He made less noise than any of the rest, always having the mute on the instrument when he practised, which no one ever did more assiduously than the indefatigable little fiddler.

The only one of the party who seemed to have forgotten all about the concert in the evening was Bottesini. He had seen that his "baby" was all right, and that appeared to be all that was necessary for him to do. He lounged about or read, while the rest were sounding the dreadful notes of preparation, although, indeed, after this, the first day of the tour, all the party except Sivori followed his example, and left their scales and exercises, being satisfied with the practice which their daily appearance in public afforded. At three o'clock, or a little later, we sat down to dinner, the Impresario at the head of the table, the soprano and contralto on his right and left. The Sultan was vice-president, and never seemed better employed, not even when threading the intricate ways and by-ways of a *fugue* by Bach, than when dissecting a boiled fowl. The menu was one which you will meet with at every hotel in the United Kingdom if you leave the ordering of your dinner to the landlord—to wit, ox-tail soup, codfish and oyster sauce, saddle of mutton, boiled fowls, and some very indigestible pastry. I have seen a little of the provinces, and can safely declare that the provincial hotel-keeper has, as a rule, no idea of a bill of fare beyond what I have mentioned. The Sultan was aware of the fact, and knew what we should eat throughout the tour, if precautionary measures were not adopted. He volunteered to undertake the commissariat branch of the expedition, if the names of the hotels at which we were expected were given him. This the Impresario readily consented to do, and the Sultan catered so successfully for us that we did not see oftener than was agreeable the before-mentioned standard dishes of England. It may appear fastidious to object to them; but delicious as they may be, and

substantial as they undoubtedly are, it is a serious matter to have nothing else put before one daily for six weeks running; and that would have been our fate had not the Sultan generously devoted himself to our dining interests.

"We must ring the bell again," said the Impresario, rising to do so; "it is most provoking that the attendance should be so bad."

He rang the bell more violently than usual without any effect.

"They will perhaps treat us as they did at Norwich last year," continued the manager.

"How was that?" asked the contralto's mamma.

"By leaving us to attend to ourselves," explained the Impresario. "We were a large party," he continued "staying during the Festival at one of the principal hotels. The house was full, and there appeared to be more to do than the waiters could possibly get through. One day at dinner we had waited some twenty minutes between the courses, and got very impatient. Every one at table had a pull at the bell, but all to no purpose. Our patience was completely exhausted. At last I was, I confess, so exasperated that I pulled the bell so hard that the handle came off. Shortly after, a waiter, puffing and blowing, and with a very greasy countenance, put his head inside the door, and demanded, in a loud voice, 'Who rang that bell?'—'I did,' I exclaimed. 'Then don't do it again,' said the greasy waiter, and slammed the door, leaving us no better off than we were before, although his unusual mode of proceeding put us into better temper than we had been previously."

"And what did you do?" asked the Sultan.

"What we could. We had had the joint, so were not quite starving, as we are now," saying which, the Impresario went to the door and sent a servant, who was standing in the corridor, for the waiters, several of whom quickly made their appearance. It appeared that some former excitable occupant of the room had—as the Impresario had done at Norwich—pulled the bell down, and that, consequently, all our efforts to make our wants known had been useless. With much bustling about and creaking of their boots, the waiters served us all, and dinner was quickly over. After dessert, during which Jacko made his appearance, and exhibited great skill in cracking nuts, we dispersed; some went to their rooms, others to look at the town. The prima donna and contralto arranged the cadences they were to sing in the duet at the concert; and the Sultan sent for his portfolio containing the music, to see

that the latter was correct according to the programme of the evening.

The concert was announced to commence at eight o'clock. At half-past seven, most of the party had assembled in the sitting-room, previous to starting for the concert hall. Sivori, with his violin-case, which he rarely let out of sight, was the first. He went to the piano, and amused himself, while waiting for the others, with extemporising some very abstruse harmonies. A piano-forte seems to offer an irresistible temptation even to those who can strike only a few chords upon it. You go into a room and see a piano; it may be the veriest tin kettle in existence, but I will defy you to resist trying it—that is to say, if you can play at all. There seems to be some subtle attraction in the keys, you yield from sheer inability to withstand the charm, although you may repent doing so, for the same reason you are vexed when a veiled woman elegantly dressed reveals an ugly face. The notes may have a disagreeable tone, although the outside of the instrument be of the handsomest description: but, on the other hand, an old broken-down piano-forte in a shabby case—one that you thought not worth trying, although you could not help going to it, may be most sympathetic, far more pleasant to your touch and hearing, than the finest new model grand ever manufactured. The cause of this sympathy and antipathy in musical sounds is difficult—nay, impossible to explain; why some sounds should be agreeable to some ears, and harsh to others. The quality of sympathy in the human voice is equally indefinable; it exists, but still more ineffably, in the touch of some performers in the different musical instruments. It cannot be acquired, it must be innate. Its presence compensates for many practical deficiencies; without it, the most perfect mechanical facility may excite the wonder and admiration, but never the emotions, of an audience. Sivori had been rambling, and had more than once nearly lost himself in intricate discords, resolutions, progressions, and modulations for some ten minutes, when all the party were assembled in evening dress ready for the concert. The carriages were announced, and we proceeded to follow the Impresario, who led the way down-stairs with the prima donna under his arm. Had we been a wedding-party, we could not have excited greater curiosity in the hotel. All the servants were in the corridors and on the stairs, to get a good view of the lions who were going to exhibit themselves. We reached the Town Hall in good time, the first familiar object that presented itself being the “baby” in its case. Bottesini carefully

released his infant from its prison, and inspected it with paternal solicitude as to its strings and condition in general. Sivori took out his child, which was still more providently housed than that of Bottesini—lying on velvet, and wrapped in the softest of silk pocket-handkerchiefs. The tuning commenced, the singers tried their voices; after he had picked out the music for the first part, the Sultan looked at his watch, and said it was time to begin.

Everything went off well. The singers were in good voice. Sivori and Bottesini never played better. No artists possess in a greater degree all the necessary qualifications for success than do these two wonderful *executants*. Marvellous mechanical power, combined with an exquisite sympathy of tone, makes their performances the most effective treat it is possible to listen to. The tenor was satisfied with the first appearance of the ballad, which he now considered good for many thousand sixpences during the following few months.

The ladies were enthusiastically applauded, and the Sultan made everybody's sides ache with the “Little Fat Man,” to hear which all his travelling companions rushed to the door leading to the platform, and enjoyed it as much as, if not more than, the public; for they were sensible of the artistic excellence, as well as of the facetious character of the performance. The Impresario was disappointed in the fugue, for which was substituted another song from the Sultan.

The concert over, the party returned to the hotel, having had some difficulty in finding their carriages.

After supper, the basso and Bottesini paired off for a game at dominos, at which Sivori looked on; the Impresario made up his accounts; the ladies chatted a short time; an hour passed by, some one remarked that it was twelve o'clock, when all the party thought it was time to go to bed, and the first day of the tour ended accordingly.

(To be continued.)

A FEW WORDS ON LICHENS.

SOME of our readers may, perhaps, ask “What is a lichen?” but most of them will know that the term is one used in a general sense for the small, shrivelly-looking plants we so frequently see on the trunks of trees, and in similar situations; indeed, though a popular name, it is, nevertheless, acknowledged by the man of science, and, with a slight alteration (thus, *Lichenes*) it is thoroughly scientific, and is used to denote a family of plants, known as flowerless plants, or cryptogams. We are not going to enumerate the

genera and species of the lichens, or to point out in scientific terms the distinction between one species and another; this has been done in works devoted entirely to the subject. Our aim is to bring some of the many useful members of this generally neglected group of plants before the notice of our readers, selecting such as are to be found in the British isles.

Who has not noticed the many patches of bright yellow on the time-worn stones of an old ruin? Examine but one patch, and what do we find; not one, but a number of plants, each perfect in itself. This is a lichen, and most probably the *Parmelia parietina*, Ach. It is perhaps the commonest of all the British species. We must all have seen it in some of our rambles, for we have not to go far; look at the fine old trunk of a sturdy oak; there it clings, a pigmy upon a giant, and seemingly proud of its own position in nature; or, again, cast our eyes upon some old garden palings, the chances are many but that our little lichen may still be seen clinging to those fragments of what once were stately forest trees. The lichens require no rich soil or human care whereby to flourish. They are equally at home upon the surface of the earth, upon living or dead wood, rocks, or loose stones. Look at the ruin of that old abbey, or stately hall, once the habitation of jocund friars or a jovial baron. Man has left it long since; enter the domain by its dilapidated gateway, approach the hall by its turf-grown walks, where the ivy has not claimed it for its own, the lichen in all probability has. Look upon this and similar scenes, and say, is there not much to interest us, even in these despised little members of the vegetable world. Why they are not more sought after we cannot tell; they are not difficult to collect, for they are to be found more or less in all parts of our island, and, indeed, in all parts of the world. We cannot walk far in the country without seeing some one or other species of this family. It is the lichens principally that give to our old barns and garden walls the rustic grey appearance so peculiar in rural districts. Then, again, to facilitate the study of lichens, their parts are easily understood. The portion called the thallus includes the principal part of what might be called the active system, corresponding in a measure to the root, stem, and leaves of the exogens or flowering plants, and it may be said to form the principal bulk of the lichen itself. It, of course, takes various forms in the different species, as we may see by comparing, for example, the yellow wall lichen, before-mentioned, with the cup-lichen (*Cladonia pyxidata*, Hoff.); in the former we find the thallus is horizontal, lying nearly flat, while in the latter it is erect, terminating

in a cup, called a scyphus; in this form, however, it is called a podetium. The thallus of lichens may be either leafy, thence called foliaceous, or hard, when it is known as crustaceous. Upon this thallus is placed the apothecium, sometimes called a shield, varying in colour and form, but frequently either concave or convex. These apothecia are disposed indiscriminately over the upper surface of the thallus, and it is in these shields that the spores are generated and protected from injury, so that the plants may be reproduced.

It is, however, of the useful properties of the lichens we wish more particularly to speak, but, at the same time, we would have our readers devote some attention to their structure and habitats, and depend upon it, much real enjoyment and interest would accrue therefrom. Small, unpopular, and insignificant as this class of plants are, they are not valueless on that account; unlike many of the flowering plants their beauty remains, not alone for a season, and then to fade, but they are to be found equally attractive at all times. Many of these plants which, to look at, appear quite worthless, are indeed of great importance in an economic point of view. Who, without a previous knowledge, would think that the yellow wall lichen, so common everywhere, and which we have before mentioned, is of any real value except to add beauty to many a rustic scene? But we need scarcely go from our own immediate neighbourhood, be it ever so dense or populous, to find this plant. Walk into any of the dusty herb-shops of the metropolis, and ask for some "yellow wall moss," and, probably, being taken for an amateur bird-stuffer, you will be supplied with any quantity to ornament the interior of your case. But our little plant has found its way beyond the dusty shop of the herbalist into the laboratory of the chemist, and analysts tell us that it contains a peculiar acid, called parietinic acid, which affords a yellow dye. It also contains various other principles, both nutritive and medicinal, and even so recently as the commencement of the present century, it was advocated as a substitute for Peruvian bark. But in our present advanced state of chemical knowledge, the lichens have no place among our vegetable medicines.

We mention this only as an instance of the general utility of the lichens, as illustrated by one of the commonest British species. But these plants have played a much more important part in trade and commerce than they do at the present day.

Of the antiquity of lichens we can scarcely speak; their properties certainly are not new discoveries. It is more than probable that their colouring principle was known to the

Greeks and Romans, but nothing definite is given in the works of the old writers to entirely warrant this assumption. It is certain that the study of lichens made little progress till the beginning of the last century, and since then the science has gradually gained admirers. The names of Tournefort, Acharius, and Tulasne stand prominently forward amongst the earlier lichenologists, and in our own time those of Turner, Borrer, Lauder Lindsay, and others.

The chief use of lichens in this country is in the preparation of the dyes, known in commerce as orchil and cudbear. These are obtained principally from *Rocella tinctoria*, Dec., *R. fuciformis*, Dec., and *Lecanora tartarea*, Ach. The first-named is a truly tropical species; its habitat being on barren rocks by the sea shore. It is collected for commercial purposes chiefly in the Mediterranean, but it is found in some parts of the south coast of England as well as in the Channel islands. *R. fuciformis* has a similar habitat and geographical distribution. It grows to a great size in South America and tropical Africa. Unlike the former species, however, it has been found clinging to the trunks of trees.

Lecanora tartarea is the chief source from whence cudbear is procured. This lichen has a wide geographical range, and is common on the rocks and stones in the Highlands of Scotland, as well as in various parts of England. It is, however, from Norway and Sweden that the bulk is imported for commercial purposes. Leith seems to have been the first seat of the manufacture of cudbear about the year 1777, though it has been known as a dye from a very remote period. Its present name is said to have been derived from Cuthbert, the Christian name of the manager of the works, and the discoverer of the process of extracting it. The peasantry in the districts where this lichen is common collect it for dyeing various articles of household use. Some few years back, when the colour called mauve became so popular, there was much inquiry to know from whence it sprang. Various stories were told respecting it, but its origin was at last traced to orchil; the lichens, however, were not destined to produce the coveted colour for any length of time. Coal tar stepped in, and from it mauve and many other new colours are now obtained. The colours procured from lichens are not in themselves "fast," but are used more for improving the brilliancy of other dyes. The various shades and tints obtained from these plants are effected by varying the mode of treatment in the extraction of the colouring matter, so that orchil, cudbear, and litmus may be looked upon as one and the same

thing, but produced by different chemical processes, in different forms and of different colours. Litmus, which is of an Indigo blue colour, is usually seen in small, nearly square cakes. This substance is valuable to the chemist as a most delicate test for acids, the action of which immediately changes it to red; the original purple, however, can easily be recovered by neutralising the acid with an alkali. The tiny books of test paper with which every schoolboy is acquainted, and with which every chemist is armed, owes its colour to these lichens. The paper used for preparing these litmus books should be unsized, but some chemists have recommended letter-paper of good quality as the best; it should be either dipped in or brushed over with an infusion of litmus. The colouring principle appears to be developed in many other genera besides those mentioned, and prominent amongst them are *Parmelia*, *Umbilicaria*, *Ramalina*, and *Urceolaria*. It is very probable that some species of these genera help to swell the bulk of commercial orchil.

The general appearance of the lichens is not such as to make us regard them as an enticing article of food. But neither a mushroom nor a truffle can be said to look very inviting as it grows. There are many lichens, however, that abound in nutritive principles, and of these the so-called Iceland moss is the most important. Few of us can be ignorant of the existence of such a substance. The advertising columns of our newspapers tell us that "Iceland-moss cocoa" is nutritious, and specially adapted for invalids, and such as have a weak digestion. But what is Iceland moss, and where does it come from? It is, as we have seen, no moss at all. But the advertisement also calls it, "Lichen islandicus;" this is nearer the mark, it is indeed a true lichen, the *Cetraria islandica* of Acharius. It has a wide geographical distribution over the old and new continents, producing its fructification in greater perfection in cold regions or in dry mountainous districts. It abounds also in some parts of Scotland, chiefly in woods or upon elevated heaths. The thallus is brown, erect, paler on the under side; the apothecia or shields are terminal, having the appearance of flat, brown spots. Though, as we have seen, this lichen may be gathered in large quantities in some parts of Scotland, it is chiefly from Scandinavia that it is brought for consumption in this country, its principal use being amongst persons of weak digestion, for whose benefit it is now frequently made up with cocoa, which helps to neutralise its disagreeable bitter taste. This bitter principle is called cetraric acid, and acts as a slight tonic. In Iceland the

natives employ this lichen as food in a variety of ways: by reducing it to powder they are enabled to store it away for winter use for the purpose of making bread, gruel, and similar articles of diet. They also boil it in water till a thick jelly is produced, which is either sweetened or made into soups. In short, so important is this plant to these people that it furnishes much of their food as well as fodder for their cattle. It has various other uses in other countries. From its astringency it has been used for tanning leather, and its mucilage as a substitute for gum or size. As to its applications in medicine, it is unnecessary to mention them, as they have been so numerous and their effects more fanciful than real. Another lichen, which recommends itself to our notice on account of its beauty as well as its uses, is the rein-deer moss (*Cladonia rangiferina*, Hoff.), so called on account of its being the principal food of that animal in Arctic and sub-Arctic regions. This lichen is very widely distributed, extending from Northern Europe to Australia and South America. It is also common in Britain, but is found in greater abundance in Scotland than in England. If we would secure a specimen for our herbarium, we must not visit the haunt of the antiquary or the giddy heights of cliffs and rocks; this species, like the phanerogamous or flowering plants, seeks the earth for its home, and we shall have to search on heathes, moors, and mountains to obtain it. It is, however, not difficult to find, as it frequently grows in large patches. The general appearance of this lichen is very different to what we are accustomed to see in this group of plants, as it rises three or four inches from the ground; the erect stalk-like podetia, upon which in this case is seated the apothecia, being much branched, it has a somewhat coralline appearance. Of its uses, what has been said of Iceland moss might almost be applied to this, with the exception that it is rarely, if ever, used in this country, except by bird-stuffers for decorating the insides of their cases. In bygone days, however, the perfumer frequently used it in the composition of hair powders. Though of little or no use with us this lichen is of some importance in Lapland, forming as it does almost the only food of the rein-deer during the winter months. Linnaeus in his "*Flora Lapponica*" tells us that when the snow lies thick upon the ground so as to completely cover the plants, these animals are able still to obtain their food, which they do by clearing away the snow with their horns. The Laplanders collect it during the season, and dry it for winter food for cattle. In Sweden it is considered an excellent fodder for cows,

and is said to improve the milk, as well as the flesh, when intended for human food.

Space will not permit us to proceed much further in the pursuit of our chosen plants, but while on the subject of edible lichens, we must obtain a specimen of the peculiar *Physcia prunastri*. This is common enough in some of the woods of Scotland, usually seen pendent on fir-trees, and clothing them with a shaggy grey coat. It has never been used in this country for any purpose except that the mucilage was once tried in place of gum arabic in calico-printing. In Egypt, however, it has been largely used for making bread. Nor must we forget to mention the peculiar and disagreeable-looking rock-tripe, or Tripe de Roche of the Canadian voyagers, who boil it and eat it in times of scarcity. It is probably furnished by several species of *Umbilicaria*. This Tripe de Roche has a double interest attached to it from the fact of its being the chief food for a length of time of the starving Arctic explorers under Sir John Franklin. Though it kept life together in the bodies of many of this suffering party, its action is violently purgative, frequently causing diarrhoea and similar disorders. Quite contrary to this lichen, both as to appearance and composition, are the two species, *Lecanora esculenta* and *L. affinis*, which constitute the so-called "manna" of Persia. This has been supposed by some writers to be identical with the manna of Scripture. Be this as it may, it is certain that extraordinary stories have been told in our own days respecting it. The so-called manna, which is in lumps more or less spherical, varying in size from that of a pea to that of a hazel-nut, is said to appear suddenly upon the ground in large quantities, and the popular belief is that it has fallen from heaven in the shape of rain; and travellers have even told us that in some parts of Persia it is to be found five or six inches thick. A peculiar circumstance connected with these plants is that they appear to have no trace of any previous attachment by which they might be supposed to have adhered to any substance. It is true that these last two species of *Lecanora* we shall not find in this country, but we could not omit them on account of their peculiarities.

The beard moss (*Usnea barbata*, Ach.) is another of those peculiar appendages hanging upon the trunks of forest-trees. If we take a ramble into some of the Scottish woods where fir-trees abound, we shall be sure to see this lichen clinging to their trunks, and in fact nearly covering them with its greyish-green, or perhaps delicate yellow thallus, giving to the trees a shaggy and venerable appearance. This plant is very widely dif-

fused over the surface of the globe, each country employing it more or less for some economic purpose. With us it has no known use, but we may frequently see a portion of a branch covered with it used as a perch for some stuffed ornithological specimen.

We must now part company with our reader, and leave him, if we have succeeded in raising his interest in these little plants, to consult larger and more elaborate works on this subject, in which he will find much to interest and instruct him, and at the same time show him plainly that within the limits of a paper like this, only a few of the most important can be discussed.

J. R. JACKSON.

SEA MUSIC.

I.

THE grey unresting sea,
Adown the bright and belting shore,
Breaking in untold melody,
Makes music evermore.

II.

Centuries of vanished time,
Since the glad earth's primæval morn,
Have heard the grand unpausing chime,
Momentally aye new-born.

III.

Like as in cloistered piles,
Rich bursts of massive sound upswell,
Ringing along dim-lighted aisles
With spirit-trancing spell;

IV.

So on the surf-white strand,
Chants of deep peal the sea-waves raise,
Like voices from a viewless land,
Hymning a hymn of praise.

V.

By times, in thunder notes,
The booming billows shoreward surge;
By times, a silver laugh infloats;
By times, a low soft dirge.

VI.

Souls more ennobled grow,
Listing the wordless anthem rise;
Discords are drowned in the great flow
Of Nature's harmonies.

VII.

Men change, and "cease to be,"
And empires rise and grow and fall;
But the weird music of the sea
Lives, and outlives them all.

VIII.

That mystic song shall last
Till Time itself no more shall be;
Till seas and shores away have pass'd,
Lost in eternity.

EDMUND TROLD.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MENDELSSOHN.

By PROFESSOR LOBE, OF VIENNA.

I.—AT GOETHE'S HOUSE AT WEIMAR, 1821.

It was in the early part of November, 1821, that the writer of this account and two other members of the Court-band of Weimar, called by invitation on the Geheimrath von Goethe, and were ushered by his servant into the well-known room looking out on the Frauenplan. The piano stood open, with three music-stands ready by its side, and upon it lay a parcel of manuscript music-books. With the curiosity which I always have had and shall have in musical matters I looked into the parcel, and found on one book "Studies in Double Counterpoint;" on another, "Fugues;" on a third "Canons." After these I came to a "Quartett, with accompaniment for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello." Each book bore the name "Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy"—a name I had never before heard in connection with music. The music was written in a firm neat hand, and as far as I could tell on so hasty a glance, the contents betokened an able and practised artist. While we were tuning our instruments, a tall man entered the room with an erect, military look, like that of a retired cavalry officer. We had met in Berlin, the year before, and I therefore recognised him at once as Professor Zelter, the well-known director of the *Singakademie* at Berlin, and the intimate friend and companion of Goethe. He greeted us all cordially, and addressed me as "my old acquaintance." "I came on before the others," said he, "that I might put to you a little preliminary request. You are going to make the acquaintance of a pupil of mine, a boy of twelve, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy by name. His ability as a player and his great talent for composition, will probably astonish you somewhat. But the boy is of a peculiar nature. For the ecstasies of amateurs he cares nothing, but he listens eagerly to the remarks of professional musicians, and takes everything they say about him for gospel, being naturally unable as a mere inexperienced child to discriminate real deserved praise from kindly encouragement. Therefore, gentlemen, if you should be tempted to praise him—as I partly hope and partly fear you may—please to do it *moderato* and *piano*, in the matter-of-fact key of C natural. I have always warned him against conceit and vanity as the worst enemies an artist can have."

We had hardly time to reply, before Felix himself ran in—a sweet, bright-faced boy, with a decided Jewish countenance, slim and

active, and with thick black curls reaching to his shoulders. His eyes were particularly lively and bright. He threw an inquisitive look at us on coming in, and then shook hands with each as if we were old friends. Goethe entered at the same moment, and received our respectful salutations with a friendly greeting.

"My friend," said he, pointing to Zelter, "has brought us a little Berliner, who has already astonished me very much by his playing. But I also want to know what he can do as a composer, and it is for this that I have asked your assistance. And now, my child, let us hear what your young head is able to produce." And as he said it he stroked his hand over the long curls.

Felix went at once to the music, laid our parts on the desk, and took his place at the piano. Zelter stood behind him to turn over, Goethe a step or two on one side, with his hands behind him. The little composer looked sharply at us, we raised our bows, he gave a nod, shaking his curls, and off we went. Goethe listened to every movement with the closest attention, but without saying more than an occasional "good" or "bravo," at the same time nodding cheerfully. We ourselves, mindful of Zelter's request, showed our feelings only by looking as pleased as we could; while the colour mounted more into the boy's face as the piece proceeded. At the last chord of the finale he sprang up and looked eagerly round at us all. He wanted to hear something about his work. Goethe, however, probably taking the hint from Zelter, said: "Excellent, my boy! you have only to look at the faces of these gentlemen to see that your piece has pleased them—but they are waiting for you in the garden, so be off and get cool, for your cheeks are all in a flame!" Without another word the boy jumped out through the door. We looked at Goethe as much as to ask if we were required any longer, to which he replied: "Wait a little, gentlemen, if you please; my friend and I desire your opinion on the composition of this young gentleman." On which ensued a long conversation, the exact course of which I can hardly give after so long an interval, since I unfortunately find no record of it in my journal. A few of the points, however, remain fixed in my memory, because my subsequent close relations with Mendelssohn often caused me to remember this our first meeting.

Goethe maintained that beyond his quartett playing we knew nothing as yet of our little friend.

"Musical prodigies," said he, "are now-a-days common enough, as far as technical display goes, but the powers of this little fellow

in extempore and sight-playing are something marvellous, and such as I never believed possible in one of his age."

"And yet you heard Mozart at Frankfort in his seventh year," said Zelter.

"Yes," said Goethe, "I was myself just twelve, and like everybody else was immensely astonished at his extraordinary cleverness. But what this pupil of yours accomplishes bears the same relation to the little Mozart that the perfect speech of a grown man does to the prattle of a child."

Zelter laughed. "Certainly," replied he, "as far as mere execution goes, my Felix plays those very concertos with which Mozart turned the world upside down, absolutely at first sight, as mere trifles, and without missing a note. And for the matter of that so can many more besides. But the thing that interests me is the creative power of the boy"—and then turning to us, "what do you think of his quartett as a composition?" We said—what we certainly felt—that Felix had produced more independent ideas than Mozart had done at his time of life, when he really did little more than make clever imitations of his predecessors, and that it was therefore allowable to conclude that in this boy the world might look for a second and improved edition of Mozart, the more so as his health was excellent and his circumstances most favourable.

"Possibly," said Goethe; "still, who can predict how such an intellect may develop? How many a youth of the greatest promise takes the wrong road and disappoints the fondest hopes? From this, however, our young friend will be preserved by his teacher, since he has had the good fortune to get into the hands of Zelter."

"I am thoroughly in earnest with the boy," returned Zelter; "and while I do not forbid his working after his own fancy, I keep him pretty closely to strict exercises in counterpoint. But that won't last for ever, sooner or later he will escape me—indeed, even now I have really nothing more to teach him—and once free, he will soon show whither his own inclinations lead him."

"Yes," said Goethe; "and indeed the influence of a teacher is always more or less a matter of chance. No artist can do anything great and original except out of himself. Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Haydn, Mozart, and all the great geniuses—to what teacher can you give the credit of their immortal works?"

"True," returned Zelter; "many have begun like Mozart, but he has hitherto had no successor." (Beethoven was not mentioned, and we therefore did not venture to name

him.) "Felix has imagination, feeling, and technical power, each to the highest degree; his ideas are always sound, often charming, and anything but childish; but still (and in this I feel sure I am right) it is as yet nothing more than pretty music, keeping close to the ground, and not yet soaring with the wing of genius—don't you think so, my friends?"

We were obliged to confess that we agreed with him, and I ventured to add that even in Mozart's youthful compositions it was difficult to recognise the presence of genius.

At this point I found an opportunity to ask whether the quartett before us, as we had played it, was entirely the boy's work?

"Most certainly," answered Zelter. "Entirely the work of his own hands and his own mind—I repeat, his own mind. What you have heard is his own production, without the least assistance. I am well aware of the practice of most teachers. In order to glorify their calling they touch up the works of their pupils to such a degree that little or nothing remains of the original ideas, and then they exhibit the result as the pupils' work. This I consider as most dishonest humbug, for in so doing they deceive not only the public and the friends of their pupils, but the pupils themselves, who very soon get to believe that they did it all themselves. This pernicious custom has ruined and crippled the ultimate development of many a fine mind. With regard to Felix, I can let him alone to do exactly as he likes; he takes a constantly fresh delight in composing, because he is content with what he does, and his pleasure in his success is not damped by any adverse criticism of mine. The critics will trouble him quite soon enough. As his intelligence increases, he feels the necessity of making something newer and better than before. Thus it happens that this lad, though but twelve years old, has already written more than many a man of thirty. However that may be, it is a step on the ladder which not even the very highest genius can avoid. Heaven defend this rare plant from all hurtful influences, in which case it will certainly grow into a splendid specimen."

This is all that I can recollect of the conversation.

II.—1838.

SEVENTEEN years had passed, and the boy had become a man. During the whole of this interval I had not once beheld him, though I had followed his rising reputation with interest, and welcomed his works with increased enjoyment as they appeared, each more important and more carefully treated than the last. At this time he was well-known as the

conductor of the Leipzig *Gewandhaus* concerts, which, by his spirited and intelligent direction, had reached the height of perfection, and were universally spoken of as having, under his *bâton*, attained a degree of accuracy, fire, and refinement hitherto unknown. It is easy to understand my wish to participate for once in the enjoyment of such performances. I therefore composed a piece for full orchestra, and wrote to Mendelssohn asking if it might be performed at the *Gewandhaus*. Of pecuniary terms I said nothing, but merely expressed a desire to be allowed myself to conduct the rehearsals and performance. In a few days I received a cordial reply, assuring me that my piece was accepted with pleasure, and that the committee would gladly permit me to conduct its performance. I mention this letter more especially for the sake of one passage very characteristic of the noble, gentle, delicate, sympathetic kindness which he always bestowed on artists. It was as follows:—

"It appears to me desirable, though you do not mention it, that an *honorarium* should be offered you, which would at any rate cover some part of the cost of your journey. Our means are very limited, but I thought that the proposal might not be unacceptable, and indeed I hear that the directors have already resolved upon it."

This was in November. Shortly after I reached Leipzig with my composition, and was received by Mendelssohn in the most frank and cordial manner. At the rehearsal, he showed the greatest eagerness to assist me in every way that could improve the performance; and on the eventful evening, being in the orchestra and seeing my anxious look, he said:

"Are you nervous?"

"Dreadfully," said I.

"Bah!" retorted he, "not the least occasion—your work is good, as you can't help knowing; but what does it matter how the public may take it? You must not expect to fare better than the greatest masters have often fared with their best things."

My composition obtained, according to the critics, a mere *succès d'estime*. I was terribly cast down, and from that time bade farewell to composition. Indeed, I only mention the circumstance because it formed the introduction to a friendly connection with Mendelssohn, who evidently liked my music better than the public, since from that time forward he evinced a strong and lasting regard for me. That this is not exaggerated will be seen from the following letter of his, written in

1843. What my wish was, to which he refers, I can't remember, but it is of no importance.

"DEAR MR. LOBE,—You know well how cheerfully I would fulfil any wish of yours. But at this moment I am really not in a position to copy the subjects and the working out for which you ask, because I am extremely occupied by a mass of work and business, and more especially because I believe that, to serve your purpose, you must do them for yourself. I send herewith the score of a quartett and of my new symphony, which pray accept in remembrance of me. Perhaps you may find what you want in these; but if not, you will doubtless be able to borrow the scores of my other four quartetts (all published by Breitkopf and Härtel) at one of your music-shops, or if they make any difficulty, I will myself speak to Breitkopfs. I hope (or fear?), however, that you will have had enough, and too much, in the two I send. The symphony I should have sent you sooner or later, or brought myself when passing by you; for I love it, and you know how important it is to me that a musician like you should be satisfied with a piece which I am myself satisfied with. Make haste and finish your opera, for there is a great want of them everywhere. I wish to goodness that our circumstances here were such as to put us in a position to fix you here, without the risk of your ever repenting having made a sacrifice for us. I don't give up the hope that this may be somehow managed in the course of a year or two, though I should prefer it at once. But, whenever it be, no one will rejoice more, or labour with more pleasure to such an end, than

Yours sincerely and devotedly,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

Since that time I have passed many a happy hour with my much-loved friend. He frequently came to Weimar, and would play his newest compositions to us and a few other favourites, either at my house or that of Montag, our then professor of music. But he never would allow any people to be collected on these occasions. "We will make some music this evening," was his common expression; "but quite between ourselves. We must be able to take off our coats and play in our shirt-sleeves, if necessary." One night I came home at ten from the rehearsal of an opera, and was met by my wife with an excited face. "Who do you think has been here? Mendelssohn! He was kept here on his journey (I fancy en route to his fiancée at Frankfurt), and regretted extremely not seeing you. 'What do

you think, dear Mrs. Lobe,' said he; 'I have to wait an hour or two till the mail goes, and if you will allow me I am come to stay with you and play you something.' Upon which he seated himself at the piano, and for two good hours played me the loveliest things without ever stopping—as well as extemporised in divine style." That my wife never forgets that evening, and is very proud of the recollection, is easy to be believed. On another occasion he was at Montag's, and played his D minor trio. After this a string quintett of mine was tried, in which he played second viola very accurately and cleverly. When he had an opportunity of serving me in other ways, he always did his best to be kind or useful. As an instance, he spoke very warmly of the quintett just mentioned to my noble patroness and frequent benefactor, the Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna, in consequence of which I received a handsome present from that lady, the result, as she was good enough to say, of the favourable way in which Dr. Mendelssohn had spoken of my artistic endeavours.

III.—1846.

My next and last recollection is ten years later still. But few, probably, know that, with all his strength, and health, and remarkable vigour,—so cheerful, so fortunate in all his relations, and so ready to acknowledge his good fortune,—Mendelssohn was often a prey to the fear of death. At the time of the performance of "St. Paul" at Weimar, we were sitting together after one of the rehearsals, in his room at the "Erb-Prinz," and in answer to a remark of mine (I myself being a martyr to hypochondria), that I should not live to enjoy many of his later works, he said, "O, my dear fellow, you'll long outlive me." I was going to make a joke of the idea, when he said, with the strongest emphasis, "I shall not live to be old." But then, as if regretting the words, his countenance lighted up with a peculiarly happy expression, and he began again about the recent rehearsal, and praised particularly the readiness and cordiality with which he was met by all concerned. How was it possible for me to tell that the man then sitting before me, comparatively young and in all the fulness of life, would in a very few years, fulfil his own prediction.

I had been in Leipzig in 1846, and found him fresh and cheerful, and untiringly busy in every direction. At this time I had the pleasure of many intellectual and instructive conversations with him, one of which I have described at length in my "Fliegende Blätter für Musik." Only a twelvemonth later—on the 7th November, 1847, in his thirty-eighth year—six-and-twenty years after my first encounter with the

bright and beautiful boy at Goethe's, the great musician was borne to his last home in the Pauliner Kirche at Berlin. Among the many who followed his bier there was no one more full of sorrow than the writer who inscribes these lines to his memory.

LAKES OF LORRAINE.

ON certain sultry and thunderous days in the middle of July, 1866, was celebrated with fêtes and fireworks, illuminations by night, and brilliant shows by day, the first centenary of the union of the province of Lorraine to France. The scene was the city of Nancy, and splendour was added to the festival by the presence of the Empress Eugénie and the imperial Prince, who lodged in the former palace of King Stanislaus of Poland, the last duke of Lorraine, and witnessed from its balcony the defiling of a long allegorical procession, representing in order the historical personages of the province, conspicuous among whom was the Maid of Orleans, personated by a youth of the town bearing in his hand a facsimile of her consecrated banner. The romance of the mediæval spectacle was a little marred by certain laughable incongruities, which the critical eye might detect; for instance, the arquebusiers of the sixteenth century were armed with percussion muskets; and the portly nymphs representing France and Lorraine, seemed in consequence of the heat to be in somewhat too melting a mood for perfect dignity. The spectacle as a whole was, however, very imposing, and went off with a success peculiarly French, the clean and handsome city being crowded with well-behaved strangers from all the neighbourhood, in such vast numbers that in spite of their good behaviour and good temper, they were fain to fight for their places in the trains, and one party had to wait till two A.M. at the station, after being in time to get away by ten at night. In bearing patiently such inconveniences in the pursuit of pleasure, our neighbours of the other side of the Channel most undeniably surpass us. It was pleasant as a contrast to pass without let or hindrance the same station a few days later, following the line which runs parallel to the course of the Moselle past Épinal to Remiremont, on a visit to the lakes which lie in the country between that town and the terminus of St. Dié, which ends another branch of the Paris and Strasbourg railway. Between Nancy and Épinal the stream of the Moselle is met winding through fertile meadows in a broad valley with low elevations on each side; near Épinal the scenery becomes more picturesque; there are more trees near the river, and the long level reaches are broken by oc-

casional rapids with rocks about them. When Épinal is passed, the valley becomes narrower and prettier, shut in between two spurs of the Vosges, until the basin is reached, where Remiremont itself lies, and the waters of the Mosellote join those of the Moselle, each branch of the river from this point to the source having the character of a considerable mountain brook. The town of Remiremont itself resembles Freiburg in the Breisgau, minus its magnificent cathedral, in its size and general character, and especially in the abundance of fountains and runnels permeating the streets, which in their main portions are fronted with arcades like those of Bern or Bologna, a pleasant protection against sun and shower, and duly appreciated in the tempestuous summer of 1866.

The busy little town derives its euphonious name from one Saint Romary. In the circle of mountains enclosing the town one of conical shape is remarked, called Mont Habend, from *Castrum Habendi*, a camp erected on its site by the Romans.

In the seventh century this Holy Mountain was the chosen retreat of two anchorites, Amé and Romary, who founded there two monasteries, one for women, another for men, and were duly canonised after their deaths. In what relation they lived to each other the legend does not say. The monasteries were destroyed by the Huns in the tenth century, but the site of one was repopled again by monks a century later, while the nuns, abandoning the mountain, fixed themselves in the valley. The convent of Remiremont was governed during its long existence by sixty-four abbesses, the last of whom, Louise Adélaïde de Bourbon Condé, died in 1824. It was a foundation even more exclusive and aristocratic in its character than All Souls', Oxford. The abbesses were generally princesses, and royal honours were accorded them. When each abbess entered the town for the first time, a great holiday was kept, and the mayor, instead of presenting the keys of the city, offered her the wine of the spot in a cup of gold, which she just touched with her lips before she passed within the walls to be enthroned with great state in the palatial apartments prepared for her. One of the number of these religious princesses, Catherine de Lorraine, distinguished herself in 1637 by beating off from the walls of Remiremont the great Turenne, who was endeavouring to take the town from the Duke of Lorraine.

The town is now famous chiefly for the production of some excellent cakes with the quaint name of "*quiches*," probably only a corruption of the German *Küchlein*.

To the guests at the baths of Plombières,

the lake region which lies between Remiremont and St. Dié is better known than to the general world, as it lies out of the way of tourists' thoroughfares; but though it cannot quite compete in beauty with the English or Scotch lakes, or Killarney, it is well worth a visit to those who are not obliged to go a great distance to see it. Instead of going due east to the source of the Moselle and the pass over the main chain of the Vosges which leads to Wesserling, and thence by rail to Basel, the road to Gérardmer turns to the left along a valley parallel to the line of the mountains, and flanked by lower hills, well-wooded, on its other side. The foregrounds have the usual broken and diversified character of a granitic country, and the height of the hills is sufficient to make the distant views in many parts highly pleasing. There is enough picturesque incident to beguile very pleasantly the eighteen miles or so which the diligence traverses to Gérardmer. The name, derived from Gérard, a duke of Lorraine, has been given to a fine oblong sheet of clear water, about two miles long, and half a mile broad, bounded for the greater part of its circumference by long slopes covered with meadows and white cottages at intervals, but on the east by a pine-forest and rocks, which give a more savage aspect to its further banks. From the Swiss villas built on its banks, the numerous pleasure-boats, and the general lively aspect, it brings to mind the Lake of Zurich in miniature. At its farther end is an immensely long village, also called Gérardmer, the most distinguishing mark of which is an enormous wych-elm of unknown antiquity, standing in the market-place.

In the summer, Gérardmer is full of visitors, who are well-entertained at the Hôtel de la Poste and the Hôtel des Vosges at a moderate rate. The latter of these is conducted by an indefatigable little landlady, who is full of civilities, assisted by a good-natured gigantic husband, who seems to superintend the kitchen department, and generally was seen during our visit lounging somewhere about the entrance, conspicuous in white trousers and a shirt of violet flannel, trimmed with scarlet. The wide road beyond Gérardmer, branches to the right and left. The left branch leads into a valley choked with a primæval pine-forest, in the depths of which roars the torrent of the Vologne. The trees are of immense size, and completely clad with pendants of moss and lichen, telling of a considerable elevation of site, and of such weird and grand forms as to make one wish that the art of forest culture, which fells the trees at a premature age, had never been introduced. In one spot, not far from the so-called "Basse des Ours," or Bear

Bottom, where the huge granite-blocks that have fallen from the crest of a mountain have been huddled together, a natural ice-house has been formed in the interstices, called "La glacière," and the fact of our finding no ice in it was accounted for by the summer not having been sufficiently hot to produce the necessary amount of evaporation. The road to the right passes over the torrent, by a bridge, and then divides again, its right branch leading over the mountains into the valley of Münster in Alsace, and its left to St. Dié. On the road to St. Dié two pines are seen which have grown together like Siamese twins.

Near the bridge is a cascade of singular beauty, which, from a peculiarity it possesses in changing its entire aspect as the spectator changes his ground, is called the *Cascade des Fées*. Not far from this cascade is a large slab of granite, and a fountain where Charlemagne is said to have dined when he passed out of Alsace over the Vosges into Lorraine, at a time when all the country was wild forest. A rough bridle-road to the right leaves the main road to the Schlucht pass, and the valley of Münster, and making for a gap in the hill, soon discloses the beautiful piece of water called Longemer, or "the Long Lake," the Ullswater, as Gérardmer is the Windermere of Lorraine. It runs in a long trough between beautifully wooded steepes for about two miles, with a slightly serpentine direction, prettily broken by spits of grassy land with a few low trees upon them. At the upper end is seen, above woody heights, the bald summit of the Honeck (Hoheneck, "the high corner") an eminence about 4000 feet high. At the lower end, shaded by lofty trees, is a little chapel on a tongue of land, dedicated to St. Bartholomew by an anchorite named Bilon, and near it a solitary villa belonging to a medical gentleman of the neighbourhood, who spends his summer holidays in this Arcadian seclusion, boating and fishing in the lake and the clear stream that runs out of it. By a path to the right, following the sinuosities of the lake, a rocky barrier is reached, down whose face tumbles, among rocks and trees, a lovely waterfall; and when this is passed, another lake is disclosed, a round low-lying basin, among dense woods and frowning escarpments, one of them called the Rock of the Devil, which bears the name of Retournemer, or "the lake of return." A solitary dwelling backed by fine beeches and other trees, stands on the brink, the cottage of the forester, where the wanderer to this end of the world finds hospitable entertainment. But notwithstanding the impassable look of the scenery round, a zigzag path through the trees climbs the height behind the house, and joins the road which leads to the Col de la Schlucht,

where a beautiful view opens into Alsace, its most prominent objects being that long spur of the Vosges which terminates by Colmar,

and on the other side a broken granite wall, crowned by a peculiarly imposing cap of rock, under which the road descends to the green



Longemer Lake.

slopes about Münster, which are variegated with acres of bleaching linen, the product of the weaving industry which pervades the whole country. On the Col itself is a spacious chalet or hotel, with excellent accommodation and abundant fare, to which appetites whetted by the bracing mountain air are inclined to do full justice. From this point, by walking up a long slope in a southerly direction, the top of the Honeck is reached, grazed over by herds of cattle tinkling with Alpine bells, and commanding a spacious view over the valley of the Rhine to the distant Black Forest, with tremendous precipices in the foreground on the side of Alsace. Instead of returning from this point direct to Gérardmer, I walked through a forest of apparently blasted hornbeam, as grisly as the trees in Gustave Doré's drawings, into a long valley, which led in course of time to a busy place called la Bresse, and thence, turning to the right, over a moderately high pass back to Gérardmer.

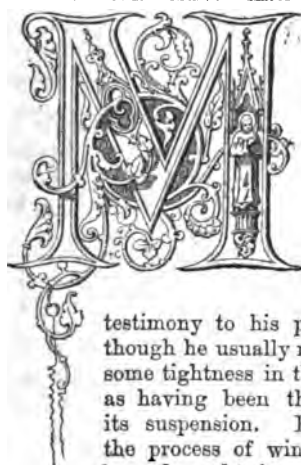
Besides the three lakes already mentioned, there is Blanchemer, or the "White Lake," in the valley of the Mosellote; the Lac de

Corbeaux, so-called from an overhanging cliff frequented by ravens; the Lac de Lispach, rich in fish, divided by a ridge from Longemer, and the Lac de Marchet, on the flank of a mountain not far from Bresse. The so-called White, Black, and Green Lakes' belonging to Alsace, are situated further to the north on that side of the Vosges chain which looks towards the Rhine. On one of the mounds of the Honeck mountain there is an abundant and perennial spring, called la Fontaine de la Duchesse, which perhaps possesses a higher claim to be the source of the Moselle than the more trifling stream which descends by Bus-sang, though the latter pours its contribution in a more direct line. The sources of rivers, whether small or great, are generally controvertible. Some consider the Inn, which rises in the Grisons, as having more claim to be the real Danube than the river which rises at Donaueschingen, and between the rival claims of the Victoria Nyanza of Speke and the Albert Nyanza of Baker, the real head of mighty Nilus himself still remains an open question for geographers. G. CARLESS SWAYNE.

HEVER COURT.

BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD, AUTHOR OF "RALPH," &c.

CHAPTER XXV. ARCADES AMBO.



R. SNODGERS was often rallied by his City friends upon having made a good thing out of the Iron Working Company (Limited), which he always appeared to regard as a

testimony to his professional skill, though he usually made reference to some tightness in the money market as having been the sole cause of its suspension. Keenly following the process of winding up he had been brought in contact with Mr.

Gribble, in his capacity of solicitor to the runaway Mr. Batt.

In the roundabout way he knew so well how to employ, Mr. Snodgers no sooner found himself alone with Mr. Gribble, than he began to question him as to the reason for his sudden flight from Edward Frankland and himself on the day of their first meeting with Mr. Batt at the works.

Nothing loth to tell a story so much to his credit as an attorney, Mr. Gribble had given to the financial agent a brief outline of the proceedings by means of which he had succeeded in dispossessing Edward of his estate, and placing Will there in his stead.

Mr. Snodgers had appeared strangely, deeply interested, and had evidently tried, but without success, to conceal his concern from Gribble. The attorney no sooner perceived this than, supposing that Snodgers had some previous knowledge of the Frankland family, and intended for his own benefit to reopen the case, he refused to enter into further detail unless Snodgers explained the meaning of his ejaculations. But the financial agent appeared to have heard nearly all that he wished to know, and left Mr. Gribble writhing with suspicion and distrust, while he himself only looked rather more busy than when he entered the lawyer's office; in fact any one who knew Snodgers very well would have supposed that he had only just undertaken the active promotion of another limited company,

and had every prospect of floating it successfully.

But Mr. Snodgers did not appear to regard this misunderstanding as any bar to their further acquaintance, for a few days after he had received this information he was again at Mr. Gribble's office in Chancery Lane.

Gribble was talking to his clerk as Snodgers entered, so they walked together into the private room.

Snodgers was the first to speak.

Gribble had thrown himself into his chair and regarded Snodgers with a most cynical smile of palpable unbelief. It was a very ugly smile indeed, and expressed most plainly, "I shall not believe a word you say unless I see its motive in your own self-interest."

But Mr. Snodgers plumed himself upon going "straight to the point," and to it he went.

"I've been thinking about this affair of Frankland's," he said; "it seems to me to be a very ugly business—a very—ugly—business indeed."

Mr. Gribble, translating this into language of a precisely opposite meaning, congratulated himself that he and not Snodgers had the handling of the affair. Besides, he had made a thousand pounds out of it with very little trouble.

"I've been to the church and examined the registry," continued Snodgers in a deliberate and dogged voice.

"The deuce you have!—what church?" The smile was transferred from the lawyer to the agent, for Gribble had dropped his guard.

"Why, the church you directed me to; where John Frankland and Amy—let me see," and Snodgers leered at Gribble, "was it Amy?—yes, Amy Campbell,—were married."

The shot had told, and the lawyer looked anxiously uncomfortable.

"I directed you to no church."

"Well, you said the certificate was found at some church in the west of London, and that was near enough for me."

Gribble looked dismayed. He saw that his suspicions of his visitor were well-founded. He was no longer certain which of them knew the most about the Frankland affair.

"You didn't come, Mr. Snodgers," he said, with ill-assumed boldness, "to tell me that."

"Yes I did—I did indeed, and to ask you to tell me a little more. I think I know something of these people. Could you tell me where the property lies?"

"Why should I?"

Snodgers shrugged his shoulders with imperturbable self-possession.

"Well, I don't know," he said: "it might make business."

"Might make mischief, perhaps?"

"That's what lawyers live by, I think, he! he! he!" laughed Snodgers. "It couldn't hurt us, could it?"

"How do I know what game you are up to?" replied Gribble, his eyes falling before the malicious smile with which the agent shot the words "could it" at him.

"Well then, I'll tell you," said Snodgers, seating himself more at ease, and fixing his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, a posture intended to represent frankness and candour. "I think I'm in a position to prove that that register has been fraudulently tampered with. Why, that doesn't spoil your game, does it?" he continued, with a taunting smile, seeing the expression of Gribble's face change suddenly.

"Well, you see, it might upset my client," said the lawyer, hesitatingly.

"Never mind about him; let me finish my story first. To cut a long story short, I was present at that wedding, Mr. Gribble, and I was under the impression that my name was in the registry, and now I want your help to find out who made that little alteration in it."

"What alteration?" Gribble's face was pale and his voice impatient.

"Oh! you don't know—I forgot. Well, you see, it wasn't Amy Campbell that was married; it was Ann Campbell, and somebody, for their own reasons, doubtless, has turned the second 'n' into a 'y.' Now do you see what I'm driving at?"

"No, I'll be hanged if I do," replied Gribble, obstinately; but though his face was pale and his eyes full of covert, malignant anger, he was in thought busily connecting these disclosures with their chain of circumstances, and working out problems in which his self-interest was the point to be gained.

"I can't give you my eyes," said Snodgers, laughing quietly, "but I'll tell you what you are thinking about. You are thinking how my knowledge of this will affect your client's hold upon his estate, and how I shall proceed to carry my knowledge to the best market; for, you see, there is a choice of markets; and then you're thinking that you know one thing that I don't, and that is, who made these little alterations."

"It's a lie."

But Snodgers knew his man, and was not afraid of brave words.

"Well, you ought to know; for your hand did it, Mr. Gribble, as sure as mine is on your table."

"You dare to repeat that statement before my clerk," blustered the lawyer, laying his hand on his call-bell.

"Ring away," said Snodgers, defiantly. "You know we shall have your client in the witness-box, and it might come out that you got something comfortable out of the affair. Perhaps you did."

Mr. Gribble did not ring. Probably he thought that Mr. Snodgers would not hesitate to repeat the accusation before his clerk, and he had scarcely a proper confidence in the result of an action for defamation.

He rubbed his face with his large, bony hand, unconsciously imitating the action of a cat. He felt that Snodgers had him in a corner, and that the agent knew it.

"I hope I'm too good a lawyer to like quarrelling on my own account," he said, with a poor attempt to be funny; "can't we play together, Mr. Snodgers?"

But a wheedling tone was thrown away upon the financial agent, who grew bolder with his success.

"Why should we, man alive, when I've got all the trumps? why, what can you do?" He seemed to be jeering the attorney. "Your hands are tied; you can't go to either party to make your terms—you know you can't—even supposing you did know all the history of this certificate."

"Then what are you here for?" whined Gribble.

"Here! me here! well, I'm here to ask you to tell me all about this property—where it is, what's its worth, and so forth; and if you won't tell me in a plain, pleasant way, then I'm here to tell you about that little slip of your pen in that register—no, no, it's no use your saying you didn't do it—and to see then if you will give me the information I want, on the understanding that when I've blown up the whole concern I don't say anything about your making 'Ann' into 'Amy.'"

"We might just as well act friendly, Mr. Snodgers; but if you won't, it isn't my fault. You must take your course, and I mine. As to your story about the register, you know very well that neither you nor anybody else can prove what you say."

"Then, good morning, Mr. Gribble," said Snodgers, resuming his hat. "I shan't trouble you any more." And the agent walked out of the office, leaving the lawyer in a state of mind which he had oftener caused than experienced.

CHAPTER XXVI. LOVE VERSUS DUTY.

GRADUALLY the people around Hever Court ceased to marvel at Clara's elevation. She drove about among them, quite the lady paramount of the district, always commanding and obtaining submission and respect. She had induced her aunt to remove her family name from its prominent connection with the White Horse, and herself into a cottage where the stout hostess pined for the duties that were no longer hers. But, for all this, there were whispers in plenty that all did not go well up at the Court, and terrible stories were in circulation as to Will's cruelty and Clara's extravagance. They were, however, all false; for Will was not cruel, in the sense these good villagers supposed, nor was Clara extravagant.

But her marriage had been followed by deep disappointment. She had never loved Will, and when she made the discovery that his drunken habits were inveterate, and that all the opportunities belonging to wealth had improved him in nothing but outward appearance, it was not then she experienced this bitterness. Her nature was such that the sensual enjoyments which wealth affords soon became necessities of life accepted without pleasure. So that when Clara asked herself, as she often did, in a passionate way, what she had gained by her marriage, she put out of consideration all those physical comforts, which in her maiden days would have seemed so very attractive.

Ambition and revenge. These had been her influencing motives, so she thought, and how had the first been rewarded? She saw and smarted under the reception they met with from persons of their own rank in the neighbourhood. They retained acquaintances, but there was no intimacy, nothing like friendship, between Hever Court and the best houses around. Many noticed Will as a good sportsman; but his hand, they said among themselves, was getting shaky, and his seat across country was not what it was. He was treated with no respect; and when it was rumoured that the sale at Thistlewood was forced by Will, he was "cut" by a good many people. It had fared ill with Clara's ambition.

And her revenge seemed ungratified. To sit in the seat that would have been occupied by Edward's wife; to rule where he had been dispossessed, had seemed to her a prospect promising unspeakable delight. But for such as Clara to enjoy revenge, the stroke must be seen to fall; the writhings of the victim must be witnessed. As it was she felt that Edward's aversion for her would be changed to contempt by her marriage. Her nature, passionate and sensuous, abhorred any prolonged effort and

now she would have given all her wealth and humbled all her pride for one loving look from this man.

She had felt disgusted when she heard what had taken place at Thistlewood through the agency of Gribble working upon and with her husband. She had indeed some sense of lazy satisfaction at the thought of Lucy's fall in worldly position; but she feared it would only result in bringing Lucy and Edward nearer together, and this thought made her wretched.

So she lived—joyless, aimless, hopeless; without appetite for the smaller and more innocent delights which surrounded her, and without nerve and energy enough to surround herself with the more toilsome, and perhaps less innocent enjoyments her wealth, and position, and beauty might have enabled her to command.

The most constant visitors at Hever Court were Major Brabazon and Mr. Rington. The Major was a well-preserved man of about five-and-forty, who found attendance upon Clara and quarters at Hever much more to his mind than his post of duty in Hertford. And Mr. Rington, who was "a noted sharp man" at horse-dealing and shooting-matches, found his reward in following Will, sharing his drinking bouts, and in buying and selling for him. There was no jealousy between these gentlemen: each kept to his own department. If the Major were trotting beside Clara's pony-carriage, Mr. Rington would perhaps be equally well occupied in trying a horse for Will.

The Major affected gallantry; and, as a matter of duty to himself, had made love to Clara in a quite improper manner. But she had rendered it at once wholly impossible for the Major, if he had wished, to renew the subject, by receiving his advances with laughter, and a thinly disguised contempt, which only just permitted Major Brabazon's not very nice sense of honour to accept her evident unwillingness to dismiss so useful an attendant.

The usual party of four were seated at luncheon, when Rington, who had known Hever in the days of Will's father, said,—

"Your brother Edward has come down to live at Moss Farm, Frankland."

Will didn't observe the eager look of attention, so uncommon with her now, which Clara turned on the speaker; but the Major did.

"You don't say so," was Will's reply.

"I do, though: I saw him walking about in the garden,—you know it is close to the road,—and deuced ill he looked."

"He wishes I was deuced ill, I lay," muttered Will; while Clara's face glowed with shame and suddenly revived emotion.

The Major hazarded the opinion that it was

enough to make a man look "devilish ill" to lose such a property as Hever Court. Then he saw that his remark was not well received by Clara, though she was listening to a conversation between her husband and Rington as to the value of the Moss Farm, and Edward's obstinacy in refusing to part with it.

She listened to their talk about "Simpkins' farm," and "the Thistlewood fields," and "Bingwell Common," until she was possessed of a very accurate notion where Edward's retreat lay.

She resolved to drive in that direction the same afternoon, not to call upon Edward, but from an irresistible impulse to see the place in which he had made his home.

Clara relieved herself of the attendance of the Major by giving him a commission to execute in Hertford, which she pretended was of great importance and confidence.

Will had no idea himself of calling upon Edward, nor did he suppose that Clara would care to do so. He could understand her preference for Edward in the old days; but now such a preference would have seemed to him absurd and impossible.

Clara whipped her ponies along towards the Moss Farm, which lay at no great distance from the Bingwell station. Her servant, accustomed to her leisurely drives, noticed the different progress of to-day; and putting this and that and all that he had heard together in his mind, he set it down for certain that his mistress was on her way to Moss Farm to see "Mr. Edward," the news of whose arrival had already reached the servants' hall.

She drove on, thinking of the days when she had loved him hopelessly, half wishing that they and her liberty to love him were hers again. "Yet to be again poor and dependent! No; better as it is."

As she approached the house which she had been told was Moss Farm, Clara felt she must abandon her intention not to see Edward. She wavered miserably between seeing him and not seeing him. Which would be the greater trial? She hardly knew. In her heart she loved him, now that he was ill and ruined, more than ever. Her falsity to her marriage vows sat lightly on her conscience, for she had made them but formally. She might—might she not?—as the brother of her husband, love him? but then not as she loved him—not as she loved him, hating her husband for the bar his relationship had raised between them, yet accepting and feeling the absolute necessity to her of the riches he had conferred upon her.

But to see Edward would involve such abject debasement. She felt that he would know the whole story of Will's gross conduct

towards Lucy at Dropton; and he would scorn her for having offered him her love and then having sold herself to this man.

Wistfully she scanned the house, which was one of those small farm-houses having three windows on the first floor, and two, with a door, beneath, standing some little distance from the road, with a garden lying between, well stocked with wallflowers and such good old-fashioned plants.

Around the doorway and high among the upper windows, there flourished a rose, intertwined with a creeper; and at the side of the house stretched a long garden, where she supposed Rington had seen Edward walking.

He was not there now; but if he saw the ponies or herself, or heard that she had passed the house, would he not think it unkind, and perhaps improper in her not to have called? Yet it required an effort to drive up to the little gate with the intention of going into the house.

However, Clara did this. Her eyes were fixed on the ground as she stepped from the carriage; and gracefully taking her ample skirts in her hand, she opened the gate and walked up the narrow pavement to the door, her heart fluttering with emotions she could not have described.

She saw that Edward had made an effort to rise from a couch to receive her. How ill he looked! This was her first thought. The same handsome features; the same truthful, open eyes, the hair she thought so beautiful in its unstudied waves; but his face so thin, and with such a weary, yet feverish and anxious look. But she could not fail to see that there was a really glad expression of welcome as he held out his hand, leaning with the other on the back of a chair.

"So glad to see you, Clara. How's Will? So kind of you to come and see me. I've been walking in the garden, and it tires me so." He sank back on the couch, exhausted by the effort he had made.

He could only point to a chair; and she, blushing and confused, stammered words of sympathy.

"Is Will quite well?" Edward repeated.

"Yes, he is quite well. We only heard of your being here, this morning."

"I came to get strong; and then I intend to go to work at law in earnest, and I hope with success. You like Hever, I'm sure? A dear old place, isn't it?"

"Yes," she assented mechanically, telling the sad tale of her matrimonial disappointment by a single word.

She had expected Edward would be reproachful, or indignant, or contemptuous; but in place of that, he spoke as if their relation-

ship were a thing of course; and as though nothing unusual had ever occurred between them.

"Can you have everything you want at this little place?"

"Oh! yes; especially if you will come and see me sometimes; and tell Will I hope to see him. We can be good friends now, I think." And he smiled at her meaning, as she thought, that there could be no jealousy now between them on her account.

But all this forgiveness and forgetfulness on Edward's part did not make her happier. She loved him now as she had hated him when he left Bingwell. Her happiness would have been to have nursed him; to have tended his every wish with the most loving care. She had no inclination for the proper rôle of sister-in-law, nor any anxiety to bring the brothers together. She would have been happier if his manner towards her had been less frank and free; if he had seemed more embarrassed with memories of the past, as she was. Then she would not have been haunted with the miserable thought that he despised her.

"Have you had more trouble in London, tell me?" she asked.

"Well, I have been ill and have lost all my money, Clara; but I had more joy in one minute than all the trouble."

The almost merry look in his eyes stung her with fear of what was to come.

"I am engaged," he continued, "to Lucy Dunman. I am not going to inflict lovers' talk upon you;" he could not but mark her want of sympathy with his joy; "but I may talk to you about it, Clara, for we are brother and sister now; and I tell you, that when that dearest girl put her hand in mine and promised me her love, I felt all my cares and troubles fall from me, and nothing but happiness and hope have encircled me ever since."

Clara bit her lip, looking downward upon the narrow space of carpet that divided them, in conscious confusion. She could not utter the false words of congratulation that would have been seemly and proper. All the devils in her nature were at war within her now. That he should treat her with the brotherly kindness he had shown was an affront; but that he should calmly tell her of his love for Lucy, and expect her to rejoice with him in his engagement was too much.

"You would scarcely believe in my good wishes, Mr. Frankland," she said, hardly knowing what she said.

"Why not, Clara? But you must call me Edward, now."

"Then God forgive me, Edward, for I can-

not forget the past." She met his shamed and sorrowing look with one which he never forgot and could not then fathom. No more words passed between them. He attended her to the door, unable to walk farther; and when it closed upon her, her heart was raging with humiliation and jealousy.

CHAPTER XXVII. AN AMBUSCADE.

EDWARD was a good deal dismayed and annoyed by Clara's unhappy reference to the past, and the more so because it barred any further intercourse between them. In the loneliness of his new home he had felt so glad at seeing her, and hopeful of her being the means of reconciling Will and himself; for though he never supposed there could be much love between his brother and himself, yet it would be better for many reasons that at least they should be on speaking terms again.

But he could make no advances now.

Day by day, under the combined influence of pure air and the equally pure and loving letters that he read again and again, with ever-increasing delight, Edward gained strength, and felt that soon he should be able to walk over to the cottage where Lucy lived with her father and mother.

He was sitting at the open window, musing hopefully upon a happy future, when he heard someone close the gate, and saw Mr. Snodgers smiling and bowing before him with an air of the most ineffable good nature.

"Glad indeed, sir, to see you looking so much better. Just ran down to see you—found your address at your lodgings—something to our mutual advantage, I hope."

After his journey, of course Edward was obliged to open his door to Mr. Snodgers and offer him a seat; though he performed these civilities with a very bad grace.

"Well, thank you, I will take a crust of bread and cheese; and we may as well to business at once," continued the financial agent; and he proceeded to lay before the unwilling eyes of Edward a voluminous statement of the accounts of the Iron Working Company (Limited), proving, as it appeared entirely to his own satisfaction, that the sum of one thousand pounds only was required to produce a much more favourable realisation of assets, "such as could certainly insure the return of a large portion, if not the whole, of your principal, sir," and he unfolded to Edward how that, having heard of his retirement here to a property of his own, it had occurred to him—Mr. Snodgers—"that perhaps you might, sir, like to mortgage this property with a view to obtaining this great advantage in the winding-up of the Company."

This proposal, delivered in Mr. Snodgers'

smoothest accents, put Edward into a passion, and he hurled "impostor" and "rogue" and "knave" at the agent, who seemed not altogether surprised or greatly moved by the explosion. Perhaps he had had many such cases to deal with before.

"Look here," exclaimed Edward, pointing through the window, at the distant clumps of elms, which were the glory of Hever Court park, and at the front of the house just visible from where they stood, "it is not a year since I was master of that place and owner of all the land between here and there. Well, I lost that, or, I should say, I gave it up to my—brother. Of the little fortune left me in that wreck, you have robbed me of the greater part; but you cannot be satisfied while any remains. Get out of my house. You are no better than a common thief."

Mr. Snodgers made a hurried movement of retreat; but in his haste fell over a chair and set up a cry for "Help," thinking perhaps in his fright that Edward had struck him. The bailiff and his wife ran into the room, but were only in time to see that Edward was very angry, and that Snodgers had already gained the garden gate.

The financial agent slackened his pace when he saw that he was not followed, and now he had reached an eminence from which he could get a fuller view of Hever Court.

"A young fool," he muttered, wiping his face and the lining of his hat with his pocket-handkerchief. "I wasn't sure I should be so lucky as to drop right on to the property. I can forgive his hasty tongue, for it told me all that I wanted to know."

Mr. Snodgers made his way back to the station, and there took "the fly," directing the driver to take him to Hever Court.

The agent had much to think of during his drive. Still, from time to time he looked about him upon the splendid woods, rich meadows, and well-farmed lands, for which the estate was famous. "Fine property," he said, "very fine estate."

When "the fly" reached the door of Hever Court, the driver told him "that he coo'nt take him back, as he'd another job in that neighbourhood as was waitin' a'ready," so Mr. Snodgers, thinking himself very fortunate when the servant replied that Mr. Frankland was at home, paid the driver and sent his card in, saying, "That Mr. Frankland wouldn't know his name, but that he wished to see him upon most important private business connected with the estate."

He refused Will's request by the servant, "that he would send in his business," and the result was that he found himself in the library with the master of the house. In about ten

minutes after he had been closeted with Will, Clara was summoned by her husband, and the conference continued.

Nearly three hours elapsed before Mr. Snodgers left Hever Court. He had taken luncheon with Will and Clara, she being particularly gracious to him; and when he rose to leave, she apologised very much for being unable to offer him a carriage, as all their horses that were not out, were ill; but she herself accompanied him to the door, and, standing on the steps, pointed out with the kindest care a footway by which he might get to the station in about four miles. "Make first for that great tree," she said, "then through the woods for about a mile, and the rest of the way is very clear."

Mr. Snodgers lifted his hat, and Clara bowed and smiled as he walked off. Will had sat sullenly silent during luncheon, scarcely speaking a word.

Mr. Snodgers was a good walker, and had plenty of time before him. But his mind was too full of all that had passed during the last three hours to enable him to look about him with much interest. The deer skipped out of his path, and once a hare startled him by leaving its "form" within a yard of his footstep. Scenery, however, was not much in Mr. Snodgers' line. At last he reached the great tree, a wide-spreading oak, which Clara had pointed out to him, and then he saw a narrow pathway, leading through the dense wood. It scarcely appeared to him to be in the line of his march, and he thought it led so much in another direction that it could hardly be the nearest approach to the station; but there appeared to be no other, and, he reflected, "Of course Mrs. Frankland knew the path, probably it was a winding one," so he plunged into the wood without any further consideration.

The green boughs of the tall underwood met over the path, shutting out completely, at some points, the bright blue sky. Rabbits ran here and there, showing their white tails to him as they disappeared among the tall brake. The woodland path wound to right and to left, till the financial agent was quite puzzled with its windings, and but for his implicit faith in Clara's directions would have thought himself in a maze. At length the wood grew so dense and dark, so silent—except for the melancholy notes of the birds, its most noisy inhabitants—that Mr. Snodgers began to feel, in a manner curious and inexplicable to himself, oppressed by the stillness and unchanging gloom which surrounded him. The tapping of a woodpecker startled him, he grew hotter and more nervous, but walked on, hoping soon to reach the boundary of the wood.

Before him, apparently right in his path,

stood the picturesque ruin of an immense tree. He could see great holes in its trunk, and clefts which time had made. Yet a little life lingered, and still it could put forth green leaves on the few branches which survived of all its greatness. But Mr. Snodgers was not speculating upon the hoary grandeur of this old king of the wood; he might have been thinking of the many generations upon whom it had looked down, all dead and gone, or moralising upon the destiny of all life upon the earth, seeing that this existence of perhaps a thousand years was at length yielding to the inexorable law. He looked forward to the old tree as a possible turning point; the path had begun at a big tree, and he thought it might well end at this one; at all events, if not out of the wood, yet Snodgers hoped when he had passed this he should see his way more clearly,—his way to the station, to London, back again to those dusky chambers of his in Norfolk Street, where he lived and schemed to make the competence which not all his cunning had seemed till now to bring within his reach.

He was congratulating himself upon the near fulfilment of his hopes, for he saw, as he approached the old tree, that just beyond it the path opened upon a broader one, when he heard somebody, or something move quickly from behind the trunk of the old tree; but before he knew who or what it was, there followed a loud noise at the side of his face, with a flashing, stunning fire-stroke, and then he fell dead with a pistol-bullet in his brain.

The ferns among which his head had fallen were splashed with blood, and the warm stream still trickled from his death-wound, when a tall man stood over him, moving away the blood-stained ferns to look at his face. Every feature in Mr. Gribble's face, for he it was, expressed horror and terror. He looked about him as a man who expects, who knows, that some one must be at hand. He laid his hand on the dead man's heart, but felt no motion; then listened for a moment with his ear close to the chest, but there was no sound of respiration. Then, leaving the body, he rushed out into the broad path; but had only made a few steps when he almost ran against Edward Frankland.

"You must come with me," said Gribble, springing upon him.

"What! why?" replied Edward, hardly at first recognising his assailant. Gribble's manner was wild and excited, and Edward's nerves were scarcely yet in a condition to enable him to meet such a shock.

"Mr. Snodgers has been murdered."

"I heard a shot fired," said Edward, horrified.

"You'll have to prove you didn't fire it," returned Gribble. Edward had shaken off his hold, and they stood confronting each other.

"I—I don't know where he is. I have not seen him since he left my house at twelve o'clock."

The lodge at the park gates was the nearest house at hand. Gribble said he was running away to get help; but now he went back with Edward to the spot where the murdered man lay, and together they carried him to the lodge. Then the village doctor was sent for, and pronounced Mr. Snodgers to be quite dead.

In reply to the doctor's inquiry of Edward if he had any suspicion of the murderer, he said, "No, not the least;" and then told how he had met Gribble. But the lawyer—they were all three standing round the body—interrupted him, advising him significantly to say nothing to criminate himself, for that suspicion pointed to him as the criminal.

Edward looked aghast at this repetition of the charge; and could say nothing but a mere protest of his innocence. He had no right to make a counter-charge against Gribble. He was so confused by the circumstances.

"What were you doing in the wood?" he asked of Gribble.

"I had an appointment this afternoon with Mr. Frankland; and I was walking from the station to Hever Court, when I heard the shot fired, and hastening to the place, discovered the body lying in the path."

"The people at the station," Gribble continued, "will remember that I arrived by the train at 2.25; and Mr. Frankland will tell you or anybody else that I had an appointment with him this afternoon. Besides, I have his letter making the appointment."

He then talked apart with the Bingwell constable, who had bustled up to the lodge full of importance, his hands itching for somebody's collar. Gribble told this man that Edward had lost a great deal of money through Snodgers; that Edward admitted the fact of Snodgers' having been with him this day at his house; and as it appeared to him quite clear that no one else in the parish could have ill-will towards the murdered man, he asked the constable to take him to the nearest magistrate—not Mr. Frankland, for obvious reasons—and upon his information get a warrant for Edward's arrest.

"Unless," said Gribble, in a confidential tone, "you feel that suspicion is strong enough to take him at once; and perhaps that would be the best course."

It was quite the course which was most pleasing to the fussy constable.

He at once arrested Edward on a charge of "wilful murder of this ere gent," pointing to

the body, for he was ignorant of Snodgers' christian name.

And Edward, reflecting on all that had passed, seeing that there existed abundant ground of suspicion against himself, replied haughtily, as if disdaining to discuss the question of his innocence with this village blockhead,—

"Very well. I shall not resist your authority. I hope you may discover your error before long."

In the constable's cart, Gribble and Edward were driven first to Moss Farm, as Edward wished to get some things. There Gribble adroitly learned from the bailiff's wife, that Edward and Snodgers had quarrelled that morning; and "she thought that the young master was goin' to hit him."

And when midnight came Edward found himself in a cell of Hertford jail.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. III. "AFTER WALKING HOURS."

AT nights, when I am not dead beat by the day's tramp, I hang about Pall Mall and the clubs. Every now and then I pick up a sixpence there by shutting the doors of Hansoms. One odd observation I have made in my experience of cadding life, and that is, that charity depends mainly upon the state of the weather. If it is a dark, chilly night, you may open and shut the doors of a score of cabs without getting a penny for your trouble; warm muggy nights bring out coppers; and silver makes its appearance only when the barometer points to "settled fine." But hot or cold, wet or dry, I don't do much good in the "picking up" line; I am too shaky, and, queer as you may think it, too shy. Before I get up to a cab, some street urchin or other is before me; and when I do come up, somehow I never can get the words out to ask for a copper till the cab has begun to drive off. If you don't ask, nine swells out of ten seem to believe you have run to pull the door open merely for the pleasure of the occupation. In fact, when you are down upon your luck everything goes against you. I am one of that sort that if I had been afflicted with leprosy, and had sat at the pool of Bethesda, I should have stayed there till the day of judgment; however sharp a look-out I might have kept, somebody would always have sneaked into the water before me at the critical moment. So, for any money I am likely to get, I might as well, or better, loiter about Bethnal Green, as about Pall Mall. If you must know, I choose this beat because

I find more to amuse me there than elsewhere. If I had never myself eaten whitebait and drank hermitage, and ridden in broughams, and smoked regalias, I have no doubt I should have a bitter grudge against those who do. I see that some of my mates, who begun their lives where we all shall end it—in the workhouse—and have never risen above the dead level of pauperdom, do hate rich folks with a deadly hatred. I don't blame them, but I have no sympathy with them. Possibly my acquaintance has not been much amongst honest working men, as it certainly has not been large with respectable members of the wealthy classes. I have known perhaps the bad of both lots; but blackguard for blackguard, I own cordially I prefer the rich one to the poor. According to my fancy, when a man has got money in his pocket, and a good coat upon his back, he cannot be so unmitigated a brute and reprobate as if he were in rags and penniless. As to telling me that poverty elevates the character and improves the moral nature, all I can say is—try it.

So broken down as I am, I like to get near the places where rich men congregate. I like the sound of voices that, however hard and coarse may be the words they utter, are softer and more modulated than those which grate upon my ears throughout the day. I like to see well-dressed men, and to look in through the club-windows from the opposite side of the street, and catch a glimpse of the snow-white table-cloths, and the sparkling glasses, and the bright well-lit rooms. I have not much of the cut or build or look of anything angelic; and my heaven is, as I know, of the earth, earthy; but still, when out of the cold and wet and squalor I get a peep through club-windows at night, I feel the very image of a peri banished from Paradise. You don't know how often I follow behind men, walking homewards from the club, to catch stray words of their talk. To hear a phrase about the odds on the coming race, or some scandal of the town, or a disputed point at cards, is like listening, after living for years in a barbarous country, to the accents of your mother tongue. One way or another, I have been so long about this part of town, that I know by sight and name a great many more of the *habitues* of Pall Mall and St. James' Street, than you would think possible. I know who goes home not the better for the liquor he has swallowed night after night; I know the men who always lose at whist, and those who mostly win, especially when the stakes are heavy; I know the gentlemen who are fetched home in their own carriages, and those for whom there are broughams waiting up the quiet streets out

of Piccadilly. But about all this I am not going to say anything now; another day I may tell you something of my view of club life from outside a club-window.

What I was driving at when I began to talk to you was this: as I loiter about Pall Mall towards the time when men are going to or coming from, their dinners after their day's work, there is one remark I hear made a score of times for any other I could think of, and that remark is, "What are you going to do to-night?" The answers to this inquiry are of course various, and as I can seldom hear more than one sentence in a passing conversation, I generally miss the reply. But the general purport of the answers is always to the effect that in some fashion the evening is to be spent in amusement, respectable or otherwise. Now I wonder sometimes whether the people who study social questions ever meditate on the point what such as I can think of doing at night.

I don't put myself forward as a model of the class to whom what to do after working hours is a much harder problem than the question which the swells are always asking themselves of what to do after dining hours. I have had my fling in my time; and if I had the wealth of the Rothschilds at my disposal I should not trouble myself much about looking for amusement. A little to eat, and a good deal to drink, and any amount of tobacco to smoke, constitute about the sum of pleasure I am now capable of enjoying; and to speak the honest truth, if benevolent people were to provide theatres, concerts, lectures, libraries, and galleries, with free admissions, for my mental recreation and improvement, I and most of my mates should stick to the gin-palace all the same. We are too far gone to be improved in any way until we are finally improved off the face of this bad world of ours. I am not much of a reformer, political or social, and I have little faith enough in any scheme for regenerating humanity; but this much I will own cordially, that I think a great many of the class I have been thrown among for years might turn out much better than they are ever likely to do, if they had more reasonable probability of finding amusement when their day's work was done.

You don't know—you never can know, unless you try it—what a mortal dull place London is to men who cannot afford to spend shillings on their night's pleasure. Of course, all the talkee-talkie in the world will not make life as pleasant to the man who has not got money as to the man who has. If you are making a speech at a Mechanics' Institute, you dwell feelingly on the law of compensation, and remark that the industrious

operative enjoys his pipe and glass of beer as much as his betters do their Latakia and Lafitte; but you know perfectly well you are talking bunkum. Swipes are not so pleasant as Champagne; the third-class parliamentary is not as comfortable as the first express; and scrag end of mutton is inferior to venison. So, if you tell me that any possible contrivance can make life as pleasant, or as little unpleasant, to all classes alike, I tell you you don't know what you say. But I do think it might be made a trifle brighter than it is for us poor devils in London. I have lived a great deal in foreign cities, and seen more than most men of foreign life; and I tell you honestly I know of no capital in the world where a poor man has so dull a time of it as he must have perforce in the capital of "merry England." Just make two very improbable suppositions, Mr. Nomad. Imagine that I was a respectable, decent, hard-working man, who had done my day's work; fancy that you had presented me with a few halfpence for myself, and then be kind enough to tell me how you would advise me to spend my evening? It's barely seven o'clock. I can't sleep, if I go to bed, for another four hours or more; what, in the name of common sense, am I to do with these hours?

If you were on the platform and I were in the hall below, you would tell me that I ought to go home, nurse the baby, read the Family Herald to my wife, solace myself with a cup of tea (so much more invigorating, we know, than deleterious liquors!); and if I have a few minutes to spare before going to bed, study a chapter on Practical Geometry, illustrated by diagrams. I wonder how many men in your own rank, who have comfortable homes to go to, would relish the idea of spending their evenings, as a rule, alone with their wives and children. If there are many, your world must have changed very much since I used to know it. But you are not upon a platform and nobody is taking notes; and unless you are a model of domesticity (if you are so, all I can say is, you don't look the part) you would not be in a hurry to get home to a stuffy garret, lighted by a flickering dip, where your company consisted of a crying baby, a dirty child or two, and a slatternly wife out of temper and out of health. Besides, in my case, worse luck, I have not a home to go to; or, better luck perhaps, not a wife or child to expect me; and so we will put aside the "go home and spend a quiet evening" supposition. Failing that, I ask again—what am I to do?

I may take a stroll, you say, and look about me. Well, after tramping up and down all day long, with boards on your back and

breast, you don't feel exactly inclined for active exercise; but let that pass. I might have been engaged all the day working at some sitting-down employment. But walking for walking's sake is dull work, and dry work, and tiring work. In all the miles upon miles covered by this monster city, there are not half a dozen places where a poor ragged rascal like myself can sit down even for five minutes' rest. Except the benches in the Mall, which are always taken up early by persons who have got the key of the streets for the night, I hardly know a place where I could sit down, except by stealth. Drinking-fountains are all very well in their way; but our people are not partial to water; and free seats would have been a much greater boon. Nothing to sit down on when you are tired is one of the first objections to spending a cheerful evening, strolling about the streets of London.

But putting aside this difficulty, what, I ask you again, is there to amuse your London pauper-idler? It is not everybody, happily, who is a philosopher like myself. If it were so, the world would get on worse than it does; and that is saying a good deal. But we are all grown-up children, after all; and we, whose lives are very dull and colourless, are fonder of gazing at fine carriages, and handsomely dressed folk and rich uniforms, than you rich people can well imagine. Now, there is not a great city in the universe where there is less of this sort of thing than there is in London. Once a year there is the Lord Mayor's Show, and every now and then the Queen goes in state to open Parliament; and, except these, there is not a pageant in all London which such as I can see gratis. In other lands, somehow, people who are magnificent like to display their magnificence; but here with us, the one aim and object of all wealthy persons is, to exclude the outside public from catching a glimpse of their splendour and luxury. Every now and then, as I loaf about the streets at night, for lack of anything better to do, or anywhere else to go to, I get a peep from the pavement into some crowded ball-room, whose windows are thrown open to the air. I could stop contentedly, and stand for hours listening to the waltz music, rising and dying away, and watching the figures of the women as they come sweeping past the open windows, swaying to and fro with the movement of the dance measure; but I know, before I have stood two minutes gazing, I shall be told to move on, and very likely shoved into the gutter. Lazarus, if he had lived in London, would never have been

allowed to lie at Dives' door! You tell me I can look into the shop windows. Well, even that resource might pall after a time. There are only two sorts of shops I never grow tired of looking at; and these are the provision shops and the money changers. Next to a *paté de foie gras*, in which you can see the black truffles peeping out of the white lard, the most beautiful object to me in shop-front windows is a bowl of Napoleons festooned with a chaplet of notes of many lands. Moreover, thanks to the Early-closing Movement, there is nothing now to see in the shops after dark. I have always observed that every reform brings injury on somebody. I wonder whether it ever struck the good people who call upon you—by walking-posters—not to shop after dusk, that they were depriving the London streets of the one charm which they had for poor fellows who, like myself, can enjoy only such amusements as are provided free of cost.

After working hours there is not a single amusement of any kind open to us. Even if we cared to go to the British Museum and South Kensington,—which we do not,—our costume would exclude us from admission. No doubt, if we were economical and saving,—that also we most assuredly are not,—we might afford a visit once a week or so to the upper gallery of the Victoria or Britannia. But though the British mechanic is excellent in his way, you may, in the opinion of me and my mates, have too much of his company at the places in question. Besides, even if we were strong and able to shove and push and hustle, we should still find six hours amongst the gods dry work without drinking; and as we cannot afford to see the play and drink too, we prefer doing the latter alone. Italian organ-boys and brass bands and street acrobats do indeed give us, every now and then, a little amusement, for which we are not called to pay. But I hear all these itinerant music-mongers are to be put down as nuisances; and their suppression would be so thoroughly of a piece with our whole system of giving to those who have, and taking away from those who have not, that I have no doubt it will be carried out amidst general approbation. No, we, the real men about town, have one only place of amusement open to us: and that is, the gin-shop. There, at any rate, we are always welcome, as long as we have a penny in our pocket, and nobody thinks of objecting to our presence because we are poor and disreputable and dirty. Gin is our friend, companion, comforter. There is not much poetry about us; but the gin-drinker who first called gin "white satin" must have been a true poet at heart. It is hot talking; and if you



"HIDE A STICK, IN A LITTLE HOLE." (A NONFACTUOUS GAME).
From a Picture by F. J. SHIELDS.

wish to see how I and hundreds of thousands like me spend our time after work is over, you have only to come into the nearest public and let me drink till I forget for a moment that I am poor and forlorn and wretched.

"HIDE A STICK, IN A LITTLE HOLE."

IN a remote village of North Somersetshire, overshadowed by the venerable yew which stretches its giant limbs over the churchyard wall, stands a cottage with low-arched door of knotted oak, worm-eaten now, and rugged with age. Tradition says that it once formed, together with the adjoining cottage, the parsonage of the parish priest, while yet the stone altar in the church bore the sacrifice of the Host, and ere the statues of the Virgin and the saints gave place to monumental records of the virtues of departed squires.

The door is thrown half open, and the merry tinkle of children's laughter is heard within. Laugh on, little ones, nor dream of coming sorrows; for father's wages are poor at his labour in draining the salt-marsh by the sea; his seven shillings per week must be eked out by the premature labour of his children, and when his boy is seven years old, he must leave the village school to lead the horses at the plough: it makes one tremble to see the child at such dangerous work. And the girl, when the winter has come, must enter on her lonely watch in some distant field, new sown with wheat, of which the rooks would not leave a seed but for her guardianship. There—sheltering from the keenness of the wintry blast within the little hut of hurdles and straw which father has erected against the hedge bank, thawing her chilled hands and feet at a flickering fire of green sticks which the wind or the rain continually extinguishes—day after day, even Sunday too, the winter through, from dawn to dusk, poor Sarah may be seen, ever and anon pursuing the bold black-feathered thieves, and raising the strange bird-like cry, "Oo, whu, oo whu oo," with which she frights them from their rapine, and sinking at every step ankle-deep in the soft ploughed red earth, wet and draggled: her sole relief is her youngest brother's advent at noon, bringing a basin filled with hot potatoes, surmounted by a small piece of bacon. But it is autumn now, and these cheerless days are not yet.

Let us enter this cottage, and see its earthen floor, with the luxury of rude paving-stones around its margin; and its antique settle, made so that its back turns down and serves as a great table, whereon mother kneads the dough for the week's bread, while the youngsters

entreat her for their portion, which, moulded by their tiny hands into rude likenesses of the human shape with currant eyes, finds its place in the oven, to come out shrivelled and scorched, but not to be eaten with the less gusto by its enthusiastic bakers.

But now mother is out for the day, gathering sticks in the wood, or digging potatoes, for a pittance from some small farmer, and she has instructed little Sarah to brush and dust the house in her absence. The temptation to a game is great; and the proposition being made by Harry, Sarah yields the point of duty, casts away her brush, and joins in the roistering. "What shall we play at?" "Hide a stick" is Harry's suggestion. Forthwith a little piece of broken twig is chosen from the heaped-up provision of the wood-house. Harry is to secrete it, and sister and brother betake themselves upstairs meanwhile.

Now, Harry of the bright black eyes, where will thy wit instruct thee to hide it, to put at fault the keen hunters who are waiting upstairs? Harry looks around. There? no! In the table-drawer? no! and a dozen other places are thought of and rejected. Under the settle? yes! and Harry explores the advantages of the situation. Here are a pair of old soil-covered shoes, cast underneath as rubbish; deep in the toe of one of them he shoves the little twig, and then, flinging himself on the settle, rings out his merry shout, "Hide a stick, hide a stick, in a little hoyle (hole)." A clatter of little feet down the stairs, and a rush in opposite directions. "Cold, cold," cries Harry, enjoying the fun. They remove their search to other spots, little Dickey eagerly peering into every probable and improbable crevice, only to be still assured by his elder brother of his chilliness. Meanwhile Sarah perceives traces of disturbance about the settle foot. Instantly all the odd accumulation of goose-wing duster, pieces of broken crockery, strayed potatoes and onions, scraps of dried ferns, and old shoes are whiaked out, and into the toe of one shoe dives her pretty hand, without result, and now into the other. Eureka! "I have found it," she cries; and Harry's triumph is over. There is happy banter over the discovery. "Ah, Harry, you thought I should not find it there. It's my turn to hide it now, and we will see if you can find it where I put it."

The play goes on; all forgetful of time they carry it on, till the village clock striking five reminds Sarah that its next stroke will herald mother's return, all tired and hungry, from her labour. Fresh sticks are heaped on the hearth fire, and Harry is set to blow up its expiring embers, while Sarah busily engages in the work of brushing and tidying, and

preparing for the evening meal. But we must not stand in our little housewife's way now, for all must be ready when mother comes.

Farewell, happy, cheer-inspiring children of the poor. F. J. S.

TOO TIMID.

You look into my face as if
You had an anger in your heart;
Pray speak, and tell me if I have
In waking it a part.

You say you loved me. Ay, indeed!
You loved me as you loved your life;
And only waited time to ask
That I might be your wife.

You waited time, sir! Know that Time
Turns liquid heat to frozen cold;
Withers fair flowers and rots ripe fruit,
And changes young to old.

How should I know your love, forsooth?
Your hand was always loose and chill;
It never closed and sent through mine
A swift electric thrill.

How should I know your love, forsooth?
You never struck one fervid blow
Upon the red door of my heart;
Your knocking was too low.

How should I know your love, forsooth?
You stood too far, and never came
To let the love-fire of your eyes
Set my thoughts all a-flame.

You stayed too long; another spoke
And showed his love, a costly thing;
He looked it, lived it. Now I wear
Upon this hand the ring.

If you had spoken as he spoke
I might have answered to your claim;
But now too late. And not to me
But you belongs the blame.

Learn wisdom, sir. A woman sees
All that a man may dare to show.
You showed me nothing. Now, good-bye;
I leave you here, and go. A. N.

"THE BEST MAN WINS HER."

CHAPTER I.

HID away in the loveliest part of Perthshire, nestling among the often-sung Braes of Balquhiddy, lies Loch Voel, upon the shores of which Rob Roy lived and died; and where, in the quiet lonely kirkyard rests "Clan Alpin's omen and her aid." There are M'Gregors still in the clachan of Balquhiddy, M'Gregors who speak with glistening eye and heightened colour of the chief, and amongst whom no tales are so popular as those which treat of

the wild days when the clan with the "name nameless by day" was at once the terror and protection of the country. Every child knows the story of the feuds between the M'Larens and the M'Gregors, and how the Stewarts of Appin, coming to help their kinsmen, were met by the clansmen at the clachan, where Rob Roy challenged any one of Appin to single combat, eager, by ever such personal hazard, to avert the horrors of a battle. They will tell you, too, how the great Duke of Athol exhausted his time and patience trying to catch Rob Roy; and the story of the funeral, when Lady Glenfalloch, thinking her brother was slain, sprang upon the Duke and, dragging him from his horse, gave him such a taste of the tenderness of the M'Gregors that he took timely warning and retired, leaving Rob to bury his mother in peace and quiet.

Some ten years ago a descendant of Rob Roy's, Helen M'Gregor, was the beauty of Balquhiddy. Helen was a fair, blue-eyed, golden-haired lassie, with whom life had been one long laugh, and to whom the world seemed to bear neither frowns nor clouds. Her father, Tam M'Gregor, was a farmer, and well-to-do for his station; his sons helped him on the hills, and Helen was a tidy hand in the house, quite able to take many cares from her mother's shoulders.

Their cottage stood away from the clachan, near the foot of Meal-mach. A lovely little steading it was too, with high grey rocks on one side, on the other an oak and birch wood, among the branches of which the soft summer breezes, when they had kissed the lake into a ripple of delight, would sigh, and whisper their pleasant songs of brighter and warmer lands.

Tam's cottage had served the wants of many a generation of M'Gregors, here a little and there a little being added, as the owner's family increased or his fortunes prospered. The thatch was matted together by a flourishing growth of various plants, wallflowers and house-leek predominating. Roses and honeysuckle flourished in the narrow border, and, clustering round the windows, met gay and thriving geraniums, votive offerings from the gardener at Glenbuckie, who was one of Helen's many admirers. Helen, being fancy-free herself, was wont to make a joke about love; and not caring for either fairs or gatherings, escaped much of the gossip which attaches to other girls. Yet, quietly as the little maiden lived, she could no more avoid lovers than can the violet hide away her treasures from the bee. "Love will venture in whar he darna weel be seen," and accordingly Helen's lovers were neither few nor slack in

making their way to the farm; while, much to the girl's discomfort, her mother took pride to herself in counting the stalwart, well-to-do lads who would take a place by the ingle nook, and while talking to the farmer of the ewes, wool, and markets, would hope to catch a stray glance, kinder than usual, from Helen; who, however, went on with her spinning as if no eyes were seeking hers, and there were no such thing as love or wooing. And many a lad doubtless thought with Hobbie Elliott, that "whirling a bit stick wi' a thread trailing to it" was but poor and tiresome work.

One man came oftener than the rest, so often that it was whispered about that Helen and Duncan were courting, nor did Duncan attempt to deny what he wished in his inmost heart was true. He had loved Helen long, and had only waited for a farm to enter the lists openly. Now he had a farm and decent house to take a wife to, he thought the right time had come; and soon, seeing he had the goodwill of both father and mother, he was content to wait patiently until some happy day when Maggie's heart would waken up and his love meet its reward. And if Duncan was patient, it was because, never having doubted his success, he experienced a sort of gratification in beating down his passion, or anticipating from a distance the time when Helen would spin by his own hearth, and pay him back tenfold for what she made him suffer now.

The honest folk in Balquhider called Helen a lucky lassie, and watched the courting with general interest, not unmixed with envy, for Duncan was one of the handsomest and steadiest of the young men; more than that, and what perhaps went even further among the girls, Duncan was the champion wrestler, runner, and hammer-thrower, and twice had he carried off prizes from the Braemar Gathering. Duncan's courting had made no further impression upon Helen when the Gathering of 185—drew on. All the world went to Braemar that year, and Duncan, much to his own surprise and the indignation of the Balquhider people, was beaten both in wrestling and throwing by a newcomer, a young man who, by his superior style of dress and manner of speech, was evidently from a different part of the country, if not indeed of a different rank in life to that of the irate young Highlander; and when standing hot and angry after his last failure, he was by no means comforted by seeing Helen's cheeks reddened before the glances of the victor, who, cap in hand, introduced himself to Tam McGregor as the son of his old friend, Niel Lesley, and saying that he had

come to the Gathering on his way to Balquhider, his father having told him of the sheep-farming there, and how, for auld acquaintance' sake, he might be lucky enough to get his lesson in the management of flocks from Tam himself, a lesson he meant to put in practice as a farmer in Australia. Tam was pleased to find his friend had not forgotten him, nor was he proof against the compliment neatly offered to his farming skill. Moreover there is never a lack of hospitality among the Celts, and Tam made his young friend welcome to the best his house afforded so long as he liked to stay.

Niel was a fair-haired, blue-eyed man, tall and light-limbed, but with the muscles and sinews of a prize-fighter. He had been at the High School in Edinburgh, was well-up in modern topics, and able to hold forth upon subjects which rarely reached the ears of the inhabitants of the Braes, except when the shooting season brought down the great folk, and the great folk brought their servants; then politics, parliaments, and the court were familiarly discussed in every shieling.

Niel was no idler, either in work, or play, or love. Everthing he set his hand to he did in the manner, we are told, is sure to succeed. So no wonder that, falling in love, as he did at once, he roused what poor Duncan had watched and waited for in vain; and, waking up the sleeping heart, brought the love-light into the sweet hazel eyes, that softened and drooped now as they had never done before any man's gaze. There was no question of love speech between the two, and yet, before the summer came, Helen had found out what a different place love could make the world. There had never been such heather on the hills, or bracken and wild roses on the braes, as now bloomed: the love-filter was acting, and nature took tone, as it always does, from the heart.

"How bonnie you're growing, Nelly," said Tam one day, as Helen came running up the grass, her hair escaping from the sky-blue snood, the gay cotton short gown coming halfway down the striped linsey petticoat, which was just short enough to show her neatly-clad feet and shapely ankles, coquettishly arrayed in bright stockings, with elaborately-embroidered clocks. "What's come to the lassie, wife? She's breakin' the hearts o' half the lads in the place. There's Duncan, puir lad, fient a smile he'll gie now, but gangs as dour——"

"Wheesht, faither!" cried Helen, shutting his mouth with a rosy little palm. "Here's Duncan comin'."

As she spoke Duncan stalked up to the door. It was easy to see that something had

gone against the grain; the expression of his face, the tone of his voice, his very gait were changed; his clothes were thrown on with a carelessness unlike former days, and his eyes, restless and bloodshot, turned uneasily to Helen, as he made some commonplace remark to her father concerning the weather.

Helen's colour deepened. Something in the man's eyes struck like a knife to her heart, and lay there rankling, making the hot blood spring to her face, and the hand that had been on her father's mouth clench fiercely as if to beat back some burst of angering indignation. But the flush faded the next moment, and a shudder shook her from head to foot, for Niel came in from the hill, and as he turned the corner of the hedge, and Duncan's eyes fell upon him, Helen saw the thick black brows drawn passionately together, the big veins start like knotted cords, and the strong teeth set hard in the nether lip. She saw this, and even then her heart sank with an undefined fear; but it was not until some days afterwards, when the braes were ringing with the mysterious disappearance of Niel Lesley, that the full significance of that look was revealed to her.

CHAPTER II.

MANY and various were the reports circulated, until by the expiration of four days they all settled down into one strong judgment against Niel—a judgment which Helen's outburst of grief and pale stricken face unwittingly strengthened; and it was firmly believed that Niel, having won her love, had grown tired of her, and, to rid himself of her and his debt of gratitude to her father at once, had made a moonlight flitting. Duncan openly took little part in all that was said, so much so, that those busy people who are always, in all ranks, looking after their neighbours' affairs began to hold him up as an example of unselfish generosity. There was one, however, to whom his silence had a different signification, and that was Helen, who, from the day the alarm was given, had remembered that afternoon when she saw, as plainly as if written in black and white, the hatred unto death stamped in Duncan's face. She alone, watching as none other could, heard the impatient manner of speech and saw the strange look that had come upon the man's face; and a horrible suspicion and dread filled her mind, harder to bear than all the cruel things raised against Niel's character. There was one small ray of comfort left—a colley dog she had given Niel had disappeared the same day he was missed. He must be alive if Moss was with him; and if he had run away, as the people said, he would scarcely take such a continual sting to

his conscience as the faithful dog must be. So, in spite of the deadly fears that would at times overwhelm her, Helen held fast by hope, hiding her anxiety as best she could by getting away amongst the hills, and wandering about where she would meet no one to pity or condole with her.

The fifth day had come; it was a busy time, too, for they were gathering the flocks off the hills previous to the shooting season, and so it came about that Helen fell in with a flock in a lonely pass on the road to Ben Ledi, and, eager to escape the shepherds, she scrambled up the banks and hid herself among the whins.

Down the pass came the sheep, filling the air with their voices, stopping now and then to snatch a mouthful of heather. Presently, glancing away to the hill-side, Helen caught sight of a dog bounding down over scur and bush; but not until it was nearer and, diverted by the sounds in the glen, had turned aside and taken its stand upon a rock along the foot of which the sheep were passing, did she recognise her old colley, the very Moss she had given Niel. Helen's heart leapt to her mouth as she leant forward to watch the dog, who, falling into his old trade, stood yelping and howling over the flock, waking every echo in the pass, and rousing a perfect storm of bleating.

Helen tried to whistle, but her lips were shaking and dry. Then she called him by name. The dog came rushing up to her, and was soon whining at her side, licking her hands and face. As soon as she could see anything clearly through the tears that were blinding her, she saw that a blue ribbon was tied round Moss's neck, nearly hidden amongst the thick wool. Helen recognised the ribbon: it had once been hers; and she knew no hand but Niel's could have tied it there, and— But suddenly she ceased thinking. She had unfastened the string, and found a little bit of white calico, and read on it, written in blood, the words, "*Help! Riever's Crag.*"

Helen cannot tell to this how she got home; but in little more than half an hour the clachan was deserted, and men and women were all on their way to the Riever's Crag, a barren rock among the mountains, from which it was said a Cumberland reiver had been flung in the old days. The miles of moss and muirland were soon crossed, and by evening Niel Lesley was rescued from a living death, and safe, but not sound, at Tam M'Gregor's. Sound, poor lad! they whispered, he never would be again.

"He had slipped over the Crag, and in going down had caught at a whin-bush, which checked the impetus of his descent, and instead



"Down the pass came the sheep." (See p. 572.)

of going to the bottom of the cleft, he had fallen on a ledge. Here Moss had followed, but it was the fourth day before he could get the faithful dog to leave him, and bear home tidings that might save him."

Such was the account Niel gave, and such was the story that met Duncan as he came home from Callander, whither he had gone early in the day.

Time passed on, and the shooting season

brought many a visitor to Tam's cottage, for Niel's story was the romance of the year. He was still unable to walk, but his health was all right, and the doctors said he might get strong again in time. Niel never complained, nor could he, with such a nurse as Helen fluttering round him, propping him up with fragrant pillows stuffed with fresh-gathered heather and bracken, gathered, too, by the little hands that were so strong and

ready with their labour of love. It was only when pain kept him restless at night that the thought of being a cripple for life crushed him, and brought out all the training given by a good mother, and the stanch religious feeling inherent in almost every Scottish heart, the spirit that gave the world what Alexander Peden called "the praying folk," who carried their religion triumphantly through those terrible days when a bloody scaffold was thought a good shelter.

It was nearly a month since the day Niel had been carried home from the Crag. Night had just come, still, warm, and almost like twilight. Tam was smoking his pipe preparatory to his early bed-time, the women folk were knitting, and Niel, lying upon a couch the laird's sisters had sent him, was reading "Bob Roy" aloud, much to Tam's perplexity, who interrupted many times with denunciations against the text. Suddenly the open doorway was darkened, and Duncan stood in the entry.

"Welcome, lad," cried Tam. "Ye're jist in time to hear the havers they buik folk pit in prent aboot the M'Gregors. Read that again, Niel, that whar he says——"

But Duncan interrupted him.

"I didna cross the door to hear lees read. I cam to speak aboot a lee, to tell ye"—and his voice grew louder and hoarser as he spoke—"to tell ye that aye ye liked weel is a leer. We're a' frien's here," he said, in a different voice, looking round.

"Ay, ay, man. Sit doon," said Tam, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and turning to have a better look at Duncan. "Why, what ails ye, man?"

"Mickle ails me, Tam M'Gregor, and I cam on a grousome errand. I hae come to tak' awa' ye're faith in man for evermair, and to shame a hypocrite wi' the fair truth."

Helen laid down her knitting and drew nearer Niel; Tam glanced at him too. Niel's face was crimson, and his eyes, all dilated and eager, stared up at the great wild-looking man glowering down upon him, who went on speaking.

"Niel says he slippet doon the Crag. He didna slip. An enemy——"

"Stop him, Helen!" shouted Niel, trying to get up, but failing, he pushed the girl towards Duncan. "Stop him, for God's sake! The lad's mad. He doesn't know what he's saying. Don't listen to him, Tam. He's a fine fellow, and you all hear me say it. Duncan, man, shake hands with me, and do go quietly away, and let well alone."

Duncan's answer was to drop down upon his knees by Niel's side, and, covering his face with his hands, sob aloud.

"Na, na, Niel, I canna let alane. I maun tell them. Let me bide, lad; it's the fittest place. And whan I hae your forgiveness I'll gang on my knees to the Almighty; but I canna ask Him till I hae confessed my sin."

"Well, let me tell it, Duncan," said Niel, gently laying his hand upon the kneeling man's shoulder.

"No!" cried the other, sternly; "I'll no get the warst. Tam and Helen, I am a murderer, or as bad, for I had the thocht in my heart to take his life. Niel cut me oot wi' you, Nelly. Mad wi' jealousy, I said we'd gang to the Reiver's Crag and fight, and the best man shall win ye. Niel wad hardly gang till I telt him I'd ca' him through the country-side for a coward, and then he went. But whan I got to the top o' the Crag the dial got possession o' me, and catchin' him unaware I hurled him ower, thinking deed men tell nae tales. I never thocht o' the colley. Whan I heerd tell he was fund, I was like to gang mad. Every fut I thocht was a pollis; but whan the days passed, and Niel never tauld, it was war than a'. The hot burnin' coals were heaped on my heed, burnin' and smotherin' i' the brain, till this gloaming the thocht cam to mak a clean breest, and then gang awa' whar I'd never see a kenned face till the day o' judgment. Oh! Niel man, ye ken what loving her is; but even you canna tell what my heart was, and how neither bluid nor damnation were ony worth if I could only ha' won her here. Ye canna forgie me, Nelly lass, for I hae made him a cripple; but just say, 'Duncan, I'll ask the Lord to forgie ye,' and I'll gang awa' content."

Tam was the last to hold out the hand of forgiveness; but he, too, did so at last, and then Duncan went away.

Upon the top of the bank he turned, and, cap in hand, stood looking at the cottage. "Puir lad! he's prayin', maybe," thought Mrs. M'Gregor, who had followed her old favourite to the door.

Two years afterwards, and a few weeks after Niel and Helen were married, a letter came to the former—a letter written by a comrade of Duncan's, and then they knew for the first time that he had enlisted, and, going to India with one of the gallant regiments afterwards nicknamed "Sir Colin's petticoats," the poor broken-hearted lad had found the death he coveted before the walls of Lucknow, and was lying mortally wounded in the hospital, where he dictated his first and last letter to Niel, bidding him good-bye, and telling him to let the Balquhiddy folk know the true story of the Riever's Crag.

I. D. FENTON.

CASPAR HAUSER.

A SOCIETY of which the members—to quote their own programme—have sought to “study man in all his leading aspects, to investigate the laws of his origin and progress, and to ascertain his place in Nature and his relations to the inferior forms of life,” may be able to throw some light on the following extraordinary narrative, which combines the merits of doubtful veracity with the absorbing interest of that lately announced fiction, “The Boy Devourer of London; or, The Romance of the Torture Room.”

Our readers may remember a story in the “Arabian Nights” of a young man who was kept imprisoned in a subterranean dungeon by his father until certain matrimonial projects had been completed. We have all shuddered at accounts of unlucky creatures cut off from human sympathy and condemned to solitary confinement in ruinous outhouses for supposed insanity; but the narrative to which we are now desirous of drawing attention combines a peculiar interest of its own, with a tale as remarkable as any product of Eastern imagination, and—if true—as lamentable as the worst details ever published in a newspaper.

It was in the month of May, 1828, that there appeared standing at one of the gates of Nuremberg an object resembling in appearance a young man, but perhaps, after all, only a “missing link” of creation, whose attitude was motionless, and in whose hand was a letter addressed to an officer of light horse quartered in the town. The phenomenon spoke not but wept, and the questions of the curious inhabitants were met with a provoking degree of silence. The letter, on being opened, was found to contain a description of the bearer, who was said to have been imprisoned in a subterranean dungeon from the fourth to the sixteenth year of his age, and to be destined to enter the regiment of light horse commanded by the officer to whom the paper was addressed. No further details were added, saving that the lad had been baptised, and that his name was Caspar Hauser.

The interest of the good people of Nuremberg was at once awakened, and in spite of the lad's plaintive cries of *haam* (the provincial pronunciation of *heim*, home), which were supposed to denote his desire of returning to his dungeon, he was committed to the care of an “enlightened professor,” and declared by a decree of the magistrates an adopted child of the city.

The following description of Caspar Hauser is taken from a communication to the editor of *Le Globe*, dated Paris, Nov. 15th, 1829. The writer having been furnished with a letter to the magistrate to whom the care of superin-

tending the lad's education had been entrusted, enjoyed the advantage of a private view, and speaks of the phenomenon as “a youth below the middle height, thick and with broad shoulders.” We continue the narrative in the writer's own words:—

“His physiognomy was mild and frank, and, without being disagreeable, it was no way remarkable. His eyes announced weakness of sight; but his look, especially when a feeling of internal satisfaction or of gratitude made him raise it towards the skies, had a heavenly expression. He came up to us without embarrassment, and even with the confidence of candour. His carriage was modest. He was urged to speak, to give us an account of his emotions, of his observations upon himself, and of the happiness of his condition. We had no time to lose, for our horses were already harnessed. While I was reading an account, composed by himself, in which he had begun to retrace his recollection, he related to my travelling companion whatever had not yet been recorded in it, or replied to questions. I shall, therefore, first present the details of the narrative, and then mention what was repeated to me of a conversation of which I heard only a part. His manner of speaking and pronouncing German was that of a foreigner who has exercised himself in it for some years. The motion of the muscles of the face indicated an effort, and was nearly such as is observed in deaf and dumb persons who have learned to speak. The style of the written narrative resembled that of a scholar of ten or eleven years, and consisted of short and simple phrases, without errors in orthography or grammar. The following is a brief account of it: His recollections disclose to him a dark dungeon, about five feet long, four feet broad, and very low; a loaf of bread, a pitcher of water, a hole for his wants, straw for a bed, a covering, two wooden horses, a dog of the same material, and some ribbons, with which he amused himself in decorating them. He had no recollection of hunger, but he well remembered being thirsty. When he was thirsty he slept, and on awakening the pitcher was found full. When he was awake he dressed his horses with the ribbons, and when his thirst returned he slept. The man who took care of him always approached him from behind, so that he never saw his figure. He remained almost constantly seated. He recollects no feeling of uneasiness. He is ignorant how long this kind of life lasted, and when the man began to reveal himself and to speak to him, the sound of his voice became impressed upon his ear. The words are indelibly engraved upon his memory, and he has even retained his dialect. These words ran

exclusively on fine horses, and latterly on his father, who had some, and would give them to him. One day (I make use of this word although it is improper, for to him there was neither day, nor time, nor space) the man placed upon his legs a stool with paper, and led his hand in order to make him trace some characters upon it. When the impulse given by the man's hand ceased, his hand also stopped. The man endeavoured to make him understand that he was to go on. The motion being without doubt inopportune, the man gave him a blow on the arm. This is the only feeling of pain which he remembers. But the stool greatly embarrassed him, for he had no idea of how he should put it aside, and was utterly unable to extricate himself from this prison within a prison. One day, at length, the man clothed him (it would appear that he wore only a shirt, his feet being bare), and taking him out of the dungeon, put shoes upon him. He carried him at first, and then tried to make him learn to walk, directing the young man's feet with his own. Sometimes carried and sometimes pushed forward, he at length made a few steps, but after accomplishing ten or twelve he suffered horribly, and fell a-crying. The man then laid him on his face on the ground, and he slept. He is ignorant how long these alternations were renewed, but the ideas which he has since acquired have enabled him to discover in the sound of his conductor's voice an expression of trouble and anguish. The light of day caused him still greater sufferings. He retains no idea of his conductor's physiognomy, nor does he even know if he observed it; but the sound of his voice, he tells us, he could distinguish among a thousand." Here ends the narrative, and we now come to the conversation.

During the first days which he passed among men, he was in a state of continual suffering. He could bear no other food than bread. He was made to take chocolate: *he felt it, he told us, to his fingers' ends.* The light, the motion, the noise around him (and curious persons were not wanting to produce the latter), and the variety of objects which forced themselves upon his observation, caused an indescribable pain, a physical distemper; but this distemper must have existed in the chaos of his ideas. It was music that afforded him the first agreeable sensation; it was through its influence that he experienced a dispersion of this chaos. From this period he was enabled to perceive a commencement of order in the impressions by which he was assailed. His memory had become prodigious: he quickly learned to name and classify objects, to distinguish faces, and to attach to each the proper name which he heard pronounced.

He has an ear for music and an aptitude for drawing. At first he was fond of amusing himself with wooden horses, of which a present had been made to him, when he was heard continually to repeat the words "*horses, beautiful horses (ress, schone ress).*" He instantly gave up when his master made him understand that this was not proper, and that it was not *beautiful*. His taste for horses has since been replaced by a taste for study. He has begun the study of the Latin language, and by a natural spirit of imitation, his master being a literary man, he is desirous of following the same career. So extraordinary a phenomenon could not fail to inspire, independently of general curiosity, an interest of a higher order, whether in observing minds or in feeling hearts, and the women especially have expressed their feelings towards him in little presents and letters of the most tender kind. But the multitude of idle visits they made to him, and especially these expressions of tender feeling, were productive of danger to him, and it became necessary to withdraw him from so many causes of distraction, and to lead him into retirement. Accordingly he now lives retired in the bosom of a respectable family. He has made immense progress in the space of the last sixteen months, and in proportion as the sphere of his ideas enlarged he has made continual efforts to pierce the shades of his previous existence. They have been useless, at least as yet. "I incessantly try," said he to us, "to seize the image of the man; but I am then afflicted with dreadful headaches, and feel motions in my brain which frighten me." I have told you that his figure, his look, and his port bore the expression of candour, carelessness, and contentment. I asked him if he had, either in his dungeon or after coming out of it, experienced feelings of anger. "How could I," said he, "when there has never been in me" (and he pointed to his heart) "what men call anger?"

In October, 1829, a mysterious individual, of whom no traces could be discovered, made an abortive attempt to end poor Caspar's existence. The lad escaped with his life, but quite lost his faint glimmering of reason. He crouched in the corner of a cellar "as if he would again enter his cave," and by the words he let drop it was conjectured that the would-be assassin was his old and undiscovered enemy, the "conductor."

Let our readers form their own conclusions as to the value of this story, and discover its inconsistencies if they can. In the meanwhile conjecture can occupy itself with such considerations as the following:—Who could have written the letter held by Caspar at the gate of Nuremberg? If its composition was not

authorised by the poor boy's "conductor," from whence could it have emanated? Again, what could the gaoler have gained by writing a letter of which the particulars were at once so distinct, and so likely to result in personal danger? Caspar himself could not have supplied the details, as he is represented as being able to speak only with difficulty, much less of mentioning the precise ages at which he was imprisoned and liberated. Why should any one have attempted to assassinate poor Caspar? and if, as seems probable, the attempt was made by his "conductor," what motive could have led to it? Why was the unfortunate lad imprisoned? Have we a partial clue to the mystery in the fact that the man placed upon his legs a stool with paper, and held his hand in order to make him trace some characters thereon? Why, when Caspar began to recover his faculties, if he was able to describe his life in the dungeon and the appearance of his prison, could he give no clue as to how and by whom he was transported to Nuremberg? If he did supply particulars as to the objects and incidents of his journey, they must have been scanty, since the only result of the exertions of the "functionary, who by the nature of his office was charged with directing inquiries, was to establish a *probability* of the place of Caspar's imprisonment being *discoverable* in a district about ten leagues from the city of Nuremberg." Was the mystery of Caspar Hauser ever solved? and, if so, when and by whom?

ARTHUR OGLIVY.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning we were called early to start for Manchester, where the second concert was to take place.

Early rising—if breakfasting at nine o'clock can be said to necessitate early rising—was not in accordance with the tastes and habits of some of the party. The basso, who looked rather more yellow than the day before, took his seat at the breakfast-table without noticing any of us.

It had been agreed that we should not wait for each other, but order what we wanted, and breakfast as soon as we came down.

The contralto and her mamma were the first at table, and undertook to make tea—a duty rather irksome, considering how long it lasted. The Sultan came next, and was the object of especial attention on the part of the waiters, in whose opinion he was evidently the father of the party, either from his commanding appearance, or the fact of his having given such particular orders about the supper

the previous evening. And a hearty meal he made, finishing up with half-a-dozen boiled eggs beaten up in a tea-cup (carefully warmed by the cunning epicure), bread crumbs, and fresh butter, seasoned with cayenne pepper, and judiciously flavoured with a few anchovies—a splendid composition, worthy of Czapek, and one well worth trying.

The prima donna was more anxious about her pets than herself, and wholly neglected her own breakfast in looking after theirs. They were in a strange country, she said, and should have every care taken of them.

Bottesini, in his own delightfully philosophical way, was as usual indifferent to what was brought him. There surely never was a more easily contented human being than this musical magician.

Sivori rushed into the room just as we were told that it was time to think of going to the train. With his eyes he devoured everything upon the table, and ended in making his *jentaculum* of an egg and a cup of tea, which he took standing, in true old Roman fashion. He had had hard work, he said, in packing his portmanteau. Had the truth been known, I dare say he had been practising, and forgotten all about the time we were to start.

Sivori's portmanteau is an object worthy of note. It is a veritable Noah's Ark, containing perhaps more curiosities than even that ancient receptacle. I have known it any time for the last fifteen years, and wonder as often as I see it how it holds so long together, and that articles of so much value should be confided to its care. Diamond rings, pins, and studs, are thrown in heedlessly, to get lost among violin strings, cigar-cases, and dirty linen. Their owner seems to attach but little importance to them.

"Andiamo?" said the Sultan to Sivori.

"Per di! aspetta un momento," replied Sivori, with his mouth full.

"Yes, I'll wait," replied the Sultan, "but the train won't."

The others had gone on, and there was not a moment to lose. The Sultan took possession of the violin-case, and walked out of the room. Sivori, not liking to lose sight of his treasure, left the egg half finished, and, with a slice of bread-and-butter in his hand, followed the maestro. The hotel joined the railway-station, and all the party were on the platform.

Having laid in a stock of newspapers—the Birmingham daily papers and those published in London the evening before—the party took their seats, tickets were shown, and the travellers were on their second day's journey.

A small railway chess-board had been purchased at Birmingham, and Sivori and the Sultan commenced a game. It lasted but a

short time, the oscillations of the carriage apparently facilitating check-mate.

Chess being monotonous and condemned by the prima donna as a very selfish amusement, vingt-un was suggested.

"But where are the cards?" asked the Impresario.

The question was repeated more than once, and a general desire evinced for a game, when the contralto's mamma confessed she had a pack with which, in her idle moments, she told her fortune or played "patience."

"Brava!" exclaimed the tenor, as the good-natured old lady brought forth from her hand-bag a pack of cards, of which the original colour had long since become invisible.

"I'm afraid they are rather soiled," said the lady, handing them to the Sultan.

"They will do well enough; although, as Charles Lamb used to say, 'if dirt were trumps what hands we should all have,'" said the Impresario.

A railway wrapper was spread carefully across the knees of all in the carriage, and made a very good substitute for a *tapis vert*.

"What are we to play for?" asked one of the party; in answer to which inquiry the stakes, by command of the soprano, were strictly limited to pence.

"And what is to be the highest stake?" asked the Sultan.

"Trois sous," said the prima donna.

"Three-pence! we shall be ruined!" exclaimed the Impresario.

"I will not have it higher," added the fair tyrant.

"Soit,"—and the game began.

We played for an hour or more, and had cut up the newspaper for counters. When it was agreed to finish the game, the basso had his pockets full of bits of paper, about ten shillings' worth; having, in fact, won everything.

"Vingt-un is very pretty," he remarked, as he pulled out a handful and placed the bits of paper on the railway wrapper.

The Impresario at this moment opened the window next to which the basso was setting.

A sudden gust of wind scattered the counters all over the carriage, much to the basso's annoyance.

"Der Teufel!" exclaimed the lucky player, as he tried to gather his winnings together. The bits of paper were at length collected, and the pool being distributed, the cards were restored to their rightful owner, who, through their medium, indulged herself with a peep into futurity, and offered to tell everybody's fortune. She made Sivori angry by assuring him that a light-haired lady, who came from a long distance, was waiting for him in Man-

chester. It is not known whether the great violinist had any reason to expect that such a prophecy might be realised to his discomfort or not; at all events it did not please him. The basso was told to prepare for a terrible disappointment, and many crosses. He laughed in his furs at the prediction, one which, however, as we shall see, was nearer the truth than such things generally are. The fortune-telling came to an end, and the cards were put back into the hand-bag;—the Impresario promising the lady he would buy some others for her if she would accept them. Whether the excitement of the game had worn them out, or the movement of the train had a somniferous influence upon them, most of the party fell asleep after the cards had disappeared, leaving the Sultan and the Impresario to themselves.

"Sad thing Jullien's death," said the former, commencing a conversation.

"Yes, indeed," replied the manager, "and a greater loss to music than many are willing to allow. We shall not see his like again. What falsehoods are told," he continued, "about the music published under his name having been written for him by other men."

"He died in a lunatic asylum, did he not?" asked the Sultan.

"Yes, in Paris," said the Impresario.

"His was an extraordinary career. You must have seen a great deal of him," continued Hatton.

"I knew him well, and a more delightful companion you could not wish for, although during the last year or two of his life his manner and conversation were rather strange. There was no subject upon which Jullien could not talk, and on some he talked remarkably well. I remember going with him over St. George's Hall, Liverpool, before it was quite finished. Those who were with us were astonished at the experience and learning in the different schools of architecture Jullien showed by his remarks. Some of the suggestions he made as to the arrangement of the different rooms and law courts were, I believe, adopted."

"He was still in the prime of life when he died, was he not?" asked Hatton.

"Forty-eight was his age. Here," continued the Impresario, putting his hand into his pocket, "are some memoranda of his career which Madame Jullien gave me just before leaving town. She says," said the manager, reading, "Jullien was born at Sisteron, in the Lower Alps, April 23, 1812. His mother was an Italian. His father, a Frenchman, was professor of music, and conductor of the band of the Garde Nationale. Jullien gave early indication of his talent for

music. The first instrument he learnt to play was the drum, on which he performed in the band when quite a child. Afterwards he studied the violin, and on that instrument was the principal attraction as an infant prodigy at some concerts his father gave in the principal towns in Italy. When a lad, he went on board the man-of-war *La Sirène*, his father having been appointed conductor of the ship's band. He was present at the battle of Navarino. His father being ill, he did duty for him as conductor; and the admiral wishing to hear some of the music of *Der Freischütz* on the band, young Jullien set about scoring it from a pianoforte copy."

"I should say the admiral had a chance of hearing a performance something like that which Jean Jacques Rousseau tells us was his first attempt at scoring and conducting," interrupted the Sultan.

"And that the juvenile musician was nothing but the 'insolent maker of noise,'" said the Impresario. "I don't know about that," he continued; "if the effect of Jullien's score had been anything like that of Rousseau's, he would, I fancy, have been put in chains, or dismissed the service, which he certainly was not. According to these notes," said the manager, "it appears that after the war was over he returned to France, and played for six months on the piccolo, in the band of one of the regiments of the line. He had a great desire to go to Paris and study composition at the Conservatoire, and for that purpose started on foot for Paris, and entered the Conservatoire under Cherubini and Halevy—he had to play in the orchestras of the *Barrière* to earn enough to keep him. His performances attracted the attention of the proprietor of the *Jardin Turc*, who made him conductor of that establishment. He there created an immense sensation by playing the *Nightingale Valse* on the piccolo. All Paris flocked to hear him. He there formed the acquaintance of Rossini. One evening, after the performance of the overture of 'Guillaume Tell,' the composer came up and introduced himself, saying he was Rossini the composer, and wished to suggest some slight alteration in the 'reading' of the overture.

"The great maestro was so delighted with the readiness of the conductor to fall in with his suggestion, that they were ever afterwards friends, and Rossini obtained for him the direction of the *Bals d'Opera*. Jullien was at this time the idol of the Paris public, making about 4,000*l.* a year. He was, however, young and reckless, and spent his money faster than he earned it. When at the height of his popularity in Paris, he opened the celebrated casino in the *Chaussée d'Antin*. The

success of this undertaking was so great, that the managers of the theatres endeavoured to suppress it, and the police authorities were induced to order the room to be closed. This led Jullien to publish a programme, in which he turned the French Government into ridicule, and for this offence he was condemned to imprisonment, and a heavy fine. To escape this punishment he fled to England, where he made his first appearance at *Drury Lane Theatre*, in 1838. Eliason was then the manager of the theatre, and engaged Jullien to conduct the dance music. His success was so great that Eliason soon made him *conducteur en chef*.

"In 1841 he made his first provincial tour, and in 1842 opened the *Lyceum* for promenade concerts. At the end of that season, Jullien returned to Paris, being promised by Louis Philippe that if he surrendered himself he should be pardoned. He underwent a short imprisonment at *St. Pélagie*, with other political offenders, and was liberated.

"In the spring of 1843 he returned to London, and made a large sum of money by publishing his own polkas and valsees. In November of 1843 he gave a second series of concerts at the *English Opera*. He then accepted a proposal to join Mr. Gye, who, for a short time, had been employed by him as manager in some concerts at *Covent Garden*. This partnership in concerts continued up to Jullien's departure for America in 1853.

"In 1847 Jullien opened *Drury Lane* as an English opera, and introduced *Sims Reeves* to the London public. This undertaking was unfortunate, and the manager became bankrupt. On his examination, he was highly complimented by the Commissioner, who told him that he left the court without a stain on his character.

"In 1852 his opera '*Peter the Great*' was produced at *Covent Garden*. In July, 1853, he left for America, under engagement to his London publishers. The expenses of this expedition completely absorbed the receipts and 5,000*l.* besides. Instead of relying upon Jullien's name as the great attraction which it really was, a mistaken policy induced the managers to take out a number of instrumental performers, whose salaries and living cost more than the receipts could possibly cover. Jullien remained in America until June, 1854, and visited every town of importance in the United States. It was at his concerts that the English custom was introduced in America of rising while the national anthem, '*Hail Columbia*,' was sung.

"On his return to England, he went to his château near *Waterloo*, in Belgium."

"Yes, I remember his assuring me," said

Hatton, "that he had so cut the trees of a certain plantation on his Belgian estate, that when the wind was in the south they played the slow movement of Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony."

"That must have been shortly before his death," said the Impresario. "However, let us finish these notes. Jullien remained at his château," he continued reading, "until the concerts began at Drury Lane in the autumn of 1854. They were so successful that they were carried on at Covent Garden after Christmas."

"In 1856 the Surrey Gardens were opened by a company, a magnificent hall having been built for Jullien's promenade concerts. I was interested with Jullien in that undertaking, and had arranged to pay all expenses, vocalists, &c., for half the receipts, Jullien finding the band and his own services for the other half."

"Rather a one-sided division," remarked the Sultan.

"Rather so," continued the Impresario, "considering I included Grisi, Gassier, Alboni, and other 'stars' in my list of payments. The arrangement was for a fortnight. At the end of the first week the band struck for arrears of salaries due to them, not by Jullien, but by the company that had failed. The musicians declared they would not perform unless I endorsed their engagements, and made myself liable for the whole debt. Their determination was made formally known to Jullien one Saturday afternoon in the Gardens, after the morning concert had taken place. I was absent. Jullien sent his secretary to my house to fetch me. In order to keep the band together until I arrived, and could make some arrangement, Jullien made them a speech, addressing them from a chair on which he stood, and from which he would have the first intimation of my approach. He spoke for some time, and I believe very nearly succeeded in inducing the band to do as he wished them without my intercession. In the excitement of speaking he knelt down and repeated a few words in French. He had seen me enter the Gardens. As I came near the little crowd of instrumentalists, Jullien jumped up from among them on to the chair, and pointing to me, said—'Gentlemen, my prayers have been heard; *voilà l'homme avec l'argent.*' The musicians hurried round me like a swarm of bees on a lump of sugar."

"And did you pay them?" asked the Sultan.

"No I did not; but Jullien got the assistance of a military band then playing in the Gardens, and the concert that evening was duly performed, Jullien telling the audience that his Sepoys had revolted; and that had it

not been for the gallantry of the British soldiers, he would have been sacrificed. It was during the time of the Indian Rebellion, and the effect of the speech was tremendous."

"In 1857 his cornet-à-piston player, Koenig, died insane at Paris. The loss of one with whom he had been so long associated had a serious effect on Jullien, and from this period his energies seemed to fail him; he was most anxious to return to France. His last concerts in London took place at the Lyceum in 1858. His last appearance in public was at the Free-Trade Hall, Manchester, in the early part of February, 1859. After this he left England, broken in health and spirits. He went to Paris, where he was imprisoned for debt at Olichy. He was arrested as an Englishman, at the suit of an Englishman. This greatly increased his mental excitement, which had been for some time apparent. On being liberated, he arranged to give some concerts on a grand scale at the Cirque Imperial, in the Champs Elysées. The first was to have taken place on March 12, 1860, but it was found necessary to put him under restraint some three weeks before that time."

"He was sitting at the pianoforte one morning, when he suddenly rose with a knife in his hand, and, addressing a young lady who was on a visit in the house, told her he had an inspiration from heaven to kill her. With wonderful presence of mind, she declared she was ready to die, but asked him to grant her one favour before fulfilling his mission. 'What is it?' he replied; 'I have power to agree to what you may demand.' She begged that he would let her hear him play some of his own compositions on the piccolo. He consented, and went into an adjoining room to fetch the instrument. She turned the key upon him and rang for assistance. He was taken to Dr. Pinet's Maison de Santé, known as La Folie St. James, where he died raving mad, on March 14, 1860."

"What a sad and terrible end!" said the Sultan.

"Terrible indeed," replied the Impresario, "and for one who, before his illness, was so good and kind to every one about him. Jullien did a great deal for the cause of music and the musical profession, and deserved a better fate."

"I allow he did very much towards rendering classical music popular with the English public, but I do not see what he did for the musical profession," said the Sultan.

"If he increased the love of the art among those whose money supports the artist, it surely follows that he improved the condition of the latter."

"Well, in that sense, it is as you say," replied Hatton.

"Then again, Jullien, in common with every Impresario, was the direct means of distributing a very large sum of money among the profession, and he paid his instrumentalists, or had them paid, as I know to my cost, better than any conductor who ever had an orchestra under his command."

"I have heard that before," said the Sultan.

"Dear me," said Hatton, "your stories of Jullien have wiled away the time so pleasantly and quickly; here we are at Manchester."

"FISH FOR THE HALL."

"Now, then, which of you is going to get me a big fish? Don't all speak at once. Come, one of you must. Which is it to be? Joe'll go, I know; won't you, Joe? I must have one before to-morrow night for the Squire. You needn't look so black, all of you."

Jenny Cooper, the speaker, was the prettiest girl in Shippon, and certainly she looked uncommonly pretty now, as she stood with her face flushed and her bright hair ruffling in the breeze in the middle of a knot of admirers at the gangway which ended the principal street of the village. It was a slack time in Shippon. The herring-fishing was just over—such a fishing as there had not been for years. The fishermen spoke of one shoal of herrings twenty miles long and ten broad, and so thick that their nets were torn with the weight of fish. Many of the boats had had to run into Harmouth deep loaded after a single haul.

The only boat which had not done well was one belonging to old Tim West, Jenny's grandfather, and the Squire, which had been put in charge of young Joe Crask. She had run aground the night before the great haul, and had had to put in for repairs, which cost a good deal of money. The consequence was that poor Joe, instead of having to receive a hundred pounds or so for his share of the fishing, found himself actually out of pocket, and worse off than all his neighbours and rivals. His old mother had not a hundred of coal to begin the winter with, and his own chances of Jenny, which had looked so bright as he started, seemed more distant than ever.

It was "aggrewaiting," as he said, poor fellow, and it was not unnatural that he should have listened to the two pairs of banns which had been put up in church for the first time last Sunday very much as if they had been intended for personal insults to himself.

The big boats had come in to land their tackle a week ago, and then, what with noisy fish-sales on the beach and shouting men and

women hauling in the lines and heavy ropes, and crab-boats pulling backwards and forwards through the breakers, Shippon for a time had been all excitement and life. Now the bustle was all over.

Only a few of the crews were back from Harmouth, and the weather had been so unsettled that none of the small boats had ventured out, and the beach was almost deserted. It happened that when Jenny broke into the group on the cliff they had just been discussing the horizon, and had come to the conclusion that it was going to be an uncommonly ugly night, and the consequence was that there was by no means the eager competition she considered there ought to have been for the honour of going to sea to catch her a fish.

"Now, come, one of you *must* go. Come, Joe, you will, won't you, that's a dear? I don't know how many people there ain't a-coming to the Hall. There was the Squire hisself come down this morning, and says 'Jenny,' says he, 'if you don't get me a fish, I don't know what I won't do to you. I doubt I'll have to have you cooked yourself.' You wouldn't like that now, Joe, would you?"

But for once blandishment and satire (and Jenny was a good hand at both) were thrown away, and not even the last terrible suggestion of the Squire's turbot-kettle could win her point, so the pretty girl tossed her head and said, in her most contemptuous tone, "You ain't none on you fit to catch a dog-fish. I won't have nothin' more to say to you," and went off in a huff.

Joe Crask had been standing with the others, but except to answer Jenny when she appealed directly to him, he had taken no part in the conversation.

He watched her light figure tripping up the street till she turned a corner out of sight; and then, with his hands in his pockets, he sauntered down the gangway and over the breakwater, till he came to a gap in the cliff where a little stream of fresh water runs down a hollow and loses itself among the loose shingle on the beach. A narrow plank bridge crosses it about a hundred yards or so from the shore, and there Joe stopped in the hopes of meeting Jenny, who lived with an old grandfather in a cottage on the opposite cliff. It was beginning to get dusk already; and he had not waited many minutes before he caught a glimpse of a print dress fluttering down the winding path, and she was beside him.

"Stop a minute, Jenny dear," he said. (The plank was only broad enough for one, and he stood on it.) "Wait a minute, Jenny. I brought this for you from Harmouth.

"You'll have it, won't you?" It was a few yards of blue ribbon. "I would ha' brought something better, Jenny, only you know I wasn't lucky."

Now Jenny, like most pretty girls, was a bit of a tyrant; and, like all tyrants, was not fond of being thwarted. She had set her heart on getting a fish for the Hall, and as it was not to be had, she felt personally aggrieved, and was not at all sorry for an opportunity of snubbing poor Joe, who, she knew, would care for it.

"Thank you, I'm very much obliged; but I don't want any ribbons. When I do, I'll buy them myself. Good-night! please let me come by, I must go home."

"I bought it o' purpose for you, Jenny; I thought you'd ha' liked it. Do stop a minute, Jenny; I'll come with you. It ain't safe to go to sea, Jenny; it ain't indeed, or I'd go out in a minute. You know I would, Jenny."

"Thank you. I don't ask nobody to go if they're afraid! Please let me come by; I'm late." She pushed by him; but he held her.

"Jenny! Jenny! don't speak to me like that. I hain't seen you once since afore the fishing, and I can't abide to have you speak to me o' that manner, Jenny. Stop a minute, do; Jenny! dear Jenny!"

She was gone, and Joe was supremely miserable. It was dark before he left the bridge. "Hankering arter that gall again," thought his old mother, as she gave him his supper, before he went off to bed at seven o'clock. "Them galls don't know when they be well off. Higgetty-jigging things they be, so aggrewatin'! She ain't wuth him."

At half-past eight o'clock punctually the next morning Squire Lindon came down into the dining-room at the Hall, and rang the bell for prayers.

He was a fine tall man of fifty-six; the age at which Mrs. Norton maintains that a handsome man is most picturesque.

He had a pleasant, open face, a broad forehead, thin, curly hair, and a colour which smacked unmistakably of sea-breezes and exercises in the open air. Shippon had belonged to his family since 1370, when a Lindon (if tradition speaks true, no better than he should have been) had received the heiress in payment of a bad debt from Edward III.

The estate was extensive, though anything but a rich one. The greater part consisted of heathy hills, and the land which was under cultivation was very poor. Though, however, there were many wealthier men in the country, none held their heads higher than Squire

Lindon. He was proud of his fine old house, with the family motto and "Laus Deo" in venerable grey stone letters running, as a balustrade, the whole length of the front; proud—(will wiser readers smile at him?)—of the sacred inheritance of family tradition and a good old name; and all the more fondly proud of his only daughter Edith, a bright girl of nineteen, because her laughing brown eyes and fair waving hair were precisely those of a beautiful picture by Lely, which held an honoured place among the family portraits that hung over the black oak staircase and covered the panelled walls of the great stone hall. She came into the room and held up her face to be kissed, just as he had finished reading his letters and was cutting his newspaper.

"I'll tell you what it is, Miss Paleface," he said, as he took the little upturned face in both his hands and kissed it tenderly; "I'll tell you what it is, we must not have any more dancing if we can't get our roses back for two days after it. Hadn't we better make mamma write and tell the stupid people not to come on Thursday? Eh, miss? what do you say?"

"Oh, papa! how it has been blowing. It woke me at half-past three, and I could not get to sleep again at all. Jane says Holland was up here just before she came to me and told her more than fifty trees were blown down between four and five. Oh, I do hope all the boats are safe at Harmonth before now."

"It's off shore, darling, and I don't think it will have done any mischief here except to my trees; but go and look on the table, and see if you can't find anything to bring back those roses."

The missing roses did come back in a minute as Edith snatched up a letter. It was from her brother's college chum, Sir Arthur Hamlin, the fortunate heir of some seven thousand a year in a ring fence not thirty miles from Shippon: more fortunate still in his own estimation in having won the love of the sweetest girl in the county, and being engaged to Edith Lindon.

"Well, dear, when is he coming?" asked Mrs. Lindon. A large party was expected at the Hall the next day, for a week's shooting and a ball, and Sir Arthur, as a matter of course, was to be one. "Will he wait to pick up Henry at Cambridge, or will he come over to-night?"

"I don't know, mamma; I expect he'll very likely be here to-night. He says, 'My new yacht, the "Edith," is at Wellport. If it's very fine indeed, perhaps I shall bring her round to Shippon for you to see. I have had

some alterations made in the cabin, and I know you will like her. If the weather is in the least bad, I shall look out for Henry at Norborough, and drive over on Tuesday night or Wednesday morning.' He'll be here to-day, I know he will! It was so windy yesterday morning that he would not have gone down to Wellport at all, so he'll be sure to be over with Henry this afternoon. I must go down to Lower Shippon this morning."

"My darling, indeed you mustn't do any such thing," said Mrs. Lindon; "I can't think of letting you go out at all in such weather. Why it's raining hard, you would catch cold and be laid up all the week, if you were not blown away over the cliff. You know you would."

"Oh, mamma, please; I've got ever so many things I must do, and I shan't have another chance. Please do let me, mamma."

"Well, dear, we will see how it looks after lunch; you must take a book and be quiet till then. You haven't got rested after the Hurton dance yet, so give me another cup of coffee, and then finish your own breakfast, like a good child."

The sun had found its way through the rolling clouds, and the wind had dropped before Edith had finished her book, and luncheon was ready. So her ponies were ordered, and she drove off, armed with plenty of wrappers and a basket of jellies and soup. About half way down from the Hall to the village, a fisherman stopped her to say that old Susan Crask was in trouble again. Her boy Joe had got up early in the morning and gone out to sea alone, without saying a word to anyone, just before the squall.

They had missed his boat on the beach, and a man coming along-shore some hours after had picked up one of his oars, and a baling-tin which was recognised as his; and "I ax your pardon, miss," the old fellow went on, "but I was just a-coming up to tell you. Susan she takes on terrible about it, and I thought, miss, as how mayhap you wish to be a-coming to see her if you knewed."

"Oh! I'll go now at once. I am so sorry. Whatever could have made him go out such a morning?—and all alone, too. Oh, how shocking it is! Poor old Susan."

The old man shook his head mysteriously, and said in a lower tone, "They do say, miss, as how it was Jenny Cooper made him go to get her a fish. They do say so. They was a-keepin' company, you know, miss."

In a very few minutes Edith was at the cottage. She tapped quietly, and went in. The room into which the door opened was low and dark; but the floor was neatly sanded, and everything, from the bottles of different-

coloured sands and the model ship on the chimney-piece to the old-fashioned walnut drawers against the opposite walls, was carefully dusted and scrupulously clean.

In a low chair, in front of the little fire which burnt in a corner of the grate, sat Susan Crask, rocking herself slowly backwards and forwards, and moaning every now and then. Beside her stood Jenny, pale and silent, with a touching wistful look in her eyes; but the old woman took no notice of her, and scarcely seemed to know she was there.

When Edith came in she made a slight movement of recognition, but said nothing, and went on rocking herself as before. Edith's own eyes were so dim that she saw nothing of the hopeless look in poor Jenny's face as she handed her a chair.

"Poor dear old Susan!" she said, as she took the old woman's horny hand in hers. "Poor dear old Susan!"

There was a silence, broken only by Susan's moans, which were deeper than before, and the hollow tickings of the old upright clock in the corner. At last she spoke.

"I knewed how 'twor—I knewed how 'twor when I heard his voice come in at the window. I knewed what that meant. Father, brothers, husband, and now my boy! Oh! Joe, Joe, Joe! to forget old mother for a pink murderin' hissey!" The flood-gates were open, and the old woman sobbed like a child.

Poor Jenny! Her punishment had come quickly—a bitter punishment it was, poor girl. What might have been, and what was; how different all seemed now, now that it was too late—now that his mother had called her his murderess. Poor child! She dared stay no longer, and too miserable to care where she went or what she did, she stole noiselessly to the door and out into the street. The men and women looked at her and whispered as she passed; but she took no notice of anything, and hurried through the little narrow turnings which lead out past the preventive houses into the field beyond the village. There she was alone. For the length of a field or two the cliff above Shippon gets gradually higher, till at the "Sugar-loaf" it towers up three hundred feet above the sea. A little beyond the highest point a huge mass of the upper soil and turf, loosened probably by the land-springs, has become detached, and slipped bodily down, and rests suspended between sea and sky, a hundred feet from the top of the cliff and a hundred and fifty or more from the beach below.

There is a great charm about the "Gull's Nest," as the spot is called. You seem to overhang the sea. Wherever you look is sea, nothing but sea. To the left is sea, stretching away

to a low line of purple shore in the dim distance, fringed at all times with a hazy line of white foam. At times, when the sun is setting over a full spring-tide, you may see ships in a stream of gold behind the line of purple. That is Rakeston Harbour—ten miles off. To the right, beyond the sharp chalk needles which hem in the Gull's Nest on that side, you look over sea unlimited—sea which seems to rise up and mix with the sky.

But the view had no charms for Jenny. She scrambled down the cliff, and threw herself down out of sight, out of hearing of the village, among the damp grass, and strained her eyes all over the waste of waters.

It was low tide, and the breakers were growling surlily among the naked rocks, a couple of hundred yards from the foot of the cliff. A single little schooner was tossing about far out beyond the sand-bank, almost hidden at times by the white crested waves, but not a sign of *his* boat. She hid her face in her hands, and cried as if her heart would break.

The wind had veered round since the morning, and was blowing now in short, uncertain gusts from the sea. Jenny had nothing on her head, and was cold and shivering, when something colder even than her own poor little wet cheek, touched it for a moment. Edith's pet white and yellow setter had found her, and looked at her with a puzzled expression in his great hazel eyes as she started up, just in time to see his mistress climbing down to her. Edith had heard which way she had gone, and had come to look for her.

"Come home, Jenny," she said, gently; "don't stop out in the cold any longer. How wet you are! You'll make yourself ill, and then what will become of poor old Tim."

"Oh, miss!—oh, miss! that's all my fault. I wish I was dead, I do!" and she threw herself down again, choking with a fresh burst of tears.

There is something wonderfully soothing and strengthening in sympathy. It seems almost as if every sorrow, small or great, brought a certain appointed weight of pain with it—a weight which must be carried somehow or other. No friend may relieve us of our share altogether, but a kindly helping hand may ease the weight as surely as if the burden were material.

Jenny, like old Susan, found it so; and both felt their hearts a little lighter before Edith drove away. She had not started a minute too soon; her ponies were not long in whisking her home, but the wind had begun to blow hard, and she had only just time to run down to the greenhouse for a bunch of

blue Russian larkspur for her hair before it began to rain again.

Dinner was laid at half-past six for five, but Edith and her father and mother sat down by themselves, half expecting every minute to hear the sound of wheels on the gravel in front, and a ring at the bell; but they were disappointed, and at eleven o'clock Mr. Lindon got up and put down his book, and stretched himself in front of the drawing-room fire, and said,—

"Well, I don't think these boys will turn-up to-night now. If they had caught the six o'clock train they would have been here before now, so I think we had all of us better go to bed. What a noise the wind does make, to be sure; we have not had such a gale all the year. Come, missy, put down your work and trot off. Here is a candle for you. I sha'n't be long I know before I'm asleep for one. Give me a kiss, my darling child, and say good-night."

The wind shrieked among the gables and chimney stacks, and the windows rattled till a stranger might have thought that the whole place was coming down; but the old hall had stood every storm for a good many hundred years, and was likely to stand for a good many hundred more.

The Squire was too much accustomed to the noise of a "north-easter" to let it disturb him in the least; but he had not been many minutes in bed, and was only just settling into his first sleep when another sound caught his attention, and he started up to listen. He had not time to rub his eyes before it came again. A bang and rattle at his window. Some one below was throwing gravel against the glass. Mr. Lindon knew well enough what the noise meant, and jumped out of bed and threw up the window.

"Hulloa, is that you, Tim? What is it?"

An old man in a long oiled coat and a sou'-wester stood in the garden beneath.

"What is it, Tim?"

"Skewner, sir, in agin the Gull's Nest."

"Stop there, I'll be down in a minute. Stop there."

Unfortunately a shipwreck was only too common an event at Shippon. In a very few minutes Mr. Lindon was dressed and had knocked up the butler and given orders.

"Wake George, and tell him to put the brown horse in the omnibus, and to take plenty of rugs and coats and wait at the Lendon Arms, to be ready if he is wanted. Tell him to send one of the boys on "Lady Grey" as hard as he can ride, to Captain James for the mortar, and be sure there is a good fire kept up in the kitchen.

Squire Lindon and Tim fought their way

as best they could against the hurricane. It was slow work, and the "bus" was at the village almost before they reached the Gull's Nest by a short cut.

There it was no easy matter to stand at all. The huge waves were thundering half way up the cliff, and the sea, wherever they could catch a glimpse of it through the blinding shower of foam flakes which blew in their faces, was black as ink. A single light showed the direction of the doomed ship, and every now and then as she rose for a moment on some giant wave they could see her black hull and spars against the sky. She had cleared the shoal, and was driving straight in for the "Needles."

"If she strike there," said a coastguard man, as the wind dropped for a few seconds, "that will be all over very quick."

If only she could round the point (but who on board was to know that) there was a chance of saving the crew, if the mortar arrived in time. A chance; but a desperate one. It would be hopeless to attempt to get the life-boat off in such a sea. It was only in the momentary lull that the crowd of eager watchers on the cliff could hear one another speak.

"What is she?" shouted the Squire. "Can you make her out?"

"Not altogether, sir, she seemed a'most as though she was a standing in this arternoon afore the wind changed. She appear more like a big yacht nor anything. I doubt that's what she is."

A gentle hand was laid on the Squire's arm. He started as he looked round and saw his daughter.

"My child, how could you——?"

"Papa, papa, it's the 'Edith'!" and she fell helpless into his arms.

Edith had not gone to bed when she left the drawing-room. She had sent her maid away, and sat down in an easy chair in front of her fire, and had fallen asleep and was dreaming when the noise in the house roused her. Her first idea was that Sir Charles and her brother had come; but very soon she understood that it was a wreck; and, seized with a horrible indefinite dread, such as she had never felt before, she snatched up her hat and a thick cloak and veil and ran down-stairs just as the "bus" was starting, and jumped in.

The first words which caught her ear on the cliff were, "She appears more like a big yacht nor anything; I doubt that's what she is."

The fatigues of a day of unusually painful excitement, the solitary night-drive from the Hall, and the last crowning agony of finding

her worst fears realised, had been too much for the slight, delicate girl, and overtaxed nature brought its own relief. Her father lifted her up, and carried her, fainting, to the village. A light in Widow Crask's window showed that she was still up; he pushed the door open, and laid Edith down on the old woman's bed, and knelt beside her, holding up her head, while Jenny, who had followed them down from the cliff, and Susan bathed her temples with vinegar and chafed her cold hands and feet. It was some time (to her father it seemed ages,) before she showed any signs of returning life; but at last she opened her eyes and looked dreamily round her. As soon as Jenny had seen her move, she pulled her shawl over her head, and left them noiselessly to learn the worst. Her hand was almost on the latchet of the door, when it opened. A confused sound of voices reached her from the street, and a tall, dark figure, with dripping hair and clothes and naked feet, stood in front of her. For a moment Jenny thought she saw a ghost; the next, she gave a scream, burst into tears, and threw her arms round Joe's neck. They were no ghost's lips which met hers. The breath on her forehead was warm. It was Joe himself, alive from the dead—alive and well.

"All on us safe!" Squire Lindon and Edith heard it. "All on us safe, thank heaven!"

How Joe came there is soon told. The squall in the morning had caught him as he was hauling in his line. He had lost one of his oars, and had drifted out to sea, and had tossed about helpless for hours. The wave which had carried away his oar had half-filled his boat, and he had been obliged to keep baling with his son's wester as best he could. He had almost given up altogether when, from the top of a wave, he sighted a ship close by him; in a minute he had stripped off his red handkerchief, and hoisted it as a signal of distress on his boat-hook, and in less than half-an-hour, by one of those providences which we call lucky chances, found himself on board Sir Arthur Hamlin's yacht, just about the time that Edith was driving home to the Hall. As Jenny had noticed when she left the "Gull's Nest," the wind had chopped quite round, and was blowing hard, with a strong tide on shore. The sea, which had been high all the day, was still making fast, and by the time he had had a mouthful to eat and drink below, it was almost pitch dark. Joe had been born and bred at Shippon; he had been out in big boats and little boats, rough and smooth, light and dark, till he knew every yard of the coast for ten miles, as well as he knew the village itself. When he came on deck again a single glance was enough to

show him that the Edith was on the shoal. Another minute, and she would be hard and fast aground. "Port your helm!" he shouted, at the top of his voice, and sprang to the wheel. The storm-jib, the only canvas she was carrying, flapped empty for a moment; the next, a huge roller lifted her high out of the water. There was a hollow grating sound, and the vessel shook from stem to stern. In another moment she was in deep water inside the bank.

"Touch and go, sir. Better cast out a couple of anchors, or we shall be on the Needles afore we know where we are."

At half-past eleven the storm was still increasing; the hatches were down, and everything made snug. The yacht still rode head to the wind; but the waves were awful. Sir Arthur and Joe were together on deck, holding on as best they could. Five minutes before the cliffs had looked through the darkness like black uncertain clouds resting on the water. Now they could see the "Sugar-loaf" frowning, huge and sharp, out against the sky. The terrible truth flashed on them both at the same moment. The anchors held no longer, and they were drifting in.

"Cut her free, for heaven's sake!" shouted Joe. "If we can get her round the 'Needles' we may get a rope ashore; if not, we are done for."

A very few minutes after the Squire left them the watchers on the cliff saw the vessel give a lurch and spring in. Another bound and the point was cleared, and the "Edith" lay a wreck, with the spent waves breaking over her, wedged fast in the little bay at the foot of the "Gull's Nest."

There was a pause for a minute or two. To those on deck it seemed ages. Then came a red flash from the land, and a roar that was heard above the sea. A shot whizzed far out over their heads, and a rope fell across the vessel's bows. In half an hour's time the last sailor was safe on the cliff.

Our readers must picture for themselves the happiness which changed the old woman's tumble-down cottage into a palace that night. We will not ourselves attempt to describe with what humble, grateful tears the widow received back her boy from the dead; nor even how the pretty Jenny forgot her coquettishness for once, and clung round Joe's neck before half the village, like an April-day sun and showers together. Above all we will not venture to intrude into the little inner room. Mr. Lindon himself did not, and Edith was alone when she met her lover.

We have only one thing more to tell, and

that will not surprise our readers, perhaps, much more than it did any one in Shippon. The Sunday after the storm three pairs of banns were put up in church instead of two. The names of the last couple were "Joseph Craak and Jane Cooper." T. D. P.

AT CONCARNEAU.

WHERE is Concarneau, and what is to be seen there? will, no doubt, be mentally asked by many who see the title of the present paper. Be mine therefore the pleasant duty to tell the readers of *ONCE A WEEK* all about that place—what is done at it and why Concarneau is made the subject of a paper at all. Well then, Concarneau is a fishing hamlet in the department of Finisterre on the coast of Brittany in France. As to how to reach it, intending visitors must consult "Murray." Concarneau is a decidedly remarkable place; in fact, more remarkable than any of the other fishing villages in that country; it is remarkable inasmuch as we find working there men in whose minds are ingrained all the old superstitions of the oldest fishermen—a class noted for their curious beliefs—while at the same time, labouring in the midst of them, are to be found some of the most scientific men of France. Concarneau is at one and the same time the seat of the oldest sardine fishery on the French coast and the site of the newest ideas in pisciculture, as it contains a laboratory that has been erected by the French Government for the better study of the natural history of the French food fishes.

As it is very desirable that we should have a similar laboratory in England, it has occurred to me that the only way to obtain it is to awaken public, or still better, parliamentary opinion on the subject; and ultimately move the home authorities by describing what has been done in other countries, so that we may at once proceed to do likewise. The French have several excellent establishments now at work, in which a constant study of fish life and growth is carried on, so that in all probability it will be to that country we shall ultimately be indebted for definite information as to the rate of growth and period of reproduction of our best known food fishes, which, I repeat, is the key-note of all fishing economy. While in Great Britain we have only one thoroughly practical piscicultural establishment, namely at Stormontfield, near Perth, for the hatching of salmon eggs and the rearing of young salmon, till they are of an age to protect themselves, there are many such establishments on the Continent: in Switzerland, Italy, and Germany, as well as France. In the meantime, my business

is with that of the latter country. At Huningue, the French are studying the habits of the most valuable fresh-water fish. At Arcachon, and on the Ile de Re, they are teaching the art of multiplying the oyster. In the Bay of Aiguillon we may see a mussel farm, but at Concarneau they study the turbot, the lobster, the cod-fish, and the mightier inhabitants of the great deep; all these studies being, it must be remembered, for practical as well as scientific uses. And by holding fishery exhibitions on different parts of their coasts—that is, exhibitions of fishing implements, nets,

boats, trawls, dredges, fish, ova, crustacea, &c.,—the French authorities contrive to imbue the people with an interest in fishing economy which we in vain look for in this great maritime country.

Apropos of the recent fishery exhibitions, they must be admitted to have been a great success, judging from the talk and controversy to which they have given birth. The only fault that can be conscientiously found with them is, that they were not sufficiently international, especially the one at Arcachon, which was decidedly French; and it was perhaps all the more interesting for being so. It was the ambition of the projectors of this exposition to have a perfect show of all matters pertaining to the art of fishing, from all parts of the world; and, in accordance with the old proverb of trying for a silk gown with a decided certainty of obtaining a sleeve, the exhibition was wonderfully perfect, more especially in the department of pisciculture. A collection of fish-eggs, designed to show the progress of a fish from the period of fructification of the ova to the time of bursting from the shell, was particularly interesting; as was also a series of preparations showing the different maladies to which various kinds of fish are liable. Many of the nets exhibited were curious from their ingenuity, and instructive from their evident certainty of capture. Some of the fixed nets which were shown were unique of their kind, and I fancy have never been seen out of France. The different modes of oyster culture were also shown; but "touch-

ing the oyster," nothing more need at present be said, as it is not long since that favourite mollusk was descanted on in these pages.

A bird's-eye view of Concarneau formed a prominent picture in the central avenue of



The Laboratory at Concarneau.

the exhibition chalet at Arcachon, and the illustration herewith given will afford the reader a very good idea of the external aspect of the place. We are indebted to France not for the invention of pisciculture, but for its modern practical extension; and France merits the compliment of having made pisciculture a commercial success, as well as a scientific study. The outer portion of the laboratory at Concarneau is very extensive, occupying altogether an area of 1472 English yards. This space is divided into a series of basins by means of strong walls; these basins, which communicate with each other, are filled with sand, seaweed, and pieces of rock so as to imitate as nearly as possible the natural habitat of the fish; mussels and the smaller kinds of crustaceas are plentifully provided for food, artificial feeding being, however, largely resorted to by the superintendents of the viviers, who act under the charge of the master pilot of Concarneau, himself a large fish and oyster breeder. Three of the basins are devoted to sea fish and three to shell fish. The tide inundates these basins by means of a lip at the outside, once in every twelve hours, and the supply of water is so managed as to create deeps and shallows, calm and movement, in each compartment, in order that the fish may have their choice of a living place; the grand study of those in charge of the laboratory being to represent as nearly as possible the natural living ground of such fish and crustacea as they have in stock. Of course there are flood-gates for the regulation

of the water supply, and gratings at each opening, in order to prevent the escape of the fish. Care is always taken to regulate the water supply independently of the tidal influence. The essentially practical nature of the experiments carried on in these viviers continues to be daily demonstrated. In these stone reservoirs some of the varied kinds of flat fish may be seen depositing their spawn, the turbot being an especial object of study. Lobsters and crabs are also on view, undergoing their moult. In one of the divisions may be seen many thousands of lobsters in all stages of growth, and none of them—and this will be news in England—can be sent to market till they are of a certain size, which is a most proper regulation of the French government. A capital study has been made of the lobster; the growth of these crustacea from the ova has been observed and noted, also their manner of shedding their "berry," and the time the eggs take to come to life. A study has also been made of that curious Mediterranean fish the hippocampus, which has been successfully bred at Concarneau. The plaice has also been reported on by the scientific men who watch the fishes.

Several eminent naturalists have been greatly indebted to the facilities of observation placed at their disposal at Concarneau for additions to their scientific knowledge of fish and crustaceans. Holland, Robin, Moreau, Marey, Gerbe, and though last, not least, Coete, have all studied at the laboratory. The latter gentleman with eminent success, as his writings testify, for it is to him that France is indebted for the immense progress that has been made in fish-culture during the last five years. In addition to the outer viviers, there is a well fitted up suite of studios in the interior of the building at Concarneau; and large aquariums have also been erected in order to facilitate the studies of the resident naturalists, whose constant duty it is to watch the habits of the fish both day and night. There are a great many contrivances of the most ingenious kind at Concarneau for carrying out the plans of the observers. A wind-mill placed on the top of the building drives a series of subaqueous wheels and fanners for the aération of the water, at times when it is not agitated by the ebb or flow of the tide. Then, nests of various kinds have been contrived for the fish, some of which, at the most interesting period of their lives, are kept floating in receptacles prepared for the purpose, so that they may be constantly under observation. Nets and fishing gear of all kinds are kept always ready for use, so that the fish may be lifted out of the water when wanted for examination.

A great feature of the laboratory is the feeding of the fish. The Chinese are, it is said, adepts in taming these denizens of the water, so that they can be whistled to their food, and when they answer the call eat from a lady's hand; but we have examples of tame fish nearer home than China. At the Logan fish-pond, in Galloway, which has already been briefly described in these pages, there are always to be seen a stock of fish which are so tame as to take their food from the hands of their keeper. The Logan pond is only a fish store, an appanage of a private gentleman's establishment; it is a pity that it has not before this been converted into a breeding-pond as well. The large fish in the viviers at Concarneau are fed on small fish that are unfit for the market, and on the refuse of the curing-houses; they eat greedily and take a great quantity of food. It is curious to note the same phenomena of growth in these sea fish that we observe in the salmon. No sooner do the fry emerge from the egg than some of them begin to grow at a much more rapid rate than others, and, soon acquiring great strength, they persecute and steal the food of their weaker congeners; nay, they even become cannibals, and eat without the slightest remorse their smaller brothers.

Concarneau, as has been said already, is the seat of the largest sardine fishery in France—the capture and cure of that fish giving employment to the resident population. There are several large curing houses which turn out a large number of boxes annually. Some of the curers keep a few boats for the capture of the sardine; but most of them purchase their supplies from day to day, buying only the quantity they are able to cure. The first successful attempt to convert the refuse of the curing-houses into a valuable manure was made at Concarneau, so that fish guano became a valuable article of trade. But these industrial features of the place will doubtless some day obtain an article solely devoted to their description.

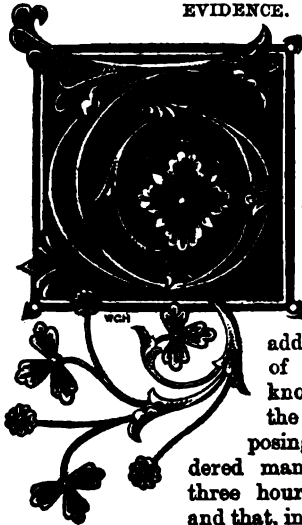
The laboratory at Concarneau has been built at the expense of the State, and so of course kept up by Government. It is a pity that there is no similar establishment in England: it is more than time that we knew a little more about our food fishes than the number of fins they have, which is in reality about all the knowledge we possess concerning them. The period at which our best sea-fishes spawn, the time when their eggs vivify, and the dates at which the young become reproductive, are not known to us—in fact, the secrets of the deep, as regards fish, and especially fish life and growth, are still hidden in the deep.

J. G. BERTRAM.

HEVER COURT.

BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD, AUTHOR OF "RALPH," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII. CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.



HE news of the murder was quickly carried from the lodge to the house, and Will came down to look at the body. At the inquiry before the magistrate, the next day, Will

added to the stock of facts, already known concerning the murder, by deposing that the murdered man had been for three hours at his house, and that, indeed, he had only

left Hever Court twenty minutes before the time at which Gribble stated he had discovered the body.

Upon being asked whether he had any previous acquaintance with Mr. Snodgers, Will replied "No;" and being further requested to state the nature of the business that led the deceased to his house, Will said, after some hesitation, that Snodgers had called to talk to him about Edward's affairs, and that he supposed the deceased hoped to get some money out of him on Edward's account, probably with a view of putting it in his own pocket.

Finally, the magistrates, expressing the great grief under the pressure of which they were about to perform a most painful duty—a duty rendered doubly distressing by the fact that the prisoner was one of their own body—committed Edward for trial at the ensuing assizes.

Never till that moment had the full horror and danger of his position come upon him. The change had seemed so unreal, so impossible, that even the night before, in his cell, he had been quite unable to realise his situation. The whole affair appeared like a dream; but this was the awakening—there was no fiction here. Of the Bench, he had known the majority all his life, and they had been the friends of his father and of himself.

He had mechanically assented to the suggestion of a solicitor, that he should appear for him. But when he had heard this gentleman asking the Bench to admit him to bail, he was inclined to dissent, because he knew no one of whom he should like to ask the favour, nor did he wish to be at large again till this horrible charge was disposed of. However, the Bench refused the application, and he was remitted to jail.

It was some comfort to think that the assizes would be held within the month; but to reflect upon the probable issue of the trial was very melancholy. Neither Edward nor his solicitor could find any loophole of escape from the web of circumstances in which he was enveloped. No will, no trace of his relationship or family, was found among Mr. Snodgers's papers; the solicitor whom Edward had retained—a really clever and able man—could hear of no one who was in any way connected with Snodgers, except in business. There was abundant evidence of his hard dealings with many; there were many, it might well be thought, who had good cause for ill-feeling against him, but there appeared nothing to indicate any one as having a direct interest in his death, or any motive, other than that which it was assumed had inspired Edward with a wish to kill him. They looked carefully into Gribble's relations with Snodgers; but there was not one suspicious circumstance against the attorney, other than that of being the discoverer of the dead body.

Edward often and often wondered if Lucy had heard of the charge against him, and this was the sorest of his troubles. He had felt so happy in the possession of her love, and soon they would have been meeting frequently. With returning health, he had become hopeful, and happy. Now this bright prospect was all dashed to the ground, and he, and it might be his memory, stained with the assumed guilt of a foul crime.

But two days after his committal, he received the following note:

Dearest,—You will know how shocked and grieved I am, at the wicked charge which has been made against you. What great troubles you have had to bear! I am in misery to think that I can do nothing to discover the criminal, but pray for, and hope

for, and love you always. Believe in the goodness of God to protect the innocent, and in my constant love. Always yours,

LUCY DUNMAN.

"Dear Lucy, so gentle and true!" he said, as he kissed the letter.

The month wore away, the judges arrived, and the assizes commenced. Mr. Justice Blundell, who presided in the Crown Court, referred to the case, in his charge to the grand jury, as a most extraordinary one, resting entirely upon circumstantial evidence. He twiddled and twirled his eye-glass, while he did so, evidently sensible of the great responsibility of speaking of a case in which the verdict might rest so much upon his words.

The grand jury could not do otherwise than find a true bill against Edward Frankland, and the case, as it was supposed it would occupy some hours, was appointed to be tried the next morning.

The court was crowded. Edward stepped forward to the front of the dock with a grave and reverent air, scanning the face of the judge attentively, and then glancing towards the jury as though to see the quality of the men by whom his fate was so soon to be decided.

The tone in which he replied "Not Guilty" to the question of the clerk of arraigns made a favourable impression on the listeners. Then the court settled to silence, as the leader of the circuit rose to speak to the indictment. He commenced by referring to the calamities which had been caused by the "unwarrantable expansion of the limited liability system of association," and he "feared there was too much reason to believe that this foul murder was in some degree traceable to these evils. Edward listened with shame to an elaborate detail of the formation and existence of the Iron Working Company. "The deceased," continued Mr. Coif, Q.C., "was one of that odious class of promoters, a sort of financial bird of prey," he explained to the Hertfordshire jurymen, and then he read Edward's letters to Mr. Snodgers, making him appear, as the prisoner felt ashamed to think, as though he were himself almost "one of that odious class." "It appears, gentlemen of the jury," Mr. Coif went on to say, "that this company was wound up, which seems to be the usual fate of these undertakings, and that the prisoner at the bar lost the whole of his investment. Then the case opens in this county, and we find the deceased at the prisoner's house."

Mr. Gribble was the first witness called. In cross-examination Edward's counsel asked

him if he did not meet the prisoner as he was himself coming from the body.

Mr. Gribble admitted that he did, about thirty yards from where the body lay; and in reply to another question, he also stated that the prisoner "did not appear to be hastening from the scene."

The constable had found no arms or ammunition upon Edward; there were guns and pistols at Moss Farm, but they could not have been used by him to shoot the deceased.

The bailiff and his wife from Moss Farm gave very unwilling testimony to the quarrel which had taken place between Edward and Snodgers. Their well-intentioned reticence had a most damaging effect upon the prisoner's case. The man and woman both admitted that Edward had left the house half-an-hour, at least, before the murder was committed. They supposed he was going for a walk—"he often did, in the woods."

The fly-driver deposed to having driven the deceased to Hever Court.

Then Will stepped into the witness box. He looked pale and bloated, and appeared confused and ashamed. But this was generally attributed to his relationship to the prisoner. He stated that Snodgers had called at Hever Court; that neither he nor his wife had ever seen him before; that for more than two hours the deceased was endeavouring to induce him, by referring to the circumstances under which he obtained the estate, to make the prisoner some allowance, or give him some share of the property, and that regarding him as having come directly from the prisoner, his half brother, he had entertained him at luncheon, and intended to consider the proposals he had made, as he considered, on Edward's behalf.

Such was the case that Mr. Coif offered to the jury. "If they could reconcile these facts with the innocence of the prisoner, no one would be more gratified than himself with such a result; if they could not, it was their plain duty, from which he was sure they would not shrink, to find a verdict of wilful murder against the prisoner at the bar."

Edward's counsel submitted with great confidence that there was not one tittle of evidence directly incriminating the prisoner. The reason he had to dislike the deceased was very plain, but no motive had been suggested as leading him to wish for the death of Mr. Snodgers. He was approaching the body when Mr. Gribble encountered him. He had no fire-arms about him, and his brace of pistols were at his house—unused.

Justice Blundell summed up with great care and caution. Commenting on the facts, he said, "It was the presumption of the

prosecution that the prisoner at the bar, influenced by the wrongs that Snodgers had done his financial interests, and possibly moved to anger by further demands, had slain the deceased. It was for them to say whether in their judgment he had committed this crime or not."

The jury deliberated for three hours, and it was night when they returned into court to give their verdict. They found the prisoner Guilty, with a recommendation to mercy on account of the provocation he had received from the deceased in connection with a limited liability company.

Edward started when he heard his own name spoken by the judge, and life seemed to be already suspended as he heard the awful sentence of death passing from his lips. As for the recommendation to mercy, the judge promised to forward it to the proper quarter, but he could give the prisoner no hope that it would be favourably regarded.

CHAPTER XXIX. GUILTY, AND NOT GUILTY.

"GUILTY do you say, Will?—sentenced to be hung? Oh! my God! my God! what shall I do?" And Clara, whom her husband had never before seen so moved, wrung her hands and moaned as if the sentence had been passed upon herself.

"Upon herself!" she thought. Heavier by far was it that it should fall on him, who but yesterday she hated, who she now loved with an intensity that found no parallel in her own selfishness.

"What do you mean?" asked Will, roughly; "of course it's an ugly thing, a damned ugly thing, to have your father's son hung for murder, but 'pon my word, I believe he did it."

"You believe!" Clara's lip was curled with the utmost scorn. "Did you stand to your story as to what Mr. Snodgers came here about?"

"Yes, I did," was the sullen answer.

"Ah, well! perhaps it was for the best," she said, mournfully, yet addressing the words rather to herself than to her husband. "It could have done no good to—to do anything else."

"I believe you'd rather it was me than him, now," said Will, scowling at his wife.

"Shall I tell you the truth?" she replied, with a mocking sneer; "yes, I would—I would; I'd give my soul that you should change places with him, for," she added, as if determined to provoke her husband to the uttermost, "I love him!"

The mutter of his angry words followed in her ears as she hurried out of the room. In twenty minutes after she left Will she was

in her brougham, driving on fast towards Hertford.

As the wife of one of the visiting justices and Edward's sister-in-law, she was at once admitted to see him, but only in presence of two of the warders of the prison.

"Edward!"

He looked up from the dreadful place where he sat, as if frightened by the wonderful pathos of her voice. It expressed at once to his ear, shame, and love, and sympathy.

"Edward, what shall I do?"

"You can do nothing. It is very kind of you to come to this place. But tell me, Clara, all that passed when Mr. Snodgers"—Edward spoke the name without the least hesitation—"was at Hever Court. Will said that he was asking for money on my account, but that could not be."

"Oh! I can explain nothing," she said, and then buried her face in her hands, sobbing as though her heart would break.

She was standing before him, when on a sudden, she knelt on the stone floor, and laying both her hands on one of his, looked up in his face.

"Edward!" she said again, "if I tell you that I can and will save you, will you believe me, and put off at once from your mind all the horror of this place?"

"I can only be saved by the conviction of the real murderer."

"The murderer will be found to-day, and by me." She whispered this so low in his ear that the warders could not catch the words.

"Clara, you cannot mean what you say. Your kindness has made you—" He was going on to imply that her thoughts were wandering, but didn't know how to put it.

"I can do this, and will do it, Edward," she said, gazing tenderly in his face; "and if I do this, will you forgive me for all the wrong I have ever done you?—and will you think—remember, that I loved you?" Her face fell on her hands, and he felt her tears through them upon his own hand.

In another moment she had risen, and was at the door of the cell. To his wondering, eager cry, "Clara!" she made no answer, but a longing, lingering look of love, as the door closed between them.

Then she was driven homewards, and on arriving at Hever Court went at once to her room. There, the first thing she did was to write a brief note to Sir Thomas Bufton, one of the most highly-respected of the county magistrates. He had never set foot in the house since Will's accession. With this note she despatched a servant, giving him directions to make haste.

Seated again at her desk, she appeared to be about to undertake a longer task, judging from the paper this time in use.

Then she wrote at the head of the sheet in a large, bold hand—"The Confession of Clara Frankland!"

After resting her head on her hands, looking at this strange title, while she seemed to be recalling dates and circumstances, she continued to write.

The statement commenced with the arrival of Mr. Snodgers at Hever Court. "After he had been about ten minutes in the house, I was sent for by my husband." It then appeared that Mr. Snodgers told them he had come down to see Edward about money matters, that he had experienced a great deal of trouble with Edward's affairs, that Edward had treated him shamefully that afternoon, that if Edward had not done so, he had fully intended to lay before him the circumstances which he was now prepared to divulge to them.

"He then stated," Clara wrote, "that the certificate of marriage, which we had believed to be that of my husband's father and mother, was the certificate of his own marriage; that his real name was John Frankland, that he was married at the church, and at the date mentioned in the certificate, to Ann Campbell, that, owing to circumstances into which, he said, it was unnecessary for him to go, he left his wife and changed his name to Thomas Snodgers, by which name he said everyone knew him; he didn't suppose that anybody who knew him as Snodgers, knew him as Frankland also."

"He asserted positively," she continued, "that Mr. Gribble had altered 'Ann' into 'Amy' in the certificate; and when my husband told him that he had given Mr. Gribble a thousand pounds upon obtaining possession of the estate, he said, significantly, 'he thought as much.' He was out of England for a year at the time of our coming into the property, or he thought he should have seen the advertisements respecting the certificate. His wife was living, and he could produce her, as also one of the witnesses of the marriage; the other had died. His wife, he said, was living at 6, Fulwood's Rents, Holborn; and the witness, John Snow, at Pennyfields, Poplar, where he carried on business as a greengrocer."

"Then he began to make terms for silence. I had listened most attentively to all that he said, and all in a moment it came into my mind that I must shoot him by the old oak in the wood. I cannot altogether understand, nor can I attempt to explain, my motives in making this resolve. Nothing, at the same

time, could be more exasperating, than his manner of bargaining; and I foresaw that we should be continually exposed to fresh and increasing demands. I made my husband promise him the five hundred a year that he asked; and was very civil to him, though I think he ascribed this to fear."

"At the front door I pointed out to him the path through the woods, entering by the King's Oak, knowing that I could reach the old oak in half the time it would take him to get there. I have always kept loaded pistols in my room since my husband's frequent absences at night made me nervous. With two in my pockets, I left the house unobserved; and passing through the shrubbery reached the hollow tree about three minutes before Mr. Snodgers arrived there. I shot him dead; and returning, threw the pistol into the Spinney Pond; I got back to the house unperceived; I had slammed my door before leaving and now I opened it very softly, so that, as I found afterwards, every one in the house was assured that I had been in my room during the time the murder was committed."

"My husband is quite ignorant and innocent of any partnership in this crime; I, alone, am guilty."

When Clara reached this point she laid her pen down and read what she had written. Her face was hard and very pale. "When I have signed that," she murmured, "my work is done. And then, what?"

She opened a secret drawer in her table, took from it a pistol, the fellow of that with which she had shot Snodgers, and looked carefully at the loading and the cap.

Her maid knocked at the door and Clara hid the pistol in the pocket of her dress. The maid had come to announce the arrival of Sir Thomas Bufton.

She gave orders for him to be conducted to her room; but while she waited, listening for his approach, she heard Will and Sir Thomas in loud altercation.

She could hear Sir Thomas say, "There is Mrs. Frankland's note;" and then, after a pause, during which she knew that Will must be reading her note to Sir Thomas, he replied, "She's mad, by God she is; I thought she was!" and both of them came towards her room.

Clara returned the stately bow of Sir Thomas with quiet grace and dignity; and motioned her husband to stand back. But Will was too greatly excited to obey her, and indeed, he took her extraordinary calmness to be further evidence of her insanity.

He held the note addressed to Sir Thomas Bufton in his hand.

"To receive the confession of a murderer,"

Will quoted from her note; "why what's this, Clara?"

"The truth—the truth at last," she said. "Sir Thomas, please read that paper, and then," her eyes dropped with shame, "I'll sign it in your presence."

The stout hand of old Sir Thomas Bufton trembled as he laid the paper down before her, and Will stood staring in horror-stricken alarm as she took the pen and signed her name.

"Madam," said Sir Thomas, gravely, "do you propose to deliver yourself up at once to justice?"

"I am in your hands, Sir Thomas." But the dreadful reality she had now given to her crime seemed almost more than she could bear, and the stern old man himself was moved to pity by the dumb agony of her pale countenance.

It was more than she could bear. Her heart's love wasted, her beauty wasted, her whole life wasted, and now its dreadful end becoming so visible! She must die that Edward might live and be happy—be happy in the love, not her love, but the love of her whom she had hated—*had* hated, for she hated no one now. They whom she had known all became shadowy in the horrid glare which revealed her crimes to herself. It was more than she could bear. She drew the pistol from her pocket, and in another moment the barrel would have been between her teeth, but Will, seeing the action, caught her arm. They struggled, and before Sir Thomas could take his part in the fray, the pistol was fired and the room filled with smoke.

He saw Will stagger and fall backwards, with his hand to his chest. The pistol fell from Clara's hand, and both she and Sir Thomas leaned over the dying man.

"Don't move me!" he cried, in terror.

Clara lifted his head upon her arm.

"Clara, my girl, I know—you didn't—mean—to do it. Look out for those damned keepers—there's a hare in that wire. God bless——!" That was his last word; a slight shudder seemed to run through him as life left his body.

The room was filled with servants, brought together by the noise, to whom Sir Thomas directed the care of their mistress.

No part of this dreadful scene was more horrid than the stare—the vacant stare with which Clara regarded the dead body of her husband as it was borne away by the servants.

She turned to her maid and said, laughing,

"Now, Birch, I'll go to bed."

She was mad, and became the incurable and most dangerous lunatic of the County Asylum.

CHAPTER XXX. CONCLUSION.

NEVER in the simple annals of Bingwell was there such rejoicing as upon the day that Edward brought his bride home to Hever Court. One crowd of friends and tenants met them at the railway station, and another, mainly composed of the villagers, greeted them at the park gates. Every one tried to catch for him or herself Lucy's sweet smile and graceful acknowledgments, and each believed in their own success.

At the gates the horses were taken out, and willing men and lads drew the carriage through the park to the door of Hever Court, where there was great joy among the servants at seeing their own "Master Edward" back again.

Old Sir John Dunman tottered to the door to meet them, with no anxiety but to embrace his darling daughter. He was very infirm, but his mind had returned to him before Lady Dunman's death, which had happened about three months since.

"Dear father," said Lucy, kissing him tenderly, "you found your rooms ready for you? Edward says they are to be yours always."

The old man gave his hand to Edward with a feeble smile of gratitude.

They were happy. Happier, perhaps, for the influence and the memory of ended trials. None of the Franklands had been held in more respect than Edward and Lucy won for themselves from their neighbours far and near.

Mrs. Frankland, the wife of Mr. Snodgers, was discovered, and received from Edward a small annuity. Mr. Gribble was struck off the roll of attorneys, and betook himself to the career of a "promoter;" but in this he failed, for the "limited liability" mania was past, and although this great principle of joint-stock association flourished, yet people were no longer to be robbed by the simple agency of a prospectus, or by the lying figures of "authentic" lists. And only lately, Lord Nantwich, who is very careless of his own hereditary senatorial honours, was proposing to Edward to stand for the county.

(Concluded.)

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER V.

THE train had reached its destination, perhaps sooner than the Sultan had expected; but not before the patience of the rest of the party had been severely tried. They had understood very little of the conversation that had been going on, and, as is usual in such

circumstances, found it very "hard indeed that anything interesting which they could not enjoy should be talked about in their presence.

It was an awful day in Manchester. The smoky canopy which always covers the commercial city was thicker than usual, having in fact turned itself into the densest fog; and a Manchester fog is such a fog as is not to be met with elsewhere. It is a heavier and more solid mixture of damp and fire-smoke than is ever seen in London. You go into it as you would into a mass of the blackest soap-suds, and seem to wallow about in it; it seizes you by the throat, saturates your hair, blinds you, chokes you, and makes you feel more uncomfortable than you ever did before. Its moister particles settle down upon the flagstones, covering them with a soupy sort of mud, worse to walk on than the most slippery ice. Gas-lamps glare at you through the fog with inflamed eyes; the tall warehouses loom through the murky air like huge phantoms—you try in vain to trace their outlines—they seem to melt into illimitable chaos. The houses over the way are invisible, not because, like the Spanish fleet, they are out of sight, but because they are in the fog. All vehicles go at a foot pace, and the voices of the drivers shouting to each other as they slowly feel their way, sound like echoes from the world of spirits. Boys go about with flaring torches, reeking with pitch and tar; they insist on showing you the way, and spoiling your clothes while doing so.

The inhabitants of Manchester, as a rule, it seems to me, breathe an atmosphere similar in character to the Thames water at London Bridge—on foggy days their enviable position may be compared to that of eels swimming about in mud. The fog frightened the foreigners. Manchester was, in their opinion, *Panticamera del diavolo—un pays d'enfer*.

"Potztausend Donner Wetter!" exclaimed the basso, as he put his head out of the carriage window, and tried to get a glimpse of the far-famed city.

Though the hotel at which we were to stay was but a short distance from the station, we had some trouble in getting there.

The ladies were put into a carriage that had been sent to meet us: the rest followed in cabs. The two servants were left to look after the luggage, being cautioned against losing it in the fog. After a slow drive we at length reached the hotel, and were shown our apartments.

"You ordered the dinner, Sultan?" said the *impresario*.

"Certainly, and that it was to be on table

at half-past three," replied the commissary-general.

It was necessary that the artists should attend a band rehearsal of the concert. The rehearsal had been called for one o'clock, and it was now past that hour.

"But how is it possible to go out in this fog?" said one of the party; "could not our maestro rehearse for all of us?"

"What! what! you want me to sing and play the concert through, do you?" answered Hatton.

"Hardly that; but I think you might manage to tell the conductor where the 'cuts' are made in the different pieces, and all about the *tempi*," was the reply.

"Anything to oblige," said the courtly Sultan; "but some of you must come: we can do without the ladies."

The tenor tried hard to be included among the latter; but the Sultan declared he could not rehearse for him, so it ended in his going with the rest.

We went to the Gentleman's Concert Boom, in which the evening concert was to take place. The band had already assembled, and we were impatiently expected.

"Where are the ladies?" asked the conductor.

"They begged to be excused coming out to rehearse in this weather, and asked me to represent them," replied the Sultan most courteously.

The conductor was not much pleased with the arrangement, but had to make the best of it. A rehearsal at any time is not very amusing, much as some people think to the contrary. When mistakes are frequent, and the flow of the music or dialogue is interrupted by constant repetitions; when the conductor's stick is heard rapping his desk to denote dissatisfaction—bystanders find listening to the disjointed performance a weary trial of patience. Rhapsodical admirers of Gennaro may watch with intense interest his movements as he arranges with Lucrezia on which side she is to stand when singing to him, or settle whether he is to fall backwards or forwards in the last act; but their familiarity with such details will not add to the illusion of the stage performance.

I once gratified the somewhat natural curiosity of a country friend, who was most anxious to penetrate the mysteries of the rehearsal of a ballet at the Italian Opera in London. Mr. Green (really his appropriate name) was amazed at the active exercises of the graceful *coryphées* in their morning "*robes montantes*." He gazed at them through his spectacles with an eagerness akin to rudeness, and only pardonable from

the novelty of his position. We approached the principal *danseuse*—one of the most distinguished sylphides, being none other than Cerito. She was supporting herself against a side-scene—and, if I may be allowed to say it—was stretching her legs, working them up and down. I asked permission to introduce Mr. Green, who was close to me.

"Charmée de faire votre connaissance," said the charming artiste, still holding on to the side-scene and continuing her gymnastics.

Mr. Green bowed, but said not a word. He was gazing with astonishment; the temptation to increase his surprise was too great for Cerito to resist—with incomparable grace she popped the point of her pretty little foot into Mr. Green's open mouth. It was done in an instant, and, I fancy, was intended as a caution to my friend not to gape in future at a ballerina.

Of all rehearsals, those of Meyerbeer's operas, when attended by the illustrious composer, were—with respect be it said—the most tedious. No musician was ever so fastidious about the effect to be produced by his music. He would score some *morceaux* in several different ways: the first he would write in blue ink, the second in red, the third in green. At the first rehearsal he would have all tried consecutively, and, placing himself in the audience part of the theatre, listen to the result, always seeking the opinion of some one in whose judgment he had confidence, generally Madame Viardot, before deciding which scoring should be adopted. After each rehearsal, Meyerbeer used to go round to the different members of the orchestra to compliment them, or to make some suggestion on their respective performances. On the production of his "Camp of Silesia," in Berlin, he was desirous that a great effect should be made by the loud clashing of cymbals in a certain part of the opera. At the conclusion of the first rehearsal, Meyerbeer went as usual to the performers, warmly congratulated some, and proposed various *nuances* to others.

Coming to the cymbals, he assured the player that nothing could be better than the precise way in which they had been sounded; but if he might make a request it would be that they should be "*un peu plus fort*." He was assured that his suggestion should have every attention.

After the second rehearsal, however, the great maestro made the same remark, "*tout était charmant, mais, si c'est possible, je le voudrais un peu plus fort*."

At the third rehearsal the player was so anxious to gratify the wish of the composer

that he not only made the sound "*un peu plus fort*," but he smashed the cymbals, and, the next clash being altogether inaudible, held up the fragments in his hand to show, much to Meyerbeer's astonishment, what had happened.

The Sultan having fulfilled his promise, and all the pieces having been tried, we returned to the hotel.

Dinner was served, and certainly the commissary-general had done his duty; not that the bill of fare was anything extravagant, but the dishes were well chosen, and came in proper order, a most important feature in every *menu*. Turtle and venison may be delicious, but venison and turtle would not be eatable. There is a difference between *gourmands* and *gourmets* which few people understand. Those who are particular in what they eat are most improperly classed among the former, although the tastes of an epicure are not formed without a long and careful study of that most difficult of the subjects that have interested all communities with any pretensions to refinement,—how to eat well.

We dined by gaslight. It was remarkable how little wine we consumed, and quite astonishing how much water the foreigners drank in order to digest, as they said, the *macaroni*.

The time came for the party to prepare for the concert, which accordingly they did. Unfortunately for the ladies, the gallant Sultan could not save them the necessity of going out into the fog by singing for them, so they had to brave the elements and go with the rest. The weather had cleared a little, and it was now just possible to see as far as the other side of the way.

The society by which the concert was given is known as the Gentleman's Concert Society—a most exclusive body, to which all the fashionable world of Manchester belongs. It is managed by a committee of merchant princes, and the performances are of the very first character.

The concert in this instance was brilliantly attended, the fog notwithstanding, which, however, asserted its power by getting down the throats of the audience, and bringing out a chorus of coughs not to be found in the score of any of the pieces down in the programme.

Our tourists were received with all honour by the committee of management of the society. One merchant prince, patting Sivori on the back, told him in a loud, pleasant voice he had grown no bigger, on which Sivori shook his head, and taking his child from its

couch of velvet, showed it to the committee man, who, a very good *conoscente* himself, handled it in a duly scientific manner, and highly praised it. To the ladies the committee were of course particularly attentive. Tea and coffee had been prepared, and when these were removed, a sumptuous dessert was displayed on a side-table.

It was an agreeable evening too for the Impresario, for he had nothing to think of as to whether the receipts were large or small. His secretary acknowledged a cheque from the secretary of the Society, and the business part of the evening was settled. The Impresario took an opportunity of assuring me that he wished every evening of the tour might have as satisfactory an ending, and I believed him.

I have said, a little way back, that a change was to be noticed in the manner of the basso. Since we left Birmingham this change had been remarked by many of the party. When we first met him, he was silent and morose. At breakfast at Birmingham he would hardly speak to any one. Now he had become marked in his attentions to the contralto's mamma, and a great deal more so in his attentions to the contralto herself. In the duet "*La ci darem*" with the young lady this evening, he was so strongly affected as to sing villanously out of tune, and to what is technically termed "quack" on the G natural, when trying to give expression to his sentiments in the quick movement of the popular duet—at least so he accounted for the phenomena aforesaid when he confidently told the Impresario he had fallen in love with the contralto.

"*I leave her!*" he assured the manager, who advised him to think better of it.

"*E innamorato,*" said Botesini, when the change that had come over the basso was being discussed after the interesting Teuton had left us for the night.

His courtship was not a happy one, neither was it long. A slight mistake that he made the next day put an end to it for ever.

We were on the road to Bradford from Manchester. The love-stricken basso had been glaring at the object of his affections all the morning, and had, it appeared, resolved to declare himself forthwith—thereby somewhat belying the phlegmatic nature of his countrymen in such matters. We were not quite so gay and talkative as the day before. As far as amusement was concerned, Jacko and Bibi had it all their own way. The rest of the party were more or less pensive. Whether the unhappy state of the basso's mind influenced us or not I am unable to decide.

After we had been an hour or so on the

road, we came to an unusually long tunnel. The basso was sitting opposite his flame, next to whom was the tenor. During our transit through the tunnel—we had no lamp in the carriage—the fatal mistake which blasted the basso's hopes of happiness occurred. He had, it appears, determined in his own mind to seize the opportunity of darkness to make known the state of his heart to the contralto. He did so, and grasped what he supposed to be her hand. As the train suddenly emerged into daylight, what was his horror and confusion to find that he had laid hold of the tenor's paw instead, and was smothering it with kisses, in which act we all discovered him. From that time forth he wrapped himself in his furs, where he sought consolation in solitude and isolation from his companions. It was a wicked joke on the part of the tenor, and one for which the basso never forgave him.

We arrived at Leeds in time for dinner at the usual hour, and found that our caterer had faithfully discharged his duty.

On being shown his room, the basso discovered that a blank piece of paper had been placed over the number on the door. He came to the Impresario and asked impatiently what it meant.

The mystery was explained by the servant of the manager saying that the number was thirteen, which he thought it was better to conceal. The evil influence, however, worked its spell, for the bed in which the basso had to sleep was, by some occult agency, turned into an "apple pie," so cleverly contrived as to almost defy unmaking.

The ladies of the party must have got information of what had been done (it was believed by some they had done it themselves), for they waited up that night until the basso left the supper-table and was in his room about half an hour, when they assembled with cautious steps outside his door to hear the result of the conspiracy. We all accompanied them. The lights had been extinguished, and the passage was quite dark. We waited some time in breathless attention, and at last heard sounds that proved beyond a doubt we had not waited in vain. The basso at last was getting into bed, and was evidently puzzled.

We heard him growling and swearing. He was trying hard to put his feet down,—a matter of some difficulty in an "apple pie." At length he got impatient, and struggled with the clothes; then furious, and jumped out of bed, or more correctly off the bed, uttering a national oath. From all that we could hear he tried to arrange matters by taking the sheets and blankets off, which for

some reason or other he could not manage to do; he then rang the bell furiously, whereupon we all retired and left him to the care of the servants for that night. Not a word was said the next morning, and I believe our victim left Leeds with the conviction that beds were always made in that town in the uncomfortable fashion which he had experienced.

The concert at Bradford was very successful, and St. George's Hall crowded to the ceiling. All our party were well received, but especially the Sultan, whose music is immensely popular in Yorkshire. His admirable part-songs are well known to the Yorkshire singing classes, as they are, indeed, to all musical societies throughout England. When Hatton appeared on the platform, he was greeted with hearty enthusiasm as an old favourite. The tenor was well pleased with the reception of the ballad. It had not as yet been sung in Manchester, and this was its second appearance.

There was no longer any doubt of its bringing sixpences innumerable to the lucky owner. A song by Schubert, Mozart, or Beethoven would perhaps, have sounded better, but would certainly not have filled the tenor's pockets half so quickly.

We had hard work to catch the train for Leeds after the concert.

The conductor would not let us hurry through the programme, much as we wished to do so. To make matters worse, the audience insisted upon encoring the last piece but one, "Il Segreto." This was tantalising in the extreme, however flattering to the contralto, and nearly lost us the train, which, however, we caught at last. It was a cold, dreary ride to Leeds, made still more so by the contrast of the brilliantly-lighted hall with the dark carriage, and the comfortless appearance of the railway-station at midnight.

A pleasant supper afterwards at the Scarborough Arms made some amends for our late travelling.

"The last time I was in this part of the world," said the Impresario at supper, "was with Grisi and Mario. We were a large party on our road to the north, where we were to give operas in Edinburgh and Glasgow."

"Was not Mario laid up here?" asked the prima donna.

"It was in this hotel he heard of the death of his mother, and he remained here in great grief a few days," replied the manager. "I never knew Mario to be ill for any time on a tour, often as he has been with me."

"I was going to say," he continued, "the last time I was in Yorkshire I encountered a difficulty that appeared to be insurmountable."

"And what was that?" asked the Sultan, who, having finished his supper, was sitting with his hands before him, the incarnation of supreme contentment.

"I had a party of about twenty foreigners with me," continued the Impresario. "It was on a Sunday in November. We had left Liverpool in the afternoon, and arranged to stay the night at Normanton, where there used to be a very first-rate hotel adjoining the station."

"I know it," said Hatton.

"You *knew* it," replied the manager, "but will know it no more, for it is now closed, at least I found it so to my cost on the occasion I speak of. Mr. Radley, of the Adelphi, had advised me to break the journey by sleeping there, and had written on the Saturday to the manager of the hotel to secure rooms. It was ten o'clock when we arrived at Normanton. On inquiring of the porters the way to the hotel, fancy my surprise on being told that it had been shut up during the previous week."

"But there was another near at hand," said the contralto.

"Not one. Normanton is nothing more than a junction railway-station," continued the Impresario. "I asked the porters what was to be done. They did not know, but continued putting out the lamps and shutting up the station for the night. There was I with twenty hungry foreigners at my heels in the wilds of Yorkshire on a Sunday night, without the slightest idea what to do with them."

"Pleasant position," remarked the Sultan.

"It was, truly. I tried the waiting-rooms, thinking to get into them, but they were all locked up; the refreshment people had gone away with the hotel-keeper. After wandering about in despair for nearly half an hour, I heard the whistle of a steam-engine. I rushed in the direction whence it came, and found a goods train just starting. I shouted to the driver to stop, which, marvellous to say, he did. On asking where he was going, he said to Wakefield. The ticket-clerk, who up to this time had been invisible in his office, came and wanted to know why I delayed the train. 'To get to Wakefield by it.' 'You can't travel by a goods train,' he replied. 'And what is the next train out of Normanton?' I asked. 'Four o'clock,' was the reply. On hearing this, I offered him any fares or anything, to be allowed to get on to the goods train, and it ended, I must say, to the ticket clerk's honour, without any extra charge, in our being conveyed to Wakefield as so many bales of cotton."

"What an escape!" said the contralto.

"Yes! Fancy the Diva sleeping on the

cold benches of a railway-station, and suffering the pangs of hunger in that delightful position! Had it not been for the goods train, there would have been nothing else for her to do."

"Did you find anything to eat at Wakefield?" asked the contralto's mamma.

"Yes," replied the Impresario, "we were very hospitably received at two hotels, one not being large enough for our party."

"I think it is now time," said the prima donna, who was looking forward to the apple-pie mystery with mischievous delight.

On being thus reminded of their intentions respecting the basso, who had left the supper-table at the commencement of the Impresario's story, we repaired on tip-toe to the corridor in which the basso's room was situated, and indulged ourselves as I have already described.

The next concert was announced at Newcastle, and we had to get up earlier than ever in the morning, when, strange to say, we were fresher than usual, notwithstanding the long journey and late hours of the day before. The basso had somehow, I think, put us all into good humour, and given us something to laugh about. So far his fatal mistake had a beneficial effect. Of course when we came to a tunnel there were several hands offered him, but he was not to be deceived twice; nor did he attempt to renew his courtship.

The concert at Newcastle was given in the theatre, where a more motley audience had assembled than we had hitherto met with. The dress-circle and private boxes were filled by the local rank and fashion, while the pit and galleries were crowded by unusually noisy occupants.

The double bass afforded great delight, and Sivori's performance on the single string excited as much astonishment as ever. The Impresario shook hands warmly with the lessee of the theatre as they peeped through the curtain and saw the crowded house,—always a pleasant and heart-moving spectacle to a manager. Our Impresario at supper was in unusually good spirits. He gave us an account of an evening he had passed at Rossini's in Paris, just before the tour commenced.

"When in Paris," he said, "for a few days last week, I received an invitation from Rossini to attend his Saturday evening reception, a musical *levée*; at which all artists and professors of distinction assemble to pay their respects to the illustrious musician. Rossini lives, as you all know, on the Boulevard, at the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. On this occasion his court was attended by a galaxy of brilliant women, whose wit and

conversation were more sparkling than the diamonds of any duchess in St. Germain; and a host of chevaliers, from whose button-holes dangled the gaudy decorations of every potentate in Europe. The hour of reception was nine o'clock, as usual,—the amusement of the evening music; no tea or coffee, no ices were allowed; the entertainment was purely intellectual, practically musical. And the tea and coffee were not missed; the music and *bons mots* of the amiable host afforded far greater enjoyment than the most refreshing ice. The three principal *salons* were thrown open to the guests. As I entered the first room and tried to make my way through the crowd which blocked up the entrance to the music-hall, peering over the shoulders of the visitors, I saw Rossini seated at the pianoforte, accompanying the sisters Marchisio in a duet he had composed for his two *protégées*."

"Wonderful vocalists, those two sisters are, I am told," interrupted the Sultan.

"They are so," continued the Impresario, "and so Rossini thinks. In a brown shooting-jacket of the loosest fit imaginable, the sleeves almost covering the tips of the fingers, a very bad wig, nearly of the same colour as the coat, the figure at the pianoforte might at first sight have been taken for that of an old country gentleman retired from public life, and fattening to any extent upon the rich produce of his goodly acres. But wait awhile! The duet has but just begun. Let the accompanist warm up. His indolence leaves him; he sits erect, and becomes excited. See how the loose sleeves flap about; look at the drops of perspiration on his forehead; observe the fire and brilliancy of his eye, as he turns to each of the singers, urging them to a greater effort in some crescendo passage or cadenza. Yes, there's genius in that figure at the pianoforte, now no longer bucolic in its appearance, but easily identified as the inspired Rossini. The duet finished amid the most enthusiastic applause, of the assembled guests—applause heartier and louder than is usual at an evening party. Bravo, Maestro! Bravo-da vero! Everybody crowded round the host, as he left the pianoforte to go to his own particular chair in the adjoining room. There was a pause in the music. The courtiers busied themselves with congratulating the two sisters, and through them saying a word of flattery to the composer, who every now and then convulsed the room with laughter by some witty remark, which would be carefully noted in the pocket-book of a *soi-disant* wit, to be the next day retailed as his own.

"After a short interval, Badiali and Solieri sang the duet 'All' idea,' from 'Il Barbiere;' then Badiali volunteered the bass song in the

'Stabat;' after which a very clever amateur, whose name was, I think, Sampieri, joined Solieri in the 'Elisire' duet, and nearly eclipsed the tenor by his remarkable vocal skill and effective declamation. Seated next Rossini was an elderly lady, slim in figure, and somewhat wrinkled in feature. She wore what is called a *robe montante*, and evidently was averse to crinoline. She was familiarly addressed by some as Marietta. 'Who is that vivacious matron to whom everybody pays so much attention?'

"That," said my friend, 'is Madame Taglioni.'

"Not the Taglioni—the celebrated Sylphide?'

"Yes, the same.'

"I looked again, and fancied I could just trace a resemblance in the elderly lady in the black silk dress to that portrait of a *danseuse* standing in an impossible position on one leg, which hangs in Mitchell's shop in Bond Street, covered with the dust of ages. It was a difficult task, the portrait having a *robe montante* the very reverse of that which the lady wore who was before me. Another celebrity of a time gone by was also present; Carafa, the composer of 'La Prigione d'Edinburgo,' 'Le Valet de Chambre,' and a hundred other operas now forgotten, the delight of a former generation. The old master is far from being in the same excellent preservation as his comrade Rossini; but he nevertheless appeared to enjoy himself, and to carry his age remarkably lightly. Rossini having listened attentively to the songs and duets mentioned, sent his *cara sposa*, one of the most active housewives I ever met with, to request the Marchisios to sing again. They complied, and he led them to the pianoforte, introducing them to various visitors as they went along, in the most eulogistic terms. This time he did not accompany, but stood by and encouraged the young artistes with many a 'bravo' and smile of approbation. Eleven o'clock was now drawing near; and at that hour the reception always terminates. The last performance of the evening was by M. Nadaud, who sang some wonderfully lengthy French songs, with a sweet voice and great expression. Then every one prepared to go. Rossini had a kind good night for all. In passing through the ante-room, he showed me Dantan's two caricature statuettes of himself and Meyerbeer, in which he is represented sitting in a dish of macaroni hugging a lyre, and Meyerbeer as writing for dear life half a dozen operas at once. Rossini seemed to enjoy the joke, and to chuckle at his own idleness compared with the constant activity of Meyerbeer."

The Impresario's account of Rossini at home

was listened to by most of us with interest. The Italians having often "assisted" at the receptions of the great maestro, and not being able to follow the narrative very easily, had taken to dominoes and chess before it was half finished.

The *soirée* of which the Impresario spoke, was one given some five or six years ago, before Meyerbeer's death. The receptions at the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin are still continued during the winter season, and are frequented by all the wit and talent of Paris. The last time I saw Rossini was in the Rue de la Paix. He was searching for a hosier's shop, where he said the best English woolen socks were sold. We looked about, and at last found the shop, where the maestro laid in his winter store of *chaussettes*, and was received with much bowing and scraping by the hosier. Rossini has aged very much lately—looks thinner, and is obliged to be more careful of his health than heretofore. He is still, however, full of life, and as interested in all that goes on in the musical world as ever. He receives young and old with the same cordiality, encouraging the former to constant study, and chatting energetically about bygone times with the latter.

"Talking of Taglioni," said one of the supper party, "do you remember that story Veron tells of the celebrated *danseuse*?"

"No, I cannot say I do," replied the Impresario; "what is it?"

"When Veron was Manager of the Opera in Paris, Taglioni was under engagement to him. She fell ill, and declared she was quite unable to dance; her knee, she said, gave her the most exquisite pain whenever she tried to bend it. Her husband consulted all the doctors in Paris. There was no bruise—no external appearance of any injury whatever, and yet the talented artiste was wholly unable to appear in public. It ended in her having to cancel her agreement with the manager. Some four or five years after, Veron says he happened to pay a visit in St. Petersburg to Taglioni, and found a handsome boy of about four or five years old running about the room.

"Pardon, Madame," said Veron, 'mais à qui cet enfant?'

"Monsieur," replied the lady, 'c'est mon mal de genou.'

"Not a bad story," said the Sultan.

"Se non è vero, è ben trovato," remarked one of the Italians.

"Se non è vero, è un scandalo," said the Impresario.

"Whichever it may be, the story is better related than I have told it, in Veron's *Mémoires*," replied the speaker.

AN OLD WHALER'S YARN.*

"DID I like the life? and if I had my time to live over again would I make the same choice? Well, Miss Waven, it's about this. It's just the finest thing out—so long—as you have—no flutterings here," and he laid his hand on his broad chest. "But when a man's ship ceases to be wife and child and all the world to him, it is another thing altogether; my advice to him is, he'd better give up whaling."

So spoke Captain Harding, erst South Sea whaler, now, these ten years past, gentleman of England, living at home at ease. Captain Harding is sitting in my brother Henry's drawing-room after dinner and a heavy day's sport among the turnips—the Captain commonly uses an immense double-barrelled gun which has in old times brought down monkeys many.

Captain Harding is not after our received notion of a sailor; he is sufficiently broad, but much too tall with it; a pale-faced man with a full white beard, he is rather bleached and aged than bronzed by his foreign experiences—fifty-five, he looks sixty—also, instead of the sailor's roll, he has an erect, military carriage, partly to be accounted for by his five years' service in our local volunteers, of whom he is a most efficient officer; only occasionally he orders the piping of all hands instead of the assembly, and all taut in lieu of dressing up.

"It is not to say there is any choice in the matter," continued Captain Harding. "Let a boy but have the sea fever on him—not the sham thing, that a month's coasting voyage will cure—but the real thirst for the sea, for foreign adventure, and he'd best be let go. I for example, shouldn't have made half a man at home—now, however——"

"You are a man and a half," interposed my brother, heartily.

"In size you mean?" and the captain laughed enjoyably. "Well, my father was in a large way of business, but he had little capital—I should have done nothing at the hum-drum, mill-wheel life I must have been bound to. But he consented that I should go to sea, and I flatter myself I did make a good whaler."

"Self-reliance is the best lesson in the world for a boy," said Henry, sententially.

"It is, it is. Jack and I, Mrs. Waven, were turned out of the nest to make room for a second brood, and what way we have made has been against wind and tide."

* This is what it professes to be, an after-dinner conversation.

"But there are very many dangers attending whale fishing, are there not?" I asked—"sharks and all sorts of things?"

"We get used to them, Miss Waven, we just get used to them. I have seen men sitting with bare legs over the gunwales of the boat, and a shark come sheer up, and make a snap for them, times out of mind. He comes with a swift motion, as you have seen a pike. Sharks don't often of intention attack a man. When he is about a whale they'll occasionally take a neat piece out of his leg by mistake for the whale's flank. In my thirty years' experience I have not known many men killed by them. And in every way fatal accidents are less frequent than you would imagine. A lot of men about a whale just remind me of a lot of bluebottle flies about a joint of meat. You strike here and there and everywhere as sharply and as fiercely as you like—the chances are they'll all escape you. It is precisely thus with the whale's frantic strokes. Jack was less fortunate in this respect than I. He lost two of his officers in one voyage. Parley—you know Parley of our town, Miss Waven?—his brother was one. The whale brought down its tail on the boat, and he was crushed to death as you would crush a gnat. The other fellow lost his life about two months after in much the same way."

"Now, when you set out on a voyage," Henry asked, "what would be your particular destination?"

"Just where my judgment took me. You see, I was differently situated to most masters. I was allowed more discretionary power. I had, in fact, a sort of roving commission. My owners would say, 'there is your ship, Harding—everything, we think, in her that you'll require for four years. Now sail as soon as you like, and let us hear from you as often as you can. Whatever luck you have, good or ill, don't scruple to write—we shall be glad to hear.' Then I would be gone from three to four years, according to my degree of success. For the months of our own summer we would cruise in the Japan seas; for the Antarctic summer in the Australian seas. For six years, through coming home between whiles, I entirely escaped winter."

"And how do you find the whales, Captain Harding?" inquired my sister.

"My wife thinks you fish for them with a rod and a line," laughed Henry, "and a worm at the end."

"We find them, Mrs. Waven, by their spouting. With the first of daylight, a look-out is told off, and kept going, relieved at due intervals, until night. Sometimes we go two months without even seeing a whale. Then again, I once killed eleven in one day. But

they were shoal whales, and the whole eleven not worth so much as one good-sized male whale. A fair-sized male whale is worth five hundred pounds, and some large ones bring in as much as a thousand. When you have secured a large whale, it saves a great deal of trouble if you can get it close up by the ship. This is done by jawboning him—work often falling to my share.

"Why to your share?"

"Because I was always good in the water. You take a rope suited to the purpose, and make a good running noose, as you call it, in it. You stand with this noose well advanced in your right hand, so as to avoid entanglement; your steersman brings the boat immediately over the spot where the whale is gone down; your best man—the man with the readiest eye and most reliable nerve—stands, lance in hand, prepared to pin any too curious shark; at the right moment you leap into the water, and diving, fasten the noose on the teeth of the whale. You know the jaws of a large whale are from sixteen to eighteen feet in length; the teeth are about six inches long, and a foot apart. You can get a capital purchase on these, and the thing is done in a minute."

"Rather you than me though," said my brother.

The captain, like all truly brave men, was modest. "Oh," said he, naively, "all you want is to calculate before you go down. Only say I have to do thus and thus and thus, and when the thing is to be done you will have twice the confidence and twice the dexterity. The danger, of course, is the sharks. The rope fixed, it is easy towing to the ship."

"But don't you often get your boats smashed in," asked Henry.

"Oh yes, that's an affair of frequent occurrence, and if you are engaged with a whale towards the end of the day, a source of extreme danger. For, of course, there is no twilight in those equinoctial regions—now, broad daylight; five minutes hence, darkness. You get stove in just as the sudden darkness sets in, and the chances are you perish. For, by the morning the ship, quite ignorant of your whereabouts, may have drifted miles out of sight. Now I did see a brave thing done once in an affair of this kind. You know, ladies, or more probably, you do *not* know, a whaler's boat—there are three or four of them to a ship—is some thirty feet long and as thin as a lath—"

"Thin as a lath!" exclaimed Henry.

"Three cuts to the inch plank, in fact."

"But I should have thought you could not have had them too strong—so as to resist the strokes of the whale."

"The stoutest boat made to handle wouldn't do that; so these answer in that respect as well; and they are much more convenient for lowering from the ship and for repairing. Thirty feet long as they are, you and I could carry one on our two shoulders with ease. When a boat is stove, we rightside it, lash the oars crossways so as to make a wide raft-like surface,—there are ropes expressly affixed to the sides of the boats—and all sit down to await assistance. Of course we are stationary; but thus sitting down, the weight of our bodies is not more than a pound or two on the boat: the water nearly supports us; if we stand up the boat sinks immediately. I once so sat—the water breast-high—for three hours. Bless you, it's a luxurious position in those climates—provided your comrades look like eventually coming to your assistance. Well, on the particular occasion I have in mind, we fell in with a large whale late in the day. We were working in an extended line—the two other boats some long way to the right—with the ship at least three miles to leeward. We are stove in, and, as Coleridge has it, 'at one stride comes the dark.' The ship is miles away, the other boats far beyond hail, there does not appear a hope of salvation. Then one man gets up from amongst us and says he will swim for it. He does not propose trying for the ship, that is quite out of the question. But he points out how, in order themselves to reach the ship, the other boats must at some one spot come within three-quarters of a mile of us, and he hopes, in spite of the sharks, in spite of the darkness, to happen upon their path, when he will bring them to our aid. Over the side the man went, and we waited and waited, and listened and listened, and in no very long time we heard the grateful plash of oars, and they brought us all off safely. I do call that a brave fellow. Our passive endurance was of a very different quality. It was touch-and-go both for him and for us. I never had a nearer—except once, perhaps, when a whale, with a clever backstroke of his fin, took my left eyebrow sheer off to the bone," and the captain pointed to a very visible scar. "A trifle further, Miss Waven, and I should not be here to tell you the tale; that I should not, as I am a man alive."

"Yes," said my brother, "there is something very admirable about that man's act. Mr. Kavanagh might have remained in Lucknow with the other brave men and women; but he went out and won the Victoria Cross. Ah! sailors are subject to so much exposure, a little excess may be forgiven them."

"Now I'll tell you. I am fifty-five, and I was thirty years at sea—I was never screwed

more than twice in my life. Once when I was a boy, and somebody who ought to have known better gave me some doctored stuff; and again on the occasion of my joining my second ship. I had something to remember that last by. As I went on board, a mate says, "Harding, how are you, old chap?" "Right as a trivet," says I; "right as a trivet." And it passed into a byword amongst them—Harding's being as right as a trivet. It is a Suffolk saying, you know. I had a plan of my own with my crews. I found spirits in that hot climate did not agree with me, nor, indeed, any fermented liquors. So for myself I prepared a mixture of best Scotch oatmeal and water—the water simply poured over the oatmeal, about a pint to a spoonful. I found it very nourishing as well as thirst-satisfying. Now if I had gone to my men, and in so many words recommended it to them in the place of grog, they would have turned up their noses. But by putting a pail of it on the deck, and making a point of helping myself from it, in less than no time I had them following my example; and soon, like me, they would drink little else."

"It is a strange life," said the captain, passing his hand meditatively over his hair. "When you get into the seas where the compass dips perpendicularly, you expect strange things though. Now I'll tell you"—his favourite preface.—"My brother Jack went to sea a year later than I; consequently, our spells at home timed differently, and we lost all reckonings of each other. I had not seen him for twelve years, and I did not even know in what ship he was. I was second mate, or chief mate, I forget which, in the ship *Eclipse*, and it was in the *Australian Seas*." There is a certain particularity in the form sailors speak of their vessels. "I was at the look-out. I reported a sail, and the next minute I sighted a whale. The captain would not bear down on the latter lest the other ship should observe it and, being nearer, forestall us. But, in spite of our caution, in only lowering the boats, they perceived our object and followed our example; reaching the whale first, of course it became their lawful prey. As the boats neared each other, I sung out, 'Halloa, that's Jack;' meaning the officer in charge of the stranger's boat. I had not seen him for twelve years; but, bless you, I knew his build in a minute. Just as I spoke the whale indulged in a few antics, and they were all thrown into the water. We were pulling to their assistance, when it happened that another whale spouted to the right. 'Bye, bye, Jack,' I shouted, with a wave of my hand; the boat's head was brought round, and we were off after it in a trice. We did not see one another

again for eleven months. Now if you had to tell that in a book I doubt whether you'd get believed. 'A pretty brother for you,' said Jack, telling the tale only a few weeks ago to a lot of gentlemen. 'We had not seen each other for twelve years, and then he left me struggling in the water to go after a whale.' 'Quite right too,' I replied. 'You'd have done the same.' 'That I should,' he said, 'for the whale was worth five hundred pounds, and I know I was not—at that time.' Of course I knew he was in no danger; a whaler is, or ought to be, amphibious."

"It ought to be a paying concern, and I suppose it is?" said Henry.

"It was, but it is not now. I never went a voyage after I became master of a ship without bringing home from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds for my share of profits. But now, what with goldfields in California, and goldfields in New Holland," (the name he always used for Australia,) "you can't keep your crews—men worth having, that is. A lot of riff-raff I daresay you could have; but they are not the stuff for whalers. I left it as soon as I found how the wind lay."

The captain told us much more worth knowing; but this is all I remember with sufficient distinctness.

It was a rough night for his walk home, so my brother lent him an overcoat. It was of rather peculiar fashion, and required a little ingenuity in the putting on. When, after a minute of anxious examination, the captain announced that *the ropes were all right*, we could not refrain from smiles.

WYNN WAVEN.

THE SINGER OF THE SEA.

A Legend of the Orkneys.*

THREE lives a strange wild legend of the isles,
That to the sea-lashed Orkades there came
A wondrous stranger in a golden boat,
Drawn by a white-winged swan across the deep;
And springing light to land, like one who bore

* This legend is attached to several other places as well as to the Orkades. Reference to it will be found in the notes to the "*Gesta Romanorum*," and elsewhere. It would appear to have its foundation in the singular adventures of Olava, or Olaf, the son of Tryggvæ. After numerous expeditions as a sea-king along the coast of Scotland and the neighbouring isles, he suddenly appeared, uninvited, and wrapped in hairy garments to keep out the wet, in the midst of an assembly of chiefs, whose Princess, Gyda, had promised to choose a husband from amongst them. Struck with his appearance, she asked his name. His answer was, "Olaf, a stranger." The Princess on this said simply, "If you desire me for your wife, I will choose you for my husband." Soon after, he sailed back to Norway. On his invasion of England in the reign of Ethelred, finding his ship surrounded, he plunged into the sea and was lost to sight. The popular belief was that he had escaped, and was still living on some distant shore. Some licence has been taken with the close of the legend. Its true termination would have been more historical than legendary. See Sharon Turner's "*History of the Anglo-Saxons*."



Winged message from the gods, there dwelt, and won,
By heaven-taught spells, the daughter of a king.
But after time—so runs the legend old—
The spiritual guest made sail again,
Turning the swan's beak toward some far-off land,
And left his true wife weeping by the shore;
Nor ever more to mortal sight came back.
Gone was the golden boat, the white-winged swan,
The wondrous stranger but a vanished dream,
A living memory of a lovely past.

In that sad legend lies a heart-true tale:
For that same wondrous stranger was a man
Of glorious gifts—a Singer of the Sea.
He drew his breath on ocean's breast, and loved
The roar of billows! loved it with the love

That *will* find voice, till to his lips there sprang
The sweetest strains that e'er tranced mortal ears,
Still singing of the sea.

The Princess of the rugged Oroades,
Bred up in simple ways, a maiden lone,
Of noble orphanage, her sire a king—
Her mother long had slept beside the sea—
Knew little of the world beyond the shore.
Small wonder, then, that when the stranger drew
His white-winged Condor of the sea to land,—
Upon whose marge she watched the drifting bark
That, water-logged, toiled slowly towards the shore,
A shattered hulk,—himself forlorn and wrecked,
Without a home or holding in the world,
The Princess, hearing nothing but his voice,

And seeing only sorrow in his face,
Should give him royal welcome in the land.

He stood, an alien midst her father's guests,
And stranger day by day, to all save her;
They mocked him all, and said the man was mad;
He, a sea-waif, to lift his daring eyes
Unto the Princess of the Orcaades.
And soon a secret plot was set a-foot—
The king, her father, foremost in the scheme—
To cheat the wanderer with a show of love;
And when the plot was ripe, and he should deem
The Princess his, to give him in her stead
A hireling damsel at the altar, veiled.

The plighted hands upon the priest's were laid :—
The blessing given, the stranger drew aside
His hidden bride to gaze upon her face.
All watched with eager eyes to mark his start
And flush of rage when he should learn the cheat;
But, softly raising the thick bridal veil,
Entranced he stood, as one who, new to life
And joy, beholds some vision of delight.

It was the Princess of the Orcaades!
And, turning soon from the love-lifted eyes
That fixed their wealth of soul upon her face,
She greeted low her sire and all his court
With a most downcast look, but steadfast heart,
Speaking with voice like flute-notes on the wind.

"Pardon, my sire, if that I pardon need.
The hireling damsel loved him not. I love
This man. To wed him, then, in her were sin:
In me, my simple duty, so I deem—
He prizing me before the God-made world.
My mother taught me this, who so loved you,
And gave you troth-plight, spite of all the world.
You made her sorrowful: so may he me—
Though yet believe I not the thing I say;
Yet be it if it must. 'Twere better so,
Sorrow should come with love, than joy without,—
If any joy can be where love is not.
I take my lot with him. Though he be poor,
His soul is rich. The sea will bear us both
With loving-lifted waves to other lands.
Or we can live like halcyons on the breast
Of the smoothed waters, nesting like the birds,
And charm the yeasty deeps with song, till death
Shall gulf us in the smother of the sea."

Her sire was moved, and bade the two remain:
And when he died, he gave the helm of state
Unto the once wrecked Singer of the Sea.

Then came a shipwreck greater than the first,
Where all was deluged in a sea of wrong.
For cruel deeds filled all the land with groans,
And busy tongues spoke evil of his name.
He who once loosed the rudder from his hold
When but a common sea had mastered him,
Dropped, too, the helm of state, and all was lost!

But soon he lay upon a bed of death.
Then all the blindness melted from his sight.
Gazing in ruth upon the weary eyes
Of her who wept his plight, but more his fall,
His lost, sweet, wondrous voice came back once more,
And pardon most entreatingly he prayed.

"To this sweet world, farewell! since hence I go
From it, and thee, oh! love, whom most I wronged.
Lay thou me down in pardon and in peace.
I know not how this life hath so beguiled

Me of that single heart which bore me once,
As a high-lifted wave, up even to God;
Or how earth's whirl could madden so the brain
That looked, deep-longing, for the upward light.
Two diverse natures seem I to have owned:
The two contended—and the evil won.
All now is past, love, here. Forgive me, thou,
For those sharp thorns that roughed thy once smooth
way.

Hold thou my memory as a pleasant song,
Sung of the wild waves on a wild wave's crest.
And, so no kindless foot may spurn my dust,
Go, lay me where God's deep my grave shall guard
Unto the coming of the day of doom."

Up rose the Princess of the Orcaades;
She swathed his dead limbs, and she laid him down
Within a narrow skiff, and put to sea,
And humed him in a distant western isle,
Beyond the lost Atlantis.

Calm he slept
Beneath his pillared death-stone. Day by day
As led the moon the strong tides up and down,
Like steeds of battle fuming for the fight,
At coming and at going still they flung
The wreathed foam round. Still up the pillar crept
The mounting waters, like to God-ward thoughts.
Still, to the Princess of the Orcaades,
Through the white light of days, the pillar shone
In beauty, as a soul that heavenward soared;
And, mid the far-off chorus of the waves,
His wondrous voice seemed singing of that sea
Whereto he steered, borne by the golden boat
And swan-white wings, beyond the set of suns.

ELEANORA LOUISA HERVEY.

A PICTURE OF PEASANT LIFE.

WE are so apt to associate repose, simplicity, and innocence with rural scenes and rural haunts, that it is difficult even in these days of universal knowledge to disabuse our minds of the pleasing illusion. Poets and artists have done so much to foster the idea of Arcadian peace and happiness, that the belief still lingers in the heart, that if true joy and contentment are anywhere to be found, it must be far away from the busy fractious din of cities, in some quiet nook of country, in some modest cottage shaded by leafy boughs, close by some cooling spring or pool. The painter especially presents this fascinating side to our view. What a pretty picture he works up of the simplest materials. Take a woodland landscape, dot it here and there with cattle in repose, or men, women, and children at work in a field; throw in an old woman with a red cloak, to give the contrast of colour; finish off with a background of blue sky chequered with fleecy cloud, and what more is required to give a charming tableau of rustic life! How sweet the bliss of labour in the fresh and cheering air, the merry sunshine playing down on the patient toiler with its balmy warmth.

"Men, women, and children at work in a field!" Enthusiasts of nature look with enraptured gaze upon the living picture, and delight to drink in all its simple and primitive beauty. Alas! there are contrasts stronger than the lights and shadows that chase one another across meadows and upland. That which appears so exquisite and precious to the artist's eye, has its dark phase and secret canker, which for the moralist and humanitarian mar the apparent loveliness of the scene, and impart to it a grave and gloomy aspect. "Men, women, and children at work in a field!" This looks well in a picture, but what does it in reality mean? Let the story of one "gang" suffice to tell us.

Here is one now trudging its early way to the farm. It consists of from five-and-twenty to thirty persons of both sexes, from six years of age up to sixty, but by far the larger portion are what may by way of euphemy be styled lads and lasses. Their conversation is coarse, and to polite ears would be offensive and polluting; they romp and dance along the road, and seem to be in a sense merry as larks. It is the province of youth to be *insouciant*, otherwise these toilers have plenty of care to damp their spirits, did they pause to reflect. They are, however, for the most part, uneducated, and with stolid indifference to the future ignore all thought, unconsciously feeling that "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

The "gangs," of which this is a type, have various names in the various counties and districts where they are employed. In some they are called the "public gang," in others the "common gang," in others again the "jobbing gang," and in others the "travelling gang." They are all, however, "organised gangs," and are subject to one master who hires their services, and lets out their labour to the farmer, contracting to execute a certain kind and amount of agricultural work. The number in each "gang" varies from ten or twelve to thirty and forty. It is a system of comparatively recent growth, not dating back more than sixty years where it has been longest in use, and less than thirty years in other districts; and prevails principally in Lincolnshire, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk.

The character of gang-masters will not bear inspection. They are described generally as men whom the farmers are not willing to have in their regular employ; men who belong to the class of "catchwork labourers;" in most cases, men of indolent and drinking habits, and in some cases men of notorious depravity; in a word, men unfit for the office they undertake. Their influ-

ence is and necessarily must be very pernicious to the moral principles and conduct of the children and young persons, of both sexes, under their management. They are very rarely men capable or desirous of exercising a beneficial influence over those under them, either whilst they are at work or on their way to and from their work. In fact, the absence of all moral control on the road is universally admitted to be injurious, in the highest degree. One clergyman writes:—"Where women of doubtful characters, girls, boys, and old men, work together, moral contamination is inevitable. On asking the best and most respectable mothers what they thought of the mixed system, no language could express their detestation."

The gang-master is engaged with his gang more or less during the greater part of the year, although continuous employment for young children seldom exceeds six months. The work varies with the different months, but consists principally in weeding corn and other crops, picking twitch, singling turnips, setting potatoes, picking stones, spreading manure, topping and tailing mangolds and turnips, and other work of the like kind. Sometimes the gang-master is paid by the day, but generally by the piece. At best his net earnings, after paying his gang, are small, being little more than those of the common labourer in steady employ. His principal source of gain is piecework, which seems essential to rendering his trade a profitable one. In executing work his vigour as a task-master comes into play, and he makes his profit partly by pressing his gang to the utmost of their strength and partly by a hasty and imperfect performance of his work. Although the personal chastisement of children is rarely heard of, it is well known that the vigilance and energy of the masters are continually exerted to keep them, and also the women, up to their work. Hence the different members of the gang, especially the children, are often subject to an excessive amount of labour and other hardships. It is, however, a common practice for the gang-master, or "driver" as he is not unfrequently called, to carry a stick or whip, but more for show and to inspire fear than for use. Rumour tells, it is true, of a gang-master who was imprisoned for kicking a girl so badly as to necessitate medical attendance; and another story is told of a girl who died from the effects of similar treatment; but these instances are rare. Undue roughness, however, is not altogether obsolete. Several gang-masters have borne a bad character for using violent language and swearing at the children. Such acts, too, as knocking down, hitting with the hoe, dyking, that is, pushing

into the water, gibbeting, or lifting a child off the ground by coming behind and putting the hands under the chin until the poor boy is black in the face, are reported; but the perpetrator is condemned by the indignant remonstrances of his own gang, and dares not indulge in this kind of torture too long or too often. Of one man, it is said, that the little urchins set up a cheer when they heard that he was dead, so thoroughly was he detested.

The physical hardships of the gang system, indeed, are not less severe than the moral contamination is universal. Day after day the burthen of most of the toilers is—"I'm a-weary, I'm a-weary, I wish that I were dead!" With the little ones the excess of fatigue is painful in the extreme, and it would seem as though "the cry of the children" was never to cease.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadow,
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing in the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing towards the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,—
In the country of the free!

Wherefore weeping? For the toil that never ceases. We have already mentioned that some are employed as young as six years of age. Their hours of work are in some places from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. in summer, and to 5 p.m. in autumn; in others from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m., including the time occupied going to and from the field. The distances which these young children, together with the rest of the gang, traverse to reach their work, sometimes amount to five, six, or even seven miles. This lengthy journey consequently entails upon these little unfortunate ones three or four hours of additional labour, even supposing the time spent in the field to be reduced by one or two hours. In very rare instances do they receive assistance in the way of conveyance. It is a piteous state of things, but the truth will perhaps appear more striking if we repeat the naïve and simple evidence of Mrs. Anthony Adams, labourer's wife, of Denton, in Huntingdonshire. She deposed before the Royal Commission as follows:—

"In June, 1862, my daughters Harriet and Sarah, aged respectively eleven and thirteen years, were engaged by a ganger to work on Mr. Worman's land at Stilton. When they got there he took them to near Peterborough; there they worked for six weeks, going and returning each day. The distance each way is eight miles, so that they had to walk sixteen miles each day on all the six working days of the week, besides working in the field from

eight in the morning to five and half-past five in the afternoon. They used to start from home at five in the morning, and seldom got back before nine. They worked first at Mr. Wyman's farm close to the Peacock Inn, as you enter in from Peterborough, and afterwards they worked at Stanground. Sometimes they were put to hoeing, sometimes to twitching, and they had sevenpence a day. They had to find all their own meals as well as their own tools (such as hoes). They (the girls) were good for nothing at the end of the six weeks. They were very quick to work, and the ganger never gave them the stick. The ganger made a great fuss to have my children because they were so quick in the work, and he persuaded me to send my little girl Susan, who was then six years of age. She walked all the way (eight miles) to Peterborough; worked from eight to half-past five, and received fourpence. She was that tired that her sisters had to carry her the best part of the way home—eight miles. They were ill from it for three weeks, and never went again!"

And no wonder. Imagine two girls of eleven and thirteen years of age walking eight miles to their work, toiling for nine hours and a half in a field in any weather, and returning eight miles, having for the greater portion of that way to carry a weary sister of six years of age! Surely the road from Denton to Peterborough must have been to them a *Via dolorosa*!

We have, however, many other instances of a similar kind, though not belonging to the same locality; they are still to be met with wherever the gang-system exists. One master employing young children, and having had some as young as seven, and even six, years, used to take his gang to one or two farms six miles off, and two or three times some of the children came a distance of seven or eight miles. He had had a boy seven or eight years old, and a girl of nine, come six miles. Another gang-master had one or two children of eight years old walk five miles out and five back. A woman whose children began young (before they were seven years old) tells us that some of hers have gone four, five, six, and seven miles off, and adds that the little ones down to those at fourpence a day have to go, "not but what the little ones have all the same steps to set as the great, and all the same yards and miles to go." A boy of five years old used to be carried home from his work by the others. Another woman says: "You see the big ones come dragging the little ones home, and sometimes taking them on their backs when they are overtired." A third mother says of her boy that he had been

six miles and further to his work, and come home so tired that he could scarcely stand, and that they had also had to send out late in the evening to look for him, as he did not come home, and had found him dropped asleep in a "cow-shed."

It may be matter of surprise to many that the members of the gang do not live nearer their work, instead of having to trudge so many weary miles night and morning. But here's the rub: could they find cottages near the farm on which they labour, there would be no necessity for the present objectionable system. It is because the farmer cannot obtain hands close by that he is obliged to be dependent upon these "travelling gangs." The root of the evil is to be found in the reluctance of landlords—and this let it be spoken to their shame—to build cottages on their estates. They object, for several reasons. They object in the first place to the original outlay, though such humble dwellings as the ploughman, carter, and shepherd and their families might require would not cost 150*l.* a piece. They object, in the second place, to have their land burthened with a prospect of having to support its labouring population in the Union when they have grown too old and infirm for further service, thus evading the intention of Queen Elizabeth's Act, and the dictates of humanity. These are not creditable reasons, but they are potent and effectual ones, and have entailed an infinitude of suffering and misery upon those men, women, and children, who have to seek labour and find it where they can. Doubtless, the "gang-system" has been of vast use to the farmer, who without it could not have had his ground efficiently weeded and cleaned: but the system is productive not only of unnecessary hardship and even cruelty, but is the hot-bed of immorality. The exposure to which it has recently been subjected, however, will, we trust, ultimately bring about its extinction, for it is impossible that a source of so much evil, once made known, should be allowed to prolong its bad existence amongst us.

In fact it has already, we may say, indirectly received its death-blow in Mr. Villiers' Union Chargeability Act of 1865. The alteration in the law of rating effected by that Act has happily put an end to the strong inducement which led in so many instances to the pulling down of cottages, and the driving the rural population to a distance from the land which they cultivated. It may be expected that by degrees sufficient accommodation will now be provided on each farm; and if this be the case, the good, economical, social and moral results arising from the fulfilment of this important duty on the part of the landlord can scarcely

be exaggerated. The key-note, indeed, has already been sounded. The Earl of Leicester, at a meeting of a Norfolk Agricultural Association, spoke out his views very freely on the subject, and declared in favour of the policy of building cottages on his estates. Nor was this a new idea; previous to the passing of the important measure of 1865, he said, it had occurred to his mind, as well as to many of his tenants, that it would be desirable to provide houses for the labourers in the parishes in which they were employed, though by so doing the probable certainty of increased rates was incurred; after the passing of that Act, he added, he did not think the question admitted of a doubt.

As his lordship's views on the subject of letting these humble tenements, when erected, are original and just, we venture to give them a little fully. "Now a word as to the plans and details of letting these cottages," he says. "It may be thought that this is solely a landlord's question, but it is not so. All that we may attempt to do, to improve the physical and moral condition of the labourer, is of little avail, unless he has a home suitable to the wants of himself and his family. I believe that my cottages are now constructed at the least possible cost, with the greatest amount of convenience, and every accommodation required by a labourer and his family. These cottages are for the use of the labourers employed upon those farms to which they are contiguous; and I think it right that the tenant should have the nomination of the occupant, but that in every case the cottagers should hold from the landlord, pay their rents to him, and not be removed except by his consent. It has been said that an Englishman's house is his castle; but this must not be applied, without reservation, to the cottage of the labourer. I find that, whether from an eagerness to obtain assistance towards the payment of their rent, or a dislike to turn out their children when married, overcrowding will gradually and certainly ensue, with the necessary accompaniment of want of decency and comfort, unless strict rules are laid down and are strictly enforced. As a rule, the children, when married, must seek another home; and no lodger should be admitted without special permission." These sound views will be readily endorsed by every clergyman and medical practitioner, whose sphere of duty lies in a rural parish.

This cottage antidote to the "gang system," however, which we have so fully enlarged upon, is only one of the remedies by which we hope to see the evil eventually eradicated. More active and immediate steps are necessary; we must grapple at once with this

pestilent labour-organization. As the most effectual mode of dealing with it, the gang-master should be licenced: no licence, however, should be granted unless the applicant produces a certificate of character from three householders, two of whom must be guardians of the poor, and unless the magistrates granting it are satisfied of the fitness of the applicant, in point of good-conduct and temper, to be entrusted with the management of children. A further condition should be that the gang-master does not keep a beer-house or public house, and is not licensed to sell beer or spirits. It should also be obligatory that no child or young person shall be employed who is sickly or otherwise physically incapable of doing the required amount of labour, without undue strain or suffering. There also naturally arises out of this the important question, at what age a boy or girl should first be employed in a public gang; and on this point great diversity of opinion exists. It seems to us clear, however, that no boy should be engaged under ten, and no girl under twelve. Above all it is absolutely necessary that, whenever females are employed in public gangs, they should not be allowed to work in the same gang with men, unless, indeed, subject to some stringent regulations. It would, however, be far better to separate them altogether; and let them be under the superintendence of a respectable woman, who, whether having the management of the gang herself, or being under the master, should be also licensed. The names of the children and young persons employed in a public gang might also be registered; and this indeed would be essential in order to prevent evasions of the regulations prescribed by the magistrates.

The great evil, however, would even now be left untouched, if no ultimate steps were taken to improve the moral and mental condition of our agricultural youths and maidens; who would only grow up in ignorance, and perhaps in crime, dull Boeotians or savage Yahoos. What then must be done? Why, extend the principle of our Factory Acts to these "noble peasants, their country's pride." Insist that the children, before they are allowed to be employed in a public gang, shall have received a certain amount of teaching, and that, moreover, whilst they are being employed, certain hours shall be devoted to the schoolmaster. There may be difficulties in the application of the Factory Act, as at present framed. Continuous labour may be required at this time of the year, which is necessary to the production of crops, whilst during other months the hands may stand harmlessly idle. Some plan, however, may easily be devised, by which this slight obstacle

can be overcome; the important point being that the children shall receive adequate elementary instruction, and that they are found capable of passing the test of the Government Inspector before they are delivered over to the gang-master. When all we have touched upon is accomplished, we may hope to see the physical, moral, social, and intellectual condition of our agricultural population gratifyingly improved.

HAROLD KING.

PIXIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—It may interest some of the readers of Sir John Bowring's pleasant article on the "Devonshire Pixies,"* to know that the belief in these little people has not yet quite died out in the west, even amongst a class of persons whom one would take, from their position and intercourse with the world, to be free from such old-fashioned superstition. I remember not long since being told by a Cornish farmer—a gentleman of intelligence, young, and one who had travelled a good deal in the south of England—that a few years ago he was "pixie led." On a very dark evening as he was returning home he mistook his way. He was not far from the house he was seeking; but he was "led" by some infranatural power—the power, as he affirmed, of a malignant pixie—into an orchard, where he was kept for nearly two hours vainly wandering up and down to find some mode of egress. "But you don't really believe it was a pixie?" I asked. "Yes, I do," was the reply; "or else why couldn't I find my way out?" This was said in entire good faith.

I am, sir, yours obediently,
Totnes, Devon, May, 1867.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. IV. PATENTEE P.

You see number three in our gang: that is Patentee P; as we call him. He does not look like a wealthy man, does he? not the sort of man whose word would be taken in the ring without the stakes being produced; or for whom a banker's clerk would cash a cheque without his explaining how he got it; or to whom a wide-awake barmaid would hand two penn'orth of gin and peppermint until he passed the coppers across the counter. To say the least, his outward attire would not inspire financial confidence. Boots out at the toes and off at the soles; trousers tattered about the knees; a coat fastened with pins, and gaping open enough to show there is no shirt underneath; and a hat without a crown and a broken brim, are not the fashions affected by your Rothschilds, and Baringes, and Peabodys. Nor, as far as my limited experience goes, is the pursuit of tramping between two boards one much in favour with

* See p. 204.

millionaires and capitalists. But for all that, P is a Potential Plutocrat. Of course, he did not know what I meant when I called him so the other day; and begged me not to use opprobrious epithets. But for all that, he might, would, could, or should, any day be rolling in wealth. Nothing but five pounds is wanted to give him a start, and in a year's time he will agree to return you five thousand, with as many hundreds more as you like to take by way of gratuity. He has got in the linings of his hat, for better safety, a process for moving wheels by self-generating force, the plan of an aerial ship, a discovery by which you can square the circle, a secret for converting carbon into diamonds, the prospectus of a company for regulating the weather, and a dozen inventions of like utility. Each one of these documents represents fabulous wealth. So, at least, he says; and, I think, honestly believes. Somehow, he and the rest of them have got hold of the idea that I have rich relations who have cast me off; and that some day or other, if I outlive somebody, I shall be heir to a fortune. There is this much in favour of the idea,—that if I had any wealthy relatives, it is certain they would have cut me years and years ago; and I confess candidly I do not altogether discourage the notion. It is almost as good to be thought rich as to be rich, and even among this tag-rag company I find a sort of attention paid me, from the vague possibility that at some remote period I might have money coming to me.

And of the whole gang, Patentee P is the civillest to me on that account. He is as selfish a brute as ever lived. Somewhere down Clapham way he has got a daughter in service, a little girl, who has to nurse half a dozen children, and wait on as many lodgers, and gets more slaps and cuffs than she ever does halfpence. The old shrew, her mistress,—I know all this, because P told it us one day, when he was half on,—finds it much cheaper to give the father an odd sixpence occasionally than to pay the poor child wages, and so every now and then this affectionate parent has a shilling or so to spend. I am not a particular man myself, or fond of troubling myself about others, but if I could get the money and put it back into the child's pocket I would do so at once. But there is no good trying; and as it must pass into bad hands, I don't see why I should not get something out of it. So whenever I see P is flush of money—I can always tell when that is the case, by his swearing at M for getting in his way—I ask him if he has seen some name advertised for in the papers. He walks round every night, I should say, past a coffee-shop where the supplement sheet of the Times is generally

hanging over the curtain bars in the front window, because he expects to find an advertisement asking for his address, from some one of the hundred of persons he has bored about his patents. The hint never fails; he begins forthwith to tell me of his hundred processes for making a fortune with no outlay, except the preliminary expenses; and when I tell him that if ever, by any chance, I had a little money coming to me, I should only be too glad to invest it in his patents, he offers me something to drink on the strength of my supposed reversionary interest in an unknown property. A worse investment it is hardly possible to think of. Supposing, Mr. Nomad, I got money by any miracle, the very last thing I should dream of is speculating in patents, and as for P, the only thing I should do for him is to put that poor, pale, patient child of his out of the reach of a bad mistress and a worse father. However, it's time enough to think of what I shall do with a fortune when I see the very remotest chance of my getting it. As times go, I hardly think it is paying too dear for a glass or two of spirits to listen to old P's twaddle about perpetual motion and flying ships. Besides, there is a sort of grim absurdity, which pleases me, in the contrast between this fellow's talk and his appearance. To listen to him, he has a score of simple plans by which any fool might make himself a millionaire, and yet he can scarcely keep himself out of the gutter.

If he were an enthusiast, or a speculative dreamer, or a mechanical genius, I would respect his madness. But, on the contrary, in a narrow, muddle-headed sort of way, he has as keen an eye to the main chance as you would wish, or not wish, to meet in business. He has no wish to benefit mankind, or to make a name for himself, or to advance science. If you were to suggest anything of the kind to him, he would put you down as a simple-minded donkey. He is ignorant, unacquainted with the commonest elements of mechanics or chemistry, knows as little that is useful, in fact, as any young gentleman fresh from a public school. He is mad about patents, not because he cares about the process, but because he believes that by patents you may make a fortune without capital and without labour. He goes grubbing on at his discoveries and inventions and models just as a miner out at Bendigo Creek goes picking at the rock day after day, year after year, in the belief some fine morning he will strike on a mountain of gold.

There are two stories P is never tired of telling me, and which depict the man. The first is, how somebody draws five thousand a year quarterly from the Post Office, because

he happened to see a child pricking a line between two postage stamps with a pin, and patented the process. But the other story he tells with even greater gusto. Not long ago some of your scientific swells made a discovery, which was expected to alter the whole spinning trade. Of course it didn't answer; but it was expected to answer, and that for practical purposes comes to much the same thing. Somehow or other a speculator, whose name my friend P never mentions without respect, found out what day the discoverer was going to register his patent. The moment it was registered, he took a copy, sent it off to America by a steamer sailing that night, got the process patented there in his own name, and sold the right of using it for twenty thousand pounds. You should hear how P, when he tells the story, and he is always telling it, dwells fondly and lingeringly upon the twenty-thousand-pounds. I do believe he would sooner have earned this money in this way, than twice the amount by the direct sale of his own discovery. To sell a patent which is not your own, and which is worth nothing after all, is the highest gratification he can realise.

Patents have been his ruin, and so, perhaps, it is natural enough he should wish to ruin other people by them. As far as I can guess from stray words he lets fall, he was once a decent, respectable man enough, something in the lawyer's clerk or the insurance agent line of business, with a house at Islington, and a pew in church, and a gig to drive in. Well, as men will do, he got behind the world. I suppose if you put your mind to it, you may come to grief as easily by standing glasses all round at the Pig and Whistle as by giving champagne dinners at the Star and Garter, by losing half-crowns in public-house sweeps, as by backing dark horses for cool hundreds. Anyhow, P got into a position where it was no object to him to save five shillings, and a matter of prosperity or ruin to him to make fifty pounds; and then, when he was cudgeling his brains to solve the problem most of us have tried to solve—how to make money out of nothing—he came across a half-crazed inventor with a patent for perpetual motion. P believed in it, and what is more odd, he believes in it still; his other schemes, plans, discoveries, he looks upon as so many devices for extracting money from other people's pockets; but no argument in the world can open his eyes to the fact that nobody ever has discovered, or ever will discover, how to keep anything moving for ever. Every man has his weakness: I myself am as little troubled with superstitions as most people, and was reckoned a cool hand enough

at all games of chance. But, in the days when I used to play, I knew that to turn up the nine of diamonds was fatal to my prospects of winning. Anyhow, if I want to make P angry, I have only got to call him "Perpetual Motion," and he begins at once to argue as if either he or I cared one brass farthing about any discovery in science which does not put money into our own pockets.

Well, having once got into the patent line of business, he went to ruin, as everybody does who puts their trust in patents. There were preliminary expenses, interviews with projectors, fees to agents, advertisements, dinners to reporters, lawyers' bills, experts' opinions, consultations with capitalists, negotiations of advances, borrowings from friends, until one fine morning P discovered that he had spent every sixpence he possessed, and exhausted all the wealth he could command, and had nothing whatever to show for it, except a part share in a patent, whose value was problematical, and which at all events there was no money to carry out. So the projector took to his bed, and departed to another world, where, I trust, at all events motion will not be perpetual; and P was left with his patent on his hands, and a hungry desire to fleece others as he had been fleeced himself. His wife died, not so much broken-hearted as disenchanted with life. The loss of her chairs and tables, when the brokers sold off the goods and chattels of Marigold Villa, Sunflower Square, Poppytown, was a blow from which she never recovered. The children turned out ill, with the exception of the poor servant-girl at Clapham; and P found himself avoided by his friends, looked coldly on at convivial meetings, and remembered by his creditors.

He had chances enough, so I gather, of putting himself straight. Half a dozen times he had a helping hand held out to put him on his legs again, but patents were his ruin to the end. "*Qui a bu, boird*," says the French proverb, and any man, according to my experience, who has once gone in for patents will go on to the last. It was so with P. Whenever he could scrape together a few pounds, he went and spent them, and as many more as he could beg, steal, or borrow, in the purchase of some patent process which was cheap from the simple fact that it was also worthless. To do P justice, he never failed to succeed because he had any scruples about the means by which he tried to win success. He would as soon, or sooner, have brought out a process for extracting sunbeams from sawdust as have been the inventor of steam. But, in this queer world, as far as I can see, it is not sufficient to be unscrupulous to succeed. You may

have every aptitude for committing an act of villany, and yet, if you have not the chance, you may never have the power to carry out your wishes. So P somehow never had the luck to swindle anybody on a large scale. The best actor in the world can produce no effect if he cannot dress up to his part; and P is a heavy, stolid, stupid, impostor, who wants to look respectable in order to impose upon his fellow men. If you could wash him, and dress him in rich glossy black, and seat him in a heavy brougham, and give him a dwelling in Portland Place, and elect him a member of the Athenæum Club, he would be so eminently dull and muddle-headed, that the world would think he was a safe man, with more in him than you would at first give him credit for. But so long as he is dirty, ragged, and disreputable, he imposes on nobody; not even those who are duller than himself. A fool who would like to be a knave; this is about my opinion of P the Patentee. We are a shady lot, sir, you think, in our gang? So we are; but there are good and bad among us as in most circles, and I can tell you better things of some of us. But you asked me about P, Mr. Nomad, and so I told you what I think. If you have a shilling to spare, you could not spend it on a less deserving object than the fellow who is now coming up. He wants to talk to you about a patent. You may stop, if you like; but as I know he has not a penny left to treat a friend with, I shall bid you and him good-night.

THE THUNDER STORM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHWAB.

GRANDFATHER, grandmother, mother and child
Close seated together the time beguiled.
The child he played by his mother's knee,
The grandmother spinning so busily;
While the aged man bent the stove behind,—
How heavy and thick blew the sultry wind!

Said the child, "To-morrow's a holiday,
Then will I haste to the fields and play,
Then will I pluck from the meadows green
The fairest flowers that were ever seen.
Ah! in the woods there are joys untold;—
Hark! did you hear how the thunder rolled?"

Said the mother, "To-morrow's a holiday,
Then will I walk in my best array;
We will haste to the joyous feast again,
Life has much of pleasure if much of pain;
And the sun will shine like the living gold,—
Hark! did you hear how the thunder rolled?"

Said grandam, "Ah! 'tis a holiday,
But I have never the time to play;
I cook the food and I spin amain,
This life is trouble and toil and pain.
It may be well for the young and bold,
Hark! did you hear how the thunder rolled?"

Said grandfather, "Ay! 'tis a holiday,
And these aged limbs may be lifeless clay;
For I can jest and can sing no more,
Or work or toil as I did before;
No place for me in the world, it seems,—
Look! do you see how the lightning gleams?"

They do not see and they do not hear
How the cruel lightning is gleaming near:
On grandfather, grandmother, mother and child
The bolt has fallen so fierce and wild;
Four lives are reft in one flash away,
And the morrow morn 'twas a holiday. H.

A VISIT TO LEEDS CASTLE.

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses. SHAKESPEARE.

LEEDS CASTLE stands in the very heart of the richly-cultivated county of Kent, in the midst of wild and picturesque scenery, and about five miles due east of the town of Maidstone, on the high road leading to Ashford. It is a magnificent pile of building, of various orders of architecture, embracing that of the Edwardian era, whilst a considerable portion dates from the reign of Henry VIII. It was the great central stronghold of Kent, commanding as it did the very important line of road that passed eastward to Canterbury and the sea, and it is probably owing to this position that many remarkable historical scenes have been enacted within its walls, and that its portals have at various times been opened to many remarkable personages. Leeds Castle was formerly one of the favourite residences of English monarchs, and is said to have been one of the fortresses in which the unhappy Richard II. was confined as a prisoner; here also Joan of Navarre, the second queen of Henry IV., was imprisoned under a charge of conspiring against the life of her step-son Henry V. In more recent times it became the manor-house of the descendants of Henry, fourth Lord Fairfax, cousin of the Parliamentary General.

The castle is encircled by a broad moat of clear water, which comprises a circuit of nearly fifteen acres; but whether it was from this circumstance, or from the fact of its being the place of meeting of the manor court that Leeds Castle was frequently in ancient writings mentioned by the name of *Le Mote*, we must leave to antiquaries to decide.

It is well known that during the Middle Ages "the moat" was a term frequently applied to domestic strongholds of smaller extent than the castle. Instances of fortified houses called *Moats* are very numerous in Kent, and a long list might be written of old manor-houses in that county, which were surrounded by an inundated foss; of one of the most interesting of which, namely Ightham Moat, an account

has already appeared in our pages.* The castles of the barons and the moated halls of the lesser gentry presented a striking evidence of the military character of the tenures under which they were held of the crown. Every great landholder by knight's service erected and resided in his castle; his retainers formed the garrison; he became a prince paramount in his own fee or lordship; he often obtained licence to exercise therein the highest judicial rights; and his friendship and alliance were frequently of no small importance to the sovereign of the realm. In cases of disputed title to the crown, the lords of these castles were enabled, on many occasions, to prolong the contest between the claimants; they opened their gates, perhaps, to the vanquished or retiring party, who, safe within their entrenched or embattled circuit, had time to gain breath, and to renew the struggle with recruited fortunes. Instances of this application of the political strength of domestic castles are particularly numerous in the wars between Matilda and Stephen; and memorable traits abound in every period of our history, down to the rebellion of fanatical republicanism by which it was tarnished in the seventeenth century. Of the many cases of tyranny and gross oppression that were enacted by the feudatory castellans during the anarchy which prevailed in King Stephen's reign, ample evidence is given by William of Malmesbury, who wrote about that time, in his "Historia Novella." The abuse of these private fortresses, however, was considerably reformed by Henry II., and from the period of his reign it became necessary for every subject who wished to fortify his house by embattlements, or to entrench it by a moat, to obtain a licence for that purpose from the crown.

Leeds Castle stands in the midst of a park of considerable extent, charmingly laid out, studded with noble elm, beech, and oak trees, and consisting of an unbroken chain of undulations covered with a smooth velvet-like turf, upon which groups of deer recline or wander beneath the umbrageous branches of the stately trees, whilst occasionally a sudden turn from the ordinary pathway will lead the rambler into a deep ravine, that with its tangled brakes and purple harebells, might forcibly bring to his imagination one of those enchanting scenes that form the chief characteristic of a fairy extravaganza. Here he may wander,

Or sit beneath the shade

Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts,
Thrown graceful round by nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,

The hollow whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the soothed ear.

The roadway by which we proceed winds gently beneath the spreading branches of a noble avenue of beech trees, on emerging from which we suddenly come in full view of a picturesque cascade, down which the water rushes with mimic impetuosity from the moat which surrounds the castle. Here, too, the boldly-defined outlines of the fortress stand out in clear relief against the dark foliage of the trees, with which the background is filled in. Following the course of the roadway by the side of the moat, we soon arrive at the most ancient portion of the castle, namely, the remains of an outwork in front of the principal gatehouse. This we will make our starting point in describing the principal features of the building as they come under our notice.

We may first observe that Leeds Castle consisted of four distinct forts, each of which was capable of being separately defended, and three of which were wholly surrounded by water, as indeed they have remained to this day. The moat is formed by throwing a dam across the lower part of a valley, through which is the course of a rivulet called the Len. The castle is approached by three different causeways, two of which were defended by drawbridges: the third leads to the outwork above mentioned, which was not originally surrounded by water; in fact, it constitutes the dam or head by which the moat is formed; but having been walled on both sides, and leading up to a strong gateway, it presented no favourable access to an enemy. Further, in the event of this outwork being carried, there was still a deep ditch and a drawbridge, defended by loopholes and gatehouse, to be passed before the barbican or second fort could be gained. From the barbican the main fortress is separated by a bridge of two arches, originally a drawbridge, constituting the third fort; and this again is separated, by a similar bridge, from the keep, the fourth and last stronghold.

Taking our stand in the "outwork," we have around us the mouldering remains of a massive square tower, which originally contained the castle mill. The arrangements for the water-wheel are sufficiently visible to show clearly where it was placed. The holes for the floor joists remain, also the loopholes by which the different storeys were lighted. The plan by which the water was allowed to escape, after turning the wheel, without giving an opening for the approach of an enemy, is simple but effective. The newel

* See *ONCE A WEEK*, N.S., Vol. I. p. 399.

staircase can also be traced, by which the upper storeys were approached.

Separated from this outwork by a deep ditch and two drawbridges, each reinforced by a gatehouse and portcullis, is the barbican. This portion seems to have been of a semi-circular form, and in it the three causeways, which constituted the approaches, appear to have united; one of the three, as before observed, terminating at the north-western gate of the outwork. The wall of the barbican facing towards the outwork, or *tête du pont*, and its loopholes, are tolerably perfect. One of the piers of the gatehouse, facing to the south, remains, with the massive hinges of the gate and the groove for the portcullis. That there was a drawbridge here is not only manifest from its construction, but it is recorded in a survey of the castle, made in 1314-15, that it had been broken down by the waggons of Aymer de Valence, of Bampton Castle, Oxon.* The drawbridge, however, has been removed, and the ground filled in to the level of the causeway. On the north-eastern side there were formerly similar remains: Hasted recorded their existence about the end of the last century, but they have since disappeared. There is in the barbican what seems to have been a lodge for the porter or sentinel, as it exactly resembles in all but size a similar construction in the principal gatehouse. There are the remains of a tower adjoining the gatehouse at the west corner of the barbican, but it is too small to have contained a staircase; its precise use, therefore, unless as an ornamental structure, is not very apparent. Close by there is a slip in the wall towards the moat, which is noticed in the survey of 1314, and does not seem to have been repaired since that time.

From the barbican the approach to the main fortress is over a bridge of two arches, with a very solid pier between them. This was originally a drawbridge, evidently so constructed that one half of it drew up towards the main building, and the other towards the barbican, thus insulating both sections, and rendering them capable of separate defence. Over the gateway are some bold machicolations—a projection from which water was thrown down to prevent the gate being set on fire, as well as stones or other missiles on to the heads of the assailants—but the breastwork of wood which they carried is gone. The holes are still visible through which passed the beams and chains which raised the drawbridge. The portcullis-groove is perfect, as is also the

recess above into which it was raised, but the gates are not original. On entering the gateway we have on our left the porter's lodge, of which the doorway is a square-headed trefoil, or shouldered arch. Adjoining this is a tall arch, partly concealed by the modern porter's lodge, which led to the outer bailey. Within a second arch are the holes on each side for receiving the beam of a wooden palisade. On the left is a staircase leading to the upper storey of the gatehouse buildings. Here is a solar, or constable's apartment. From this a communication leads to another large room, on the right-hand side of the gateway, with an early fireplace, of which the chimney is in the thickness of the wall. In this chamber are some very ancient windows; but there are also the remains of a flushing of lead in the opposite wall, at a lower level than that of the heads of the windows, by which it is pretty clear that the main walls of the building are older than the windows. The walls are from seven to eight feet thick. In the solar or constable's room is a chimney-piece of the date of Henry VII. or VIII., with an inscription not very legible. There is also a kind of lateral opening or "skew," the object of which seems to have been to form a communication between the constable and those in charge of the gate and portcullis. It also communicates with a passage leading to a chamber over the gateway, which contains a fireplace; but whether this was for the purpose of heating liquids to be thrown through the openings of the machicolations as above mentioned, or for purposes of habitation, is doubtful. In the sill of the window of the solar are the usual seats. The door of that chamber is original, and of a peculiar construction, giving the appearance of a feather-edged board on each side, the thin edge of each board being let into a groove in the thick edge of the next.

On the left side of the entrance is a newel staircase leading to the guard-room. This chamber has a handsome window at the farther end, on the side towards the moat, the external arches of which are perfect. The room is now used as a magazine or store for the ammunition of the Leeds Castle Rifle Corps, of which corps Mr. Cornwallis Wykeham-Martin, son of the present owner of the estate, is captain. The lower storey, which does not seem to have been vaulted, is merely lighted by small oblong openings, not much larger than loopholes.

On the two ends of the gatehouse buildings are plainly seen the remains of the inner wall of enceinte, of which there were also, till the alterations in 1822, still more considerable remains at the opposite extremity of the largest

* Aymer de Valence seems to have copied part of the gatehouse at Leeds Castle in building his own castle at Bampton.

island, facing the keep. The merlons of this, and also, perhaps, those of the outer wall, were very long between the embrasures, and every other merlon contained a loophole. Several specimens remain, though in a dilapidated condition. It is not quite certain that there were any embrasures in the lower or outer wall; it may possibly have contained loopholes only, as in the barbican. In the entrance archway the original bench for the guard is still to be seen; but the level of the ground having been sunk about a foot, it has a somewhat stilted appearance.

In the circuit of the main island are five bastions or towers, of a horse-shoe form, one of which still has an upper storey, which was apparently rebuilt by Henry VIII. There is also a square tower, the upper part of which has been removed, but the lower contains the water entrance of the boat-house. Of the tower, a portion projected into the moat sufficiently to admit of an entrance by means of an arch, which bears evidence of having been strongly fortified, there being two grooves—one for a portcullis, and the other for a gate or grating, which seems to have been drawn up from below. Nearly opposite to the entrance is a second arch in the opposite wall, which appears to lead to a kind of wharf or quay, on which the contents of the boats might be landed. The upper part contained a fireplace, and was only floored with wood. The windows in both storeys were of one light, and with trefoil heads.

Adjoining the water-tower is a large building, partly built within the inner wall of enceinte, and partly without it; the projecting part of it stands on the old outer wall. This building has been by many writers attributed to William de Wykeham, but the bulk of what is now standing is certainly not older than the reign of Henry VIII. There is a tradition that it was built for the Maids of Honour, but this is very doubtful. It is now used as a brewhouse, laundry, carpenter's shop, &c. Farther on are the remains of a square tower, projecting from the inner to the outer wall of enceinte. It is not clear whether at this point, and at another on the opposite side of the island, there was a complete stoppage of the road along the outer bailey, or whether there was a continuous communication by means of an archway under the tower. From this point these two walls approached each other, until they met at the drawbridge leading to the keep.

In the portion of the higher wall of enceinte taken down in 1822 were several fireplaces, the flues of which ran up in the thickness of the wall, showing that buildings of considerable extent had been attached to it. The

cellar is about sixty feet in length; the end projecting into the bailey still has a large semicircular doorway, though it is now built over and cannot be seen. A similar but smaller doorway is also concealed by modern work on the left-hand side. These are probably the oldest portions of the building now extant. Opposite to the last-mentioned doorway is the entrance still in use, which is excavated through the rock. There is in the cellar a recess about eight feet by six, and very low; but whether it was constructed for a dungeon or for some other purpose, is a question of some difficulty to decide upon.

Just by the drawbridge leading to the keep was a kitchen of timber, from which it is probable that the hall may have been over or nearly over the cellar. This is the more probable because there was in this kitchen an ancient oven, built in the thickness of the wall, part of which projected from the outside on a bold corbel, still remaining; hence it is clear that this kitchen was not a modern one; and we may add that it is not likely that this apartment and the cellar should be far from the hall.

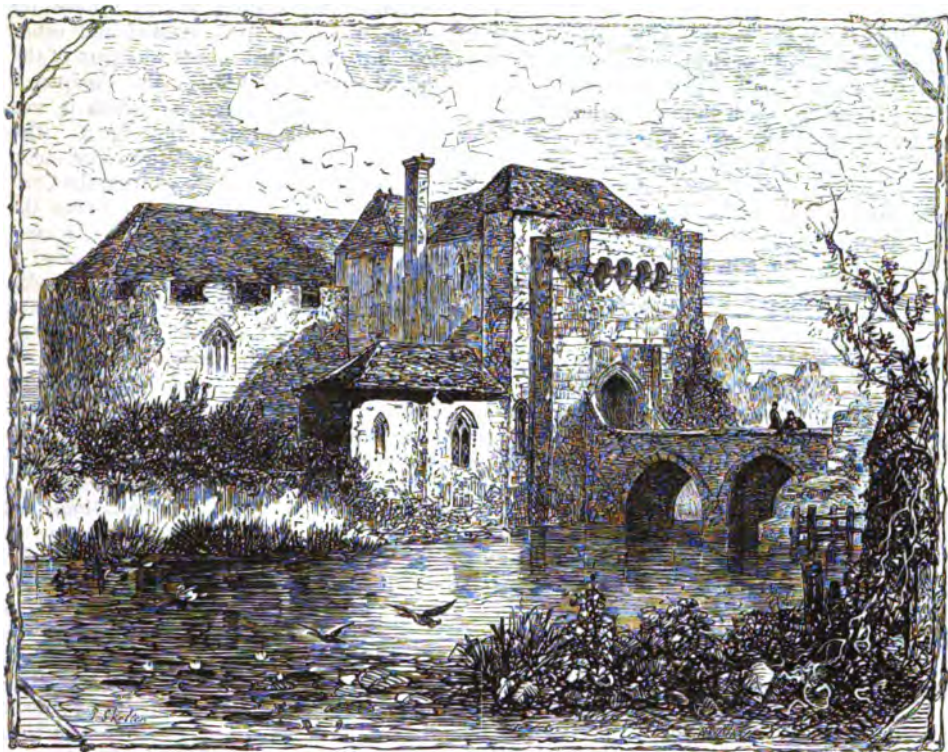
A bold archway of freestone led to the drawbridge of the keep. The quadrant, carefully executed in the stonework, in which the head of it traversed when raised and lowered, is still perfect, under the openings of the stone arch erected in 1822; previous to that time the two openings leading to the keep had only been boarded over, and the passage enclosed by side walls of lath and plaster. The drawbridge was not only of two arches—or rather openings—but also of two storeys. In the minister's accounts, *temp.* Edward III., it is called the *Pons Gloriette*, as leading to the tower, called the gloriette, which now contains the clock, &c.

The entrance to the lower storey of the keep is a flat trefoil or shouldered arch, similar to the one noticed in the gatehouse; above the arch is part of the work of Henry VIII., who restored the whole of the upper storey. On the left of the entrance was the chapel. Three of the original windows remain, together with the arch, which contained the rich tracery of a fourth. These windows are of the period of Edward I., about 1280, as is also the outer arch of the richer one; but new tracery was put in about 1314-15, as the survey then taken states the original tracery to have been destroyed by a hurricane. The design of this latter window is of that peculiar geometrical kind called "Kentish tracery," examples of which are to be found only in that county and in a small part of Sussex.

The interior subdivision of the keep is modern; but it is plain that the chapel, when

used as such, was divided into two storeys at the end opposite to the altar. The step to the raised altar is indicated by a difference in the

level of the bases of the shafts with which the jambs of the windows are embellished. A little beyond the chapel, Henry VIII. seems



Entrance to Leeds Castle.

to have pulled down a part of the outer wall, for the purpose of inserting two large windows; one of them, a bay window, of octagonal character, is in what was probably his banquetting-room. Over the banquetting-room was a withdrawing-room, and beyond it, where the larder is now situated, was probably a second kitchen, as there is an unusually large opening for a chimney without any carving or hearth, and the flue divides itself into two in the upper storey. On the eastern side of the keep is a newel staircase, which leads to a postern opening on the moat; probably there was a wooden foot-bridge across the moat at this point, of which the portion next the building, at the least, was moveable. About half-way across, when the moat was cleared out in 1822, there appeared to be a small island, the water being very shallow and the bottom hard. It is the part of the bridge between this island and the building that is presumed to have been moveable. The staircase was probably constructed by Henry VIII. in a more peaceful age than that in which the

fortress was first erected. From this staircase a door leads into a kind of cellar or store. In the corner, on the left of the entrance, was a spacious room, with a handsome chimney-piece, now destroyed, of the period of Henry VIII., with the arms of Sir Henry Guldeford, at that time constable of the castle, quartered with those of Colepeper. The principal floor of the keep contains three good fireplaces, with the arms of Henry VIII. in the spandrels. The rose and pomegranate also occur in them, together with the castle of Castille, by which it would seem they were executed before Katharine of Aragon fell into disfavour. The interior wall as left by Henry VIII. was of timber and plaster, and the oak or chestnut cornices were richly moulded. Several of the windows of the same material have been used again in the new wall erected in 1822. The interior of the keep, prior to this date, consisted of Sir H. Guldeford's work, or rather the remains of it, for nine rooms towards the north were burnt by some Dutch prisoners confined there in the reign of Charles II.

The remaining rooms formed three sides of a quadrangle; some of them had been hung with tapestry, and on the floors were carved chess-boards, probably the work of the Dutch prisoners.

Quitting the keep, we will now ascend the winding staircase of the clock-tower, anciently called the "gloriette." The bell which it contains is one on which the curfew has been rung for many generations, the custom being kept up to this day; it bears date 1435. There is also an ancient clock, supposed to be of the same date, which strikes on the same bell, but which has no dial or hands. A pendulum has been substituted for the original balance, and some new wheels have recently been added to facilitate the work of winding it up.

Retracing our steps over the bridge which connects the keep to the central island, we enter the principal domestic apartments. In this building, which was erected by the father of the present owner in 1822, some of the old work has been introduced, especially a handsome oak chimney-piece in the dining-room of the time of James I., several of the oak spandrels of Henry VIII.'s time, and a curious chimney-back (brought from an old manor house on the estate), which appears to have been cast at the termination of the Wars of the Roses. It is divided into two compartments by a pattern in the shape of two arches; each arch contains a crown, of the period of Henry VII., with a rose beneath it, and the two panels are united by what seems intended for a cord. The dogs in the same fireplace were found in the room used as the withdrawing-room over the banqueting-room of Henry VIII. above mentioned, and have also the rose and crown and fleur-de-lis among their decorations. From this it is almost certain that they belonged to the king.

The whole of the rooms in this part of the castle are very lofty and imposing, and admirably adapted for comfort and convenience. Amongst the paintings that adorn the walls may be mentioned,—Thomas, second Lord Colepeper, by Hanneman; Margaret, his Lady, daughter and heiress of Prince Jean de Hesse; the Prince of Hesse Bergen, her father; two portraits of Thomas, third Lord Fairfax, the celebrated Parliamentary General (several MSS. of his are also preserved here, together with his doublet and shoes); Mary his only daughter and heiress, Duchess of Buckingham—which in the eyes of Walpole, when he visited Leeds in 1752, was "the only recompense for all the fatigue he had undergone" in getting there; George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, her husband; and a series of portraits of the Fairfax family. There

are also several interesting curiosities, including a valuable casket formerly belonging to the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, several ancient stone cannon-balls, and a very curious key.

Concerning the history of this interesting structure, we learn from Hasted and other Kentish historians that Leeds was part of the possessions given by William the Conqueror to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, by whom it was subsequently confiscated to the crown. The family of the Crevequers, or Crevecoeur, soon afterwards had a grant of Leeds from the Conqueror, and by one Robert of that name the castle appears to have been erected. In conjunction with Adam his son, he founded a priory dedicated to St. Mary and St. Nicholas at a short distance west of the castle. He had previously fitted up a chapel in the fortress, and in it placed three canons, whom he removed thither upon his founding the priory.

Leeds continued in the possession of the Crevequers until the fifty-second year of the reign of Henry III., when the manor was exchanged with Roger de Leyburne for the manors of Trottesclyve and Flete. At his death Roger left a son and heir, William de Leyburne, who in the reign of Edward I. had possession granted him of the manor of Leeds, as well as of the rest of the inheritance of which his step-mother, Eleanor, Countess of Winchester, was not endowed. However, it is said that finding the king regarded the strength of this fortress with great jealousy, William de Leyburne reinstated the crown in the possession of both the manor and castle; and on the king's marriage with Margaret, sister of Philip, King of France, he settled them with other premises as part of her dower. She survived the king, her husband, who died in 1307, and, in the fifth year of the next reign, namely, that of Edward II., by the recommendation of the crown, appointed Bartholomew de Badlesmere, a nobleman of considerable power and eminence, and steward of the king's household, as governor of this castle. Upon her demise, five years later, her estates again reverted to the crown, when the manor of Leeds, together with the advowson of the priory, were granted to Lord Badlesmere in fee, in exchange for the manor of Adderley, in Shropshire. The ambition of this nobleman, combined with his immense wealth—for he was possessed of great estates, more especially in Kent, from which circumstance he was invariably styled the "rich Lord Badlesmere of Leeds"—led him to forget his allegiance, and he joined with the Earl of Lancaster and the discontented barons who had taken up arms against the king's great favourite, Piers de Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall. Upon this the king resolved, if possible, to gain possession of this

strong fortress, and in 1321 a somewhat curious stratagem is said to have been adopted to effect that purpose; for it is recorded how, under pretence of the queen's performing a pilgrimage to Canterbury, she set forward, accompanied by a large train of attendants, and, with the secret intention of surprising the castle, sent her marshal, with others of her suite, to order lodgings for herself and servants. Lady Badlesmere, her son, and four daughters, were at that time in the fortress, under the care of Sir Thomas Colepeper, the castellan, who was directed to refuse the queen's servants admittance, which upon the arrival of the queen in person he still peremptorily persisted in, without having received express orders to that effect. Force was thereupon resorted to, and in the skirmish which ensued, one or two of the queen's attendants were slain, and being thus repulsed, she relinquished her design, and was compelled to seek a lodging elsewhere.* To resent the indignity thus offered to the queen, a force was despatched under the Earls of Pembroke and Richmond, to take the castle by storm; when those within, finding no hopes of relief, were soon compelled to surrender. A scene of general confusion quickly followed; Lady Badlesmere with her children were sent as prisoners to the Tower of London; Sir Thomas Colepeper, the castellan, was hung on the chain of the drawbridge, and the king took possession of the castle and all the treasures it contained. Lord Badlesmere was subsequently taken prisoner in Yorkshire, and being sent to Canterbury, was there executed, and his head set on a pole on Burgate in that city.

Leeds Castle was suffered to fall into a most ruinous condition, continuing meantime in the possession of the crown, till 1359, when Edward III. constituted that eminent architect, William de Wykeham (afterwards Bishop of Winchester), its chief warder and surveyor, and invested him with power to appoint workmen, provide materials, and order everything for building and reparations. Under his directions the castle is said to have been restored in a very skilful manner; and Richard II. was induced to visit the place on several occasions, more particularly in his nineteenth year, at which period many of his public documents were dated "from his castle of Leeds." The building was also the residence of Henry IV. during the month of April, in the second year of his reign, A.D. 1406, when he retired hither

on account of the plague which was then raging in London.

Towards the close of the fourteenth century Archbishop Arundel procured a grant of Leeds Castle: he frequently resided there, and on his death, in 1413, it again reverted to the crown. From this time forward, many of the principal gentry of Kent were at different periods entrusted with its custody.

In the seventh year of Henry V., Joan of Navarre, the second queen of his predecessor, was committed as a prisoner to Leeds Castle for having conspired against the life of the king; but was afterwards delivered into the custody of Sir John Pelham, and was by him conveyed to Pevensey Castle, in Sussex.

In the year 1440, Archbishop Chichele presided at Leeds Castle over the process instituted against Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester for alleged sorcery and witchcraft.

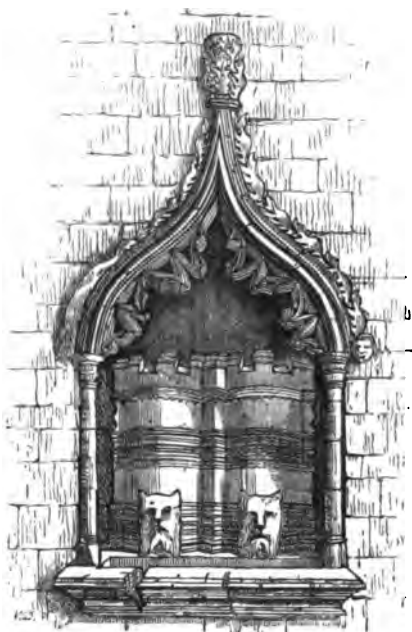
During the reign of Henry VIII., a great portion of the fortress was rebuilt at the king's expense, by Sir Henry Guldeford, who at that time held the office of constable of Leeds Castle and ranger of the park.

The manor and castle remained in the possession of the crown till the reign of Edward VI., when they were granted to Sir Anthony St. Leger, lord deputy of Ireland, to hold *in capite* by knight's service. The castle was subsequently alienated to Sir Richard Smyth, who died possessed of it in 1628, and on the death of his son and successor in 1632, it passed by sale into the hands of Sir Thomas Colepeper, of Hollingbourne. During the exile of Charles II., Leeds Castle seems to have been in the possession of the usurping powers, and to have been used by them for assembling the committee-men and sequestrators, and also as a prison for the ejected ministers.

From the Colepepers the estate passed in marriage to Thomas Lord Fairfax, a relative of the famous General of that name so noted in England during the civil wars. The castle remained with the Fairfax family until the death of Robert last Lord Fairfax in 1793, when it devolved on his nephew, the Rev. Denny Martin, D.D., who, before his uncle's death, had taken the name and arms of Fairfax. On the death of Dr. Martin-Fairfax, the estate passed to his brother, General Philip Martin, R.A. It subsequently passed by bequest to Fienes Wykeham, Esq., father of the present owner, who in 1821 assumed, by royal licence, the additional surname of Martin. He died in 1840, and was succeeded by his eldest son Charles, whose constant care, since his succession to the estate, has been to preserve, as far as possible, all that remains of the original fabric from the unavoidable

* During the alterations which were made at the castle in 1821, the skeletons of several of the soldiers slain in this conflict were dug up; one of them, which had its skull smashed in, must have been of colossal proportion, for it measured no less than six feet two inches, not merely without its shoes, but without its feet.

ravages of time; and thus to hand down to posterity one of the most perfect examples of the military architecture of our ancestors to be met with in the kingdom.



Lavatory in Battle Hall

Quitting the castle, and pursuing a south-westerly course across the park, a walk of a few minutes brings us to the hamlet of Nash, the whole of which forms part of the Leeds Castle property. Here are one or two dwelling-houses of the humbler class which bear evident traces of great antiquity; and here, too, is a building, now used as a farm-house, which, although little remains of the original structure, still retains sufficient to show that it was formerly a place of some importance. Battle Hall, for such is the name this building now bears, is by some historians conjectured to have been the place where Robert de Crevequer, founder of Leeds Castle, placed the three canons whom he afterwards removed to Leeds Priory. This at least is inferred from the fact of there being what some writers consider a holy-water stoup—a representation of which is given above—in the wall near the doorway of the hall; but what we believe to have been nothing more nor less than a cistern and lavatory of the time of Edward II. or III., such as it was customary to construct in the great hall of mansions of the nobility about that period. It is composed of stone, and very handsomely carved. These lavatories, with their cisterns of water and sideboards or

recesses, were frequently very richly ornamented, and placed behind the screen, or “in the screens” as it was called. This fact is evidently borne out in the instance of the one under notice, by the remains of the screen still visible in the building close by it.

The following curious and interesting description of a lavatory in the *middle* of the hall of the Emperor's palace, is given in the romance of “Le Bone Florence of Rome,” and quoted in Mr. Parker's work on “Domestic Architecture:—”

There comyth watur in a condyte,
Therow a lyon rennyth hyt
That wrought ys all of golde;
And that standyth in the myddes of the halle,
A hundurd knyghtes and ladyes smalle
Myght wasche there and they wolde
All at ones on that stone.

Battle Hall, notwithstanding its name, appears to have been but very slightly fortified. The hall, which is now divided into a number of rooms, and one wing of the house still remaining, are of the fourteenth century; but they bear traces of considerable alteration in the time of Henry VIII. The building is supposed by some archæologists to have been the halting place, or “half-way house,” for the pilgrims between Canterbury and Battle Abbey, and they think that from that circumstance it received the name of Battle Hall; others conjecture that the building may originally have been crenellated, or embattled—(although no record of a licence granting it has ever been discovered),—and that the present name may have been simply an abbreviation of “the embattled hall.” The fact of the hall having had originally a flat leaded roof, naturally leads to the inference that it was embattled, or that it had a parapet of some kind running round it. Besides the lavatory above mentioned, there is a remarkable painted panel, apparently the reredos of an altar of the fifteenth century, now built into the wall over the fireplace in one of the bedrooms.

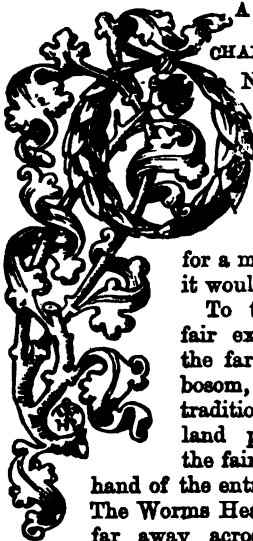
The village of Leeds is pleasantly scattered over a series of abrupt elevations, and has about it altogether an air of remote antiquity; many of the old timber-built houses, with rich cornices, gables, and beautifully-designed chimney stacks, being such as would charm the eye of the most ardent lover of the picturesque. The fine old Norman church, too, with its windows rich with fragments of painted glass, and the elaborate monuments commemorative of the former lords of the surrounding domain, is an object of itself well worthy of being examined by such of our readers, as, like ourselves, may be fortunate enough to pay a visit to Leeds Castle.

W. DAMPIER.

LETTY'S TEMPTATION.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS, BY I. D. FENTON.

CHAPTER I.



N the shores of Carmarthen Bay, not ten miles from Tenby, stands a farmhouse known as Golygfa-hyfyrd, and justly is it so named,

for a more beautiful prospect it would be hard to find.

To the south stretches a fair expanse of blue water, the far-famed bay, in whose bosom, according to ancient tradition, lies the enchanted land peopled by beings of the fairy world. On either

hand of the entrance to the bay stand

The Worms Head and Caldy Island: far away across the channel rises

the outline of North Devon. The coast of Carmarthen Bay is varied—on one side precipitous rocks, on the other a low sandy beach. Looking inland you see a rich, well-cultivated country, undulating like Devon, but unlike Devon in having fewer stone walls and smaller fields, which, parcelled out by sod dykes and hedges, give a warmer and more clothed aspect to the landscape. From the hill behind the house four counties can be seen, and two of the highest mountain ranges in Wales, the Percelli and the Black Mountains. The farm itself is in Pembrokeshire; and close by a village, consisting of some dozen or two of white, blue, or yellow-washed houses, a square-towered church, and a castle, which built piece by piece has little pretensions to either beauty or strength, but is nevertheless considered perfect by the unsophisticated natives. Antiquity it certainly can claim, having, in one form or another, been the head quarters of the Gawain family, since the days of Howel Dha, when, during the wholesale confiscation by William, it was saved by the beauty of the Celtic chief's only child and heiress, who became captivated by the dark eyes and soft speech of a follower of Sir Robert Fitz Hamon. A compromise was the result, and Sir Claude Gironde, nothing loth, changed his Norman for a Celtic name.

The present owner, Jervis Gawain, was like his ancestor's bride an only child, and

the last of his name, both parents having died when he was a boy.

Rachel Lloyd, the tenant of the farm, was the Squire's foster-mother and widow of Richard Lloyd, the descendant of a race who had held the same ground almost as long as the Gawains had the castle. The widow had two sons, who, though come to man's estate, only held the land as under their mother. Evan, the eldest, had taken after his mother's side of the house, and boasted the bright blue eyes and dark-red hair, which still distinguishes the inhabitants of the country occupied by the Flemish settlement of Henry II. Like his forefathers, Evan was wide-shouldered, deep-chested, clean limbed; positive and strong-minded, but as gentle in temper as a summer stream. Lewis, on the other hand, was a true Celt, dark-haired, lithe-limbed, and hot-headed, reckless in his pleasure, fiery in his anger, fierce and passionate even to cruelty in his love. From a child he had been his mother's favourite, nor, looking at him, could you well blame her, for a handsomer man than Lewis, at three-and-twenty, was rarely met. The greatest charm about his face, perhaps, lay in his eyes, which were of a deep clear grey, hiding away under thick long lashes, a light that dazzled or won you, as the mood was on him,—dangerous eyes, eyes that reached the heart without any need of spoken words—eyes that could play every lover's wile, and which once met when passion roused, left a burning scar which no after ways could ever quite obliterate. Lewis was, as Mrs. Lloyd half-regretfully, half-prondly, owned, "a sad boy among the girls;" and accordingly a very sharp look-out did the mother keep, especially among the young women employed at the farm.

Both brothers had received a good education, and although on equal terms at the farm, the younger did very little towards the ordinary labour; shooting, fishing, and riding having more attractions for him. In winter he brought pleasure and profit into partnership: a first-rate horseman, he knew every mile of the country, the weak part of every fence, and the best line to follow; so that as soon as Captain Powel's first "meet" was announced Lewis was in his element, and got longer prices for his horses than any man, dealer or not, in the country. Evan was not

given to love-making, and the fact of his never having been in love was a source of much satisfaction to Rachel, who never forgot the old adage,—

"My son's my son till he gets a wife,
My daughter's my daughter all my life."

Lewis had done all the courting, and to spare; and many a sleepless night had his doings cost his mother, who, like a Rebecca of old, lived in continual fear that her favourite son would bring home a wife from among the daughters of the land.

Such were the inmates of Golygfa-hyfyrd, where in the sweet spring time my story begins; but even though it was the last week in May, and drawing nigh unto summer, it was the first that anything like spring weather had warmed the hearts of the farmers in the Principality, who, sorely tried by wind and rain during this their busiest month, had been forced to console themselves by falling back upon the wisdom of their Celtic forefathers, trusting in the proverb, that "a wet May would bring a land loaded with corn and hay." Now, in the eleventh hour, when the corn was in the ground, the hay-fields weeded, the potatoes planted, did the capricious wind veer round to the south, the sun shine forth, and summer and the swallows come together. Every one rejoiced in the change, and none more so than Rachel Lloyd's pretty niece Lettice, who, having made her fresh acquaintance with her cousins and Wales upon May-day, had been wearying for sunshine and flowers.

Lettice was a thorough-going cockney, born and bred within the sound of Bow-bells, utterly ignorant of country life, and associating Seasons only with the changes in the artificial flowers used in the shop where she served, and where her good looks had gained her a place in the show-room.

When Lettice had been so advanced some six or eight months, she suddenly fell ill, the roses left her cheeks and the light faded out of her eyes. Her employer, a kind-hearted woman, sent for a doctor, who ordered country air, and Lettice remembering to have heard her dead mother speak of Aunt Rachel and the home-farm, petitioned to be sent to Wales, which being very far away, and altogether a new world, would, she felt, be the best medicine. Poor Letty knew better than the doctor why her cheeks had grown pale, and the burthen of her work, once light enough, intolerable, for the saddest lesson a young heart can learn had been taught her. Letty's story was short and very common. For a month or two the world itself had seemed scarcely large enough to contain the happiness life had in store for her.

Then suddenly the light went out. The man to whom she had given the fresh young love of her heart left her, and that too without a word of warning or explanation. He met her as usual when her day's work was over, walked to the end of the street where her step-mother lived, and after lingering a little, and coming back once again to say good-bye, she saw him no more.

When Mrs. Lloyd's niece's illness, and her desire to visit Wales, the old love for the lost sister prompted a hearty welcome, and a hope that she would consider the farm a home as long as she liked; but when the letter was gone, misgivings began to rise. What if the girl was pretty; there were "the boys," and even if not pretty as Rachel reckoned beauty, Lettice was town bred, and sure to be a flirting, conceited, useless thing. One or both "boys" were in danger. Rachel had heard very terrible stories of the way in which young people were brought up in large towns, and never doubted but that London was Babylon, the mighty city whose sins were reaching up unto heaven, and over whose soft living, adulterous, and drunken inhabitants the wrath of the Almighty was gathering.

The day fixed for Letty's arrival being the market-day at Narberth, Rachel, who was waiting for the coach, saw a pretty, pale face looking anxiously out, while a sweet voice asked if Mrs. Lloyd was in the town. The tone was modest, and the girl's dress sober as a Quaker's, far quieter and plainer than that of the humblest work-girl in the fair.

"I am Mrs. Lloyd, my dear," said Rachel, prepossessed at once. "Welcome to Wales. Come to the inn and have a cup of tea. Sure you look a'most dead."

"I am a little tired, Aunt Rachel," quoth Lettice, trembling nervously. "But I shall soon be strong. Everybody looks so rosy and healthy, and the air has quite a different feeling from London." Letty was getting out of the coach as she made this little speech, and Mrs. Lloyd was watching her narrowly. One source of anxiety respecting her niece's arrival had been the certainty that she would wear crinoline, and as that was positively tabooed at the farm, Rachel had been in a dilemma what course she should take, and an expression of intense relief came over her face when Letty's lithe, graceful figure showed that she at least eschewed the obnoxious garment.

"You are a sensible little maid," said Rachel, patting her cheek; "you've got your mother's foot and figure too, and the hair. Sure, by the time you've seen the harvest, you'll be as like her as two peas."

Many were the looks that followed the farm spring-cart, as Rachel drove out of the town, and divers the opinions passed. The young men mostly admired her, and by the same token the girls pronounced her white-faced and plain, while the old folks shook their heads, and said, "she was a sorry lass, and the cauld winds would stivell her to the churchyard."

Letty had a very white face when she came down to breakfast next morning, and Mrs. Lloyde being fond of doctoring, immediately brought her skill to bear, putting her niece through a course of early rising, exercise, and new milk, under which, the roses began to blossom again, the light came back into the soft hazel eyes, and Letty found that it was not altogether unpleasant living in a comfortable house with two handsome cousins, both of whom treated her with a sort of quaint courtesy. Doctors place great faith in a counter-irritant, and though Letty was not exactly in love with Lewis, his eyes had set her heart fluttering more than once; and there was something in the way in which his voice softened that made her remember every word he said.

Upon the afternoon my story takes as a special and personal starting point, Mrs. Lloyde was in the yard, where the milking was going forward; she had taken her stand, with her knitting in hand, by the door of the dairy, where three sturdy damsels were busy in the mysteries of cheese-making. Both yard and dairy spoke well for the owner, both were very unlike Welsh farmyards in general. There were no slates off, no temporary blocking out of wind and rain by sods or straw, the doors moved smoothly upon their hinges, and through the open stable-door might be seen stalls littered with clean straw, while the smell of fresh hay proved that work was going on.

Presently up a green lane came the workmen leading or riding their teams, and as the foremost reached the yard, a big black horse broke away, and trotting to the pond, stood snorting with his muzzle at the muddy margin, until a comrade coming up, he made a plunge forward. Mrs. Lloyde's keen eyes ran over the cattle with a well-satisfied smile; nodding to an old man who had ridden down upon a handsome brood mare with a colt at her heels, she said:

"They show more of last year's corn than of this, William."

"Yes, sure, ma'am. Theres norra one has horses like un, indeed; and they're the toptest by here. Auld mare be as filty as a four-year. Eh, auld girl?" and he brought his hand down upon the mare's ribs with a sounding slap, thereby disturbing the colt who,

with the laudable view of economising time, had seized the opportunity to begin his supper.

"There's the last bucket," cried Mrs. Lloyde, suddenly remembering Letty, "and my niece not here yet; run Mari, hurry and tell her to come."

Letty was trimming a hat for herself, and as the bright-faced girl looked in to give her message, greeted her with:

"Oh, bother! you can drink the milk for me. No, don't go away—I am finished; just look, isn't that better than the church-steeple you wear here?" and she perched the hat upon her head.

"There's pretty!" cried Mari, wonder-struck and open-mouthed.

"Well, if you're a good girl, I'll make one like it for you; and won't we astonish the 'boys' on Sunday!"

Mari laughed, and followed Letty to the yard, where Mrs. Lloyde stood, too much interested in the milk to notice her niece. When she did look up, the never-ending knitting dropped from her hands, and her face flushed angrily.

"Bless us all, girl! what's that on your head?"

"A hat, aunt, and one of the latest fashion."

Mrs. Lloyde's lips drew closer, and her eyes half closed.

"I don't like such fashions; there's not a decent girl here that would be seen with a thing like that, so put it out of my sight."

Letty hardly understood what was meant, but the truth dawned upon her as the girls in the dairy giggled. Then her eyes flashed, and her colour deepened; but still, by a strong effort, she kept down her passion.

"It is so pretty, aunt; everybody in England wears them."

"Pretty here, or pretty there, I am not going to have my house disgraced, or my niece called——"

Before Mrs. Lloyde could finish, Letty had torn the hat off, and was stamping upon it, crying:

"There! now are you content?"

Mrs. Lloyde held her tongue, and something like pity for the motherless girl stole over her face. But the hard look came back as Evan, stepping out of the stable, came over, and laid his hand upon Letty's shoulder, saying:

"Don't be hard on her, mother; her ways are not as our ways, and the hat was pretty on her."

"Did you see it?" sobbed Letty, looking first into his face, then at the strong, brown hand clasping her shoulder.

"Yes, cousin, I was in the stable, but

frightened to come out, when I saw you dancing about like a wild cat."

Letty laughed, but her aunt's face grew dark. All her fears, all the presentiments of what was to follow her niece's arrival, lulled to rest as they had been, sprang to life, and her heart grew bitter against the pretty face that had been the cause of such a speech from Evan, who, seeing that for the present there was no chance of winning his mother over, bid Lettice go into the house, and not think of it any more.

Lettice did as she was told, but not before she had stooped her face and kissed the hand still lingering on her shoulder—a child-like caress Mrs. Lloydde fortunately had turned her back upon; she was too busy reproving the maids for neglecting their work, to take further notice of Evan's championship.

When supper-time came, the effects of the storm were still visible. Letty's eyes were red and swollen, and her mouth quivered nervously, as she said,

"Aunt, I am very sorry; but I was in an awful passion."

Evan smiled, and looked at his mother. The flushed, sorrowful face, and quivering lips of his pretty cousin did not look very awful, and he thought enough had been said. But Mrs. Lloydde did not mean to relax so quickly; her nature was suspicious; she did not believe poor Letty, and thought her contrition all show, for Evan's benefit.

"It's a pity you don't think before you act, niece. There never was a sweeter temper than your mother, and I am never in a passion."

Lettice thought differently of the last allegation, but kept her opinion to herself, and an awkward silence reigned at the table, until Lewis came in, brimful of the news of the squire's return to the castle, which was to be done up against the shooting season. Next to her own sons, Rachel loved her foster-child, and before Lettice went to bed had given her a full account of the family, Mr. Gawain's boyhood, as far as she knew of his after-life, and the young bride who had brought him such a fine fortune, and sent a wedding-cake as large as a cheese to the farm.

"Evan told me of the row with my mother," whispered Lewis, as he and Letty met in the passage. "Don't mind it, Letty; she's quick-tempered, but we've all to put up with it alike. You mustn't quarrel with her, for the house wouldn't be worth stopping in without you."

And Letty went to bed with a light heart after all, but not quite sure which of her cousins she liked the best—Evan, with his quiet, protecting kindness, Lewis with his—

There the contrast failed for want of words; she did not know how to explain, even in her own mind, where the difference lay.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. LLOYDDE was now too fully occupied superintending the refurnishing at the castle, to see what was going on at home, or how her worst fears were being realised. It was not possible for Lewis to be in the way of a pretty girl without fancying himself in love with her; and the very fact that Lettice kept him at a distance, and was so unlike the girls he had been used to, increased his passion, which grew all the stronger by being kept out of sight. Generally speaking, Lewis went about his love-making very openly, and with a noisy bravado. He was proud of his success, and had no objection to be joked about it; but now he kept his feelings in check, waiting and watching, with tolerable patience, for an opportunity to tell Lettice how he loved her.

At first he had been inclined to be jealous of Evan, but all fear on that head gradually vanished; he soon saw that Evan never brought the colour to her cheeks, and he was content to wait. Nor was this waiting without its own peculiar charm. It had the advantage of novelty, Lewis began to feel that difficulty and delay lent a new pleasure to the pursuit; and this lasted until one day, when the corn harvest was in progress, every available hand employed in the field, and Mrs. Lloydde safe at the castle for the rest of the day, Letty being left to keep house alone, took her sewing to a summer-house at the foot of the garden, where, bowered in by monthly roses, honeysuckle, and clematis, she could look out upon the bay, and dream of the fairy lands that no mortal eye had seen. Her waking dreams soon ended in sleeping dreams. Letty's head rested upon the mossy wall, her work lay idly on her lap. There are few prettier pictures than that of a fair girl surprised by sleep, especially if surrounded by flowers and sunshine; even the little birds seemed to think so, and came fluttering down to perch upon her workbox or table, flying away in guilty consternation at the sound of an approaching footstep—a step subdued, as if the corner was not willing to be heard at all, and was pausing every now and then to make sure that he had not betrayed himself, when a turn of the walk brought him to the grass-plot in front of the summer-house. There Lewis stood still; he had left the harvest field, knowing he would find her alone. He had made up his mind to speak, and though he felt a little nervous, he had no fears about the result.

As he stood looking at the sleeping girl his face grew pale, and the light that gleamed out of his dark eyes had as much of cruel determination as of passion; he made no effort to disturb her rest, but a minute or two only had passed when, suddenly, and as people often do awake, Lettice opened her eyes. She looked in Lewis's face rather vaguely, she had been dreaming about him, and for the moment she hardly knew which was reality. Lewis only saw the eyes, with their dreamy silent love, and all the long-restrained passion broke forth.

"Lewis! how dare you?" cried Letty, fully roused to the reality now, and struggling in his arms.

"I'd dare anything to tell you I love you; it's because I love you; because I cannot look on as the lovers you talk about do; because I believe, in spite of your cold looks, that you love me. I love you, Letty; do you hear? I love you—I love you. Nay, you may as well be still, and hear me. I won't let you go until you've kissed me back again, and told me what I want to hear."

And Lettice remained passive; her own heart was beating wildly, and although she was very indignant, Lewis loved her, and, carried away by his passion, she told him she loved him and believed it herself.

"I've had a present in my pocket for you this fortnight, Letty," said Lewis, after a time, and he took a little box out of his pocket; "see. You like ear-rings; here's a pretty pair."

Letty did like pretty things, and was pleased at Lewis giving her anything so nice. So she gave him the thanks he wanted, and let him fasten the ornaments in her ears; her arm was still upon his shoulder, and her face crimson with blushes, turned up to his, when he said,

"You are the prettiest girl I ever saw, Letty, and I am half-afraid of touching you, even now. You are so different from the girls about here."

Never did lover make a more unfortunate speech. In an instant there flashed upon Letty's memory all the tales she had heard of Lewis and his love-making, and she sprang from his side, looking in his face defiantly, as quivering, flushing, and almost hoarse with jealous passion, she poured forth a perfect hurricane of indignant reproaches, to which Lewis listened, silent from sheer amazement. Heretofore his triumphs among the fair sex had been considered a recommendation, and he could not even now see why Lettice was to cast them in his teeth. He had been faithful to her since the secret of his love first disclosed itself, and was rather inclined to take merit

to himself for being so, but while he was thinking how he should soothe her, her voice was silenced, a look of intense fear convulsed her face, and uttering a cry of horror, she ran off towards the house. Turning, Lewis saw, peering through the branches, the leering, distorted face of an idiot boy, who, belonging to no one, was suffered to feed and sleep at the farm, and employed in cowherding or messages.

To seize the boy by the collar and drag him through the hedge was the work of a moment, when all the concentrated passion and disappointment ranking in his heart were vented in a shower of blows, nor did he stay his hand, until the boy's shrieks of murder threatened to bring other witnesses, when, regaining command over himself, Lewis threw the poor terrified wretch from him, swearing that if he caught him watching Lettice again he would kill him.

In vain Lewis sought for an opportunity of having an explanation. Lettice would give him none. And at last, weary, provoked, and beside himself with anger, he absented himself from the house almost continually night as well as day. Lettice was furious, but too proud to complain; and, finding she had gone a little too far, tried to bring him back by arousing his jealousy. She had a work-box, in which she had collected and locked away every relic that could remind her of the past. This had been done when first her trouble fell upon her; but now she thought all danger of that kind was gone by, and accordingly opened the box and took out a pair of ear-rings given to her by the false lover to lure back the fickle one.

Of course it was very weak and childish of Lettice to try any such experiments; but Lettice was neither very strong nor very worldly-wise. She had thought once of making Lewis jealous of Evan; but there had been something in Evan's manner of late that repelled her. He was none the less kind and gentle, but he was less in the house; and when there never tried to find her alone as he had formerly done. He looked so grave, too, when Lewis was chaffing her, half bitterly, and with a covert meaning, intended only for Lettice, that the thought of playing him off against his brother was a very transitory one, and she even thought of taking Evan into her confidence and making him lecture Lewis; but this, too, passed away, and all her plans ended in wearing a curious and costly pair of ear-rings, of which Lewis took no notice whatever. Thus things were in a sore perplexity when the Squire brought his wife home—very quietly, for Mrs. Gawain was not strong, and begged that there might be no demonstration.

Mrs. Lloyd came home from her visit to the bride in low spirits. She did not think much of her favourite's choice; but Lettice, going with her next day, was more favourably impressed. There was a weak, disappointed, unsettled look about the delicate face that found a corresponding voice and sympathy in Letty's heart.

"How pretty your niece is," said Mrs. Gawain, when Letty went out of the room. "I quite like her. You must let her come and see me every day."

And Mrs. Lloyd promised, though not perfectly satisfied that it was the best thing for her niece to become the companion of a fine lady. It was dark before they left the castle, and a cold drizzling rain came sweeping up from the sea. Lettice covered her head up with a shawl, and trusting to her aunt's better acquaintance with the field-path, kept close behind her. She was thinking of the sad-faced bride, and how differently she had pictured such a lot. Who was to blame? Surely not the Squire, whose praise was on every lip; if not his fault, how terrible his disappointment. So Lettice was very sorry for the young husband.

They were in the last field now, and Mrs. Lloyd was carefully fastening a chain round the gate when approaching voices were heard, and three or four men, with a number of dogs, came along the path. "It's the Squire," whispered Mrs. Lloyd; and before Lettice's mind's eye arose the memory of the wife he was going home through the fog and rain to meet. But suddenly her pity and sympathy were set to flight, and her heart stood still.

"Hallo! Mother Lloyd! What a night to be out in!" It was the Squire who spoke, and he brushed past Letty as he held out his hand to her aunt.

Letty's heart stood still. She knew the voice. Why should she not? Had it not whispered in every accent of love, praise, passion, and hope in her ear? Had she not longed for it with a longing like unto madness? Had she not gone into lonely places that she might utter his words aloud and mimic his tone, finding consolation even thus? Months had passed away; she had buried the desire of her heart side by side with its fresh, pure love; and now, when other hopes and other love had filled the void, her prayers were gratified, the old mad longing filled, and the voice ringing in her ears again, waking up the hidden passion, filling every thrilling nerve with the ecstasies of a first love.

Letty had fled to the uttermost parts of the earth for safety, and her fate had followed her. She knew, then, as she stood with the chill east wind beating the rain in her burning

face, how bitterly she had been deceived when she said to herself that the old love was conquered.

At last he went on homewards, and her aunt joined her, together they walked up the hill, Rachel loud in Mr. Gawain's praise, and Lettice with her teeth set and every throb of her heart, ringing a thousand bells in her brain, pretending to listen, but neither hearing or heeding anything, and scarcely knowing she was in the house till Evan said,—

"You are cold, Letty. Come and sit by the kitchen-fire."

Lettice said she was wet, and would go up-stairs.

"Sure you've kept her out too late, mother," he said. "She's but a frail little maid."

And Rachel went to Lettice's bedroom door, but it was locked; and Letty, against all reason, declared she was in bed. So her aunt turned back, thinking her niece was out of temper. Lewis, as ill-luck would have it, had been waiting in a quieter mood than usual, ready to make any concession. And upon this temper of his, Letty's conduct came like oil on smouldering flax; no sooner was supper over, than, starting up, he took his cap. Evan followed him to the door, and there some words passed—angry ones it seemed to the mother, who, however, saw something in Evan's face that prevented her asking an explanation, though he sat with her till nearly twelve. Lewis had not returned when she went to her room, and the small hours had chimed from the noisy clock before she heard him come up-stairs.

THE CUISINE IN THE FOREST.

DURING the height of the summer season, fêtes in the neighbourhood of Paris are at any rate sufficiently plentiful to perplex the pleasure-seeking idler in the choice he is constrained to make with a view to his own enjoyment. As autumn draws on, however, and Paris migrates to "la campagne," the "bains de mer," and the banks of the Rhine, the "flâneur," whose ill-luck forbids him to tear himself away from his favourite boulevards, finds himself in no such difficulty. There are no more races to attract him to Longchamp or Chantilly, no more steeple-chases to draw him to La Marche or Vincennes, no more displays of "grandes eaux" to entice him to Versailles or St. Cloud. The "fêtes Vénétiennes" and water tournaments are over for the season at Asnières and Argenteuil, and so are the "bals d'enfants" and "fêtes militaires" at the Pré Catalan. The pigeon-shooting matches, too, have ceased at

Bagatelle, and so have the "fêtes des Loups" on the banks of the Lake of Enghien; and until next year there will be no more blushing "Rosières" * crowned at either Nanterre or Suresnes. Nevertheless the month of September opens with a fête as picturesque and interesting as any of the foregoing, and one which attracts an immense assemblage from Paris and all the villages between there and Saint Germain. This is the famous "fête des Loges," so named from a cluster of wood-cutters' huts that formerly stood in the forest of Saint Germain, in the neighbourhood of the pile of slate-roofed stone buildings—originally a convent for barefooted friars, afterwards a powder-magazine in the days of the Terror, and now a branch establishment of the Legion of Honour; in front of which the fête is held.

When the convent was in a flourishing condition, an annual three days' pilgrimage seems to have been instituted to its chapel of St. Fiacre—the patron saint, not of cab-drivers, as one might be led to conclude from the name, but of gardeners and florists—where so soon as due honour had been paid to the saint, the pilgrims, seating themselves on the green sward beneath the shade of forest trees, produced their wallets and "leathern bottles" and banqueted and made merry in accordance with prevailing custom. When the Revolution put an end to all such superstitious roving and gatherings, the old habit of feasting in the forest on three given days in the month of September still survived, and even continues to be the main attraction of the "fête des Loges" at the present day.

The mere notion of a fête in a forest conveys some sort of picturesque idea to the fancy, of which the reality certainly does not fall short. Picture to yourself a drive of two or three miles—the ancient château where James II. kept court after being forced to "retire from business," your starting-point—along a road straight as a dart, and bordered on either side by lofty trees, with game preserves and deer-paddocks in the recesses of the forest beyond, and with a perfect stream of vehicles of every known shape following and preceding you. Most of the horses have bells round their necks, a few have foxes' brushes at their ears, and the drivers one and all crack their whips as they were wont to do in the days of old, ere the diligence had been dethroned by the locomotive. Picture to yourself, too, not merely the jingling of bells, the cracking of whips, and the rumbling of wheels in this woodland solitude, but the shouts and the laughter of thousands of light hearted human beings who have learnt to perfection the art of enjoying them-

selves, and you will have some kind of idea of our lively drive to the "fête des Loges." As the trees get taller and closer together, and more picturesque and antique-looking, we see ahead of us in the very depths of the forest, as it were, a little canvas town dressed out with thousands of gay flags that lazily flutter in the wind. As we approach nearer, we make out triumphal arches, covered with green boughs, and hung all over with bright coloured lamps, and flanked with oriflammes having gilt pasteboard imperial eagles suspended half-way up their staves. We can discern, too, restaurants, cafés, ball rooms, circuses, showmen's booths, swings, Russian mountains and roundabouts, and a miniature circular railway (fare two sous) with its train of carriages propelled by a real locomotive, driven by a youth of twelve, who blows off the steam and sounds the whistle and applies the break with all the nonchalance of an old experienced hand. Besides all these, there are hundreds of those little stalls such as are to be met with at every fête and fair in every part of Europe, where, save certain edibles and toys, nothing but articles of a perfectly useless character are sold.

On penetrating the outskirts of this little tented town, we encounter not merely the familiar gendarme with his clanking sabre and big cocked hat, but a company of soldiers in green and crimson uniforms, with their improvised canvas guard-house, abutting on the post of the fire-brigade and the bureau of the commissary of police, such is the care which a paternal government considerably takes of us. Threading our way through crowds of grown-up persons, and children of all sizes, the majority of whom belong to the "bourgeoise" class—past gaily-painted prosceniums and marvellous tableaux, depicting Normandy giantesses, Brittany dwarfs, corpulent infants, tattooed savages dancing the war dance and yelling the war whoop, Patagonian cannibals who are reduced to feed off live rats, and awfully learned animals which put man with all his boasted attainments to shame—past sweetmeat stalls, and piles of pears and peaches, and mounds of melons and grapes heaped upon the ground—past vendors of fried potatoes and lemonade, and manufacturers of gateaux which go flying into space at the slightest whiff of wind like those famous slices of Vauxhall ham which people were supposed to sup off in the days when George the Fourth was king—passing all these, we come to the Rue des Restaurants, easily recognisable by the curling wreaths of pale blue smoke ascending from gigantic fire-places, formed of masses of stone hastily cemented together, in front of which are long, heavily laden spits, set in motion by means of

* See Vol. II., N. 8., p. 304.

cords wound round the branches of some adjacent tree, on which larded capons, ducks, kids, goslings, and legs and shoulders of mutton are roasting at blazing wood fires. Round about are tribes of cooks in clean white caps and jackets and aprons, busily engaged with their basting ladles, or in trussing and larding fowls, preparing fricandeaus and ragouts, trimming cotelettes, beating filets, flavouring soups, slicing potatoes, and washing salads. Halves and quarters of sheep, and joints of veal, mutton and beef hang suspended around; and on tables neatly dressed out with white cloths and decorated with bouquets of flowers, such delicacies as crayfish, prawns, cold roast capons, *pâtés aux foies gras*, and all the fruits of the season are temptingly displayed. Glancing inside the tent which forms the restaurant—the cuisine and its accessories are all open to the sky—we see that it is decked out with flags and evergreens, and that the trunks of the trees which shoot up here and there are bound round with branches of fern, and that three or four rows of tables run from one end to the other. The *garçons* who have as yet nothing to do, promenade up and down, smoking *sous-cigars* to pass away the time.

Later in the day we venture upon an afternoon *déjeuner* at one of the most pretentious of these forest restaurants, in the full belief that our appetite will prove the best sauce, for who would think of looking for the refinements of the cuisines of Vefour's or the Trois Frères, in the heart of a forest two or three miles beyond the limits of ordinary civilisation? The soup, as we expected, proves somewhat thin, the filet a trifle tough, but the capon is plump and tender, the salad crisp and sweet, and the Bordeaux by no means amiss. During our repast a band of three juvenile musicians favours us with a vocal and instrumental concert; two of them have violins and some elaborate mechanism of drums and bells at their backs, which discourses anything but sweet sounds when set in motion by a wire attached to the performer's foot. The third and youngest urchin was supposed to play the triangle, which, after striking two or three times and always at the wrong moment, he laid aside to munch a hunk of bread, resuming the instrument only when his appetite was for the moment satisfied. Young demoiselles with flowers pass up and down between the tables and insist on placing roses in your button-hole, whether or not you approve of this style of decoration, and leaving their reward entirely to your own sense of liberality.

On quitting the restaurant, we encounter the troop belonging to the chief circus—some

score or so of seedy-looking cavaliers, and amazons whose beauty and toilettes are alike faded, mounted on sorry Rosinantes, and clad in that picturesque costume of the chase dating back for upwards of a century, when lords and ladies hawked and hunted in velvets and gold and silver lace, as they do at Compiègne at the present day. A halt is ordered in front of the circus, the bugles sound to command silence, and energetic appeals are made to the gaping bystanders by the ladies of the troop to walk up and judge for themselves of the many marvels to be witnessed within, and which comprise not merely equestrian feats and hippo-dramatic entertainments such as the *Petit Caporal*, the *Daughter of the Danube*, and the *Field of the Cloth of Gold*, but a grand performance of lions, in the course of which, according to the pictures displayed outside, these noble animals not only receive their keepers' heads between their jaws, but jump through hoops, stand on their hind legs and beg, hold pipes in their mouths, and go through all the ordinary tricks of the educated poodle.

As the day wears on, the juveniles gradually take their departure, laden for the most part with toys and packets of sweetmeats, which they would much rather eat off-hand than have the bother of carrying home. At least, such is evidently the opinion of the pupils of one young ladies' finishing school, as they march past in double file, every mademoiselle among them nibbling at a stick of barley sugar. Our friends the cooks who looked so neat and trim in the morning begin to look very greasy and a trifle groggy as the sun goes down; nevertheless, they continue to spit their capons with their accustomed dexterity, and to ply their basting ladles with energy, for the fête will last to near midnight, and provision must be made for new arrivals. At dusk there are preparations for a general illumination, and soon the little tented town is one blaze of light, the triumphal arches are so many masses of brilliancy, and thousands of lamps are hung out in front of the dancing saloons, the shows, the cafés and the restaurants, and the numerous stalls and booths.

Dancing is now the rule, the shows being one and all more or less deserted. The chief saloon, which is some hundred and fifty feet in length, and has a flooring of planks laid down for the accommodation of the dancers, is decorated from one end to the other with flags and evergreens, and is brilliantly lighted up with myriads of hanging lamps. The dancers are for the most part youths and girls, the chief of whom are late arrivals, who appear to have come to the fête for the sole purpose of dancing with one another until the

lights are all turned out. Everything is en règle; the steps are correct and proper enough, though occasionally one or more students from the Quartier Latin will venture upon some eccentric display; still there is none of that offensive style of dancing which is indigenous to the Jardin Mabille, and the Salle Valentino, and which even the regular presence of sergens de ville on the platform, and the occasional committal of some marked offender can barely restrain within the bounds of decency.

HENRY VIZETELLY.

WILL MOUNTFORD AND LORD MOHUN.

PART I.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, born about the year 1660 (the son of Captain Mountford, a gentleman of good family in Staffordshire), and bred up to no particular employment, passed his earlier years in the country, but on his arriving at manhood, as a biographer informs us, "his gaiety of temper and easy disposition, which were very conspicuous, could not easily be restrained to the solitary amusements of a rural life." Of the date of his first appearance on the stage no record exists, but he is believed to have been the "Young Mumford" who played the part of "a boy" in the comedy of "The Counterfeits," represented at the theatre in Dorset Garden in 1678. To the change in the spelling of his name, no importance attaches; in those days, and for some time afterwards, considerable licence prevailed in that respect. The great Mr. Betterton often appears in stage histories of his period as Mr. Batterton, or Bettertuan, and Mr. Colley Cibber's name is occasionally printed *Cyber*, now and then merely *Colley*. In 1680 the part of *Jack, the Barber's Boy*, in "Revenge, or a Match in Newgate," a comedy ascribed to Mrs. Behn, was sustained by Mr. "Mumford." Downes in his "Roscius Anglicanus" (1708) speaks of Mountford as having arrived in 1682, at "the maturity of a good actor." He was then a member of the company playing at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, and appeared as *Alphonso Corso*, in "The Duke of Guise," by Dryden and Lee, a tragedy which occasioned some excitement at the time from a prevalent notion that a parallel was intended to be conveyed by the authors between the characters of the Duke of Monmouth and the Duke of Guise. The Whigs were very angry, at a presumed attack upon them, and Dryden published a letter vindicating the play from the charges brought against it.

For some period Mountford appears to have been entertained on the establishment of Lord Chancellor Jefferies, whose favour he had

secured by a skilful mimicry of the great lawyers of the age "in their tone of voice and in their action and gesture of body." He had pleaded, in 1685, a mock suit before the Chancellor, the Lord Mayor, and minor civic magnates, and had greatly delighted his audience. Mrs. Piozzi, commenting upon this story of Mountford's doings, writes: "I dare say the humour of making *Portia*, in the 'Merchant of Venice,' mimic Lord Mansfield, came from this. I remember it always done." She was probably thinking of Mrs. Clive, who was especially famous for her amusing mockery of the leading barrister of her time in her performance of *Portia*.

About the year 1687, Mountford married a Mistress Percival, a comic actress of great talent and beauty, who had first appeared at the Theatre Royal in 1681. She was in later years known as Mrs. Verbruggen, and it was by way of celebration of her charms that Gay the poet wrote his admirable ballad of "Black-eyed Susan."

Of Mountford's appearance and manner of acting, Colley Cibber has left us a particular description. He was tall, well-made, fair, and of an agreeable aspect; gifted with a full, clear, and melodious voice. In tragedy he was accounted a most affectionate lover, and Cibber highly commends his performance of *Alexander the Great*, especially in the scene where the hero throws himself at the feet of *Statira*, and implores her to pardon his infidelities. "There we saw the great, the tender, the penitent, the despairing, the transported, and the amiable in the highest perfection." In comedy he was a distinguished Fine Gentleman, with a particular talent in giving life to *bon mots* and repartees. "The wit of the poet seemed always to come from him *ex tempore*, and sharpened into more wit from his brilliant manner of delivering it." Cibber, too, has quite an actor's appreciation of the propriety of Mountford's demeanour upon the stage, and his consideration for his brother players. He ever bore in mind, we are informed, "what was due to the presence of equal or superior characters, though inferior actors played them; he filled the stage, not by elbowing and by crossing it before others or disconcerting their action, but by surpassing them in true and masterly touches of nature."

The characters supported by Mountford pertain almost altogether to an obsolete theatrical repertory. He flourished in days when the ranting tragedies of Nat Lee, the jingling plays of Dryden, the ribald comedies of Mrs. Behn, Etherege, and others, held firm possession of the stage. Malpome was then an unnatural beldam who stalked on stilts and

rhymed and ranted to an atrocious degree; Thalia was a hoyden and a slut, particularly loose-mannered and foul-mouthed. The players and playwrights after the Restoration took ample vengeance for the intolerance with which they had been treated by the Puritans. "It's our turn now!" seems to have been the cry. "You objected to Beaumont and Fletcher—how do you like Tom D'Urfey?" If all "the suppressed passages" in Mr. Bowdler's Shakespeare were to be printed consecutively, they would compose quite a modest work in comparison with certain of the entertainments played before the Courts of Charles and James II., and even, though in a less degree, of William and Mary. King William's queen indeed withdrew her objections to Mrs. Behn's dissolute comedy of "The Rover, or the Banished Cavaliers," and permitted its performance at Whitehall, solely for the sake of Mountford's brilliant representation of the hero. In this part, according to Cibber, the player seemed "to wash off the guilt from vice and gave it charms and merit."

But few of Shakespeare's plays had found their way back to the stage. In Mountford's list of characters appears *Macduff*, played probably to the *Macbeth* of Betterton, in Sir William Davenant's operatic version of the tragedy; but there is no evidence of his having sustained any other Shakespearian part. His most important tragic characters seem to have been *Alexander* and *Castilio*, in Otway's tragedy of "The Orphan." Cibber highly lauds his *Sparkish* in Wycherley's "Country Wife," as an evidence of the variety of his genius. In this part he is said to have entirely changed himself, and at once thrown off the man of sense for the briak, vain, rude, and lively coxcomb, the false, flashy pretender to wit, and the dupe of his own sufficiency. His excellence in *Sir Courtly Nice*, in Crowne's comedy of that name, is reputed to have been still greater. It was said of him that he was no longer Mountford but another person; he was not himself in voice, mien, or gesture; the whole man was changed. He assumed an insipid civility, an elegant formal manner, a drawling delicacy of articulation, a stately flatness of address, an empty loftiness of attitude; and maintained these characteristics steadily through the part with admirable consistency and judgment. Cibber confesses that any success he may himself have attained in his subsequent performances of these characters was wholly due to his memory of Mountford's example. "Had he been remembered when I first attempted them," writes the modest Colley, "my defects would have been more

easily discovered, and consequently my favourable reception in them must have been very much and justly abated." Certainly Mountford had personal qualifications with which Cibber could not pretend to compete. To a handsome face and noble form, Mountford added "a clear counter tenor and a melodious warbling throat,"—matters of some importance when it is borne in mind that in his last scene, *Sir Courtly* has to sing,—while Colley was a plain-featured gentleman with a somewhat insignificant figure, and, as he himself chronicles, "a screaming treble voice." In his youth he had been known by the nickname of "Hatchet-face," in allusion to his exceeding leanness.

In the year 1680 the great Mrs. Anne Bracegirdle first appeared upon the stage. According to one biographer she was then but six years old. She played the part of the page on the production of Otway's "Orphan," at the Dorset Garden Theatre. Her name does not appear in the cast of characters however; she is described simply as "the little girl." There is no evidence of any further performances of the young lady until 1688, when she sustained the character of *Lucia* in Shadwell's play "The Squire of Alsatia." In 1691 she was playing *Maria* to the *Mountacute* of Mountford, in a play called "Edward the Third," written by one Mr. Bancroft, but given by him to Mountford, and included in the collected edition of his plays published by Tonson in 1720. She also represented *Tamira* in "Bussy d'Ambois," a tragedy adapted from Chapman by D'Urfey; Mountford being the *d'Ambois*. The actress and the actor were also included in the cast of the tragedy of "Alphonso, King of Naples," and the comedies of "Love for Money," and the "Merry Devil of Edmonton." In 1692 they appeared in "The Marriage-Hater Matched," "Regulus," "The Wives' Excuse," "Cleomenes," and other plays; Mrs. Bracegirdle appearing also on some occasions as *Statira* to Mountford's highly-applauded performance of *Alexander*.

Mrs. Bracegirdle seems to have been the first actress who succeeded in establishing anything like a reputation for private worth and propriety of conduct. In times when the actor was accounted in popular opinion but a mere vagabond, a very slender partition severing him from his proper position in the stocks or at the whipping-post, it is not to be supposed that the fame of the actresses was held in very high esteem. The theatrical sisterhood suffered under a foregone conclusion; their frailty was assumed as a matter quite of course—judgment was given against them before they could urge a word in their

defence—before they could even present themselves in court. It must be said that many of them succumbed most uncomplainingly to this view of their case, and led lives which rather justified than refuted the adverse opinions of their judges. But Mrs. Bracegirdle's career, if not wholly unimpeachable, presented an approximation to virtuous living worthy, all the circumstances of her case being considered, of very high praise. Cibber, who wrote in the lady's lifetime, was her old friend and play-fellow, and, it may be supposed, was unlikely to give her needless offence, says, somewhat reservedly, that she was "not unguarded in her private character." But he hastens to add that this discretion contributed not a little to make her the darling of the theatre,—for although she was a sort of universal passion, scarce an audience that saw her being less than half of them her lovers, without a suspected favourite among them, and although under the highest temptations, her constancy in resisting them served but to increase the number of her admirers. Anthony Aston, who wrote a continuation of Cibber, designates her "the Diana of the stage," and especially describes her works of charity: how she would go often to Clare Market and give money to the poor unemployed basket-women there, "insomuch that she could not pass that neighbourhood without the thankful acclamation of people of all degrees; so that if any person had affronted her they would have been in danger of being killed directly. And yet," he concludes, as though in surprise at the subject of his panegyric, "this good woman was an actress!" All honour to Anne Bracegirdle for these her good deeds!

Gildon, in his "Comparison between the Two Stages" (1702), does not scruple to cast doubts upon the good repute of Mrs. Bracegirdle, and that clever scoundrel Tom Brown, in his "Letters from the Dead to the Living," follows suit grossly enough. But that Mr. Tom Brown should not believe in virtue is no such very marvellous matter. Those scurrilous collections known as "Poems on State Affairs," supply allusions to the subject, and even suggest that the lady had become at least the *Morganatic* wife of Mr. Congreve, the poet and dramatist, though it would be difficult now to prove that such an union ever took place. Lord Macaulay, in his History of England, makes mention of Mrs. Bracegirdle, but not, it must be admitted, in the most flattering terms. "It was said of her that in the crowded theatre she had as many lovers as she had male spectators. Yet, no lover, however rich, however high in rank, had prevailed on her to be his mistress. Those who are ac-

quainted with the parts which she was in the habit of playing, and with the epilogues which it was her especial business to recite, will not give her credit for any extraordinary measure of virtue or delicacy. She seems to have been a cold, vain, and interested coquette, who perfectly understood how much the influence of her charms was increased by the fame of a severity which cost her nothing, and who could venture to flirt with a succession of admirers in the just confidence that no flame which she might kindle in them would thaw her own ice." This is severe upon the actress, and surely a little prudish too. With regard to the characters she sustained and the epilogues she delivered, the authors who wrote and the audiences who encouraged and applauded them, are clearly more deserving of censure than Anne Bracegirdle.* Can the noble historian have entertained the notion that the lady was in any way a Tory?

Notwithstanding her great popularity and the universal admiration she excited, it is tolerably clear that the lady was not absolutely a beauty. Cibber says expressly that she had no higher claims to be so considered "than what the most desirable brunette might pretend to." Aston, however, registers in her favour a long list of graces. She was "of a lovely height," he says, "with dark brown hair and eyebrows, black sparkling eyes, and a fresh bluish complexion; and whenever she exerted herself had an involuntary flushing in her breast, neck, and face, having continually a cheerful aspect and a fine set of even white teeth: never making an exit but that she left the audience in an imitation of her pleasant countenance." Then she possessed a charming figure, which she was not indisposed to display in male attire—proud probably of her shapely legs and feet and her graceful gait. One little defect her biographer chronicles. Her right shoulder was in some way deformed, "protended" a trifle; though this, when in man's dress, she effectually concealed beneath her flowing peruke. Her voice was very melodious, and in parts that required the introduction of a song, her singing and action "gave a pleasure which good sense in those days was not ashamed to give praise to." "She inspired" (to go on with Cibber's account) "the best authors to write for her, and two of them" (Rowe and Congreve)

* Doubtless the licence of the theatre was excessive about this time, and well merited the severe rebukes contained in Jeremy Collier's "View of the Stage" (1677). This work seems to have had an important effect upon the public mind, and brought about a real reform in the matter. It was probably due to Collier's writings that (in 1701) we find an information brought in the King's Bench against twelve of the players, viz., Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Barry, Mr. Betterton, Mr. Vanbruggen, &c., for using indecent expressions in some late plays, particularly the "Provoked Wife."

"when they gave her a lover in a play, seemed palpably to plead their own passions and make their private court to her in fictitious characters." Altogether we are not surprised to learn that it was "a fashion among the gay and young to have a taste or *tendre* for Mrs. Bracegirdle."

We now come to the tragic death of poor Will Mountford in the thirty-third year of his age.

Narcissus Luttrell, in his curious "Relation of State Affairs from 1678 to 1714," records, under date the 10th of December, 1692: "Last night Lord Mohun, Captain Hill, of Colonel Earle's regiment, and others pursued Mountford the actor from the playhouse to his lodgings, in Norfolk Street, where one kissed him while Hill run him through the belly; they ran away, but his lordship was this morning seized and committed to prison. Mountford died of his wounds this afternoon. The quarrel was about Mrs. Bracegirdle, the actress, whom they would have trepanned away. But Mountford prevented it, wherefore they murdered him."

This was by no means an accurate account of the manner in which Mountford met his death. But on the morrow of the occurrence the story was likely to reach Mr. Luttrell's ears in something of a confused form. Two things were clear however: the poor player had been slain, and Lord Mohun and Captain Hill were charged with being concerned as principals in his putting to death.

Captain Richard Hill appears to have been a dissipated young gentleman, who had to a most desperate extent fallen in with the fashion of adoring Mrs. Bracegirdle. What with love and liquor, he had so perturbed and confused such small brains as he ever possessed as to be capable of any extravagance, and on the whole presented as small claim to be accounted a reasonable being as could well be conceived. Lord Mohun who was left to bear the brunt of the whole evil business, demands a little more attention at our hands.

The Mohuns of Okehampton were an old family. From Collins's Peerage we learn that the first William de Mohun came over with the Conqueror, and that Dunster Castle was the reward of his fidelity, "with other fair lordships." Charles, the fifth and last baron, was the son of the fourth lord, by Philippa, one of the daughters of Arthur Annesley, Earl of Anglesey, and Lord Privy Seal. His education was much neglected, owing probably to the circumstances of his having lost his father early in life, and his mother having married again, one Mr. Coward, Serjeant-at-Law. It should be borne in mind, too, that at the time of the death of Mountford, Lord

Mohun, according to Evelyn, was only in his eighteenth year.

He had sufficiently distinguished himself, however, as a wild and quarrelsome sort of patrician. On the 1st of December, 1692, Mr. Luttrell chronicles: "The Lords Mohun and Kennedy having challenged each other, his Majesty on notice thereof, confined them to their lodgings, which they have since quitted in order to fight." On the 8th, he writes: "The Lords Mohun and Kennedy fought a duel yesterday—both wounded." The wound must have been slight enough in the case of Lord Mohun, for on the 9th he was involved in the occurrences which led to the death of Mountford, and on his trial for the murder no mention whatever was made of his having been previously wounded.

But it must be said for Lord Mohun that he lived in an age of quarrels, brawls, and duels. Upon very light provocation, gentlemen were then in the habit of crossing weapons instantly on their disagreement: in the street, in private rooms, at taverns, under the Piazza, Covent Garden, with sometimes more formal meetings in Leicester Fields, or the open ground behind Montague House, when the duellists with their seconds were conveyed in sedan-chairs to the scene of combat. And the players were little less disposed to be quarrelsome and to refer their disputes to the arbitrament of the sword, than their patrons the noblemen and gentlemen. Aston says, in reference to Verbruggen, the actor, who had become the husband of the widowed Mrs. Mountford, "that his sword was drawn upon the least occasion, a fashion which greatly prevailed during King William's reign." About a month after the death of Mountford, Narcissus Luttrell enters in his diary: "A duel was yesterday fought between one Mr. Chamberlayne and Mr. Killegrew, of the playhouse." In 1697 young Mr. Hildebrand Horden, a handsome and promising actor at Drury Lane, met his death in a frivolous quarrel at the Rose Tavern. Quin, Garrick, and even John Kemble, it may be noted, found it necessary at some one time in their lives to "go out" and give or receive "satisfaction."

The particulars of the death of poor Will Mountford will appear when we come to consider the trial of Lord Mohun by the House of Lords assembled in Westminster Hall. His lordship had surrendered to or been arrested by the watch on the night of the murder. His friend Captain Hill had made good his escape. Under date Tuesday, the 13th of December, 1692, the invaluable Luttrell writes: "On Saturday last the Lord Mohun committed for the murder of Mr. Mountford, was bailed by some justices at Hicks' Hall.

His bail were, the Lord Brandon and Mr. Charles Montague, in 2000*l*. The coroner's inquest have brought it in murder, both in his lordship and Captain Hill, which last is fled; his mother went to the king to intercede for her son, but was told 'twas a barbarous act, and that he would leave it to the law." Lord Macaulay understands the mother of Lord Mohun to be here referred to.

On the night of the 13th of December, the body of Mountford was interred in the burying-ground of St. Clement Danes, where the remains of the dramatists Otway and Lee, and of Lowen, one of the original actors of Shakespeare's plays also rest. As a proof of the excitement occasioned by the sad event, and the extent of the public feeling at the loss of so esteemed an actor, it may be noted that no less than a thousand persons were present at the funeral, the king's organist and the choristers from Whitehall attending the ceremony and performing an appropriate anthem.

Meanwhile, Captain Hill could not be heard of. Luttrell chronicles rumours of his capture, now in the Isle of Wight, now in Scotland; but these would appear to have been wholly without foundation. And meanwhile, a committee of the House of Lords are discussing the most fitting manner of bringing Lord Mohun to justice, and reporting that they find but one precedent of a peer tried at the bar of the House for murder. Finally it is decided that he shall be brought before a High Steward in Westminster Hall. Luttrell notes: "28th January, 1692.—This day the Lords were taken up in adjusting the preliminaries for the Lord Mohun's trial on Tuesday next, and have appointed eight tickets to each lord to dispose among their friends. 31st January.—This morning the Lieutenant of the Tower carried his prisoner, the Lord Mohun, to Westminster Hall, where the king and many of the nobility and gentry were present. . . . The prisoner was brought into court with the porter of the Tower carrying the axe before the prisoner, with the edge turned from him. . . . About three, the High Steward summoned up the witnesses. Then the king withdrew, and went to Kensington. It is believed he will be acquitted."

DUTTON COOK.

PORPOISES.

THESE are curious and interesting fish, if so they may be termed; but as, like the whale, they produce their young alive, I cannot perhaps with strict correctness call them "fish" at all. Let that, however, pass.

Porpoises are very common along the British coast, the chief varieties being the

large black porpoise, and a much smaller kind, known as the "pig." The former swim in large shoals, and are great feeders. Their chief food consists of herrings, whittings, codlings, and other small fish; so that wherever porpoises are seen in any great quantity, the inference is natural that *there*, also, must be numbers of fish.

The large porpoise has a curious peculiarity of its own, which is that it is always cognisant of the approach of a breeze, and then becomes exceedingly lively in its evolutions. Immediately the wind begins to freshen, porpoises collect in great quantities, and form themselves into "Indian file," like a squad of policemen, or Chinese ducks. The rank is often very lengthy, and I myself have seen it far exceed a mile. The huge creatures then commence tumbling, rolling, and playing with one another, like great Newfoundland dogs, and their contortions are extremely amusing. Very frequently, indeed, they will leap quite out of the sea, turning a complete somersault, and showing their white bellies in the most playful manner. So certain a sign is this of a breeze, that it is a common thing to hear the fishermen say, "The porpoises are astir," meaning to say, "Reef your sails, it is going to blow hard."

I am speaking now of the porpoises of the British coast. Of the great white porpoise of the Atlantic, and other varieties, I have had no experience.

The porpoise brings forth one live "calf" at a time, and the dam is very fond of her calf, like the whale.

Porpoises are sometimes seen as far up the river Thames, as at London Bridge; and I believe have occasionally been taken considerably above Westminster. They are also taken in the Medway. When porpoises are thus caught in fresh water, and out of their sea bounds, it is said to be a sign of a severe winter. A sword-fish also was lately caught in the river at Southend during the early part of last winter; and I have heard that this fish, like the porpoise, comes inland previous to protracted frosts.

Sprats are generally very plentiful before a hard frost, and as the porpoise is very fond of these little gentlemen, it is possible that their presence may constitute his reason for a tour out of sea-latitudes.

Now-a-days few people think of tasting the flesh of the porpoise. I have, however, made the experiment, and can inform the curious reader that, though not particularly unpalatable, it resembles rather tough, coarse veal. In the reign of the Tudors it was absolutely thought a delicacy, and we often hear of its being served up at the table of the terrible "Bluff

King Hal." It was then a "royal" fish, as the sturgeon is now.

The little "pig" porpoise is a pretty fellow, and bears much the same proportion to his bigger brother, as the sprat does to the herring. He also is a voracious feeder, and is frequently taken in the nets of the fishermen whilst he is endeavouring to share with them the prey they have extracted from the sea.

Pig porpoises may be often seen gambolling in shore, along the rocks, and feeding on small fish. When a "pig" sees a fish, he makes a deliberate dive, swallows it, and then ascends to the surface of the sea, shows his little plump back, gives a snort, and immediately dives after another fish, when the whole process is repeated.

These small porpoises are sometimes seen at the mouths of harbours and also in the harbours themselves; this is often the case at Ramsgate, and is a certain sign of a severe winter. The writer of this paper confidently predicted this as far back as the month of November, from the great number of porpoises tumbling about inshore, during that month. Nobody, after our experience of the last few months, will now deny that the winter of '66-'67 was one of those which may fairly be termed "old-fashioned."

I have lately been informed by a gentleman, whose word is beyond question, that one or two porpoises frequenting Plymouth harbour are almost tame, so much so indeed as to be made pets of by the sailors. I have had no actual experience on this point personally, but I know from one of my brothers who has visited the Cape of Good Hope, that porpoises will follow in the wake of a ship for days, and eat whatever pieces of biscuit or salt-meat may be thrown over to them. Fish as a rule possess no high degree of sagacity, but there are exceptions. I know that carp may be to some extent tamed, and there are probably other kinds of fish capable of a sort of half-domestication.

Be this, however, as it may, I can say little on the subject from my own knowledge, since, though I may truly say that I have great experience of all sorts of fresh and salt-water fish, that experience has been confined to catching and cooking them, and has not included any attempts at their domestication. Owners of the now fashionable "aquaria" could enlighten the readers of *ONCE A WEEK* better on this point than I can do.

Porpoises contain a large amount of oil, which, I should certainly think, might be turned to commercial purpose, if there were any way of taking these fish in sufficient quantities, which there is not. The porpoise is rarely caught with a hook, and when taken

in a net, the occurrence is purely accidental. Indeed, so uncertain are they in their peregrinations, that although you may now and then see a shoal of some thousands, you may afterwards wait six months without the sight of one. I am speaking now of the large porpoises. The little "pigs" are much more common. From the shy and uncertain habits of the porpoise, very little is known concerning it by naturalists; and when occasionally one is caught and exhibited, it is looked upon as a sort of curiosity, although in fact it is common enough. A kind of leather, called "shagreen," can be made of the hide of the porpoise, which, if properly cured, makes good tobacco-pouches and purses.

The porpoise, like the whale, is, I believe, warm blooded, which is the case, I think, with all living animals that bring forth their young alive, and with some of the "ovipara,"—all birds, for example, and the turtle,—whilst spawning fish, which of course are oviparous, are naturally cold-blooded.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

WISHES.

THREE sisters stood beside the Wishing Tree,
As the sun rested on the crimson sea;
In its full autumn beauty lay the land,
And Ella pointed with an eager hand,—

"Down where the meadows lie so fair and green,
Where the corn trembles in a golden sheen,
Where the brook whispers to the trees above,
There would I peaceful live with one I love.
There—far from all the world, in glad content
And love intense,—should our two lives be spent
And you, my sister?" Hilda raised her head;
Gazing afar with flashing eyes, she said,—

"Beyond the hills, where lies the world unknown,
A lordly castle I would call my own.
In dazzling splendour I would move a queen,
To conquer by my beauty—yet to lean
On one—of all the highest and the best,
To stoop to him, unbending to the rest;
He—first and bravest of a noble crowd—
Should see, with love immeasurably proud,
How to my every wish the haughtiest bowed.
Now, Una?" But she stood with shaded eyes.

"There, where across the Bay the sunshine lies
Among the graves upon the green hill-side,
Still and unmoved above the beating tide,
It seems most fair and beautiful to me.
Between this spot and that the way will be
Traced by a Father's hand. I would not dare
Turn from the strife—my Master's flag I bear,
And would be brave and earnest. If He will
I should not feel the tempest, but lie still
A quiet sea hushed by the Will Divine,
My will is merged in His—His will is mine.
On all His works I see the glory shine;
And I can look, above them, up to Him,
E'en though sometimes my weary eyes are dim.



There lies the Golden Light, in radiance wide,
Upon the shore we gain at eventide ! ”

The sails ran coyly from the western light,
The sunbeams kissed them with a last good-night.
Low whispers floated softly from the sea,
Different to each their changeful melody ;
And Ella's face was saddened as she gazed
Where was to lie the home her fancy raised ;
And Hilda, in a weariful unrest,
Folded her trembling hands upon her breast.

But in the depths of Una's eyes there burned
A pure and steady light. The sisters turned.
The path wound on before them, fair and sweet,—
The shadows lengthened slowly at their feet.
The mellow voice of cattle from afar
Broke on the stillness ; and the Evening Star,
Pure, spotless as an angel's face, appeared.
They stood a moment as the beach they neared,
And saw, though fast the shadows might descend,
The Golden Light still lay upon the end !

MARKHAM HOWARD.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER VI.

THE last two concerts of the first week of the tour were announced—Friday evening at Glasgow; Saturday morning at Edinburgh. They were both well attended, and brought the first week to a happy termination, much to the satisfaction of the Impresario. The Sultan kept his promise as regards the ambitious pianiste; but the result of the performance did not transpire. On the Saturday afternoon the party had to hurry off to Greenock, where, according to the plan of the tour, they were to embark on board the steamer for Belfast. The basso on the road to Greenock experienced a surprise, which at the time alarmed him considerably, and threatened to be a more serious matter than even the mistake of hands in the tunnel. On the Greenock line the guard passes along the carriages while the train is going at full speed. Of this none of the party were aware. A short time after we had started, cigars had been lighted; the basso was indulging in a doze and the luxury of smoking in a corner seat of the carriage. The window was open. Presently a figure made its sudden appearance at the door. Jacko and Bibi were smothered with cloaks instantly; but not before the phantom-like guard had caught sight of them. No one spoke; but the man quietly put his hand towards the slumbering basso, and removed the cigar from between his lips. The basso gave a bound.

"No smoking allowed, sir," said the guard.

"Ich — ich, smoke nicht," replied the Basso.

The Impresario interfered, and settled the matter by substituting something more negotiable than the cigar in the guard's open hand.

"All right, sir, only must do my duty," said the man. "I won't trouble you again."

The party had a calm passage to Belfast, but were nevertheless very glad to get on shore the next morning. The other five weeks of their tour were a repetition of the daily work of eating, drinking, singing and travelling, at least so I was told. I had to leave my pleasant companions early in the second week, and heard but little of them until they returned to London, when the prima donna, and all except the basso, assured me they had had a most agreeable tour. The basso had been more or less tormented by his fair friends, who on one occasion nearly frightened him to death by putting Jacko into his bed, and frequently reminded him of, and made him regret his venturesome proceeding in the tunnel.

The concert tourists came to see me in town. They had all had a pleasant tour,

and seemed to regret their daily travelling and concerts, although, during the time, some of them had complained loudly enough of fatigue. Their complaints, I fancy, must have been attributable to that love of grumbling which seems inherent in some natures.

Whatever the Impresario may have had to say to the result of the tour, the rest of the party came home with their pockets full of money, having, as is usual in such undertakings, had all their expenses paid, and nothing but agreeable recollections of the time they had passed in the country. There was one, however, of the party who might have reproached himself with rash conduct in a love affair; even he said nothing of the torture to which his behaviour had exposed him; but in common with the rest, was sorry that the tour was over.

My next opportunity of participating in the joys and sorrows of artistic life was when I joined a company brought together for the purpose of giving operas in the provinces.

Grisi and Mario were of the party. From my youth up, all my musical recollections are associated with these two distinguished singers. It is my greatest "pleasure of memory" to recal the days I have passed in their society—to remember the delightful evenings they have afforded me—their successes—the friendly relations that have so long existed between us.

The name of Giulia Grisi seems to be the last link in the chain that connects the Italian opera of times gone by with that of the present day. Of the quartett, Grisi, Lablache, Rubini, and Tamburini, for whom "I Puritani" was composed, Grisi is now the only one to be heard. Rubini is no more. Tamburini has left the stage, and never appears in public except upon the Boulevards.

Lablache died at Naples on January 23, 1858, at the age of 62, in the villa now inhabited by his son-in-law, Thalberg. A very interesting notice of the great basso is to be found in the 14th vol. of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." We shall never see his like again. The Jove-like head, planted on a colossal body, seemed the incarnation of every priestly attribute, when the grand old Druid Oroveso trod the stage. Who that ever saw or heard him can forget the majesty of his look and the thunder of his voice?

Bossini, writing an account of the first night of "Puritani" in Paris to a friend at Boulogne, naively declared it was quite unnecessary for him to say anything about the duet "*Suono la tromba*" between Lablache and Tamburini, for he was quite sure it must have been heard all over the country. There never was, and probably never will be again in our time, such a marvellously-toned bass voice

as that of Lablache. In private life, Lablache was a most delightful companion, full of anecdote and repartee. His power of facial expression was remarkable. I have seen him portray a coming storm, every phase of a tempest, and the return of fine weather, by the mere changes of his countenance—Grisi sitting opposite to him at table, and commanding the appearance of the different phenomena.

His travelling about was always a serious matter. No ordinary vehicle was safe to hold him. His enormous weight rendered it necessary for his servant to take about a chair and bedding for his especial use. It was difficult to find a carriage the doors of which were large enough for him to pass.

On one occasion, the rehearsal at her Majesty's theatre terminating sooner than was expected, and before his brougham had come to fetch him, a street cab was ordered. The cabman looked alarmed when his fare issued from the stage-door and showed the test which the vehicle had to undergo.

"He'll never get in, sir," said the man, despairingly to me, as I was shaking hands with Lablache, who seemed also to have his doubts upon the question. We approached the vehicle; the door was open wide. Sideways, frontways, headways, backways, the prize basso tried to effect an entrance, but in vain. Without assistance it was impossible. Two men went to the opposite side and dragged with all their force, while two others did their utmost to lift him in.

"It's no go," cried the cabman; "he'll ruin my cab."

One more effort. A long pull, a strong push—a pull and a push together—the point was gained—Lablache inside, puffing and blowing from the exertion. But the difficulties had not yet come to an end. Wishing to change his position—he had inadvertently sat down with his back to the horse—he rose, the whole of his prodigious weight was upon the few slender boards forming the bottom of the cab. Imagine the horror of the cabman, the astonishment of Lablache, and the surprise of a large crowd which had been attracted by the terrible struggle that had been going on, when the boards gave way, and his feet and legs were seen standing in the road. The driver swore—Lablache grinned—the crowd roared. No scene in a pantomime was ever more ludicrous. Fortunately, Lablache sustained no injury. Had the horse moved, the consequences of the accident might have been serious. The same process of shoving and pulling, but reversed, was necessary to extricate him. Whether greater violence than at first was used or not, the door in this in-

stance was torn from its hinges, and the cab (previously a good looking vehicle) now presented the most melancholy appearance of a complete wreck. The cabman uttered curses loud and deep, but was pacified by the assurance that the damage should be made good, and his loss of time remunerated. I do not think the great basso ever again attempted to ride in a hack cab.

Throughout her extraordinary career, no one individual can boast of possessing a greater share of that mysterious quality which is called "good-luck," in addition to transcendent talent, than Giulia Grisi.

Grisi has often told me the story of her *début*. How, when hardly fourteen years old, she sang the part of Emma in the "*Zelmira*" at Bologna. It was at an hour's notice. There was no one to be found to replace the singer who had suddenly been taken ill.

Giulia, to the surprise of all her family, offered to relieve the manager from his embarrassment; was accepted, and acquitted herself admirably. So satisfied was the Impresario with her success, that he gave her an engagement for all the season. From Bologna Grisi went to Florence, and thence to Milan in 1831. On every occasion the same "good luck" attended her until her first appearance in London in 1834, when, strange to say, the young *débutante* was but coldly received. She had previously sung in Paris with great success, when Laporte had heard and engaged her. Grisi was disconcerted with her reception in "*La Gazza Ladra*," the opera in which she first appeared, and expressed her disappointment to Laporte. "*Cela ne fait rien*," said that enterprising Impresario, "it will be all right." His prediction was fulfilled. Before the termination of the first season, Grisi had become a popular prima donna, a position she maintained in spite of the opposition of innumerable rivals.

Perhaps no singer ever paid so little attention to her voice as Giulia Grisi—none whose great dramatic efforts were less premeditated, and more impulsive. When the two theatres, Covent Garden and Her Majesty's, were open some seasons ago, I called upon a prima donna of the latter house, and found her reclining upon a sofa, with a cold-water bandage round her throat. "What's the matter?" I exclaimed, fearing she was indisposed. "Oh! nothing," was the reply, in a very low voice, "but I sing this evening, and am making preparation." On leaving this lady "in pickle," I had occasion to call upon Grisi. Knowing she was announced to sing in the "*Huguenots*" that evening, I was uncertain whether she would receive me. My doubts were, however, soon removed when I reached the

house. "Madame is in the garden, sir," said the servant as I entered, and pointing to where he supposed his mistress to be. I followed his direction, but tried in vain to find the Diva, who presently came running out of the kitchen, excusing herself by saying she had a new cook, to whom she was obliged to give instructions.

A more domesticated woman or devoted mother than Giulia Grisi never lived. It is an interesting family tableau to see her watching the performances of Mario's three daughters. Rita, the eldest, a handsome girl of sixteen, is seated at the pianoforte, accompanying the two younger, Clelia and Cecilia, who, standing on each side their sister, sing duets admirably, their sweet little voices in perfect tune blending charmingly together. Grisi directs them with affectionate assiduity, while Mario hovers about the piano, listening with evident delight to the singing of his children.

The campaign of the Opera Company before mentioned was announced to commence in Dublin. The Impresario had formed a very attractive party, consisting of about fifteen well-known names, chosen with due regard for the operas he wished to give being efficiently "cast." In the arrangement of an operative provincial tour, this is a matter of some difficulty—similar in its character to making out a concert programme. The principal singers will not sing every night, and where a company includes more than one great attraction, as was the case in this instance, it is desirable to divide the forces, allowing the favourite tenor to sing alternate nights with the popular prima donna, and giving an opera in which they both appear together as a *bonne bouche* to the public once a week.

In order to effect this, it is necessary to engage a double company, including a tenor to support the prima donna, and a prima donna leggiera to sing with the primo tenore. The baritones, basses, and other tourists must be "up" in all the operas that are to be performed; and it is astonishing what versatility of talent will be displayed by them on these occasions.

Orovoso, Bartolo, Gubetta, Don Pasquale, Ferrando, Banco, Sparafugile, Don Bucefalo, Tristano, Duke Alfonso, Macbeth, and Leporello, will be sung in succession by the same artist as they were by the versatile Ciampi during the tour of which we are about to speak; Adelgis, Sonnambula, Nancy, Donna Elvira, and Rosina find a representative in the same prima donna. The tenors are more limited in their range of characters, a tenore di grazia being seldom worth hearing as a tenore robusto, although we had one with us, on the occasion in question, who is incomparable as

Count Almaviva and Raoul, but then he is an exception to every rule, and perhaps the greatest tenor of this or any other age.

Besides the casting of the operas, the Impresario has to provide dresses for his party, and these cost him no little trouble and expense. Real silks and satins, costly velvets and moirés antiques alone satisfy the requirements of the queens of song. The theatrical wardrobe of a first-rate opera company constitutes a property of no little value to its owner, but, singular to say, of very little importance in the opinion of anybody else. Nothing is more expensive in the first instance, and no property falls so rapidly in value.

The journey to Dublin had occupied the thoughts of many of the touring party some days before we started. The sea passage from Holyhead was looked forward to in fear and trembling. Visions of rocking steamboats and angry waves had troubled the sleep of nearly all the foreign magnates.

"Shall we have fine time?" I was asked by an attenuated Frenchman, whom I afterwards found to be the tenore d'utilità of the party.

"I cannot say," I replied. "Are you ill at sea?"

"No," he replied, looking very miserable at the thought, "I am nay-vare ill, but I am always vary seek."

We were at the old starting place, Euston Square, all the party having been summoned there to leave by the night train for Dublin. Lucrezia had laid in a stock of antidotes and eau de Cologne for the *mal de mer*, enough for all of us had we wanted them. The Duke Alfonso had a zinc belt fastened so tightly round his body as to threaten quite a contrary effect to that intended. Amina, who was closely followed by her mamma (very unlike the contralto's relative whom we met a short time since), looked very timid, and asked the Impresario anxiously, "*S'il y avait des rochers près de Dublin!*" She had evidently been dreaming of the sea, and was nervous in consequence. Gennaro, who seemed more accustomed to travelling than any of the party, provided himself with a reading lamp, which he carefully affixed to the cloth lining of the carriage. We were told off by the Impresario, and conducted to the carriages that had been reserved for us. The Impresario's secretary came to count us when we were all seated. He went to the second class compartment to see that the costumiers and servants were all right. A mysterious lady in a green dress was observed to get into a carriage with her maid. The signal was given for the train to start, and we were on the road to Dublin.

Gennaro challenged Gubetta, who was seated opposite to him, to a game at chess. They adjusted the board, and placed the men. All went on swimmingly at first by the light of Gennaro's patent lamp, but suddenly the light became unsteady: it had a spasm; the spasm was followed by click, and the candle in the patent lamp was shot like a rocket up to the ceiling of the carriage. It fell into Lucrezia's lap. "*Che cosa è 'sta roba!*" exclaimed the Duchess. We tried in vain to restore the candle to its proper place; it was at last put away, and condemned as useless. The game of chess was stopped, and having nothing better to do, most of the travellers in our carriage went to sleep.

At length we reached Bangor. The noise of the wind, as the train dashed along the Welsh coast, awakened us. The anxiety of the attenuated Frenchman increased momentarily. It was painfully apparent in his pallid face. Heads were thrust out of the windows to see what sort of a night it was.

"*Che vento!*" said Alfonso, and it was indeed a wind—a most stormy night. Lucrezia declared she would remain at Holyhead. Gennaro expressed his astonishment at her proposing to do so. Alfonso adjusted his belt. The prima donna leggiera, poor little Amina, implored some one to look after a good berth for her, if they must really cross. The thin Frenchman grew whiter; he buttoned his coat, and looked worse and worse the nearer we got to Holyhead.

The night was pitch dark. The steamer rolled heavily at her moorings. We reached the end of Holyhead Pier, when mysterious-looking beings in waterproof coverings from head to foot opened the doors and requested us to alight. The scene was not cheerful. The screaming of the engine, the blustering wind that rudely blew about Lucrezia's travelling cloak as she got out of the train, the sailors hoarsely shouting at each other in the pitchy darkness,—all combined to form an *ensemble* the reverse of encouraging.

"Shall we have a good passage, Captain?" asked the Impresario of a figure in a pilot coat.

"Better than to-morrow," was the curt reply.

The Duchess hesitated, and many of the party gathered round her to see what she would resolve to do. It was a matter of importance to the Impresario that the journey should be continued, for there was only a day to spare before the performances in Dublin commenced. He was, however, evidently unwilling to insist upon the party going on board. After some conversation, Gennaro left the group and led the way to the steamer. Lucrezia followed

him, and so did Gubetta, Amina, and many others. The Duke had confidence in his belt, and was already on board. The Frenchman was not to be seen. He had returned to the train and went clandestinely to the hotel in Holyhead. The ladies were conducted to their saloon, and directions given to the stewardess to pay them especial attention—directions which, however, were quite unnecessary; the sea-nurse recognised her patients, and expressed her delight at having them in charge.

The vessel is under weigh, and already pitching and tossing about in the boiling sea outside the harbour of Holyhead. Gennaro paces the deck, cigar in mouth, trying boldly to conquer a certain unpleasant sensation that is fast gaining upon him. The servants and costumiers endeavour to warm themselves against the iron platings of the engine-room; suddenly a huge wave dashes over the vessel and drenches them to the skin. Lucrezia is extended upon a sofa in the ladies' cabin.

"Gennaro, Gennaro, *mi sento male!*" She calls, but in vain; there is no antidote at hand. Gennaro by this time has dropped his cigar, and is hanging in a pitiable state over the side of the boat. Lucrezia suffers, but not alone. Orsini on the couch opposite groans most dolefully; she inquires in a distressing manner why she ever was induced to venture on the ocean.

In half-an-hour the worst anticipations are realised. Antidotes, zinc belts, *eau de Cologne* are of no avail. The warblers are hushed and prostrate: the only notes at all audible are indicative of distress and suffering. What noise is that like the falling of a house that wakes the stewardess out of a doze, and alarms the passengers? Lucrezia feebly raises her head, and sees Orsini lying on the floor. She has tumbled off the couch, and fallen with a crash which threatened the safety of the ship and all on board. There she must lie until able to pick herself up, for all efforts of the stewardess to move her are futile.

It is a rough night, and the wind has increased in violence. Some of the party think that the timid Frenchman was right to stop behind, and envy him his snug quarters in Holyhead. All are quite exhausted; their moaning and groaning become weaker and weaker. "Are we nearly there, steward?" asks the Impresario. "A quarter of an hour more, Sir," replies the man. The Impresario, who is lying in his berth, remarks that the same answer was given to the same question an hour since, and that quarters of an hour at sea must have an indefinite duration.

At length the welcome intelligence was brought the party that they were entering Kingstown harbour.

What a relief! One after another they struggled up the narrow gangway on the deck, and feasted their eyes with the sight of land.

Gennaro, who had been rolled up in a tarpaulin by a charitable sailor, was unpacked and helped upon his legs. The Duchess appeared in a most lamentable plight, and vowed in a husky voice that nothing should ever tempt her to cross the Channel again. Orsini rolled over, and got up. Amina treated the matter more philosophically, and was thankful it had been no worse.

The vessel was alongside, and we disembarked. It was early in the morning; nevertheless a few ardent admirers of the Italian songsters had assembled to see them arrive. Being almost incapable of any voluntary exertion, they were put into the railway carriages and conveyed to Dublin, where they were finally housed at Morrisson's Hotel.

We had all had rough travelling enough to necessitate a few hours' rest.

Lucrezia's first anxiety was to telegraph to London to inquire about her family, although she had only left them the evening before. The message was sent, and an immediate answer was requested and paid for.

It was agreed to dine at six o'clock, and at that hour the whole party assembled. It was a critical *r union* for all concerned, for then it would be seen how far we were likely to be agreeable companions for each other or not—questions of no slight importance, considering that the pleasure or discomfort of the ensuing six weeks depended thereon.

The Impresario took his place at the head of the table, with Lucrezia and Amina at each side of him—the conductor, who on this occasion was Benedict, being at the other end, a long way off; the intervening space was filled up by the basses, baritones, tenors, and other members of the company in their respective places. My enterprising friend must be careful how he divides his attention between the two ladies on his right and left. He must not let the *prima donna assoluta* suppose she is neglected, or the *prima donna leggiera* imagine for a moment that there is any partiality shown to her opposite neighbour. Not that they are jealous, but terribly tenacious of their rights, and particularly so on such an occasion as the present. Let the Impresario have a care, if he would not go *prima donnacally* mad before the end of the tour.

The mother of Amina, sitting next her, is a stout lady, with puffy, dough-coloured cheeks, and a reddish nose. She talks but little, except to the waiters, in very broken English, whenever a savoury dish, which is out of reach, attracts her notice; then woe to the

attendants if they do not obey her almost unintelligible commands.

The dinner was a success. Conversation became general. Lucrezia was in high spirits (the sea voyage being over, and a reply to the message having been received, accounted for it), and told some capital anecdotes, of which she has a store.

She got up and showed how she used to torment a Don Alfonso of former times; how she wickedly delighted to tease Tamburini in the celebrated "*Guai se ti sfugge*." Then she gave an imitation of Ronconi's by-play in the same part, and of his grimaces, by which he would try to make her and Gennaro laugh at the most serious moment.

"That reminds me," said the Impresario, "of Malibran, who when she was on her knees to Elvino, in the second act of the "*Sonnambula*," where Amina vows she is innocent, used to tickle Templeton, the tenor, under the arms to such a degree as to prevent his singing, and almost make him scream."

"That happened on one occasion," said Benedict; "it was when Malibran had in some way offended Templeton at rehearsal, and he was sulky with her."

"A strange way of making up a quarrel," some one remarked.

"Bunn used to tell the story," said the Impresario.

The *primo baritono*, our Merry Andrew, having forgotten the utter failure of the *zinc belt*, performed sundry conjuring tricks, to our infinite amusement, probably more derivable from the gestures and noise he made, than from any expertness exhibited in the art of *legerdemain*.

The cloth was removed, and after coffee, the ladies retired, embracing each other most affectionately. Mario invited some of the party to his private sitting-room, and to a game at chess. This was watched most attentively in silence and fumes of smoke, until a questionable move would excite a discussion so energetic that it might have been supposed that the fate of nations depended on the issue.

The party soon broke up, the few hours' repose in the morning having hardly compensated anyone for the knocking about of the night before. *Buona sera*—and everybody went off to bed, thankful they were not with the Frenchman, who had all the enjoyment of the *traversee* to come, having left his *compagnons de voyage* so ignominiously at Holyhead.

Thus the first day of the opera tour might be said to have passed off propitiously enough, and so far augured well for the future.

The Impresario was quite at home at Morrisson's. Everyone connected with the hotel,

from the host downwards, gave him a hearty welcome. He was an old friend—had passed many pleasant days with his touring parties in the house, and was received accordingly.

Mike, the "boots," a strange character in his way, established himself as the Impresario's body-servant, and would allow no one to interfere with the privileges of that position.

Mike, who, as he advanced in years, was occasionally too weak to withstand the potent influence of whiskey, was more familiar with the Impresario than is usual between valets and their masters; and his anxiety for the manager's welfare always increased when he had taken an extra tumbler of punch.

The morning after such indulgence, Mike would enter the Impresario's bedroom as early as six o'clock, and going up to the bedside, rouse the slumbering manager by pulling off the clothes and asking "What the devil he was lying there for; sure it was bad for the health!"

On the morning after our arrival, Mike was sent to the Impresario to inform him that the basso profondo was unwell.

The manager dressed quickly, and on going to Orovoso's apartment, found the old Druid panting and sighing with fear at having lost his voice.

The doctor was sent for, and soon arrived.

Behold him as he enters the sick room! His tall, well-built frame, slightly inclined to the obese, together with the genial smile upon his face, inspire the patient with confidence, as one competent and accustomed to grapple successfully with every symptom of disease. Like Colman's Dr. Bolus, who—

Though in trade,
Which oftentimes will genius fetter,
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the Belles Lettres—

our doctor is an accomplished as well as a scientific man. His prescriptions are not perhaps written in verse, but he makes his physic as palatable as it is efficacious; and he can, when he has restored his patients to convalescence, discourse as eloquently upon the ingredients of different gastronomical dainties, as he can learnedly upon any branch of the profession of which he is so distinguished a member. He is master of many languages, and addressed Orovoso in Italian—

"Mostrate la lingua."

The basso, who seemed puzzled to know why he should show his tongue because he had lost his voice, did as he was told.

"*Male què?*" said the doctor, pointing to the throat.

"*Sì, molto male!*" replied the basso, to the horror of the Impresario, who was stand-

ing at the foot of the bed, anxiously waiting to know the doctor's opinion. Upon further examination, the doctor said that Orovoso would be all right by the evening if he kept quiet, and adopted the remedies prescribed, which prediction took a load off the Impresario's mind.

The doctor having retired, promising to see the patient again during the day, the Impresario joined the breakfast party in the general sitting-room.

Benedict, who had been up betimes, was at the pianoforte busy, as he always is, at some musical work.

He had the score of "Norma" before him, and was showing Adelgisa the time and cadenze of the duets with the Diva.

Presently Madame Grial made her appearance, looking handsomer in a simple white morning dress than any paint or finery could possibly have made her.

Her glossy black tresses hanging in luxuriant folds on her faultlessly-shaped neck and shoulders—her brilliant complexion and noble features, presented a picture which it was a privilege to look at—a study for a painter—a model of simplicity, grace, dignity, and beauty.

There was no "make up," no desire apparent to produce effect; but the Diva's simple morning mien and manner were more fascinating than even her acting on the stage.

Breakfast over, all those who were to sing in the evening went to the theatre, whither Benedict had already gone to rehearse.

We found him in the orchestra, beating time furiously.

The band and chorus made a deafening noise in the empty house. There was a confusion of tongues upon the stage—the foreign *réviseur*, and the English prompter were teaching the chorus their stage business, each after his own fashion. One, two, three—crash! and an awfully noisy chord is sounded by the band.

"E flat!" screamed Benedict.

"There is no E flat," said Mr. Levey, the popular leader.

"Then, there ought to be," replied the Conductor.

Whereupon the violin part is handed to him, and he sees there's a mistake in the score. The correction made, the piece began again.

"We will go back to the eighth bar, from 'da capo,'" shouted Benedict; "have you found the place?"

"All right," said Mr. Levey for the orchestra.

One, two, three,—crash!

This time it was all right; the Conductor

smiled and continued beating time with his *baton* until some other difficulty occurred, when a repeat from some particular sign was necessary.

It is extraordinary how correctly a Dublin orchestra reads the score of an opera at sight—the first reading is sometimes even better than the second—the musicians are on their mettle, and being all more or less musically gifted, can, when they please, distinguish themselves. Our celebrated composer, Balfe, went into training in the orchestra of the Dublin Theatre Royal, and one who will perhaps, some day, be not less eminent—W. C. Levey—was a member for some years of the band of which his father is the principal and leader.

During the rehearsal, the tourists had assembled on the stage, and were waiting about to know if they were required. The Conductor at last gave them leave to go, saying, he would do without them. The opera rehearsing was "Norma," which all the singers knew perfectly, as did the Conductor, who, however, had to remain in his place for some hours before he was satisfied that the band and chorus were quite prepared for the evening performance.

Dinner had been ordered at the hotel at three o'clock; and we were all at table when Benedict came in, looking pale and tired with his morning's work. But he soon recovered himself, and was as lively as he always is when not hearing wrong notes and unintended orchestral effects. A short interval of rest, and it was necessary to go again to the theatre.

"MUSKETRY DRILL."

BY AN I.M.

WHEN Lord Elcho and Sir Charles Russell let loose the parliamentary dogs of war against the old or Hythe system of musketry, and the Secretary of State for War promised a full inquiry, the army took up the scent and followed full cry, filling the "Dailies" and "Weeklies" with letters setting forth grievances suffered both by officers and men. Neither General Hay nor his staff were spared, and to their shortsightedness and love of power every seeming hardship, and every flagrant fault in the system was charged. The immortal Falstaff has left it as his opinion, that "to take mine ease at mine inn," is the *summum bonum* of bliss; but we of the nineteenth century do not care to go so far as an inn to seek ease, but like to have it at home, in our orderly room, in our office, in our vestry. We like to do things easily at all times; and that this hankering after personal convenience had a vast deal to do with the tirades launched forth against the system of musketry drill, who that know the nature of man can doubt? It must be

acknowledged that there was some ground for grumbling. For instance, it was not pleasant for the field officer to find his chargers neglected because the grooms had been all day at rifle drill; nor better in proportion for the company officer, who, returning to his barrack-room—at best none of the largest, often little better than a closet—found his bath unemptied, his bed unmade, his fire a heap of ashes, the everlasting excuse being "rifle drill." Paymasters, quartermasters, adjutants, and mess presidents, all had a fling at a system which, while compelling their subordinates to attend "rifle drill," finds no substitute for ordinary work, and thus breaks in upon the orderly routine and punctuality which, in the army at least, are essential to comfort as well as discipline.

"Will there be any alteration in the 'New Book?'" was the anxious thought abroad; and now that the "New Book" * has come to us fresh from head-quarters, we see that the same troubles must be incurred; and as the exigences of the service require every man to be a proficient in the use of that weapon upon which the fate of battle depends, so it behoves every man who has the welfare of the service at heart to adapt himself to the necessities of the age.

What is called the "New Book" of Regulations for conducting the Instruction of Musketry, is neither more nor less than a new edition of that which embodied the old Hythe system, duly revised at the Horse-Guards. The pages are fewer, the subject slightly condensed, but virtually the matter remains the same, the general principle unaltered; such changes as have been introduced referring chiefly to the substitution of breech for muzzle-loaders.

In this, as in the former edition, "Musketry Instruction Drill" is comprised under two heads, "Preliminary Drill," and "Practice," these were subdivided thus:—

Preliminary Drill consisted of the following,—1. Cleaning of arms. 2. Theoretical principles. 3. Aiming drill. 4. Position drill. 5. Snapping caps. 6. Blank firing. 7. Judging distance drill. 8. Manufacture of cartridges.

Under the head of "Practice" came,—1. Firing singly. 2. Firing volleys. 3. Firing rapidly by files without using the back-sight. 4. Firing in skirmishing order. 5. Judging distance practice.

With the exception of number 5, (Snapping caps,) which drill has necessarily been done

* "Regulations for conducting the Musketry Instruction of the Army." Adjutant General's Office, 1st February, 1867. London. Printed under the superintendence of H.M.'s Stationery Office, and sold by W. Clowes and Sons, 14, Charing Cross.

away with, no change has been made in the new edition.

Before speaking of such changes as it has been deemed advisable to make, I ought to state the reasons given for such changes, and shall therefore quote the circular issued from the Horse-Guards, by order of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief.

The course of Musketry Instruction which was introduced in the year 1854 having become thoroughly incorporated in the established system of drill for the British army, and the troops having by careful training and practice acquired an amount of skill in the use of the rifle, which was formerly the case only to a limited extent, it has appeared to the Field Marshal Commanding in Chief that the time has arrived when the details of the instruction might be modified and reduced, without impairing the efficiency of regiments, and without disturbing the principles on which the system, which has been attended with such good results, was based.

Here we have His Royal Highness's commendation warmly expressed; and the approval of the Board of Officers called together for the express purpose of discovering deficiencies in the Hythe system is shown by the fact that after careful investigation (with a few minor alterations of little or no importance) they left the Instructions *in statu quo*.

The changes which do appear in the so-called "New Book" are, first,—

"Cleaning of arms drill." This bugbear of the army has been left out in the training of the drilled soldier, and is only retained for the benefit of the recruit; the eight lessons are cut down to four, which are to be taught on days alternating with the lectures.

The Theoretical Principles, or lectures, are curtailed to an equal extent, and are likewise only applicable to the recruit.

"Aiming and judging distance drill," and The "Manufacture of cartridges," remain in drill parlance "as they was," with the exception, that the latter is not, of course, to be taught to troops armed with breech-loading rifles; and as it is to be hoped that at no very distant date all troops will be so armed, this drill may be considered on its last legs.

"Position drill," shows some few alterations; for though the practice remains the same, there are some slight changes which are considered necessary to the use of the new weapon.

In "Blank firing drill," it has been thought advisable to double the quantity formerly expended by recruits, the extra rounds being meant to take the place of "snapping caps drill," and at the same time perfect the young soldier in the somewhat difficult motion of removing the cartridge-case after firing.

With this last object in view, it would be well for all drilled soldiers, as well as recruits, to go through some extra training this year in blank cartridge firing; not, let it be distinctly understood, in the way ammunition is generally thrown away, on general parades, and field-days,—but under the eye of careful instructors, who would see that their men worked the breech-blocks of their Sniders properly.

Coming next to the "Practice," we find that the Hythe system has been very closely adhered to; the size of targets, centres and bulls-eyes, their respective value, together with the distances fired at and number of rounds, for the drilled soldier, remaining unaltered; while some concessions, to render the practice more popular with officers, have been made. They will now no longer have to keep the registers of practice, which is a boon indeed, as no duty could well have been more distasteful than having, in spite of wind or weather, to fill up reports requiring care and accuracy.

The men, too, have gained some privileges. Except in platoon firing, knapsacks are no longer to be worn; while first class shots are to be permitted to lie down to fire, if so minded.

The doing away of knapsacks, altogether, at least as part of a soldier's load, is heartily to be desired; and this will be hailed as a first step towards the much-hoped-for time when the British soldier will be allowed to march and parade without being trussed, after the fashion of a fowl prepared for the spit.

The Target practice for recruits, under the old system, ordered that each man should fire 20 rounds as preliminary practice, beginning at 100 yards, the first shot at each range being fired from a rest. Under the new system, recruits will commence firing at 50 yards from the target, instead of 150, at which the drilled soldier begins. The object of both these systems is the same; namely, to ensure the recruit commencing successfully, and thereby encouraging him to go on well.

Firing by files no longer appears as a practice for soldiers; a more deadly method, termed independent firing, having taken its place. This new practice is, however, only another method of volley firing by alternate ranks, one rank loading while the other is firing, thereby keeping up a regular stream of balls, which will ensure its being very effective in the field.

The course of practice commences the first of April,* and is to continue without interruption until completed; except during the months

* Except in tropical climates, when October is the appointed month.

of June, July, and August, when it may be suspended by order of the District General; and in depot battalions, where Wednesday is always to be reserved for full parade—it being essential that the men should occasionally work together at battalion drill.

One company only is struck off duty at first, the second company always commencing its allotted twelve days' work four days before the completion of the previous company, so as to be able to finish the prescribed four days' drill in time to succeed the preceding company at practice. The officer commanding a depot battalion may, however, permit two companies to practise together under the same rules as laid down for single companies in regiments.

Following the plan of the former work, we have a tabular statement, enumerating the different drills to be gone through, with the time to be employed in each.

Here we find the old five hours' drill lessened to three; and the soldier is now to be employed, one hour at position drill, one hour at aiming drill, and one hour at judging distance drill. Easy enough work, when it is taken into consideration, that all parades, guard duties, &c., are set aside, and that he enjoys the greatest of regimental luxuries, a good rest every night in bed.

One great change is to be found in this table, instead of regular fixed distances for aiming and judging distance being shown—under the heads of “aiming and judging distance drills,”—as was the rule in former systems, the distances are now left to the option of the officer commanding the parade. How this will not only can prove; but that it will conduce neither to the efficiency of the service, nor to the comfort of the Musketry Instructor, is much to be feared.

Again, in the new rule applicable to target and judging distance drill, at least ten rounds are to be fired daily; but as many as twenty rounds may be fired, “*at the discretion of the officer in command.*” This officer can thus make the drill a long or short business, just as it suits his pleasure or temper; and so become a constant source of annoyance to the appointed Musketry Instructors; who will never know when to detail succeeding sections for target-practice; nor will they be able to count upon finding the targets free for the use of their recruits.

There is, it seems to me, one very great mistake in the new edition, where, in place of devising some method to induce officers to interest themselves in the proficiency of their men, they have adopted the plan of frightening them into attention, by ordering Inspecting General Officers to examine, in the theory and practice of musketry, all those officers whose

companies have failed in attaining the figure of merit fixed at eighty points per man.

Now, although it is proverbial that a bad workman never gets a good tool, it is equally true that a good workman requires good tools; and however proficient or energetic the company's officer is, he may fall under the ban by reason of a careless, bad, or idle lot of men. Moreover, wind and weather don't give in to the order-book: and they militate strongly against good shooting.

Leaving this portion of the “Drill-Book” we come to the returns, which will be found to be much simplified.

The registers of “Target-practice,” are made to do two days' work in place of one. In the “Company's Musketry drill, and practice returns,” it is no longer considered necessary for Company Instructors to show each day what drills have been performed; the word “concluded” before each man's name, being deemed sufficient. “The monthly progress return” has been greatly shortened, or rather done away with. A small diary taking its place, in which each day's work will be put down, with a summary at the foot of the page to show the manner in which it has been done.

Coming to the pages devoted to the subject of prizes, we find that the many changes, generally looked for, have all sunk into one, namely, “marksmen to attain pay as such, are no longer required to pass an examination in the theory of musketry and cleaning of arms drill.”

The ten thousand pounds, sanctioned by Government as a reward for good-shooting, is divided as follows. Ten per cent. of all the men in a regiment, who have gone through the yearly course of practice, can, if qualified, receive one penny per diem for a year; while to each company of not less than forty exercised men, an extra prize of one penny is given to the best shot; and to regiments of at least four companies, where all have gone through the annual course, a prize of twopenny per diem is given to the best shot in the corps. With each of these prizes, a distinguishing badge is presented; and looked upon with a certain degree of respect by all hands.

To obtain the first of these prizes, a man must make at least twenty points with the Enfield or thirty with the Whitworth rifle in firing in the first class, and must be in the first class in judging distance at the final classification. For the second, or companies' prize, the highest score of the first and second class in the competitors' company is required, in addition to the qualification for ordinary marksmen, and the same qualification in the

corps is required for the head prize of the regiment.

Although liberal, the rewards are scarcely fairly divided, as the different competitors may not have equally good luck in ammunition, arms, weather, or range. Thus the odds are in favour of the man who, though an inferior shot, is fortunate in these most necessary items. The plainest apparent remedy for this would be to assimilate the rules published for the cavalry with those for the infantry; at least as nearly as the difference of arm and service will permit. The rule for the cavalry is this: Rewards of twenty-five shillings per man are granted in the proportion of one to every ten competitors; these are not divided among the men according to their shooting in their troop, but those men only who make a certain number of points in a certain period are allowed to compete for them by firing ten rounds on the same day at the same range, the prizes going to the highest number of points.

In 1678 the exigences of the service requiring some change, "Grenadier and light companies" were attached to each regiment, and although many years had passed since the "hand-grenades" which were carried by these companies had been given up, it was not until Lord Panmure* was at the head of the War Office, that those distinctions were done away with. In the present exigences of the service, a somewhat similar plan might prove of great benefit, if carried out in this way. Let the flank companies of regiments again be formed of picked men—men, however, not selected simply for height, strength, and appearance, but gathered from the best marksmen in rifle practice, and let them be placed under the command of officers fully qualified. The full value of all awards might be divided between the men of these companies in order of merit, according to the scores obtained when firing ten rounds or more at unknown distances and at a single target. This, while really good practice, would be a fair and just manner of expending the prize-money. Every soldier would consider it an honour to belong to such a company, and the *esprit de corps* would act beneficially upon the whole regiment.

A commanding officer of ten companies would by this means have at his disposal a small *corps d'armée*, consisting of eight companies of battalion, and two of rifle soldiers. Whereas if in the field under the present system (as happened in the Crimea), the best shots would have to be taken from their companies and put under other officers than

their own, for rifle-pit and outpost duty. Companies of marksmen such as might be gained by the system I have proposed, would be found eminently useful in the field by commencing their fire at a long range, and thus enabling their less skilled comrades to reserve their fire until within ordinary range. Such a system would economise ammunition, and keep up the spirits of the men, to whom nothing can be more galling or disheartening than to find their ranks thinned by a distant enemy, while, from the inferiority of their arms or practice, they are, as a body, unable to return the compliment.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. V. "NEXT OF KIN."

THERE are bad and good, sir, as I told you in our last chat, even among Walking Posters, and if Patentee P is a downright bad one, M, —whom P passes his day in swearing at for getting in his way—is as good as gold. I am not a good man myself, and I never went in for goodness, but I know a good man when I meet him, and like him, as a variety of the human species. Number two is not a position, I can tell you, much sought after in our gang; a more ill-conditioned, cross-grained brute to have perpetually treading on your heels than P, it is difficult to conceive; and as for A, though he is a good captain enough in piloting us across the streets in a windy day, he is a most unsatisfactory man to follow. Through the long hours of our tramp he keeps brooding, wrapt up in some walking dream of his own, which causes him every now and then to start forward for a few steps at a galloping pace, or to stop short with a start that sends the boards clattering back from his broad bent shoulders.

In the one case M, who is always the last to notice what is going on before his eyes, gets hustled off the pavement by those behind; in the other, he gets hit full upon the chest by the flapping boards. Yet nobody ever heard him complain; he has always a kind word for everybody, and begs pardon of the very men who tread upon his toes. I have seen him on a bleak March day, when the east wind was driving the dust down our throats and causing every tooth in our mouths to chatter with cold, take an old ragged comforter off his own neck and give it to P, who was coughing as if he would cough his wicked heart out. He carries white mice somewhere or other in his breast coat pocket, has a cage of blackbirds at home, for whom he gathers up the crumbs that the rest of us let fall when we are munching our crusts, stints himself of

* The present Earl of Dalhousie.

his liquor in order to buy cat's meat for pets that he keeps in some odd corner of his garret, and will stop our procession in the very middle of the street to speak to a child he sees crying on the pavement.

Yet M has been in prison, half a dozen times, convicted of obtaining money under false pretences; and in a village down in Devonshire his life would hardly be safe if he were to show himself in public. And what is more, sir, he was justly convicted; and the village folk at Merriton-le-Moor have cause enough to hate his name. The truth is that M—that pottering shabby old man—believes himself to be the next-of-kin to the last of the Merritons, and heir-at-law to the great Merriton estates.

Whether this belief has been the misfortune or good fortune of his life, I should find it hard to say. All I know is, that for good or bad it has brought him down to where he is, to being M in a walking alphabet. As he chatters on about his papers and his lawsuits and all the jargon of law-terms he has picked up without understanding them, he never seems to me to regret the old days, a score of years ago, when he was clerk in a city shipping office, and received his thirty shillings a week as regularly as the Saturday came round. He must have been just the sort of man who likes drawing out invoices and bills of lading, who rather enjoys copying letters, and who takes a pleasure in docketing account sales. Of course he lived in Hackney, and walked in every morning, and dined at Betsey's or Joe's off a chop and sausage at one, and rode home outside the 'bus at night, and played a little on the flute, and attended the lectures of the Young Men's Christian Association, and went to bed at ten, and never found out that his life was dull till one fine morning he heard that he was advertised for, as next-of-kin.

Oddly enough, I had known the story of the Merriton estates long before I ever had set eyes on M. The Merritons were always a queer, hard-living and quarrelsome lot; and the Colonel Merriton of the Old Wars was as bad as he was brave; and that is saying a good deal. Just about the time when, if he had had any grace or decency in him of any kind, he would have been thinking about dying decorously, he quarrelled with his son, married the widow of a beer-shop keeper at Plymouth, and died, leaving the whole of his property to the woman; who, if gossip was true, bullied and frightened him when he grew old and feeble, till he was afraid to call his soul his own. Soon after the Colonel's death his widow married again, found the neighbourhood uncomfortable, sold off the

estates, went abroad, and disappeared from sight. There was a vague rumour once, that the third husband bore a strong resemblance to the deceased publican, who had been the first possessor of her buxom charms; but if it was true, nothing as far as I know ever came of it. Meanwhile the Colonel's son went to the bad, after the fashion of his race. He and his father quarrelled first of all about a girl the son wanted to marry; and because the old man married when he ought not to, the young one did not marry exactly when he ought. So a number of children were born, under the name of Masters; and whether they had or had not any claim except that of blood to the name of Merriton, neither I nor any one else can venture to assert. The mother died broken-hearted; the father drank himself to death; and the family grew up God knows how, when or where. They lost sight of each other early; and the only one, who by some odd hook or crook kept his head above water, was the father of M, who lived and died porter to a West-end Club.

Well, somehow—how, I do not pretend to explain—a broken-down lawyer in the West of England, who had been struck off the rolls, and earned a livelihood by cadging about the police courts, took it into his head there was money to be made out of the owners of the Merriton estates, if he could discover a lineal descendant of the "wicked old Colonel." I don't suppose he ever had any serious idea of contesting their title; but he thought, if he could get any heir of the Merritons' to join with him in the swindle, he could levy hush-money of some kind. With the luck that befalls some swindlers, he picked up M, who at once, and without inquiry, believed himself honestly to be the rightful owner of the Merriton property. As far as M could ever put his case distinctly, it came to this. If his great-grand-father married a woman who was already married, his will leaving the property to her, as his wife, was null and void; and therefore, her sale of the estates to the ancestors of the present holders, was vitiated by the flaw in her own title. If again, of which there is no proof whatever, his grandfather was married at all; and if all his uncles, about which nothing is known, died without children, then, and then only, would M be the real proprietor of the estates. You might talk to him from now to doomsday, without making him understand that, even if the present holders were put out of possession, he would not be the heir, if his grandmother was only young Merriton's mistress. To every objection his one answer is, "that I must have a better right than a perfect stranger to my

own great-grandfather's property;" and out of that conclusion I defy you to move him at all.

That the fact of his father's being born in wedlock or not is material to the question, he never has seen, and I suppose never will see. All his mental powers, such as they are, are exercised upon determining whether the amount of undue influence exercised by his great-grandfather's second wife was sufficient to vitiate the will, supposing her to have been really married to Colonel Merriton; and on this collateral point—which never has been proved or disproved—he will argue for hours, if you choose to listen to him, with a certain amount of acuteness; but beyond this issue, he has not been able to extend his vision.

If you know anything of law sharks, gentle reader, you may fancy what a God-send poor old M must have been to a lawyer in difficulties, who wanted a dummy claimant. It was not hard to convince the simple, jog-trot city clerk that if right could but be done, he would be the lord and master of Merriton-le-Moor; and when once the idea had worked its way into his mind, no power on earth, not even that of the author of the idea, could take it from him. He gave up his situation, he sold his furniture, he spent every sixpence he had in the world in order, as he thought, to prosecute his claim. Whether anything ever was done in the matter I for one greatly doubt; my own belief is, that out of every one of the few pounds he was able to raise, nineteen shillings and ninepence went into the pocket of Mr. Baruch Barnes, of Thavies Inn. However, this fund soon came to an end; and then Baruch hit on a device which brought M to trouble.

A great part of the Merriton property had been sold in small allotments to labouring folk, most of whom could neither read nor write, and all of whom knew no more of law than they did of Greek or Hebrew. Acting on this knowledge, M, who understood as little about these matters as any boor on the estate, became an accomplice in as pretty a scheme of roguery as ever entered into the brain of a bankrupt Jew attorney. In the name of Merriton he got writs of ejectment served upon one yeoman after another. In nine cases out of ten they took no notice of the legal summons, allowed the day when they were cited to appear to pass by without attention; and then M, or rather Barnes, was furnished with a formal certificate to show that the writ had been served upon John Smith or Bill Brown, and that judgment had been allowed to go by default. Barnes was a great deal too shrewd not to know that these docu-

ments were not worth the paper they were written on if any action was taken on them; and M was far too kind-hearted to dream for one moment of turning anybody out. Indeed, the great grief of his life to the present hour is the thought, that when he comes into his own he must give pain to the present occupiers of his estates. So nothing was done, or ever intended to be done, to establish M's claim upon the small freeholds to which he had obtained an apparent title. But as soon as the papers were in his possession, Barnes went up to town, changed his name, bought a clean shirt, new suit of black, and white necktie; and thus attired, called on the most respectable family solicitors whose names he could find in the Law List, to borrow money of them on mortgage of the Merriton estates. Clumsy as the fraud was, it took in dupes by the dozen. The titles produced seemed unimpeachable; M, with his perfect confidence in his own case, gave an air of *bond fide* sincerity to the proposal which Barnes could not have contributed. Merriton-le-Moor was a long way off; and so shrewd lawyer after lawyer lent his client's money upon the supposed titles, without ever taking the trouble of sending anyone down to Devonshire to look after their validity.

Of course everything went well at first. Baruch Barnes took the money and spent it on horse-racing. Backing horses on private tips was his passion; and, Jew sharper as he was, he found English gentlemen on the turf a great deal too sharp for him. Meanwhile M lived on with his pigeons and white mice and day-dreams, fancying that the money, raised he hardly knew how, was being used to establish his claim to Merriton. Then before long the mortgage interests fell into arrears, and the mortgagees got uneasy, and did what they ought to have done at first, inquired into the value of the documents they had taken as security; and found to their horror that there was nothing to show for their money beyond a couple of worthless signatures.

Most of the unhappy victims to the "Merriton frauds," as they were called at the time, were lawyers of good standing, who had lent other people's money; and they, as Barnes had doubtless expected, made good the money out of their own pockets, and were only too glad to say nothing about the matter. Unfortunately, one acute practitioner had thought the speculation, on the terms he charged for the loan, so excellent a one that he kept it for himself; and he, furious at his own loss, took out a warrant against the borrowers for having obtained money under false pretences. Baruch saw that the game was up, and de-

parted for Boulogne. M was arrested, tried, convicted on the clearest evidence, stigmatised by the counsel as an impudent impostor, re-proved for his hard-hearted villany by the judge, and sentenced to penal servitude without ever knowing to this day what was the offence he was supposed to have committed.

His wits, I fancy, were never very bright at the best, and prison life and hard labour did not sharpen them any more than they improved his temper. He came out of prison more convinced than ever that the Merriton estates were his by right, and that the sufferings he had undergone were part of an elaborate conspiracy to deprive him of his lawful possessions. Whenever he could raise a few shillings together, he would go down to Merriton and then and there effect a forcible entrance into some one of the houses on the estate, under an indistinct belief that thereby he was vindicating his rights. He became a perfect bugbear to the unhappy freeholders of Merriton-le-Moor. They are a rough lot those western peasants; and M has been pelted with stones, beaten with sticks, tossed in blankets, and ducked in horse ponds by his ungrateful tenantry.

Nothing, however, either discourages him, or hardens him. He will talk to you for hours if you will listen to him: about how, when he gets his own, he will grant long leases at low rents to the very men who, time after time, have driven him from their houses like a dog; and his great anxiety, the one point on which he has twice asked me my private opinion, is, how he can take possession of the manor-house without wounding the feelings of its owner. His favourite scheme is to adopt the eldest son, who is to take the name of Merriton; but then he is not sure that this will be just to the younger children. If he declared his intention of selling up every man on the estate, and of turning out the present owners to starve in the streets, P would believe there was something in M's story, and treat him with the respect he shows to me. But how can you believe in the prospects of a disinherited heir, who tells you seriously when he gets his own, his first wish will be to have all the Walking Posters come down and stop with him? Even amidst our gang there are one or two who have got something of a heart left under their old tattered garments, and they protect M, as best they can, from being put upon by P, and such scum as he is. If I know a gentleman, M is one by heart; and sometimes I think that the gentle blood of the Merritons does really run in the veins of Number Two, making him, even in his rags and misery, gentle and kind and true.

BANKRUPTCY AND BARGAIN-HUNTING.

WOMAN may be defined to be a bargain-hunting animal, and it really is extraordinary with what infatuation she pursues her favourite sport. No matter how valueless may be the game she follows, the chase of it is ever most delightful in her eyes; and, where she gets the chance of having a day's sport, nothing upon earth can restrain her from indulging in it. She will almost ride her hobby off its legs in her excitement, and no matter how great a check, or cheque, she may receive, she will most likely "see the finish" of her available resources before she canters home. If she fail on some occasion in bagging her full money's-worth, she confidently hopes for better luck next time: and however disappointed she may be by a blank day, she will sally forth again without the slightest fear of failure the next morning of a meet.

Sham swindling sellings-off of falsely so-called "bankrupt stocks" are pretty sure to draw a famous field of bargain-hunters, who readily believe in any promise of good sport. And these sham sales are continually now taking place in London, and in all large market towns; and they come off not unfrequently in little country places, where bankrupts and defaulters are very rarely known. The dodge, as it is worked now, is usually this. Some fine morning the intelligent inhabitants of Flatborough are startled by a shower of big handbills which are scattered through the town headed in large letters thus:

IMPORTANT PUBLIC NOTICE!!!

Grand Bonafide Legitimate, Important, Prompt, and Efficient SALE of the BANKRUPT STOCK of Mr. Samuel Snooks of Exeter: together with the BANKRUPT STOCK of Messrs. Myth of Sharp Street, London.

BANKRUPTS AND DEFAULTERS.

These Stocks, amounting to upwards of 20,000*l.* worth of New and Valuable Property (see the *Gazette*) are to be sold at

ONE TENTH THEIR REAL VALUE

at the "Green Woman" Hotel, Flatborough, on Monday the 19th inst. and three succeeding days.

This sets all the bargain-hunters of Flatborough on the scent; and so eager is their craving for their favourite pursuit, that they never stop to wonder how it is that such a little outlandish hole as Flatborough should be chosen for the selling off of valuable bankrupt stocks from Exeter and London, expressly by the order of the Bankruptcy Court. For the bill proceeds to state that—

Mr. Fozler has been honoured with instructions from the Bankruptcy Commissioners to sell by Private Sale the entire and well selected stock of the said Bankrupts: embracing the most rich and queenly Silks, &c., the most elegant and beautiful Dress Fabrics, &c., the most lovely and recherche

Moiré Antiques, &c., the most splendid and enchanting robes, &c. &c., as well as the most costly and superb and splendiferous &c. &c. &c., ever offered at a sale. All fabrics of well-warranted and intrinsic merit, and possessing in a distinguished and prominent degree those peculiar and unmistakable features, correctness of taste, richness of quality, superiority of design, and every other meritorious recommendation which alone belongs to first-class goods, and those too culled from the Choicest Emporiums of this and Foreign Countries, by the discriminating judgment of one long accustomed to appreciate and anticipate the requirements in Dress of Ladies in every Station of Society in the British Empire; and let it be understood, that it is goods replete with the above qualifications, which are now to be sold at such a RECKLESS REDUCTION in PRICE; in fact, not nearly equal to what is usually paid for in ordinary fabrics, the Urgent Motive being to sell the whole in four days.

Warming with his subject, Mr. Foozler* further states that—

Strong and powerful in the course of rectitude which he means to pursue on the occasion of bringing these stocks to the notice of the Inhabitants of this and the surrounding neighbourhood, Mr. Foozler refrains from passing needless encomiums upon the merits of the goods, it is only necessary to say that Four Days is the extreme limit of time assigned for this great Sale, which is fixed for This and Three Following Days. The sale will be conducted by Private Treaty. The orders are imperative to Sell irrespective of every pecuniary consideration. The whole must be sold at any price. Such Bargains were never before placed in human hands for submission. The property itself most truly speaks its own eulogy. And the Rest, The Golden Secret, will be found in the appended Catalogue! Illustrative of the Cheapness and the Sacrifice!!!

Among other lying statements, the Catalogue contains such items as the following:—

2000 Brilliant Barege Dresses, 1s. 11½d. the dress of 12 yards, worth 10s. 6d.

8000 Pure Indian Silk Brocade robes, cost 65s., to be sold for 12s. 9d.

350 Real French Satins, uncrushable and acid proof, 29s. 10d., cost 5l. 5s.

600 Blue Chinese Mandarin Silks, worth 11 guineas, to be sold for 40s. 6d.

A lot of handsome Velvet Robes, cost the manufacturer 80s. each, to be sold without reserve at 16s. 9½d.

Upwards of 1000 splendid Paisley Shawls, 15s. 5d., worth in the season 2½ guineas.

N.B. A lot of Ladies' Best Kid Gloves, Sable muffs, and Scarfs, also Marsella counterpanes and recherché toilet covers, French cambric and silk handkerchiefs, double damask table-cloths, and various fancy articles to be Sold without Reserve at any Price offered!!!

"O my!" "Good gracious me!" exclaim the bargain-hunters. "What a charming Sale to go to! Of course, dear, you'll be there. I should so value your opinion to help me in selecting. You know I *badly* want a new silk dress, and I think a 'Chinese Mandarin' will be the very thing to suit me. Blue is *quite* my colour, and it's only forty shillings (for

* *Nomine mutato*, we quote verbatim from a handbill which has actually been sent.

they'll take off the odd sixpence), and I'm sure Charles won't mind *that*, although he is a little stingy, especially when I show him that it's 'worth eleven guineas!' And O! I do so want a shawl, and so does Mary Jane; and Matilda, poor girl, is really not fit to be seen; and I must get Charles to treat her to one of the barèges, it's only one and eleven pence, for of course they'll never ask you to pay them the three farthings; and really, now I think of it, my pink satin's *scarcely decent*, it got squeezed and crushed so *terribly* in packing up last autumn, when Charles would stupidly persist in making me contrive to cram my things all higgledy-piggledy into only seven boxes, and I told him they'd be ruined, and so I'm sure he shouldn't grumble at my wanting a new dress, and these 'uncrushable' French satins must be just the things for people whose husbands don't like luggage, and won't allow their wives to pack up more than thirteen boxes when they go out for a week. And only think, dear, if you've saved up any money out of housekeeping, what a chance there is of getting the most delightful bargains in the way of gloves and counterpanes and table-cloths and muffs, and pretty little light and airy fancy things of that sort! They are to be sold 'without reserve,' you see, at '*any price*' that's offered! I'm pretty well supplied with fancy articles at present, for Charley brought me over some lovely gloves from Brussels, and we've enough of all the other things to last us some few years. Still, when one can get a thing at almost any price one offers, it seems a pity not to buy, although one don't know what to do with it; so I mean to put a sovereign or two extra in my porte-monnaie, and I should certainly advise you, dear, to mind and do the same. You see, the paper says, the sale is 'bonâ fide' and 'legitimate,' and it is under the direction of the Royal Court of Bankruptcy, and so you know, of course there can't be any cheating in it."

And so the bargain-hunters assemble at the meet, and return home laden heavily with trophies of their prowess in beating down the prices, and in beating up their game. But though a bargain-bought barège may be advertised as "brilliant," there comes the question, Will it wear? and the query, Will it wash? And when the "pure silks" prove half cotton, and velvet robes "worth eighty shillings" are found upon examination to be scarce worth eighteen pence, the bargain-hunters must confess that they have paid a little dearly for the "cheap" things they have bought, and that when the Sale is over, they themselves must be included with the articles marked "Sold."

H. SILVER.



JUNE.

Dreaming.

'Twas eve, and the hazy twilight
Had mellowed the fragrant air,
And, stretched in the new mown hay field,
I conjured up visions fair.
In the heavens I spelled out a legend,
The oldest that ever I knew,

'Twas writ 'midst the crim-
son cloud bands,
"O darling, I love but you!"

Beside me a tiny dream-child
Was raking the sweet fresh
hay,
And her saucy eyes half chal-
lenged me
As of old to a game of play.
"Long years since, O child hay-
maker,
I told thee a story true;"
And in my June-dream I mur-
mured,
"O darling, I love but you."



Then faded my bright child-idol,
And a maiden fair as the day,
Joined in the pranks of a careless troop
That revelled amongst the hay.
I knew all the shadow faces,
Hate, Nelly, and little Sue,

And I turned to the maiden and
whispered,
"O darling, I love but you!"

The sun went down in his glory,
The haymakers vanished away,
And the crescent moon bade a
kindly
Farewell to the golden day.
The peeping stars lighted the
legend,
Traced for aye in the heavens
blue;
"O darling, why will you not
read it
And know that I love but you?"
JULIA GODDARD.

LETTY'S TEMPTATION.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS, BY I. D. FENTON.

CHAPTER III.



HE mists had blown over next day, the sun was out again, and the sea calm and blue. Lettice accounted for her pale face by saying she had a headache, and thus got off accompanying her aunt to the castle, where there was to be a formal giving over of linen. As soon as the house was cleared, she brought down her hat, and set off for her favourite seat amongst the rocks, where, with the sea lashing and breaking among the rocks at her feet, the gulls shrieking over head, she thought she could look her fate in the face, and form some plan to avoid a meeting with the Squire.

She had not been on the rocks half an hour when a quick, firm footfall sent the blood to her cheeks, and she and her false lover were face to face.

It would be difficult to say which was the more confused—Gawain, who had sought the meeting, or Lettice, who had been telling herself it must come.

He was the first to speak, but he made no attempt to approach nearer as he did so. He said, "My wife found your ear-ring, and then I knew who Mrs. Lloyd's niece was."

Lettice held out her hand mechanically, but instead of putting the ear-ring into it, Gawain clasped it closely, bursting into an explanation of his actions, excusing, condoning, and lamenting his course in one breath.

Lettice was powerless while he spoke of his love and of the bright hopes he once held out; but when he tried to excuse his marriage, and told her he had taken a rich wife to retrieve his fortune, the girl's indignation and outraged love spoke forth.

Mr. Gawain was prepared for this. It only showed him that Letty's heart was still his, that however her judgment might condemn or virtue plead, the power he had once held was as strong as ever. Seeing this he could afford to listen patiently.

"I will do nothing to torment you, Letty; be merciful to me, that is all. I am reaping the punishment of my sin. I did not seek you out, Letty: we have met for some good end. For God's sake, do not drive me desperate, give me some chance of happiness, or, at least peace. I never was a good man; but if you

do anything rash or cruel now, you'll drive me to destruction. Do not avoid the Castle for fear of seeing me; my wife wishes to have you. I will be out of the way. The terms are not so hard for you as for me,—and what they are to me you can never know. A man's love is a different kind from a woman's, in spite of what the poet says: perhaps it is because men seldom give all their love, as I did."

And with a bitter laugh, he went away, and Lettice, left to herself, did what was only natural and womanlike—she sat with her head on her knees and cried, little thinking that anyone saw her agony; but there, glaring out from a crevice between the rocks, were the bloodshot eyes of Sam, who had brought all the cunning of madness to aid him in concealing himself, and thus kept constant watch upon Lettice, and for this he had toiled through many a dark night, hollowing out a hiding-place which he could reach without going along the path round the point.

Lettie had no easy task to perform: it was impossible for her to avoid going to the Castle without giving a reason for so doing, and that reason she, of course, could not give. There was nothing for it but to trust in Mr. Gawain's promise, and for a time there seemed no cause to doubt it: she never saw him, and began to speculate upon her own strength again, telling herself that he could never have loved her as he professed, or that it would be impossible for him to act as calmly and coldly as he now did.

So reasoning, Lettice fell into the habit of spending day after day with Mrs. Gawain. Many a time during the next six or eight weeks there stole over Lettice an undefined sense of danger. She would start from her sleep in the dead of the night with tears streaming down her face, and her heart throbbing wildly. Once or twice, while sitting at her favourite place among the rocks, she had been seized with a sudden fear, and, impelled by some uncontrollable feeling, had run home, not even daring to look behind her. Lewis met her one day when this fit was on her, and the quarrel that had separated them was made up. He saw her pale, wild face, and interpreted it to his own satisfaction, and she, harassed and perplexed as she was, felt comfort and strength as Lewis put his arm round her, and told her how she had tormented him, and

that henceforth he meant to take charge of her entirely, and not let her sit dreaming by the sea. Poor Lettice! the temptation was sore. Lewis was gentler and humble that night, and, after all, what right had she to exact so much, or why should she be jealous of what had gone before? Would he still care for her if her own story was told, and worse still, her heart laid bare? Lettice thought not; but determined then and there to risk it, and confess all at the first opportunity. Not that night; she must wait and tell Mrs. Gawain first, then she would be happier. And in the meantime Lewis and she would meet as usual; there would be no engagement, nothing more than there was at the present; but he would stay at home more: and when she was at the Castle he would come to fetch her home; for the nights were dark now, and Mrs. Gawain often kept her until night had set in, and only let Lettice escape when the Squire would be returning from shooting. Mrs. Gawain had taken a violent liking to Lettice, and now that she was ill and weak, Rachel would not allow her niece to thwart her in her fancy to see her every day, saying such fancies were excusable under the circumstances.

One night, late in October, Lettice started for home; she was earlier than usual; the wind was coming over the bay in fitful gusts, bringing heavy drops of rain. Just as she turned out of the grounds into the fields, she met the Squire coming home from shooting.

"It's a cold, lonely walk, Miss Lettice," he said, stopping, while the keeper walked forward; but Lettice only dropped a curtsy, and passed on. Then he followed her, repeating the words, but in a lower tone, and adding, "How cross you are, Letty; here am I out all day, wind or rain, to make it more comfortable for you at the Castle, and even when I meet you by chance, and speak a civil word that any man might say, you won't vouchsafe a look even. What have I done to make you treat me this way?"

"Indeed, I don't treat you any way wrong, sir."

"Sir!" exclaimed Gawain, with an oath; "what do you think I am made of, that you mock me? You didn't call me 'sir' in the happy days I am always thinking of and cursing myself for having lost the right to make you remember. Why don't you speak, Lettice?" he went on, presently. "Why don't you scold, reproach, bully me? I deserve it all, for I am a selfish beast to remind you of old times, and tell you how miserable I am; but I must be selfish still. I meant to meet you to night; I have something to tell you that you must hear. Will you stand still here a few minutes and listen, or sit down upon

the stile?—it is dry, and sheltered a little from this cursed wind. I wish I could see your face, Letty; I've not seen it this week, except in my dreams, and then it always looks as it did that day I saw you again on the rocks."

"You wanted to tell me something," said Lettice, desperately. All this talk was play to him, but death to her; she could not listen to his voice or feel her dress touch him without the old poison stealing through her life again. She was weak as a child in his presence; and in her heart she was wishing that Lewis, who generally came to meet her, would come.

"If I heard him coming, I would speak out,—shame would make me a better girl," she thought. But Lewis did not come, and Mr. Gawain told her what he had to say—told her that his wife was dying; that the doctor who had seen her the week before, had confirmed the opinion already given that she might live until the spring, but only by going to a warmer climate. "We must go at once; and, Letty!"—he paused, and drew a little nearer; she could feel him stooping over her, and fancied she heard his heart beating; her own was throbbing so fast that she had to consider again before she was quite sure that she had heard his next words right: "Come with us, Letty," he said, speaking low and hurriedly; "and when I am free you shall be my wife!"

The wind was blowing harder than ever, beating down the slender heads of the young fir-wood through which the path lay, scattering their perfume around, and all her life after a waft of scent from a fir-plantation brought back to Lettice the scene of her temptation—temptation which Providence suddenly turned aside, for clear upon the cold blast came the ring of a man's whistle.

"Who's that?" asked the Squire, as Letty sprang to her feet.

"My cousin Lewis; he always comes to meet me," said Lettice, a sense of protection coming upon her, although at the same moment she felt as if she loathed and hated her cousin; and all the love and old visions of happiness flashed up—love and happiness now offered her; but ere she had time to think, Gawain had thrown his arm round her, and pressing his lips to her face, whispered passionately,—

"Take care what you do, for, by G—! I am a desperate man! I bartered you away once, for money, but the Mint itself shall not come between us now if I can help it."

The whistle was close to them now, and the footstep audible. With a desperate effort Lettice freed herself from Gawain, and clambered over the stile, almost falling into

Lewis's arms, and the Squire heard him exclaim,—

"Hallo, Letty! what a hurry you are in. Why you are shaking like a leaf, darling. Has anything frightened you? Why didn't you wait, and I'd have been at the gate. I am rather late, for the Squire has been up at the farm, and mother stopped me to tell me how he'd been saying his wife was ill, and had to go away."

And then their voices died away in the distance, and Mr. Gawain turned homewards, coming up with the keeper where he had left him a quarter of an hour before, and half-inclined to think he had been watching him. He gave the man a rating that he did not forget in a hurry, and which, curiously enough, raised Lettice greatly in his opinion, concluding that she, having given the Squire "a setting down," had thus ruffled his temper.

As they walked on, a figure came slouching along the path, close under the hedge.

"Who's that?" said Mr. Gawain, drawing back.

"Sam Bach, sir; he lives up at the farm, and follows Miss Lettice about like a shadow."

"Is he a lover of hers?"

The keeper laughed. "He's an idiot, sir."

"A madman! and suffered to run about this way?"

"Sure, he's safe enough, sir. He's better than a watch-dog to Miss Lettice. She's kind to him, and saved him many a thrashing from young Lewis."

"But I've never seen this boy about."

"He was beating for us last Friday, you remember, sir; the cocks you shot right and left, Sam flushed them."

The Squire said no more; he remembered the lad and the chill of repulsion that had crossed him at the time, and made up his mind to speak to Mrs. Lloyde about it.

Instead of going straight to the Castle next day, Lettice went to the rocks. She had no opportunity to think quietly at the farm, where there seemed a continual bustle, and where her aunt was now full of lamentation about the young Squire's sorrow, about his leaving so soon again, and the chances of the wife dying before the baby saw light. Down among the rocks and by the sea, dark, stormy, and noisy as it was, Lettice knew she could think; accordingly there she went, and there Mr. Gawain found her.

"I have come for my answer, Letty," he said, sitting down by her side, and barring her escape. "By Jove! what a night it was. I hope your cousin made himself agreeable. If all one hears is true, he's rather a dangerous companion for a young lady to choose as an

escort every night. My keeper rather amused me by his account of the young gentleman's doings. It seems he does not keep his love-affairs secret either, or let them lose in the telling."

Lettice's cheeks grew fiery red, and Gawain saw he had gained one step, and went on with a laugh. "Ah, well! it don't much matter. To you, Letty, he's on his good behaviour of course; for their ways down here are not like our ways. Lewis will sow his wild oats and settle down into a respectable farmer some day, and populate the land legitimately. We'll give him the Church Farm, it's the best next to his mother's, which of course goes to Evan. Now, Letty, tell me you'll go with my wife."

"No, no! you know I cannot. How could I? You told me once you loved me too dearly to wrong me, and so left me; and now you would make me the vilest thing living."

"You are wrong, Letty,—before God, you are wrong! I'll never speak to you—come near you—without your permission; you'll only be there with her, and when I am free again——"

Lettice got up, her face white and her eyes flashing.

"Do not tempt me again, for pity's sake. You know I am weak—you know once I'd have given up everything for you; but you left me then. I could never trust you now."

He stretched his hand out, and caught hold of her dress. "Sit down, child, you cannot get away, the tide has turned. You are my prisoner—at my mercy, Letty, for the next six hours!"

With a bewildered, helpless look, Lettice sat down, covering her face with her hands.

"Am I so very terrible, Letty, that you dare not stay with me for a few hours? My pet, I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head for worlds!—only listen to me."

And Lettice listened to the old story, and tried to think that there was happiness in store for her.

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT morning there were pale faces and hurrying feet upon the beach, where a crowd soon gathered round the body of Sam, the idiot boy, which, washed up and left by the tide, lay face uppermost amongst the shingle. When the torn coat and shirt were taken off, there were thick blue weals, where blows had fallen.

Murder, foul and cowardly at all times, is in some cases especially so. The lad had been afflicted from his birth, harmless, and like most of his kind, rather a favourite in the village, and loud were the denunciations

against the atrocity of the deed, and the guilt of the doer.

Men looked suspiciously into each other's faces as they stood round the public-house into which the body had been carried, and at the door of which was a policeman. Evan Lloyd was there: he had been riding past, and lent his horse to carry the messenger for the doctor, while another man had ridden off to the nearest magistrate.

Lewis was not there then, but presently he too came down the hill, and afterwards the people said how white his face looked, and that he staggered in his walk as he drew near. Nor were they wrong; and good enough cause Lewis had for both; for when the intelligence of the murder reached him, there had flashed upon his mind, like the vision of a drowning man, the many quarrels, the anger, and the evil temper he had so often vented upon the helpless boy, and the very last time he had seen him, his hand had been on the lad's neck, whose usual outcry of "murder" seemed to ring again, like a fatal warning in his ears.

He had thought all this when his mother came to tell him, and although he would have rather cut off his right hand than face the crowd and look at the body, he was too great a coward to yield to his fears.

"You're not used to death, Lewis," said the doctor, looking in his white face, as he stood in the room while the examination of the body went on.

"No," said the other, shuddering, "I don't know how you fellows are so cool."

"Wilful murder," was the verdict, and the following day Lewis Lloyd was arrested on suspicion. No one ventured to charge him with deliberate murder: but even manslaughter, with a man of such well-known violence of temper, would go hard.

Rachel was inconsolable; the arrest of her boy was a disgrace deep and deadly, and loudly as she asserted his innocence, a cold shudder of apprehension fell upon her as she recalled the various scenes of passion she had witnessed; and felt, "If the evidence is too strong for him, they will swear to the hatred between the two; there's not a man or child about the farm that has not seen it."

When they came to take Lewis away, Lettice had fainted, and passed from one fainting fit into another, so that every one, even the sorrow-stricken mother, said or saw "how she had loved him."

Circumstantial evidence went hard against Lewis. Upon the night preceding the finding of the body—the night when it was conjectured the murder had been done—Lewis could not account for himself; true, he said that expecting to meet his cousin Lettice coming

home from the Castle he had waited up till midnight, and only upon getting home found that she had come in by another way, and gone up to her bed-room directly.

Then some one spoke of the way in which the idiot had attached himself to Lettice, and the case against the unhappy man grew stronger. At this juncture, however, a totally new aspect was given to the trial, for, to the consternation and amazement of all who knew him, his sweet temper, well-regulated mind, and universal kindness to every living creature, Evan Lloyd stood forward and took the guilt of the deed upon himself. He had seen the boy dogging his cousin's steps, and had often apprehended mischief; that day he had caught him at her favourite resting-place among the rocks, evidently waiting for her coming; words had grown high, the boy grew angry and flew at his master, who, losing his temper, struck him, and as they struggled on the narrow platform, threw him accidentally over the cliff.

The explanation was simple enough, but not a word of it fell with any appearance of conviction upon the listeners. Lewis was, of course, liberated, and sought to remain with his brother; but this Evan refused, bidding him go home and comfort Lettice and their mother, adding, "They will be more merciful to me than they would have been to you."

He went home, but comfort was a mockery; there was nothing but disgrace and misery. In the midst of her anguish Rachel had taken it into her head that Lettice was somehow at the bottom of it, and all the fury of her outraged pride, and all the agony of her fear for her child's safety, concentrated themselves against the girl, who wandered about the house apparently more dead than alive.

"Take her out of my sight," said the miserable woman to Lewis, as he stood by her chair, trying to soothe and reason with her. "It's all her doing; this curse fell upon us the day she crossed the door-way." And Lewis, seeing nothing else for it, went over to the Castle and told Mrs. Gawain what his mother said, and Lettice found a home for the time being, and finally accompanied them to the south of France, Lewis persuading her to consent to the offer. Lettice weakly opposed the plan; but nothing she said now seemed to have any influence. The shock had fallen like a blight upon her; and though Lewis was safe, they said that it would take time to restore her nervous system. And Lettice's name, Lettice's unhappy lot, and Lettice's great love were as much spoken of as the crime itself.

The assizes at which the trial would come off were held in the spring, and the long

winter months, during which her first-born lay in a jail, completely bleached Rachel Lloyde's dark hair. It was a terrible time for her when the day of the trial came—worse still when the sun went down and the case stood remanded. Then the next day fresh evidence was called, and as she sat in the inn parlour, the parson and his wife on either hand, Lewis burst into the room.

The verdict had been brought in "Man-slaughter," the sentence mitigated to four years' penal servitude; and when the worst danger was past, the mother knew how great the mercy of God had been. Neighbours and people she had never seen or heard of pressed forward to congratulate her and bid her be of good cheer. The Squire, who had come over from France to be present, had worked day and night, had spared no time or expense to bring about this result, and the public mind was divided between admiration for him and relief as to Evan's sentence.

"The Squire had worked himself to death," they said, so ill and fagged did he look, and so restlessly excited and busy had he been. There was one peculiarity about his conduct—he would not see Evan. This was scarcely noticed at the time; but afterwards, as is generally the way with the multitude, even this became a virtue, and when he went back to his dying wife, he carried with him the admiration and blessings of the whole neighbourhood, a burthen Mr. Gawain seemed to find both irksome and painful.

Before leaving the Castle, Mr. Gawain gave the Church Farm to Lewis, then fortunately at his disposal; offering, moreover, to lend sufficient to stock it thoroughly, besides draining and rebuilding. And it was very soon said and very soon seen that the Squire did not seem to think he could do too much for the Lloydes.

For three or four months after she had left Pembrokeshire, Lettice had written pretty regularly to Lewis. Then the letters grew fewer; and at last, after a lapse of nearly a month, there came a short letter, bidding him forget her. Strange to say, he took the matter very little to heart. In spite of the way the old folks shook their heads over the new-fangled notions Lewis was adopting in his farming, things prospered. Everything he put his hand to turned out well, and Mrs. Lloyde began to hold up her head again. The bitterness of the first shame was being lost in the success that had been showered upon them ever since the day of grief. Evan wrote often. He was well, and, as far as circumstances would permit, happy. Most of the letters were filled with questions about Lewis, and for the first year never one came that did not refer

in some way to Lettice, and express a wish to hear that she and Lewis had made up matters.

Three years had gone by, when one day the post brought Mrs. Lloyde a letter which startled her. It came from Evan, and told her how he had got a ticket of leave, and was, therefore, comparatively a free man; that he would not, however, come to the old farm, but intended to settle in some other part of the country, where everything would be new, and where, by changing his name, he could start clear of the cloud that would always rest upon him where the past was known. The letter ended by asking her to meet him in London, giving her the day, the place where she would find him, and full directions about the route.

There was not a word about Lewis. "You'll go with me?" said his mother, as he gave her back the letter; but Lewis did not answer. His face grew dark, and the veins in his temples sprang up.

"You ought to see him, Lewy," pleaded Rachel. "Sure if he's brought trouble on us, he's still your brother, and the Lord's been gracious to us in many ways. You'll never let your old mother ask in vain?"

"Yes, I'll go, mother," answered Lewis, hoarsely.

"There's my own dear lad, always the same, always ready to do a good turn. We'll go together to your poor brother."

Evan had given such clear directions, that there was no difficulty in the journey.

"He'll be changed," was the thought that filled the mother's heart. But Evan was little altered; a little graver, perhaps a little older; but handsomer than ever.

"This is good of you, Lewis," he said, holding out one hand to his brother, while with the other he clasped his mother. "I did not bid you come, I thought you might not like. Hallo! Lewis, lad, what's the matter?"

Lewis had burst into tears, and thrown himself upon a sofa.

"Let me alone, mother," he sobbed, shaking off Rachel's hand. "Oh, Evan, I didn't do it. Brother, brother, I didn't murder the lad."

"I know you didn't, Lewis."

Lewis lifted up his face for an instant.

"My God! Evan, you never did?"

"No, Lewy; neither you nor I did, though we've both suffered for it. I thought wrong of you at first, brother: you'll forgive me that?"

Lewis threw his arm round his brother's neck.

"As I hope God will forgive me."

"That's right lad; and him, too, the unhappy man who did it. Say you forgive him too; he's been punished worse than either you or me, and he's tried to pay you back tenfold, Lewis."

A deep flush crimsoned Rachel's face, as she bent forward, listening eagerly. Lewis shuddered, and whispered almost too low to be heard,—

"Why did he do it, Evan? tell me that first."

"It's a long story, but it must be told sooner or later. Mother, dear, for my sake be merciful." He crossed and laid his hand upon Rachel's shoulder, looking down into her flushed, excited face.

"Mercy," she cried, bitterly, "Mercy! Ah, lad, the mercy he showed you, may he meet the same. Merciful!—ask a mother to be merciful to the man who's blighted her fairest dreams—who's brought disgrace and shame upon her name—who's—Oh! Evan, Evan, shame on you! Shame on you! What was he to you?"

"Be calm, mother; you must hear it sooner or later."

And what the reader already knows of Lettice's history, Evan repeated. The boy had followed her to the rocks upon the day Gawain made his last appeal; the Squire had seen him, and angry at being watched and in the boy's power, had struck him; in avoiding the blows, Sam sprang back and fell over the cliffs.

"Still, I don't see why you were to let them call you the murderer," said Rachel, bitterly.

"Mother, I thought Lewis had done it, by accident always, but still that it was his hand; and you remember how Lettice was struck down? I loved her, mother, from the first day I saw her; but she liked, or I thought she liked, Lewis better, and when I saw her so broken-hearted, I said to myself, what did I care for life that I should let my brother die? Besides, mother, I did not think it would go so hard with me, and I knew that any punishment would be lighter than seeing her fade before my eyes, and die for the brother I could save. But it's not all told yet, mother. Lewis, give me your hand, I've been selfish after all, I've been but a sham martyr—Lettie is my wife."

Lewis sprang up and threw both arms round his brother.

"Then you're not angry, Lewy?"

"Angry! no. Thank God you've won something. Mother, come and kiss him; she was too good for me, and never cared rightly for me, though I made her think so when I thought so myself. Where is she? Come,

mother, this is the best news of all. Where is she, Evan?"

"You'll take her, mother, and forgive me?" whispered Evan. "You gave me a strong heart, mother; and him that you took as the husband of your youth taught me that a 'true heart is better than gold.' You've not forgotten him, mother. And now may I bring them to you?"

"Them, Evan!"

"Aye! them, mother; Letty and my baby."

Then a great cry broke forth from the woman's heart.

"Oh! Evan, my son, my son, bring them that I may bless them, even as the Lord will bless you."

Little remains to be told. Evan took his family to Australia to begin a new life. Lewis and his mother followed the next year, and the farm has changed hands more than once; so, indeed, has the Gawain estate, for shortly after the Lloydes left, the property was sold, and report said that the Squire had left the country for good.

OUR IRONCLADS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—In the article "Our Ironclads," in *ONCE A WEEK*, Feb. 2, 1887, you refer to the destructive action of copper on iron when immersed in or washed by salt water. This matter was well understood amongst most persons in any way connected with steam-vessels, in Liverpool, thirty years ago.

At that time vessels with paddle-wheels were differently arranged to the plan adopted in the present day; and very heavy iron knees, with massive stay-bolts, were placed under the paddle-beams, to give what support they could from the ship's side. The lower part of these was either wholly or partly immersed in the sea when the vessel was loaded; and, as the copper sheathing reached above the bottom of these knees, they were exposed to the galvanic action you name. The evil was prevented by covering the whole of the iron work which the copper could touch with felt and sheet-lead. This process effectually preserved the iron from the ravages that the copper would cause if brought into contact with it. In some cases, where only the edge of the copper has been in contact with the iron, a very short time has sufficed to destroy a bar of iron two-and-a-half or three inches in diameter.

You also mention, in the same article, that some of our scientific bodies were only last year making experiments to determine the action of sea water on certain metals. The Yarmouth beachmen had, for five years previously, used galvanised iron for keels, chains, bobstays, and rudder-pintles, &c., for their boats. I have now before me memoranda, made in 1852, 1853, and 1855, of the use of galvanised chains, bobstays, lifts, &c., for some of the yachts in the Mersey, and for the merchant-vessels frequenting the port of Liverpool.

It thus appears that some at least of the Liverpool shipowners, fifteen years ago, had the sagacity to use galvanised iron as preferable to iron not so

treated, and to protect the iron used in their steam-vessels from the destructive action of copper when the two metals are exposed in sea water; whilst some of our scientific bodies, and even the Admiralty, are only just awaking to the importance of the subject.

I believe that the late Charles Wye Williams, who was a most active man in conducting the affairs of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company, and a man of rare scientific skill, as well as of great energy, was one of the first to make the discoveries of the danger arising from copper and iron, and also to discover the remedy.

Whether the Admiralty are the first to use any means of protecting or improving our ships of war or not, they certainly should not be behind private ship-builders in adopting any change proved to be beneficial. Do not the facts stated by Mr. Wright go to prove that private firms build better vessels, and adapt them better to the uses they are intended for, than even the Admiralty?

You mention the Royal Charter. It would be only fair to mention the Great Britain in Dundrum Bay, and the Sarah Sands with her stern blown out by gunpowder, in proof of the valuable properties of iron vessels.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. J. BLACKBURN.

St. John's, Antigua, W. Indies, April, 1867.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER VII.

THE time had arrived for the business of the tour to commence in earnest. Carriages were ordered. Gennaro, always the last, but never too late, made Lucrezia cross by keeping her waiting at least half an hour; messages innumerable had been sent to him without avail. As usual, he took his time, and was not to be hurried. He was perhaps finishing a sketch with which he had been amusing himself all day, or he was writing home—the only place he ever does write to; for Mario is a dreadful correspondent. At last he came, watch in hand, calculating with provoking accuracy that it would take so many minutes to get to the theatre, ten more to dress, and then there would be exactly two to spare. The Diva, having a more elaborate toilette to make, became alarmed at the probable consequences of the delay. They reached the theatre, and repaired to their respective dressing-rooms, where their servants and the costumiers had been long waiting to receive them.

The doors of the house had just been thrown open, and crowds were rushing into the galleries and pit, much to the satisfaction of the respected manager, who—as was his wont—walked up and down behind the curtain, listening to the grateful sound of the theatre filling. Pleasant noise of delightful confusion—every footfall money, every voice a shilling. He was thoughtful;—now and then a placid smile lighted up his countenance, and he

would stretch out his hands as if to grasp some imaginary object—doubtless the coin, his share of the Italian opera.

But difficulties had to be overcome before the announcement of the evening could be fulfilled.

A box containing costumes was missing—had been left behind at Kingstown or Holyhead—no matter where—it was now not to be found when wanted. Here was a dilemma little dreamt of by the crowds which thronged the theatre, and noisily clamoured for their amusement to begin.

What was to be done? How could Oroveso appear without his robes, or Flavius minus tights? Horrible perplexity! The costumier approached the musing manager, and, with tears in his eyes, related the disaster which threatened the success of the opera engagement at its very outset.

A general search was made through the wardrobe, and substitutes for the missing dresses eventually discovered, which, although perhaps not quite orthodox, were still sufficiently correct to be made available. This obstacle having been surmounted, another presented itself. A speech had to be made for the basso, whose hoarseness had not altogether disappeared since the morning. Without the speech he obstinately refused to sing, and there was no alternative. The time of commencement had long since passed, owing to the delay caused by the missing dresses. The audience had become uproarious. It was no easy matter to claim their indulgence under such circumstances. A speaker, however, was found bold enough to face them; and who, having received his instructions, proceeded to fulfil the ungrateful task.

His appearance before the curtain excited the suspicions of a disappointment, and the reception he met with was anything but flattering. Taking advantage of a short lull in the expressions of dissatisfaction with which he had been greeted, he began his speech:—

“Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to inform you——”

Yells of indignation, shouts of derision, hissing, hooting, and every other possible noise, followed this announcement, and drowned the voice of the unhappy spokesman. In spite of the most suppliant appeals to their feelings, in dumb show, the audience would not be informed, no matter how sorry the speaker might be.

After a while the storm abated, and a hearing was obtained. When it became known that the apology was only for the *basso profondo*, and not for the popular tenor as had been supposed, order was restored, and the opera at last began.

The old favourites were received enthusiastically; the audience soon forgot how long they had been kept waiting, and expressed their approbation as loudly as they had—but a short time before—given vent to their displeasure.

Their signs of delight frightened Adelgisa, who was not accustomed to the whistling, screaming, and shouting, by which a Dublin gallery testifies its feelings when acting or music excites its enthusiasm.

The first act being concluded, the pit and gallery were on the best possible terms with themselves, and with the artists—whose turn it now was to listen to the singing, by which, to the surprise of all strangers, the *habitués* of the galleries of the Theatre Royal wile away the time during the *entr'actes*. In no other country does a public make itself so completely at home in a theatre as in Ireland. There is no restraint. They sing, they converse; and their witty remarks, when not too personal, are amusing enough. Sometimes a head-dress or a pair of gloves of a remarkable colour in the boxes will attract their attention, and the wearer be forthwith honoured with "three cheers." A white hat is an especial object of dislike, and vain is the hope of the owner that it will pass unnoticed; wherever he may hide it, concealment is impossible, it is sure to be discovered and hooted, when there's nothing better to do. Concertinas and flutes are brought into the gallery, on which solos are performed at times with very remarkable skill. Occasionally a gallery tenor will give an imitation of some popular singer. On the night in question he sang "*Ah! che la morte*," and was for a short time listened to attentively; but the love of fun was too strong, and hints such as "Mario's listening to yer," (as indeed he was), "Sing out!" convulsed the house with laughter, and completely upset the ambitious effort of the imitator, whose voice presently was drowned in an uproarious chorus of a national air. Mr. Levy, the talented leader of the band, is familiarly addressed as "Lavey," and affectionate inquiries are nightly made after his numerous progeny.

When Verdi's "Macbeth" was given for the first time in Dublin, the long symphony preceding the sleep-walking scene did not altogether please the galleries. The theatre was darkened—everything looked gloomy and mysterious—the music being to match. The curtain rose, and the nurse and doctor were discovered seated at the door of Lady Macbeth's chamber, a bottle of physic and a candle being on the table that was between them. Viardot (who was playing Lady Macbeth) was waited for in the most profound

silence—a silence which was broken by a voice from the gallery crying out, "Hurry, now, Mr. Lavey, tell us, is it a boy or a girl?" the inquiry nearly destroyed the effect of the whole scene by the commotion it created.

But while talking of the gods and their doings, which always cause the Italians great amusement, I forget our tourists, who, by this time must have finished the opera, and gone back to the hotel to supper.

The carriage of the *prima donna* had, of course, been surrounded by a crowd of musical fanatics, mad to get a peep at the Diva as she left the theatre. How they used to struggle and fight for a good look into the carriage! Some would scramble on to the roof, others mount the wheels, at the imminent peril of broken legs. Sometimes the horses were detached, and their places usurped by a string of enthusiasts.

One little lady to whom this compliment was paid reminded me forcibly, as she sat in the carriage, of that picture which represents a goddess seated in a chariot drawn by a flock of geese.

The party at supper was joined by the Frenchman, who indulged us with an interesting account of his voyage from Holyhead,—how ill he had been,—a most agreeable accompaniment to the soup and macaroni. This charming narrative was interrupted by Lucrezia suddenly rising from her chair. "*Dio mio*," she exclaimed, "*siamo tredici!*" The prejudice against No. 13, on account of its supposed evil influences, will readily explain the cause of Lucrezia's exclamation. Misfortune was declared to be approaching us, and was indicated by the surest sign. All present expressed alarm except the Frenchman, who was henceforth looked upon as a heretic, because he continued to eat his supper, regardless of what might happen. He was, in fact, the cause of the discomfort. Whether wittingly or not, he had augmented our original healthy number twelve to its present ominous amount. What was to be done? The Impresario did not know. Relief, however, came before the spell had time to work even upon the condition of the supper. Wonderful interposition, not duly appreciated by the foreigners, but nevertheless looked upon as a providential deliverance from difficulty! Signor Fortini walked into the room, much to the consolation of Lucrezia and the rest, who then resumed their seats, and finished a hearty supper; the Impresario assuring the last comer that he was Fortini by name and fourteen by nature, a remark he did not, and was not expected to, understand.

"Well, Mike," said the Impresario to

"Boots," when that functionary came into his room the next morning, "and what do you think of the opera?" (Mike had had a free ticket for the pit given him to hear "Norma.")

"It's throuble I had to get in at all," replied Mike, surlily.

"How was that?" asked the manager, who was still in bed.

"Sure we had a fight for it," said Boots, a little more good humouredly.

"But you were in the pit, were you not?"

"Ah that was I," said Mike.

"And how did you think Madame Grisi sang?"

"What, the lady as is in 59, d'ye mean?"

"Yes," said the Impresario.

"By the saints! 59 sang like an angel in the beginning of the play, but what a devil she turned out when 81 riled her; and how she did bully that poor little lady who's in 84."

"You mean Adelgisa, Mike," said the Impresario.

"Faith, then, I didn't know the name but what's on her boxes, and that ain't it," replied Mike.

"And what did you think of Oroveso?" asked the manager.

"I didn't hear him," said Mike; "but 82, as had the physis in the afternoon, seemed pretty much put out with 59 at the end, and made a mighty to-do with the poor thing. Did yer ever see such a set of fellows as those were in their night-gowns and sandy wigs?" Mike by this time had "melted," and became more talkative than usual. He alluded to the Druids of the previous evening, and certainly their costumes were not becoming. The Impresario endeavoured to explain the plot of the opera, but Mike so completely identified the *dramatis personæ* with the numbers of the rooms they occupied in the hotel, that it was almost impossible to make him remember the characters they assumed in the opera.

As with the concert party of former days, the constant recurrence of the same bill of fare considerably interfered with the happiness of our present companions. Boiled fowls and haunches of mutton, invariably preceded by a Dublin Bay haddock and the same soup, gave rise to murmurs of discontent which threatened a mutiny.

Could no one be found who was an adept at cooking macaroni?

Polonini volunteered, but was then refused admission to the kitchen. Could not the matter be arranged? Were not the jealous feelings of the cook in possession to be appeased? Negotiations were set on foot which led ultimately to a satisfactory understanding,

based upon the principles of free trade. The foreigner was admitted, and allowed the use of all the kitchen utensils, which, to his honour be it said, he knew how to handle remarkably well.

Whole days he passed in this his favourite occupation, for which he was more suited than to represent indignant fathers and rejected lovers. The basso had evidently been intended by nature for a cook—an artist cook,—one who can make a savoury dish out of almost impossible materials. Dear old Polonini! I see him now, as he stood before the fire, anxiously watching the progress of the macaroni boiling in the enormous saucepan which had been bought by the party by subscription for his use.

A white night-cap, and a small napkin round his waist, gave him a far more professional kitchen appearance than the old lady could present, who, with arms akimbo, stared in mute astonishment, and, I have no doubt, inward admiration, at the expertness of her new ally. How warm he got over the fire, and what an exertion it was to lift the saucepan off the bars!

A triumph, however, was in store for him. He sent the macaroni up to table, and followed it to witness its reception. What cheering and shouting! The basso never excited such enthusiasm in any opera. He is embraced by Amina's mamma, thanked by the *prima donna*, and made to place himself, night-cap, apron and all, at the head of the board, where he presides and distributes the macaroni with the dignity of a high priest of the profound mysteries of cookery. Not a word is spoken for some time. Those who are served are enjoying the treat so artistically prepared by the good-natured basso; others busy themselves in looking to their spoon and fork, and tying napkins over their shirt-fronts preparatory to receiving the delicacy.

The plates are at length cleared, and not a single stick of macaroni remains. The basso was from that day promoted and appointed head-cook to the tour. In the operas his *rôles* were played by those of his comrades, who too well appreciated his talents in the kitchen to allow him to waste his time upon the stage. Nothing was now apparently required to render the happiness of the party complete. The rehearsals and performances went on with uninterrupted success; the only social want had been macaroni, and that had been providentially supplied to an extent which satisfied the most inordinate feeder.

One of the party—a baritone—was particularly partial to the national dish. It could not be called, however, *his* national dish, seeing that he was a Swiss by birth, and maca-

roni is the exclusive right of the Italian *cuisine*.

He had met with immense success at the theatre—had sent the galleries mad with a Swiss tune he introduced in "*Linda di Chamounix*." They made him repeat it three or four times every night, and yelled with delight when the symphony of the song began. They called for it, and would have it too, in "*Lucia*," much to the scandal of the less enthusiastic portion of the audience, to whom the "*jodel*" was inconsistent with Donizetti's music, and the plot of the opera. His extraordinary reception at the theatre turned his head—a surfeit of macaroni upset his stomach. In a short time the poor baritone was prostrate with fever and indigestion. In vain he disregarded the first symptoms of indisposition: every round of applause increased his excitement, every mouthful of food made him worse. He complained to no one; but his flushed cheeks and swollen appearance were the subject of general remark. At length the fever affected his brain. One night, when everybody was in bed, the whole hotel was aroused from slumber by his singing the "*jodel*" song at the top of his voice. Upon the door of his room being opened, he was found with a blanket thrown across his shoulders (in imitation of a Swiss peasant's costume), in bare legs and a nightcap, singing and gesticulating most violently before the looking-glass, which he had placed upon the floor with two candles in front of it. Means were at once taken to get him into bed. The basso-cook, who slept in the adjoining room, declared he knew well enough what remedies to adopt to render it unnecessary to send for a medical man. He forthwith took his patient in hand, and subjected him to the following extraordinary course of treatment.

Two large mustard poultices were applied to the calves of his legs, and two to the soles of his feet; the nightcap being removed, a smooth shining scalp was presented to view—a sort of broad, bony uncultivated desert, with not the oasis of a single hair to break the monotony of the wide expanse. A large piece of brown paper, steeped in vinegar, and perforated with innumerable holes, was placed upon his crown and forehead, and having completed his applications, Polonini, who apparently was as great an adept at "*curing*" a baritone as he was in cooking macaroni, begged one of the bystanders to fetch a nail-brush! For what purpose such an article could be required at such a moment puzzled everyone who heard the request. Many nail-brushes were quickly brought, and our curiosity was gratified by one being used with great vigour upon the invalid's chest, which, as may

be supposed, soon became inflamed by the friction. The lookers-on winced at the energetic efforts of the amateur doctor. Not so the baritone, upon whom the rubbing, or more properly the scrubbing, had at first but little effect. He continued "*jodelling*," as well as he could, lying on his back, and every now and then would make an attempt to bow to the audience he took us to be. At length the poultices beginning to tingle, the vinegar to cool his head, the smart pain inflicted by the brush, gradually restored him to consciousness. He began to speak rationally, and to recognise those around him. Could he have seen the figure he presented, he might, I dare say, from sheer fright have relapsed into his former state. This danger was averted by the application being removed. He improved daily, and soon became anxious to make his reappearance, having heard that it was contemplated by the Impresario to engage another baritone to supply his place. The idea nearly made him ill again. The fear of somebody else coming to imitate the "*jodel*," and to rob him of his laurels, haunted him night and day. He insisted upon being allowed to sing. His doctor, the basso, consented, stipulating that he should not attempt the Swiss song, or look at macaroni for a fortnight. He was announced to appear in his original character in "*Linda di Chamounix*." Would the galleries allow him to omit the famous "*Fol-di-rai-ti*?" Had they forgotten it?—not a bit. They would not even wait for the scene where it used to be introduced; but insisted upon his singing it the moment he came upon the stage. Excuses in dumb show were of no avail—the opera was not allowed to proceed without the song being sung, and sung it was with greater success than ever. Those who demanded it so vociferously little thought what an effect their applause had had upon the singer. How it had nearly turned his brain, and obliged him to submit to the violent remedies just described.

The medico-basso-cook, or cook-medico-basso—whichever may be the more correct form of expressing the different accomplishments so felicitously combined in the person of Polonini—accompanied the convalescent baritone to the theatre, and stood at the side-scenes to watch his reappearance before the footlights. Upon hearing the forbidden song demanded, his pantomime was most expressive of displeasure, should the baritone attempt to break his promise. But in vain. In vain he threatened; the galleries would have their way, and the cook-medico-basso or basso-medico-cook was disregarded. He had his revenge, however, in private, and kept his patient on low diet for a very much longer time than

was necessary, as a punishment for his breach of promise with regard to the song.

The second opera at the Theatre Royal was "La Sonnambula," in which the *tenore d'utilità*, the faint-hearted Frenchman, made his *début* before a Dublin audience.

The opera passed off much as usual, except the last act, when the tenor for a few seconds was in greater mental agony than he had ever in his life experienced. At least, so he assured us at supper. The cause was as follows. The Frenchman wore a wig, of which Amina was either not aware, as she declared, or forgot it. In the last scene, when the somnambulist awakes from her trance, she rushed up to Elvino, and to convince herself of his reality passed her hands over his face and shoulders. It is a conventional bit of stage business, in which all Aminas indulge. In this instance, however, the stage business was a little too effective. Amina in her "gois," and eager inquiries, "Sei tu?" "Ah, m' abbraccia, Elvino!" put her hands upon Elvino's head, and drew his wig down over his eyes. He turned instinctively from the audience to settle himself, and although the house took no notice of the accident, it made him so unwell that he felt even worse, he said, than when at sea. It might have been a serious matter for the *débutant*, as the galleries would assuredly not have forgotten the point whenever he appeared before them. Our *tenore d'utilità* would as surely have been christened "Wigs," in allusion to the incident, as Brizzi used to be called "Breeches," and Herr Danke "Donkey." A nick-name on the stage is as completely identified with its owner as it is inseparable from an individual when happily applied in social life, and is often as fatal to success in the one case as in the other.

The operas given during the fortnight's stay of the party in Dublin were ten in number. Most of these were performed after one rehearsal, a remarkable proof of the musical intelligence of the band and chorus, who, although they had been practising under the direction of Mr. Levey some time before, had only these opportunities of rehearsing the different operas with the principal singers.

The Dublin Theatre Royal can boast of some very remarkable musical associations. Madame Viardot has there performed more *rôles* in her varied *repertoire* than elsewhere. During one "Italian season" of a fortnight, she played Orfeo, Azucena, Nancy, Orsini, Maddalena, Zerlina, and Lady Macbeth,—the last, one of her very finest impersonations, which, for some unaccountable reason, has never been seen in London or Paris.

The "Trovatore" and "Don Giovanni"

have been given in Dublin with stronger "casts" than ever known in any other capital, the principal parts being sustained by Grisi, Gassier, Alboni, Mario, Ciampi and Graziani. It was in Dublin that Mario met with his first great success in 1842, and there sang all Rubini's *repertoire*; after which he returned to Paris, and appeared in the same characters with the same result.

Our tourists, having concluded their particular series of Italian operas in Dublin, prepared to go on to Cork, where, according to the newspapers, "the enterprising manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, had arranged to give three operatic performances, supported by the most distinguished artists."

Compared with the ease and luxury they had enjoyed since their arrival in Ireland, this journey entailed great labour and trouble upon the party. It was with no little consternation they learned that the train started early, and that they must be up and about by eight o'clock in the morning, an hour apparently before unheard of by some of the travellers. They retired to rest sooner than usual the night previous, in order to prepare for such exertion.

TYNWALD DAY.

Two years ago I spent my summer holiday in what Mr. Wilkie Collins considers to be the dullest spot in the habitable globe, namely, Castletown, Isle of Man. My personal knowledge of the habitable globe is limited, but, as far as it goes, it enables me to state that, though I have visited many dull places, I have certainly never met with any duller than the ancient metropolis of Man. My great object, therefore, while there, was to devise means for enlivening this dulness. Fishing, rabbit-shooting, and boating, had amused me for a week, but there was a sameness about these pursuits which required variation. I was in my rooms (I lodged over a pastrycook's) on the evening of the 4th of July, thoughtfully ruminating over some plan to banish *ennui* for the next few days, when my reflections were suddenly cut short by the abrupt and hasty entrance of a young Manxman, who was a great friend of mine, and whose loud praises of everything Manx had induced me to visit the island. On the present occasion he was evidently much hurried, for he had barely sufficient breath left to exclaim, "I say, old fellow, excuse rudeness. I'm in an awful hurry, that's the truth, and I want to know if you'll join us in an excursion to-morrow? It's Tynwald Day, you know, and we're all going; you must come."

"Tynwald Day!" I asked. "What is

that?" I had some indistinct idea of having crossed from Liverpool in a steamer bearing the name of Tynwald, and there were circumstances which made the reminiscence anything but a pleasant one.

"Mean to say you've never heard of Tynwald Day?" he exclaimed. "Why, it's the regular Manx Derby-day. Of course you'll come. No end of fun, I assure you."

Reassured by hearing that the Tynwald was a great horse-race, and not a water-trip in the steamer so called, of whose lively qualities in a heavy sea I had extremely disagreeable recollections, I at once replied,—

"Oh! that's it, is it? Then I shall have great pleasure in accompanying you."

"All right! Remember, ten o'clock sharp. Good night!" and, having received his answer, he disappeared as abruptly as he had entered.

The next morning, shortly after the hour named, I found myself, with some thirteen others, seated on a long four-wheeled Irish jaunting-car, a vehicle which, though liable to objection on the score of insufficient protection from dust, I consider to be infinitely the pleasantest for all excursions where plenty of air and a good view of the scenery are desired. Sundry obstinate hampers of corpulent tendencies having been at last forced into the well in the centre of the car, at the imminent risk of breaking the crockery which they contained, we set off, followed by a string of nearly a dozen traps of various descriptions, all belonging to our party.

For the first six miles the road was a steep ascent, until we reached a level plateau at the foot of a fine mountain called South Barroole. With the exception of one very pretty glen into which we dipped for a moment, the country through which we passed was a treeless waste, the only redeeming feature being the splendid view of the southern coast, with its bays, its headlands, its promontories, and its bright, sparkling blue sea, which greeted us whenever we chose to look back. After a mile or two on the level, with acres of wild, bleak moorland stretching on either side of us, we began to descend, and very steep and abrupt the descent was, inasmuch that I was in mortal dread every moment of being jerked out of my seat upon the hard road. Passing through a long, straggling mining village, we entered a beautiful valley, the densely-wooded dells of which were a great relief after seeing nothing higher than a stunted gorse-bush; and the green meadows, watered by rapid shallow brooks that flashed in the sunlight, were a refreshing sight after the bare, brown expanse of heather through which our way had hitherto lain.

The paucity of travellers on the road upon such a great holiday as I understood the present to be somewhat surprised me; but this was accounted for by the fact that we were not on the main thoroughfare, inasmuch as Douglas and the north supplied the majority of the concourse on this notable occasion, and, moreover, such items as Castletown and its environs contributed to the throng had started betimes in the morning.

The latter part of our drive was certainly very beautiful, as we rattled past pretty cottages covered with fuchsia and honeysuckle, over mossy bridges, beside swift mill-streams, until, skirting the base of a magnificent mountain, Slieu Whallyn, which for bold bluff grandeur is unequalled by anything in the island, we saw the tapering spire of a church in front of us, and a cry of "Here we are at last!" broke from my companions. For my own part, though I strained my eyes in the direction indicated by their gestures, I could detect no vestige of a race-course. Presently, however, a flag caught my eye, and a moment later, sweeping round a corner of the road, we came upon a good-sized common stretching along the road-side. On this open space, among coaches, carriages, cars, carts, and drinking-booths were crowds of people, jugglers, mountebanks, cheap-jacks, and all the usual company which frequent such scenes. A novel element in a racing assemblage, however, was the presence of sheep, pigs, and cows, round which knots of sturdy country farmers were gathered, discussing the merits and demerits of the animals before them. It was evident that a cattle-fair formed part of the proceedings, and indeed I afterwards learnt that this was one of the largest fairs in the island.

Through this concourse our vehicle slowly made its way until we arrived nearly opposite the church, where the horses were pulled up and our party commenced to alight. The scene around was still, on the whole, a mystery to me, and from what I saw I concluded that Manx horse-racing must be very different from that which I had been accustomed to on the other side of the Channel. There was plenty of swearing and incipient drunkenness, but nowhere could I hear a sound to indicate the presence of that indispensable feature of a race-course—the betting-man. Moreover, there was no stand visible, nor could I form any satisfactory conjecture as to the position of the course; and I must say that I was rather shocked, not only to find racing going on in such close proximity to a church, but also to observe the crowd sauntering in and out of the sacred edifice in the most nonchalant manner. However, I swallowed my

religious scruples, and silently followed my friends.

We peeped into the church, a pretty little building both inside and outside, and saw knots of people within, laughing and talking; some sitting down, others standing up, as if it were a concert-room and the performers had not yet appeared; so that I almost doubted whether it really were a church; pulpit, reading-desk, and altar, however, set my doubts at rest, and I contented myself with marvelling in secret at it all. Walking round to reach the west front, I caught a glimpse of what I fancied must be the course, if race-meeting this strange assemblage were. But I was still further mystified on finding that what I had conceived to be a race-course was an avenue fenced off from the common by embankments, and not more than two hundred yards long by thirty broad. At one extremity was the church, at the other a circular mound, surmounted by a tent, from which floated the Union Jack. There was a gravelled pathway up the centre, which was lined on either side by a company of infantry, assisted by the whole available insular police force, consisting of a dozen men. I felt that my mind was sinking under the sense of intense bewilderment which was oppressing it. What on earth had all this to do with racing?—what resemblance was there here to the Derby-day? Conscious of the fearful effects which this complete mystification was beginning to work upon me, and not knowing in what mysterious rites I might be forced to join, I looked anxiously round in hope of discovering the friend at whose invitation I had come. Before long I perceived him in the distance. I at once hastened to him, and, seizing him by the arm, drew him aside, and desired him to explain the meaning of the scene around me—that mound and tent, the church, the soldiers, what did they all signify?

"That mound, old fellow," he replied, laughing, "is the Tynwald Hill, from which, in the course of the day, two elderly parties will read to the assembled multitude the newly-enacted laws; the soldiers are a guard of honour; and there will be service in the church in about ten minutes. Now do you understand?"

Now, indeed, the actual state of the case began to dawn upon my awakening intelligence. The Tynwald was not a great horse-race, as my friend's allusion to the Derby-day had led me to suppose, but was a no less sober and solemn occasion than the public promulgation of the laws in Manx and English. Here was the key to the mystery, and any dark suspicions which I may have had respecting the orthodoxy of the proceedings,

viewed in a Christian and civilised light, at once disappeared.

This great ceremony, as I have since learnt, is of very ancient date indeed, and, as the name implies, of Scandinavian origin—Tyn in that language signifying a court, and Wold or Wald a bank or mound. No act passed by the House of Keys or Manx Parliament becomes binding as law until thus publicly promulgated, and, as all the dignitaries of the island are required to attend, the *élite* of Manxland take the opportunity of making a grand gala day of it; whilst the fair possesses sufficient attractions to account for the presence of the rabble.

Having arrived at a definite knowledge of the object of this festal day, I began to take an interest in the scene. The first part of the programme consisted of Divine service in the church: this finished, the next event was the procession to the Tynwald Hill, the leading feature of the ceremony. This Tynwald Hill is a mound about twelve feet high, formed of four circular terraces, composed, it is said, of sods from each of the seventeen parishes in the island. The lowest of these terraces is about eighty yards in circumference, the highest not more than twenty.

I was fortunate enough to obtain a favourable position for witnessing the imposing spectacle. First and foremost strode the martial figure of the Commandant of the Island, in full staff uniform, bearing the sword of state. Behind him, alone, walked the Lieutenant-governor, in the court dress of the diplomatic service; then followed the two deemsters or judges of the insular law-courts, in their robes; after them, two and two, the twenty-four members of the House of Keys and the clergy in their gowns, whilst some minor officials brought up the rear. The soldiers presented arms as the procession passed, and then the Lieutenant-governor, mounting the steps which led to the tent, took his seat within, whilst as many of the other officials as the limited space inside would accommodate stood round him, the rest ranging themselves outside. The remainder of the performance was of the dreariest description. At a distance of ten yards from the tent could be heard the drone of a drowsy voice, though no syllable was audible; the very sound was suggestive of sleep, and I was glad to get away from its somnolent influence, pitying from the bottom of my heart those unfortunate gentlemen whose duty it was to listen for two long hours and more, in the heat of a summer's day, to the dismal tautologies of the law sung in that dreary monotone.

Were it not for the opportunity which it affords for a general gathering of the gentle-

folk of the island, I should think this antiquated custom, now practically valueless, would soon become obsolete. But, as it is, people of all ranks would consider its abolition a sore grievance, as depriving them of a pleasant holiday.

After the ceremony was over we repaired to our cars, which awaited us on the outskirts of the crowd, and, setting off to pic-nic in one of the lovely glens with which the island abounds, we soon left St. John's lawn to the sole occupancy of the miscellaneous rabble. A most romantic glen had been fixed upon for our *al fresco* dinner, combining the luxuries of cool shade and running water. Here we dined and "tea'd" right merrily, and I was convinced by this day's excursion of these two facts—1st, that there is no place in the world which possesses more delightful spots for pic-nicking than the Isle of Man; and, 2ndly, that there are no people in the world who so thoroughly understand how to give and enjoy a pic-nic as the ladies and gentlemen of Manxland. Everything on the present occasion was characterised by that true gipsy freedom which is the perfection of a pic-nic, and that charming afternoon has left in my mind a most agreeable impression of Manx hospitality and a most pleasurable remembrance of my first Tynwald Day. W. D.

THE BRIDE OF ROZELLE.

A Jersey Legend.*

LAPPED in the Bay of Roses, flowered Rozelle,
Rozelle, the lady of the isle, reclined,—
Bride of a summer,—facing the curved belt
Of shore thick-strewn with gatherers of the vrait†
Among the blackened rocklets, whence the maids
And youths of Augia shear the drift-borne weed.
Humbert, her lord, was off to hunt the beast,
A dragon fell that lurked in wild Gooray.
Companioned but by one, bold Humbert went.—
Kind heaven grant that in the world's rough ways
Companioned so we never may set out!

Those strange old Augian roads are mazes all;
Now mounting up to where an ivied rock
Shows like a ruined fort, now deeped in dells
Of long-belled heath, broad fern, blue water-cup,
Citronous vervain, and the East-born fig.

Humbert went humming a rude Northern lay,
Of Thor and Balder, and the heartened winds.
But a low under-soul of sweeter song

* Of this legend of the island of Augia—as it was anciently called—there exist several versions. Most of the accounts given of the legend make it end with the marriage of the lady to her lord's retainer. According to one, it was she who raised to her first husband's memory the tower known as "Le Hougue Bis." In another version, her still living lord is transported by miraculous means back to his home in time to put a stop to the second bridal: in a third, his spirit appears and warns the intended bride of the imposition.—See Inglis's "Channel Islands," and other similar works.

† Seaweed, so called in the language of Jersey.

Through all the strain thrilled like a breeze-touched chord;

For through those winding shades he wooed Rozelle.

Was it a mist of tears swept o'er his eyes?
What should he know of tears, who never shed?
Was it a mist from out the valleys borne?—
The thought passed swiftly, like a drowner's thought
Of grass-green fields. Then a great flashing light
Shot in and out the chambers of his brain,
And thought was at an end. A brave white face
Was down among the ivies; and the fronds
Of the broad ferns were spotted thick with blood,
Bearing the seed of misery on the leaf.

A stir is in the courts of flowered Rozelle.
The vrait may gather on the troubled seas
And hang its funeral banners on the rocks;
The youths and maidens stand with lifted palms
That drop the idle sickle in the sands.
So swift a bridal, ere her lord's dead corpse
Has time to stiffen in the winds of night!
Is fealty stricken, or has truth gone mad?

She turned her from the altar where she stood.
She snatched her pledged hand from her new-made lord;

And, sounding a low bugle, brought within
The chapel, whence the priest was passing out,
A band of her own people. Then she spoke.

"Ye see this man who woos me—whom I wed.
Ye know, too, why I wed him. From my lord,
My dead, dead lord, oh God! came swift command;
It was—so says this man—his dying will,
Confirmed by warrant of this ring he sent,
That I should wed his friend, my lover once,
This creature of his trust, who saw him fall
A prey to the dread monster, yet could wend
His smooth way home to claim a soulless bride.
My lord's dear will—if will it be—is done.
Here at the altar have I pledged my hand
With all the wealth that lies within this isle
Free to my giving. Ye, too, all are his.
Keep a good guard on him:—nay, watch him well;
Your service is to him. You mark my words?
Be still about him, so he move no inch
Without your duteous service: do ye hear?
For me, my duty all lies elsewhere,
To find my lord on earth—or else in heaven.
I go not lonely; see, here in my breast
I bear the bird he loved, his message-dove.
If that the bird comes back, then lives your prince,
Though traitorous hands have plotted 'gainst his life.
If the bird comes not back, then all is lost
Save that great after-love which lives not here,
For I go with him to the Silent Shore."

Adown the green slopes took the bride her way.
No monster feared she save the monster Hrolf
She left full-guarded by her Humbert's band.
Lit by the light of her great love she went,
Pure instinct guiding all her angel steps;
As angels, blind, could find their way to heaven
Though all the cruel forces of this world
Had tricked the mazes of its wildering paths.
Through all the circling windings of the dells,
By all the margins of the belted streams,
Now diving deep in caves of hollow shores,
Now struggling upward the green-mantled hills,
She searched the land, his bird within her breast;
And, to make sure her lost way back to peace,
Kept dropping sweet prayers all the way she went.



Along a ladder of bare-rooted trees
Far down a tangled dingle, near a cell
By some lone hermit wattled of green twigs,
She threaded a wild labyrinth of boughs;
And leaving winter in the world behind,
Found a great soul of summer in the glade.

Deep by the green bed of a rush-grown pool,
Backed by the pillar of a moss-bolled oak,
Prince Humbert leaned, glad life within his eyes.

Forgetting all things in her new-found joy,

She seized a bough, and slung herself to land
Out of the flooding river of her grief,
Low-lighting on her knees at those dear feet;
Till, spreading wide her arms to clasp him
round,
Quick from her breast the captive bird out-flew!

In eddying circles rose the bird on high,
Till the near touch of heaven brought thoughts of
home;
Then, with God's great sign-warrant cleaved the
skies.

Away upon the wild wind's winged the bird,
But not along the blue fields lonely went;
For loyal vengeance beat her equal wings,
Outstripping tardy justice in her flight:
And ere the tides ran back to tell the sea
The messenger of death had winged to shore,
Black Hrolf, the target of Prince Humbert's band,
Writhe'd with a sheaf of arrows in his breast.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

WILL MOUNTFORD AND LORD MOHUN.

PART II.

THERE were eighty-three peers present at the trial of Lord Mohun in Westminster Hall: the Marquis of Carmarthen being the Lord High Steward of the Court. Several noble lords, who neglected to attend on the occasion, were afterwards subjected to a fine of 100*l.* each. The Attorney-General, Sir John Somers, the Solicitor-General, Sir Thomas Trevor, and Mr. Serjeant Thompson, appeared as counsel for the Crown. For the prisoner, had been retained Sir Thomas Powis and Messrs. Hawles and Price; the services of these gentlemen, however, being limited to arguments upon such points of law as might arise during the progress of the case.

The trial lasted five days. Various witnesses were called to prove that some days previous to the death of Mountford, Captain Hill, Lord Mohun being present, had threatened the life of the actor. Hill at supper at the Rose Tavern in Covent Garden, had been heard to say, "I should not doubt the success of my amour with Mrs. Bracegirdle, if I were not obstructed by Mountford, whom I design to be the death of." To another witness, on a different occasion, Hill had whispered, "I am resolved to have the blood of Mountford;" but though Lord Mohun was close at hand, as he was talking at the time to another person, it seemed probable that he had not heard this threat. Hill had sent letters to Mrs. Bracegirdle, and had often asserted that he would marry her with all his heart; that he was satisfied she hated him and loved somebody else; but that "he had thought of a way to be even with that body." At a dinner at the "Three Tuns, Shandois Street," Lord Mohun had remarked to one witness, "This design will cost Hill fifty guineas." Hill had then said, "If the villain offers to resist, I'll stab him." Upon which Lord Mohun added, "I will stand by my friend."

Undoubtedly, in the first instance, however it may have been afterwards extended, Hill's design was limited to the abduction of Mrs. Bracegirdle. "She was to be kept out of town for a week, to see if she could be persuaded to marry him," as one of the witnesses explained. The threats against Mountford could then

only have had reference to any chance interference of his with that scheme. Hill and Mohun had bargained with one William Dixon, a coachman, for the hire of a coach and six. He was to drive to Totteridge, on this side Barnet. Two horses were to serve to the playhouse, while the other four were to stand in readiness "at the pound's end." There were six or seven pistols in the coach, and a change of clothes for the lady. Dixon was duly at the place appointed, "over against the Horse-shoe Tavern in Drury Lane." Mr. Hill then bade him drive lower down. He drove to my Lord Craven's door. Some soldiers there would have had him go in and drink, but he declined. He then carried Lord Mohun and Hill to Norfolk Street, "below the watchhouse;" stayed there while they went to the "White Horse Tavern," and then drove back to Lord Craven's door. Afterwards, it being ten o'clock, he went home, sending a postilion to take care of the coach.

At the theatre, it was remarked that Lord Mohun was wearing Hill's coat, and Hill Mohun's. They had changed coats two or three times in the course of the evening. (Hill's coat was probably part of his uniform as an officer in Colonel Earle's regiment, and therefore easily recognised.) The reason of this change of apparel is not very apparent. It may have been due merely to idle frolic, or was planned to confuse witnesses, in case any trouble should come of the abduction of Mrs. Bracegirdle. The two gentlemen were probably not very sober on their arrival at the theatre. The money-taker deposed that they had refused to pay the extra charge for passing from the pit to the stage; and Lord Mohun had threatened to slit the noses of the managers if they ventured to importune his friend or himself on the subject.

Mrs. Bracegirdle was then sworn. Be sure there was some "sensation in court," when the popular actress came forward to give her evidence. She lived in Howard Street, which was at right angles to, and joined Norfolk and Surrey Streets, Strand. On the night of the 9th December, she, with her mother and brother, had been supping with Mr. and Mrs. Page, in Princes Street, Drury Lane. At ten o'clock Mr. Page set forth to accompany them home. Coming down Drury Lane, a coach stood by Lord Craven's door. "The boot of the coach was down, and a great many men stood by it." Two soldiers pulled witness from Mr. Page, while four or five more came up, and nearly knocked down old Mrs. Bracegirdle, who hung about her daughter's neck so that they could not get her into the coach. Mr. Page called for help. Hill with his drawn sword then struck at Mr. Page,

who warded the blows with his cane. When he could not get her into the coach, because of company coming up, Hill said he would see the lady home, and accordingly led her by one hand, and her mother by the other, all the way to Howard Street, where she lodged. When pulled towards the coach, witness distinctly saw Lord Mohun in the coach. Arrived at home in Howard Street, Mr. Page was taken into the house, and Hill walked up and down the street with his sword drawn. As he led witness he said he would be revenged. Lord Mohun and Hill were both walking up and down. Was told by Mrs. Browne (who lived in the same house) that they had said they stayed to be revenged upon Mr. Mountford. Then, concludes Mrs. Bracegirdle, "I sent my brother, and the maid, and all the people we could, out of the house, to Mrs. Mountford, to see if she knew where her husband was, to tell him of it; and when they came in a-doors again, I went to the door; and the doors were shut, and I listened to hear if they were there still; and my Lord Mohun and Mr. Hill were walking up and down the street; and by and by the watch came up to them, and when the watch came up to them they said, 'Gentlemen, why do you walk with your swords drawn?' Says my Lord Mohun, 'I'm a peer of England; touch me if you dare!' . . . Then the watch left them, and they went away; and a little after, there was a cry of 'murder;' and that's all I know, my lord."

Mr. Gawen Page confirmed Mrs. Bracegirdle's evidence, so far as it concerned him. Hill and Mohun waited outside the house for about an hour and a half. Upon a cry of "murder," witness went into the street, found Mohun surrendering himself to the constable; went to Mountford's house, found him "lying all along in his blood upon the floor." He asked to be lifted up, and said, in answer to witness's question, that he had been barbarously run through before he could draw his sword.

Mrs. Page, the wife of the last witness, said that Mrs. Bracegirdle had supped at their lodgings, and Mr. Page had gone out to see her home. Alarmed at his long absence, witness sent out a servant to see after him, who brought back word that Mr. Page "had like to have been murdered, and Mrs. Bracegirdle carried away." Witness then went to Mrs. Bracegirdle's lodgings; was desired to go over to Mrs. Mountford's, in Norfolk Street, and tell her to send to her husband to stay where he was, or to come home with a good guard. While speaking to Mrs. Mountford, heard "murder" called in the street; opened the door, and Mountford came in, and fell with his arms round about witness's neck to sup-

port himself. He said Hill had murdered him. Witness "helped him to the parlour-door, there down he fell."

By the examination of the watch, it appeared that they were divided into two parties, or squads; one, under the charge of William Merry, beadle of the parish, went down Surrey Street; the other, headed by Davenport, a constable, passed into Strand Lane. Merry gave evidence, that as he was going his rounds, and turning out of Howard Street into Surrey Street, he saw Captain Hill and Lord Mohun walking; asked, "Who comes there?" Lord Mohun answered, "A friend." Witness asked, "What is the meaning of your swords being drawn? Return your swords and stand off." Lord Mohun returned his sword, and said, "I am a peer of the realm. Here, will you have my sword?" Did not take his sword, but said, "God bless your honour! My lord, I know not what you are; but I hope you are doing no harm." Two women stood at a door, with a candle, hard by. Witness asked them if they knew the meaning of the business. They said one of the gentlemen had a sweetheart there. Lord Mohun said he was drinking a lady's health; and as soon as his bottle was out would be gone. He put up his own sword, and said Captain Hill could not do so, for he had lost his scabbard in Drury Lane. The watch seem then to have gone to the White Horse Tavern, in the neighbourhood, to make further inquiries, when, almost immediately, they heard a cry of "murder." When they returned, Captain Hill had escaped up Surrey Street. Lord Mohun surrendered himself. James Bassit, one of the watch, took him by the sleeve to lead him away. "I took him by the sleeve," said the witness; "he shook, and quaked, and trembled, as if he would tear it to pieces. He was carried to the Roundhouse, and kept there all night. He said he was glad Hill was not taken; but was sorry he had not more money about him; adding 'I wish he had some of mine; and I don't care a farthing if I am hanged for him.'" The watch produced Hill's sword, which he had apparently thrown down as he made off, and Mountford's, the latter broken. Davenport, the constable, swore he picked up one piece, and a servant-maid took up another. There was a report among the people who were by, that Mountford had made a pass, and at the first pass his sword was broken; so he, the constable, went with a lanthorn and found a piece of the sword.

Mrs. Browne's evidence was important, because it went to show that, after the carrying into effect of the extraordinary arrangement for the escorting home of Mrs. Bracegirdle, by the very men who had just previously

been attempting her abduction, Hill had renewed his threats in regard to Mountford. "I shall light on this Mountford," he said. Mrs. Browne asked, "Why what hurt hath he done you?" Hill replied, "I have been abused, and will be avenged." He had already said much the same thing to Mrs. Bracegirdle, and from the sending over to Mrs. Mountford, it is quite clear that an alarm prevailed that Mountford was in peril by reason of Hill's threats.

What took place at the meeting of Mohun and Hill with Mountford, was described with some variety by the witnesses. After Mountford had come down Norfolk Street, he was not proceeding in the direction of his own house; he turned to the right into Howard Street, whereas he should have kept straight on. Either his attention was attracted by the presence of Mohun and Hill, and so he came out of his way; or, as the scandal-mongers preferred to believe, he was going to Mrs. Bracegirdle's. And this might have been so without any great scandal either. The hour was certainly late; but having heard of the attack upon her, he might be naturally anxious to satisfy himself of the lady's safety. According to his own showing, however, he was there, but by chance. He was alone, and it is not clear that he had received warning of danger from the messengers sent out in search of him by his wife and others. Mrs. Browne, from Mrs. Bracegirdle's house, ran out to him; "But," said she, "though I would fain have spoken to him, he would not stay to hear me speak." It is evident, however, from what follows, that Mountford was acquainted with Hill's attempted abduction of Mrs. Bracegirdle. On meeting Mohun, "Your humble servant, my lord," said Mountford. "Your servant, Mr. Mountford," said Mohun; and they embraced after the fashion of the time. Then Mohun said, "I have a great respect for you, Mr. Mountford, and would have no difference between us; but there is a thing fallen out between Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mr. Hill." Mountford interposed. "My lord, has my wife disobeyed your lordship? If she has, she shall ask your pardon. But as for Mrs. Bracegirdle, she is no concern of mine. I know nothing of this matter. *I come here by accident*, and I hope your lordship will not vindicate such an ill man as Mr. Hill in such a matter as this." Lord Mohun said, "I suppose you were sent for?" Mountford replied that he came there by chance. According to one of the witnesses for the prosecution, one Mrs. Brewer, who lived next door to the Bracegirdles, Hill then came up and said, "Pray, my lord, hold your tongue; this is not a convenient time to discuss this

business," and would have drawn Mohun away,* but upon Mountford saying, "I am sorry to see your lordship assisting Mr. Captain Hill in so ill an action as this," Hill struck him on the ear. Mountford cried out, "Damm, what's that for?" upon which Hill bade him draw. Mountford said, "That I will," and drew his sword. "But whether," said the witness Browne, "he received his wound before he drew his sword, or after, I cannot tell." Several witnesses for the defence, among them Captain Hill's footboy, Thomas Leake, and Mrs. Bracegirdle's servant, Elizabeth Walker, swore that the combatants made two or three passes at each other before Mountford cried out that he was killed, and threw away his sword; that they fought in the middle of the street, where there was a channel for the water to run; and that Lord Mohun stood apart on "the causey"—the paved stones at the side—with his sword sheathed. One witness, seeing them fighting, says he ran into the house to fetch "a paring-shovel," with an intention to part them; but before he could get back, they had run different ways. On the other hand, Mr. Bancroft, "the chyrurgeon," who attended Mountford on his death-bed, gave evidence: "I said to Mr. Mountford, 'I suppose I shall be asked some questions about what you have said to me; you are now upon the brink of eternity, and pray answer me truly. Who gave you this wound? Was it Mr. Hill or my Lord Mohun?' Said he, 'My Lord Mohun offered me no violence; but while I was talking with my Lord Mohun, Hill struck me with his left hand, and with his right ran me through before I could put my hand to my sword.'" Hunt, another medical man, gave similar testimony. "I asked him the manner of his being hurt. He said, 'My Lord Mohun spoke to me, but Hill ran me through before my sword was drawn. Hill was in me and through me before my sword was out.' And this," adds the witness, "he repeated about twelve o'clock, about half an hour before he died, the next day."

To reconcile the discrepancies in the evidence, we must understand that even after receiving his mortal wound, Mountford had strength sufficient to draw his sword and interchange passes with his adversary. This is certainly possible. Then throwing away his sword, which had been broken in the encounter, he cried, "I am killed!" and staggered towards his own house. It will be noticed that Mountford's dying words

* This seems rather opposed to the theory of the prosecution, that Hill had been waiting on purpose to do violence to Mountford; or are we to understand that Hill was opposed to discussion of any kind, and was drawing Mohun away the more conveniently to fall upon Mountford?

acquitted Lord Mohun of the actual murder. The question remained as to how far he was implicated in an intention to murder: whether his remaining so long in the street with Hill was with the view of waiting for Mountford and assaulting him, or of abetting an assault upon him by Hill, in which case he would share Hill's guilt; it being the law, that if two or more come together to do an unlawful act against the king's peace, of which the probable consequence might be murder, and one of them kills a man, then all are guilty of murder.

The case for the prosecution closed with the evidence of the two surgeons. The defendant had not, of course, the modern advantage of a speech from counsel on his behalf, but he proceeded to call witnesses to show in the first instance that he had been without any previous animosity against Mountford. One Mr. Brereton stated that he had been at the theatre, and had supped with Lord Mohun a few nights before the death of Mountford, when the play of "Alexander the Great" was acted. His lordship commended the play, and particularly Mr. Mountford's acting in it, spoke kindly of him, and pronounced him a good actor. The witness thought he acted well in comedy, but would never make so good a tragedian as Mr. Betterton and some others. Lord Mohun said that Mountford had been more civil to him than all the other players, and "he'd a mind to drink a bottle of wine with him, and would appoint a time for it." To explain the object of Hill and Mohun waiting in the street, Hill's foot-boy was called. He had overheard Hill say that he but waited to beg Mrs. Bracegirdle's pardon, and then he would begone, and that Hill and Mohun had said they would walk an hour under Mrs. Bracegirdle's window, and an hour under that of Mrs. Barry (the famous tragic actress of the period), and then they would go home.

From the evidence of this witness, it appeared, strangely enough, that Mrs. Bracegirdle's brother had connived at the attempt to carry her off. He had been drinking with Mohun and Hill early in the evening at the Horse Shoe, in Drury Lane, and was to tell them when she came out of Page's house, and which way she was to go home. Elizabeth Walker, Mrs. Bracegirdle's servant, had given, as we have seen, important evidence as to the small share Mohun had taken in the fatal fray between Hill and Mountford. She stated that she had given the same evidence before the justices at Hicks's Hall, and had been much abused and distracted by the players on that account. Her mistress had said of her that she gave evidence that confounded them,

and another had cried, "Hang her, a jade, pull her by the coat." Did not return to her mistress after giving evidence before the justices; she was afraid; heard that she would be "rattled off" for what she had said, "and they," said the witness, "being all players, I was afraid, because players have a worse reputation than other people." She stated, moreover, that after their coming home from Drury Lane there was a discourse between her old and young mistress as to Captain Hill's waiting at the door, and his saying that he waited but to ask her pardon, and would then go home to his lodgings. Witness offered, with her mistress's leave, to go out and demand Captain Hill's sword, so that then he might be safely admitted. But her mistress had called her a "prating slut," and said that if Hill "begged her pardon upon his knees never so, she would not forgive him, nor see him more." This witness's evidence was not impugned by the prosecution, and was in great part supported by the testimony of her fellow-servant, Ann Jones, and others.

Undoubtedly, the weak point in the case for the prosecution was a want of sufficient evidence that Hill and Mohun were really waiting for Mountford; it being clear that they did not stand in the actor's direct path to his house, but rather apart from it (although, as one of the witnesses explained, "They that stand in Howard Street can see who goeth down to Mr. Mountford's house, and who goeth up Surrey Street"); that they did not on his approach advance and molest him, but that, on the contrary, he was the first to address them, and that no violence was used at all, until he had spoken disparagingly of Hill. It was in evidence, also, that Mohun and Mountford had met upon friendly terms, there being an absence of full proof of previous animus on Lord Mohun's part against Mountford, Hill's vague threats being no evidence against Lord Mohun in that respect, while the actor's dying expressions went to show Mohun's innocence of share in the murder.

His witnesses having given their evidence, Lord Mohun addressed the court. "My lords, I hope it will be no disadvantage to me my not summing up my evidence like a lawyer, being a young man. I think I have made it plainly appear that there never was any former quarrel or malice between Mr. Mountford and me. I have also made appear the reason why we stayed so long in the street, which was for Mr. Hill to speak with Mrs. Bracegirdle and ask her pardon, and I stayed with him as my friend. So it plainly appeareth I had no hand in killing of Mr. Mountford, and upon the confidence of my own innocency I surrendered myself, and I commit myself to

this honourable house, where I know I shall have all the justice in the world."

"Has your lordship no more to say?" asks the Lord High Steward.

"No, my lord," Mohun answers; "but I am innocent of the fact, and leave myself wholly to your lordships."

Their lordships did not immediately proceed to give judgment upon the case.

There were at that time no "law-lords" in the Upper House. The Marquis of Carmarthen had been appointed Lord High Steward of the tribunal, because holding the office of President of the Council, he was entitled to precedence of all the nobility. Their lordships therefore summoned to their assistance the common law judges to pronounce upon the law of the case. Lord Chief Justice Holt, Lord Chief Justice Treby, and other judges, appeared at the bar of the house with that object. Various noble lords proposed questions to the judges. Among the most important of these questions was one proposed by the Earl of Kingston—"whether a person knowing of the design of another to lie in wait to assault a third man, who happeneth to be killed (when the person who knew of that design is present), be guilty in law of the same crime with the party who had the design and killed him, though he had no actual hand in his death?" To this somewhat confused interrogatory, the judges replied that the first person mentioned would not be guilty of murder or manslaughter. The Earl of Nottingham varied the question, rather strengthening it against the prisoner, and putting it, "Whether a person knowing of the design of another to lie in wait to assault a third man, and accompanying him in that design," &c. This the judges held, would clearly be murder in the person that did accompany the other in his design. Other questions were put; but the case, it was clear, turned upon matters of fact rather than law. Was there an intention on the part of Hill to assault Mountford, and was Mohun privy to that intention? If so, was the meeting with Mountford, at which the assault took place, the result of accident or of design on the part of both Hill and Mohun?

Each peer pronounced his decision singly; the youngest baron speaking first, the Lord High Steward last. Fourteen peers found Lord Mohun guilty of the murder of William Mountford; sixty-nine found him not guilty, the Lord High Steward voting with the majority. Lord Mohun accordingly quitted the court a free man.

It has been a fashion among historians to assert that the decision was an unjust one. Lord Macaulay especially impeaches it as a

public scandal. He considers that the crime of murder was fully brought home to the prisoner, and he declares that such was the unanimous opinion of the public. "Had the issue," he proceeds, "been tried by Holt and twelve plain men at the Old Bailey, there can be no doubt that a verdict of guilty would have been returned." This preference for an Old Bailey jury over a tribunal composed of all the noblemen of England is characteristic of the popular historian. Going carefully over the report of the trial, we find it hard to agree with his lordship in this respect, and are led to the impression that a common jury, especially a modern one, with a skilful advocate pleading the prisoner's cause and damaging the case for the prosecution in every possible way, would have arrived at a verdict identical with the finding of the House of Lords. "All the newletters, all the coffee-house orators," says Macaulay, "complained that the blood of the poor was shed with impunity by the great. Wits remarked that the only fair thing about the trial was the show of ladies in the gallery," &c. These critics of the decision were precisely of the class who would make the most noise and conduct themselves the least reasonably in the matter, who would not trouble themselves to examine the evidence of the case, even if they had the opportunity of doing so—they probably had not—but would be content themselves with being exceedingly angry that they had lost a skilful actor, who had never wearied of labouring for their amusement, and that his loss was to be attributed to the dissolute doings of a boy-noble. The public generally were of opinion that a grievous wrong had been done, for which *some one* ought to be punished, and Hill having escaped, why should not his friend Mohun suffer in his stead? Evelyn ascribes the acquittal of Mohun to his judges' "commiseration of his youth," and possibly that consideration determined the decision of certain of the lords. It should be borne in mind, too, that the death of Mountford occurred in times when much leniency was shown to the brawler and the duellist, and that Mohun's share in the sad event could only "constructively" be regarded as murder. Certainly he had not struck the fatal blow. He stood apart, little more guilty than a second in a duel—to take the worst view of his case.

We are by no means disposed to set up Mohun as a hero, or anything like it. Probably a less satisfactory subject even for the modern system of "rehabilitation" could hardly be selected. But in the matter of Mountford's death, we are disposed to think that he has incurred a larger share of opprobrium than was strictly his due. He has been

treated in this matter as "a dog with a bad name,"—in other respects he sufficiently deserved his evil repute,—and has met with the proverbial fate of a dog so situated. Of late years, moreover, he has had to bear the additional ignominy of appearing as "the villain," in Mr. Thackeray's delightful novel of "Esmond."

The after-events of Lord Mohun's life, by no means a profitable one altogether, terminating with his fatal duel with the Duke of Hamilton in Hyde Park in 1714, we may recount upon some future occasion.

Mrs. Mountford was advised to appeal against the judgment of the House of Peers, or probably to apply for a new trial. The case could hardly be carried to a higher tribunal. Narcissus Luttrell enters in his Diary:—

"28th February, 1692. The House of Lords were yesterday on the Debate of the complaint of Lord Mohun, about Mrs. Mountford having brought an appeal against him. They put it off till Friday, when the judges are ordered to attend.

"4th March. Lord Mohun's case was heard yesterday, but Mrs. Mountford not having brought her appeal, nothing was done in it."

No further mention is to be found of the matter until later in the year, when we read,—

"3rd October. Lord Mohun lies very ill at Bath.

"19th October. Mrs. Mountford has petitioned the Queen for her father's pardon, which it is believed may be granted if she withdraw her appeal against Lord Mohun."

Mrs. Mountford's father, one Percival, a player, had in the interim, it seems, been found guilty of "clipping." A compromise was effected. Her father was pardoned on condition that she ceased to seek vengeance for her husband's death. There was an end to all proceedings in relation to the death of the hapless actor.

In 1720, Will Mountford's plays were published in two volumes by Jonson. "In this age of learning," says the preface, "when the works of the ingenious are perpetually collected and sought after by most curious persons, we doubt not but the writings of the famous Mr. Mountford will be acceptable to all encouragers of these entertainments."

The original plays are, "The Injured Lovers," "The Successful Strangers," "Greenwich Park," and "Dr. Faustus." Two others are added, "King Edward III., with the Fall of Mortimer, Earl of March," and "Henry II., King of England, with the Death of Rosamond," "which," the editor writes, "though not wholly composed by him, it is presumed he had at least a share in fitting

them for the stage, otherwise it cannot be supposed he would have taken the liberty of writing dedications to them." They were written by one Mr. Bancroft, and given by him to Mountford. DUTTON COOK.

AN ICELANDIC SAGA.

ONCE upon a time a king and his queen had an only child, a daughter, of whom they were dotingly fond. But it happened that she was lost, and though the king ordered the whole country to be searched, no one could find her. Thereupon he made a vow that whoever should find her, and bring her home, should get her hand in marriage.

Now close by the king's palace lived an old man who had three sons. He was very fond of the two eldest ones; but the youngest one was treated very unkindly by his parents, and by his brothers.

"Father," said the eldest one day, "I wish to go out into the world to gain wealth and honour." So his father let him go.

Next morning he set off on his journey, and after he had walked a long distance, sat down on a hillock to rest himself. Presently he espied a little dwarf coming towards him.

"Pray give me something to eat," said the dwarf. But the young man refused. When he had rested himself he set out again, and towards evening, feeling very hungry, he sat under a tree to eat his supper.

"Oh! pray give me a piece of bread," said a little tiny woman, with a red cloak, coming up to him—"I am so very hungry." But the young man got very angry, and drove the little old woman away.

It soon got dark, so the young man crept into a hole in a rock which he saw, and laid himself down to sleep. Presently the enchantress who lived there came in; and the young man earnestly begged her to allow him to sleep there.

"Oh! yes; on condition that you perform whatever I tell you to-morrow."

So the next morning she set him to sweep out the cave; "and if it is not done by evening, I shall kill you;" and so saying, she went away.

The young man now took the broom which she had given him, and began to sweep; but no sooner did it touch the floor than it stuck so fast to it that he could not move it. So when the enchantress returned home in the evening, she found the cave unswept, and immediately killed the young man, and hung him up.

Meanwhile the old peasant's second son set out from home, to try and make his way in the world. But as he acted just like his

elder brother, and was killed and hung up by the enchantress, it is needless to speak of him further.

The old people now had only their youngest son left to them; but as they hated him even more than ever, they readily gave him leave to go and seek his fortune.

"I daresay my brothers rested here," he said, on coming to the first hillock; and he seated himself down, and began to eat a little piece of bread.

"Oh, pray give me a little piece, I am so hungry," said the same little dwarf. And the young man spoke kindly to him, and invited him to come and sit down beside him, and eat as much as he wished.

When he had eaten as much as he required, the little dwarf said, "My name is Tritill; whenever you want me, call me;" and he tripped away.

And the young man walked on and on, till he came to another hillock. "Yes! my brothers surely rested here; I will sit down and eat my supper." But no sooner had he begun to eat, than a little tiny woman in a red cloak came up and asked for some food; and the young man spoke kindly to her, and gave her all she wanted. When they had both eaten as much as they wished, his companion, said "My name is Litill; if ever you want help, call me!" and she tripped away. The young man walked on and on till it began to get dark. "Yes! my brothers have rested here;" and he sat down under a large tree, and began to eat his last bit of bread. But a large flock of birds flew up to where he was sitting, and they looked so very hungry that he threw them a good handful of crumbs. To his great surprise, when they had eaten them, one of them said, "Mind and call for us, if you want anything," and they flew away.

Close by he espied a hole in a rock, and as he was very tired he crept in and lay down to sleep; but presently he espied the dead bodies of his two brothers hanging up. He was very frightened, and was going to run away; but at that instant the enchantress came in, and told him he should stop there that night.

Next morning she bade him sweep out the cave for her; "And mind and have it done by night, or I will kill you." When she had gone he took the broom, but no sooner did it touch the floor than it stuck so fast to it that do what he would he could not move it. So he began to be frightened; but presently he thought of what had happened to him yesterday.

"Tritill," he cried, "oh! come to me!" and at the same instant the little dwarf

entered the cave, and asked him what he wanted. So he told him. Then Tritill bade the broom to sweep the floor; and in less than five minutes the whole floor was so clear that not a speck of dirt could be seen anywhere. When it was night, the enchantress came home, and no sooner did she see that the cave was nicely swept out, than she said, "Yes, lad, thou'rt not alone in this; however, we'll wait till morning."

Next day she ordered him to air the bed-clothes, and to take all the feathers out of the feather-beds and lay them out in the sun; "But if one feather is missing when I come home, I will kill you," and she went away.

It was a beautiful morning, and not a breath of wind stirred; so the young man spread out the feathers to dry in the sun. But no sooner had he done this than a violent whirlwind came, and carried them all up into the air out of sight. "Oh! what shall I do?" he cried: "come, Litill, and all my little birds; come and help me!" And in a moment they all came, and the birds flew after the feathers and brought them to him; and Litill put them all into the bed again, with the exception of three, one from each bed, which she gave to the young man; "And if the enchantress misses them, run and stick them up her nose," she said. When the enchantress came home she smoothed her hand down each of the feather-beds. "Now I will kill you," she said, in a voice of thunder, "for there is one feather missing from each bed." Whereupon the young man did as Litill had told him, till the enchantress cried out from the pain the feathers being put up her nose caused her.

Next morning she told him she had fifty oxen, one of which he was to kill, flay, and boil the flesh. "And mind you choose the right one, and do as I bid you, or you will die. But if you do right, to-morrow you shall set out on your journey, and I will give you three things, whatever you may ask."

When she was gone he called to Tritill and Litill, who came and picked one ox out of the herd; and they flayed it in a trice, and set the meat on in a large cauldron, so that it was all ready against the enchantress returned home at night.

So the next morning the enchantress, who was very much astonished, but at the same time felt that she could not break her word, asked him what were the three things he would like to have.

"First I will have that which is inside that door," pointing to a cupboard; "next the large chest; and thirdly, your arm-chair."

So she opened the door, and there the young man saw the king's long-lost daughter, looking so beautiful; the chest was full of jewels and costly diamonds. So the young man placed the princess on the chair, underneath which he placed the chest, while he himself stood behind it. That moment they felt themselves lifted up; for the chair was an enchanted one, and would go wherever it was bid.

"Oh, I do so wish to go home," sighed the princess.

And in an incredibly short space of time, the young man and the princess alighted at the palace door; but the chair had become a beautiful chariot, drawn by eight milk-white horses.

Wondering who it could be, the king and the queen rushed to the door of the palace, just in time to hand their daughter down from the carriage, dressed in the most beautiful dress that ever was seen. Then the young man told his history; and the king in his great joy broached an immense cask of ale which had been brewed when his daughter was born, and which it was only intended to tap when she should be betrothed in marriage.

And so they married, and lived very happily for many a long year.

M. R. BARNARD.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. VI. ON THE DOWNS.

THE proprietor of the Regina Theatre, sir, is what the Yankees would call a smart man, a very smart man indeed. What he wants is to make money; and so long as his theatre is full, I don't suppose he cares the value of a brass farthing whether he draws the public by the legitimate drama or by pieces in which legs supply the place of brains. Of the two he prefers legs, but if the public likes intellect he is equally happy to supply the article. People say he is not a bad-hearted fellow at bottom, but I think they say so in order to excuse themselves in their own eyes from being on friendly terms with such a ruffian. I have known him give a sovereign to a pretty girl amongst the "supers," who came to him with tears in her eyes, and smiled when he leered at her, with his bold, cruel eyes; but beyond that I never heard of his charity extending. I know he always grudges the few shillings he pays to poor devils like us, and will often keep our wages back till the Monday morning, simply because he cannot bear to part with the three or four pounds on which our gang depends for food and

lodging. However, I was not going to speak of him.

You know, Mr. Nomad, well enough what our spirited lessee is; and thinking of him as I do, you will go and dine with him on Sunday, at his villa at Hampton, just as I have done myself in former years. Knowing him, you will not be surprised at his last device for bringing his wares before the public; which was to send the whole of our gang down to the Epsom races. Our orders were, to walk all day through the carriages on the hill-side, and always to cross the race-course in front of the grand stand, just when the ground had been cleared for the coming race. I don't think the idea was a bad one. Every one of the hundred thousand people on the course would have had the name "Amphitryon" brought under their noses. And even if we had been knocked down and run over by the horses—well, posters are to be found any day; and the advertisement of the inquest would have done no harm at all to the run of the piece. In practice, however, the idea proved a failure. Trudging up the hill from Ewell to the downs, we were treated half-a-dozen times to pulls from stone-bottles by costermongers out for a holiday, who were quite poor enough themselves to note that we looked hungry and tired and thirsty. Anyhow, by the time we got upon the course most of us were not steady on our legs. Squeezing through the crowd we lost two of our letters, and never found them again till evening; then the police told us we were creating an obstruction, and marched us off the course; then somebody in the crowd cut the strings of P's boards, and when they were picked up again they were so smudged over as to be illegible; and then A, our captain, left us behind; whether on purpose or not I cannot tell; and anyhow, before long, we gave up the whole business as a bad job, left our boards under the care of an old gipsy-woman, and cadged about the course for the remainder of the day. What the rest did I cannot tell. I know that I soon got clear of the lot, and mooned about amidst the carriage-folk, thinking more perhaps of the races that I could recollect on those very downs than of the sight-before me.

I own that unless I had felt myself so very worn and shaky, and out at elbows, I could scarce have believed the years had not remained standing still since I last looked upon the scene. It was all so exactly, identically, the same. The old people seemed to be saying the same words, doing the same things, going to the deuce in precisely the same fashion. It's not only the old, old story being told over again, but told by the same lips, whispered

into the same ears. I could swear almost that that pale, beardless boy, with the fair, loose hair, and the white trembling hands, and smooth receding forehead, and underhanging jaw, and half-open mouth, with the weak smile playing fully over his face, who is sitting in the open barouche by the side of a bold dark-eyed woman, old enough to be his mother, and vulgar enough to be his mother's maid, is a lad who died eighteen years ago in a far distant land, having lived, young as his life was, too long for those who loved him. I can see the old by-play I can remember so well played by the same actors. The raffish men about town—the Haymarket *habitués*, the second-class Stock Exchange speculators—are still gathered round the carriage, and half flatter, half bully the boy into any act of folly which brings money into their own greedy hands. And the woman who might protect him knows the world too well not to be aware that her hold upon the lad is due only to the fact that his vanity is flattered by being seen in company with one so notorious as herself, and therefore leaves him to his fate. If she warned him of his friends, told him that he was a pigeon whom they were all plucking, she would disenchant him at once with himself and her, and throw him into the hands of somebody who played her cards more prudently. They are a bad lot round that carriage, sir; and I don't think the lady is the worst. I know that in the case I am thinking of, the woman whom all his family considered the one cause of Charlie's ruin was the only one of his friends, male or female, who did anything for him. When the crash came, it was with money raised on her jewels that he was got away out of the reach of the law, while the very men who had swindled him out of hundreds and thousands talked of him everywhere as having cheated them.

The gipsy women, too, and singing-girls are, it seems to me, the very same I have always known since I first came to the Derby as a boy myself. Even the songs are the same. Can it be that within the last quarter of a century there has been no hedge-side pot-house poet to string together new doggrel rhymes of doubtful or undoubtful decency? The old ones, at any rate, are as good as new; and our grandchildren will listen to the cracked voices jingling out the same foul-mouthed ditties as our grandfathers chuckled over when the Derby was first run for on Epsom downs. Aunt Sally has come up, I fancy, since my time upon the turf, and the buy-a-broom girls have disappeared; but otherwise the world of Epsom looks not a bit wiser, and quite as wicked, as when I was one of those whom tramps and flower-girls

and ballad singers marked out for their especial prey.

Pottering about amidst the carriages, picking up, every now and then, a half-empty bottle, or a piece of chicken, I wriggled my way somehow or other towards the ring. I have not nerve enough to beg; somehow the words stick in my throat. I could pick a pocket sooner than I could say, "Please, kind sir," or run through the rigmarole of asking for charity. But there are things which will give courage to anybody; and whether it was due to the wine I had drunk or not, I felt bolder than usual. I saw a lady, very richly dressed, very handsome and quite alone, sitting in a close carriage with her luncheon, almost untouched, laid out on the seat before her. There was a Strasburgh pie half finished on her lap; and if you knew how fond I used to be of truffles, you would understand my feelings, as I looked upon it. Almost without thinking, the words came to my lips, "If you had eaten as many truffles in your life as I have, you would give me that pie before you." She heard the words, smiled with that soft, sweet smile, I used to love so well on women's faces, and handed me the pie, truffles and all. Sentiment is not, and never was, my line; and I daresay you think a *pâté de foie gras* not a thing to be sentimental about; but I tell you I could hardly eat it, because something seemed to rise in my throat every mouthful I swallowed. I did eat it, though, every morsel and crumb; and I felt more like myself than I had felt for years.

When I got at last near the ring, the numbers were up for the great race, and one great roar of voices seemed to be shouting in unison. "Ten to one against the field, bar one." Even if I had never seen a horse in my life, I should have heard enough about the race to know that Fly-by-night was thought a certainty. Even we Posters, and I don't suppose you could go much lower than us, had had a sixpenny sweep a week ago among ourselves; and P, of course, had drawn the favourite; for badly as he might want five shillings, he probably wanted it less, and certainly deserved it less, than any one amongst us. Every public-house we had been inside for weeks was filled with people talking about the Derby; and we must have been deaf as posts, if we had not known that Fly-by-night was going to win. They were laying odds upon him in the ring as fast as they could get on; and the only difficulty was to find anybody to bet against him.

In the crush and the roar I could hardly hear the ringing of the bell to clear the course, when I felt my arm clutched, and looking

round, I saw A looking very pale, with an odd light in his sunken eyes, and his bent stooping figure for once stretched to his full height. "Come along," he said, and dragging me aside, he whispered to me that he had heard Fly-by-night's jockey tell a pal to go and back Saraband for all he could get on. "They are laying anything you like against her, and if we could get a sovereign between us, we might have a hundred pounds in our pockets before another hour was over." He had ninepence-halfpenny in coppers; I had a shilling, a bad sixpence, and a French sou. If I could have seen you down there, Mr. Nomad, we might have made our fortunes easily.

I have been long enough behind the scenes to know that when a favourite is not meant to win, the jockey who rides him knows pretty well who is meant to win. It was an odd feeling, I can tell you, to know that you could win a fortune if you had only the few wretched shillings, or pounds, wanted to make your stake. With men like us, it must be money down before the bet is entered; there were tens of thousands of people all about us, who could have lent us the money at once, but there was not one who would have listened to us for a minute, or would, if he had listened, not have handed us over to the police as impudent impostors. It made me mad almost to think that all day long, perhaps, and every day till I broke down dying, I should be trudging with those cursed boards round my neck, all because I could not borrow a sovereign or two for an hour. My luck had come at last. I had waited for it, Heaven knows, long enough, and now I was unable to use it just when I most wanted it. I looked all round the carriages. If I could have seen one of the faces I knew in the by-gone time, I would have gone and asked for what I wanted, even if I had had to tell who and what I was, or rather, had been. But far and near amidst that sea of faces I could not see a single one I could recall; I thought of going and telling our secret to some of the betting men outside the stand, but I knew that every one of them was too sharp to believe a word I said, and that if by any chance he did, he would go and back Saraband for himself, and leave me in the lurch; and all this time the bell was ringing, and I knew the few minutes during which it was still possible to get our money on were hurrying past.

At last A turned to me, very white indeed, and, pointing to the carriage, some hundred yards away, where the lad of whom I have spoken and the bold, hard-faced woman were seated, muttered to me,—"Go there, whisper

into the woman's ear the name of Willie Hamilton, ask her for two sovereigns, and you will get them at once." I didn't like the job, I can tell you. Without being particular, getting money out of a woman was a thing I had never done; and I told A so plainly. "I can't go myself," he answered hurriedly, "but I tell you I am asking for my own money back; and for you there need be no shame in asking." I could not stop to think, and, right or wrong, I went. There was a crowd round the carriage—sharpers in rags, and sharpers in broad-cloth; and I tried in vain to get up, and the bell had begun ringing again for the last time. In despair I called out, "They're off!" and the crowd dispersed at once, and I got close to the lady's side, and asked her for what we wanted, in the name of Willie Hamilton. She turned very pale, so pale that the red paint upon her cheeks stood out like scarlet on a sheet of white paper; and the wrinkles came out beneath her eyes; and in a moment she looked old, and coarse, and haggard. But though her fingers trembled so she could not get her purse open for a time, she did not faint away as I feared, but remained smiling a hard, stony smile, with one hand leant upon the young prodigal's shoulder and the other clutching nervously at her purse, which she slipped into my hands. Then I saw her begin to sway to and fro, and in a moment I was gone. The bell had stopped, and the course was clear, and all eyes were turned towards the paddock, and still I could hear the hoarse shout of "I'll lay against the field,—a hundred to one against Saraband." I pushed on, squeezing my way forwards, as if I was young and stalwart again; but I made way very slowly, so that at last, when I had just reached the railings, had got my head under, and was preparing to dash across the course up to the betting-booths, a policeman pulled me aside, and I heard a shout I had heard too often before not to know only too well. They were off, indeed. In a minute, as it seems, I could see them passing down the hill, and the shout rose on every side that the favourite wins. I could see them coming on and on; and then just at the last the favourite seemed to lose her stride, and a horse came dashing from the ruck, and I heard a loud yell, screaming that Saraband had won; and I knew that I had lost my one chance, and was still poor and penniless.

I felt giddy and stunned like; and when I came to myself the race was over, and the purse had dropped from my hand and was gone. Well, I am too old to take things much to heart now. All I can say is, it was like my luck!

CHÂTEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

A Bachelor's Réverie.

I.

How oft in days when childhood's rose
Was budding to the prime
We watched the long waves' trembling snows,
Heard their eternal chime!
In mimic pride beside us grew
Knights' halls and ladies' bowers;
But soon the coming tide o'erthrew
Sand battlements and towers.

II.

And then in boyhood's golden years
I dreamt beside the wood,
Planned castles on each height, their tiers
Aglow with sunset's blood;
But stern reality would rout
Visions for earth too rare;
Waking my day-dreams fled, died out
My castles in the air!

III.

With manhood next hard Fate made sport,
Love with its circling train
Of airy fancies held high court
Within my busy brain.
I loved, was loved—the old, old tale;
Sage Prudence shook his head;
Friends doubted, feared my suit must fail;
I heeded nought they said.

IV.

Dreaming I built me lordly piles
That waving woods should scan,
Meadows and tilth full fifty miles,
I, chief of all the clan,
Should rule with Edith by my side:
Alas! my proffered hand
The lady laughed at, smote my pride,
Broke my enchanter's wand.

V.

Ah well! the richest sunsets die,
The glittering oak-leaves fall,
Youth, beauty—all too soon must fly,
Old age will dreams forestall;
Castles in Spain are nothing worth,
Donnas too proudly fair;—
Be mine beside an English hearth,
My pipe and ne'er a care!

M. G. W.

AN OLD TRICK.

AMONG several other quaint old books in my house, written about the same date, and bearing on the same subject, is a very scarce volume, written and published in 1584, which bears on its title-page the following exposition of its contents:—

"Scot's discovery of Witchcraft, proving the common opinions of Witches contracting with devils, spirits, or familiars, and their power to kill, torment, and consume the bodies of men, women, and children, or other creatures, by diseases or otherwise, their

flying in the air, &c., to be but imaginary erroneous conceptions and novelties; wherein also the lewd unchristian practices of witchmongers upon aged, melancholy, ignorant and superstitious people, in extorting confessions by inhumane terrors and tortures is notably detected. With many other secrets opened that have long lain hidden; though very necessary to be known for the undeceiving of Judges, Justices, and Juries, and for the preservation of poor, aged deformed ignorant people; frequently taken, arraigned, condemned and executed for Witches, when, according to a right understanding, and a good conscience, Physick, food, and necessities should be administered to them. Whereunto is added a treatise upon the nature and substance of Spirits and Devils, &c., all written and published in Anno 1584, by Reginald Scot, Esq."

Though I daresay there will be few, if any, of my readers who will have seen this rare old book, there will be many who will have noticed the placards all over London, advertising the sensation trick of the "decapitated head," which is now drawing so many to the Polytechnic. Though I have never seen this exhibition, I can't help thinking, from the pictures on the placards I have mentioned before, that this trick must be essentially the same in principle that Reginald Scot thus described some 300 years ago; anyhow it will be interesting to many who have witnessed the trick at the Polytechnic to read this description. First let me add that this trick is of great antiquity, for in the "Walking Spirit," another scarce old book, of about the same date, written in black letter, I find that this same mystery disturbed princes as early as A.D. 876. In the following passage it is evidently alluded to:—

"Johannes Pritenheimius, Abbot of Spanheimm writeth in his chronicles concerning the monastery of Hirsgrauene of the order of St. Bennet, in the year of our Lord 970, that in the year 876 there was a certain Jew named Sedechias, sometimes Philosopher and phisitian unto Lewes the Emperour, who being very cunning in sorcerie did strange miracles and wonderful slights before princes, and before all other men. He cut off men's heads . . . which he set in a basin, before all the lookers on to behold, with the blood running about the basin: which by and bye he would put again upon the places, whence they seemed to have been cut off without any hurt to the parties."

Now this feat, which the Abbot describes about 600 years before Scot was born, is explained to us.

The chapter is headed "To cut off one's head, and to lay it in a platter, which the Juglers call the decolation of John the Baptist," and is thus explained by our author, Scot:—

"To shew a most notable execution by this art, you must cause a board, a cloth, and a platter to be made purposely, and in each of them holes for a bodies neck. The boards must be made of two planks, the longer and broader the better (see plate A), there must be left within half a yard of the end of

each plank half a hole ; so as both the planks being thrust together there may remain two holes, like to the holes in a pair of stocks ; there must be made a hole in the table cloth or carpet. A platter must also be set directly over or upon one of them, having a hole in the middle thereof of like quality, (see plate b. b.) and also a piece cut out of the same, so big as his neck, through which his head may be conveyed into the midst of the platter, and then sitting or kneeling under the board, let the head only remain upon the board in the same. Then to make the sight more dreadful put a little brimstone into a chafing dish of coals (see plate c.) setting it before the head of the boy, who must gasp two or three times, so as the smoke enter a little into his nostrils and mouth (which is not unwholesome), and the head will presently appear stark dead ; if the boy set his face accordingly ; and if a little blood be sprinkled on his face, the sight will be the stranger. In the other end of the table where a like hole is made, another boy of the bigness of the known boy must be placed, having upon him his usual apparel ; he must lean or lie upon the board, and must put his head under the board through the said hole, so as his body shall seem to lie on the one end of the board, and his head shall lie in a platter on the other end. There are other things which might be performed in this action the more to astonish the beholders, which because they appear long descriptions, I omit ; as to put about his neck a little dough needled with bullocks blood which being pricked with a sharp round hollow quill will bleed and seem strange ; many rules are to be observed herein, as to have the table cloth so long and wide as it may almost touch the ground, not to suffer the company to stay too long in the place, &c."

The plate is an exact copy of the original illustration in Scot's book, and is almost as sensational in its character as those on the London placards.

Should this trick prove to be similar to that I have alluded to, it will certainly not diminish the interest of any future visit to the Polytechnic to think that it is of immense antiquity ; and that under the title of "The decolation of John the Baptist," it was a favourite trick in old John Scot's time, and even as early as A.D. 876, nearly a thousand years ago.

RANDOLPHE H. PIGOTT.

CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.

In Memoriam.

It is not every year that carries off from among us a painter so celebrated in his own profession, and at the same time so widely and deservedly beloved among literary and general circles as Clarkson Stanfield, who has just been called to his rest, at a good old age of upwards of threescore years and ten, the vigour of his mind and his pencil alike undiminished to the very last. His death occurred at his house in Belsize Park, whither he had removed with his family about two years ago from the Green Hill, Hampstead. There he had resided for many years, beloved and respected by all his neighbours, and his

house was the general rendezvous of a large circle of literary, artistic, and dramatic friends, including the Landseers, David Roberts, Herbert, Charles Dickens, and a host of minor celebrities. The attack which actually carried him off was not of any long duration ; for although he had shown symptoms of failing strength and spirits so far back as last autumn, when he returned from his annual seaside trip, without having derived any benefit to his health, still it was only within a week or two of his death that his illness assumed a really alarming character. Happily he has been summoned away in the fulness of his powers, and before the arrival of extreme old age had shaken the vigour and certainty of his pencil. Happily, he was not destined, like many an artist has been, to outlive his fame ; and a career which, ever since he battled with and surmounted the first struggles of early life, was a succession of triumphs right worthily earned, has been peacefully and tranquilly closed within a few weeks after the completion of the latest work of his pencil, "Off the Coast of Heligoland,"—a picture which, as it hangs on the walls of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, in Trafalgar Square, will be full of painful reminiscences to those who admired the artist and loved and respected the man.

Clarkson Stanfield was born at Sunderland, on the 3rd of December, 1793. His father, the late Mr. James Field Stanfield, had spent some of his early years at sea, but afterwards devoted himself to literary pursuits, and is known as the author of several works of merit, among which we may mention an "Essay on Biography." The son's infancy and boyhood, passed as they were in his native seaport town, influenced the choice of his profession in favour of the naval service, which he entered whilst still a lad ; and his early practical acquaintance with the sea and with shipping doubtless contributed largely to his ultimate success as a marine painter ; though it was not as a marine painter that he made himself first known to fame. It is said that at sea he had Douglas Jerrold for his shipmate. Be this, however, true or not, it is certain that while still young, he retired from the navy, his foot having been severely hurt in a fall from the mast-head, and commenced his artistic career as a scene-painter at the Theatre Royal at Edinburgh. Thence he gravitated to London, in company with his old and attached friend, David Roberts, who, as is well-known, was a native of the country north of the Tweed.

In 1820 he made his first appearance before the London public as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, on whose walls he had the

satisfaction of seeing hung, a "View on the Thames at Battersea," representing a river scene at the back of the old Red House. He had already engaged himself to paint scenes for Drury Lane Theatre, where he soon became the acknowledged chief of the scene-room. Here he reigned supreme for several years; his commanding talent in this department of art was widely acknowledged, and "old stagers" to this day are fond of recalling some of his master efforts, such as the scenery to Macready's famous production of "Acis and Galatea." Ere long he had the satisfaction of seeing the art of scene-painting raised, very much through his own genius and labours, to a creditable and recognised position. It is scarcely too much to say that to Stanfield, in conjunction with his old friend the late David Roberts, R.A., must be assigned the honour of rendering the scenery of the British stage the best in Europe. Indeed, there are those who would go further and affirm that as in this branch of his art he stood unrivalled, he had also the merit of having practically created it. Be this, however, as it may, no one can doubt that his influence in this latter sphere has done much to improve the taste of the great mass of the people, and to elevate a department of art which had before his time been too much neglected; and indeed was hardly cultivated as an art at all. Under his pencil the scenery of the stage assumed an almost classic character, and the art of scene-painting ceased to be a synonym with whatever was the opposite of perfection. If Mr. Stanfield had done no more than raise and refine this branch of his profession he would have rendered a most valuable service to the cause of art education, since no other line of the painter's art appeals so directly or so strikingly to the senses and feelings of the great mass of the people.

In 1823 he became an exhibitor at the Society of British Artists, to which he lent his support for many years; but it was not until three years later that he achieved celebrity by his marine paintings, with his "Wreckers near Calais." He was now just thirty-three years of age; and though he had lived so long ashore, still his early profession of a sailor enabled him to receive on the retina of his mind's eye a multitude of impressions of wild ocean scenery, which he subsequently utilised and transferred to canvas with such eminent success and skill. In the same year with "The Wreckers," he also exhibited his "Calm" at the Royal Academy, and thenceforth his works came forth from his easel in rapid succession, and with an ever increasing excellence and finish. Two years later his "View near Chalons" was produced, and

in the year following, "St. Michael's Mount." In 1832 he became an associate of the Royal Academy, to whose full honours he was admitted as R.A. in 1835. In the following year he painted his well-known large picture of "The Battle of Trafalgar" for the Senior United Service Club.

At this time the "Annuals" were in the height of their prosperity, and in the years 1834 and 1835, Stanfield employed his pencil in illustrating the "Picturesque Annual," mostly with pieces of coast scenery. Subsequently he joined with Turner, Roberts, and other friends in producing the designs for an admirable series of illustrations, engraved on steel, to the Abbotsford edition of the Waverley Novels. In playful allusion to his early days, when he and David Roberts were living, young and unknown, in the northern metropolis, Stanfield used to say that he was more than half a Scotchman; and no doubt he undertook this work on that account with more than ordinary zeal and pleasure.

"The Castle of Ischia" was produced when he was forty-seven, "The Day after the Wreck" four years later; and then followed "Wind against Tide," "The Battle of Novaredo," and "French Troops crossing the Magra," which, with the first of this group ("The Castle"), were selected by the author to be sent to the French Exhibition of 1855. We mention these dates as showing that our artist's fertility of invention and powers of production seemed to increase with age. When he was fifty-nine his great work, "The Victory towed into Gibraltar after the Battle of Trafalgar," came out; then, after another two years, the "Siege of St. Sebastian." One of his finest works, "The Abandoned," was produced when he was sixty-three. His age, merely regarded in years, was not indeed so very great; but it must be borne in mind that he had lived, as it were, two artistic lives, and had done the work of three or four painters, both mentally and mechanically. It was only two or three years ago that he produced what many would be disposed to class among his finest pictures, "the Worm's Head," "The Bass Rock," and "Tintagel Castle." The only picture which he exhibited this year, "Off the Coast of Heligoland," which we have already mentioned, will serve at least to remind the friends of Clarkson Stanfield that there was no falling off in the touch of his pencil to the very last.

This is not the place for putting on record a complete list of Stanfield's pictures, chronologically or otherwise arranged; but we may be pardoned for quoting here the following criticism upon the painter from a contemporary pen.

"It is remarkable that, great as was Clarkson Stanfield's knowledge of the sea in most of its various phases and changes, he comparatively seldom painted it in storm. Throughout his long life his industry was almost as remarkable as his genius; and of late, every year witnessed an advance in technical perfection and careful finish. If competent critics found any fault, it was with his tendency to over-elaboration of detail. In another path, Stanfield, like Roberts—only he executed a greater number of works, and of greater variety in the scenic department than his brilliant coadjutor—had the means of doing more towards advancing the taste of the English public for landscape art than any other painter of his day. Stanfield for many years taught the public from the stage—had trained the pit and gallery to admire landscape art, and the boxes to become connoisseurs—and had decorated the theatre with works so beautiful that we regret the frail material of which they were constructed, and the necessity for 'new and gorgeous effects' and 'magnificent novelties' which so often caused the artist's works to be carried away. Stanfield created, and afterwards painted out with his own brush, more scenic masterpieces than any one besides. Clown and pantaloon in his time tumbled over and belaboured one another, and bawled out their jokes, before the most beautiful and dazzling pictures which were ever presented to the eyes of the playgoer. How a man could do so much and so well as Stanfield did, during the time while he was the chief of the Drury Lane scene-room, was a wonder to everybody. Nor was it the public only whom he delighted, and awakened, and educated into admiration: the members of his own profession were as enthusiastic as the rest of the world in recognising and applauding his magnificent imagination and artistic skill."

It must be owned, that one secret of Clarkson Stanfield's great popularity as an artist lay in the fact that we are an island nation, and that he was a genuine islander too. He was essentially English—of the old English type—a lover of the sea. To his ear and to his eye the ocean had both music and beauty; he listened to the one, and noted down the other. He learnt his art from no conventional sources of instruction; but went, as a boy, to school, to the best of all academies for a marine painter—to sea. And accordingly he thoroughly understood the sea, and appreciated it, both in its more awful phases of tempest-tost grandeur, and when it puts forth its "many-twinkling smile," of which *Æschylus* spoke two thousand years ago and more. Clarkson Stanfield was one among the thousands of English youngsters

who are smitten every year with a passion for the sea. And who can wonder at it, reading that he was born in a seaport of the North during the heat of the great French war—not long before Nelson conquered at the Nile? One can fancy him, without much stretch of imagination, rambling about the coast and the piers of Sunderland a bright-eyed, observant boy. It was not by any means a lovely scene that lay around him: if Nature had meant him for a merely sensuous painter of her loveliness, she might have given him, instead, the gliding of gondolas, the flight of swift feluccas, over waters smiling in the sunshine. But, doubtless, the great schoolmistress knew what she wanted from this particular pupil, and so she made him take an interest in the old colliers, as they lay in the grimy mud of the harbour of his native town. All the coals and the mud and the rudeness of the whole affair were contemplated without disgust, and with a deep interest, by young Clarkson Stanfield; and we can still fancy what it must have been for a clever, promising boy, when he heard one day in the autumn of 1805 a roar, and a clang, and a chorus of joy-bells for the victory of the Nile. The youth went to sea; and a bad thing it would be for this country if a host of other youngsters did not still make the same irrational choice of a profession. If we say that "the service made a man of him," we say no more than the truth. Were his early years wasted? If he had stayed ashore, he might, by great good fortune, have entered the academy of some popular professor; but assuredly neither man nor painter could have gained anything. Nor, even from the purely technical point of view, could any dogmatic lessons on the art of drawing waves—delivered, perhaps, by a teacher who usually studied marine phenomena in sand slippers—have compensated Clarkson Stanfield for those rougher lectures, so remarkable for their "Saxon English," which are delivered, not in the quiet of a studio, but in the hurly-burly of a gale of wind, are made emphatic by the speaking trumpet, and enforced, if necessary, by the rope's end!

To the men and women of the middle of this century, Stanfield has been the high priest and interpreter of the national worship of the sea; and truly in his grander moments he has expressed with majesty and genius, the power, the strength, the passion, all the moods of the changing ocean, subordinating them, by virtue of his creative imagination, to the thought of his own country as the ocean's mistress. He has shown the sea at times when it has spurned control; when it has risen in anger against man and his works;

and, in the "Abandoned," we have the two plain pathetic facts of deserted hull and desert sea brought out with a power that cannot be

surpassed, and in our humble judgment, has never been equalled. But it was more in harmony with Stanfield's habitual mood—with



Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.

his manly, simple, patriotic nature, warmed by the recollections of his youth—when he set himself, in the fulness of his fame, in the zenith of his glory, to show how the greatest of all Admirals that ever sailed the sea, his fiery and passionate heart at length at peace, his weary and war-beaten frame at length at rest, was carried on board the *Victory* into Gibraltar, seven days after he had annihilated with one single blow the navies of France and Spain at Trafalgar.

To the end he loved his old dramatic friends, and was beloved by them. Not only was he a member of the Garrick Club, but for many years an active member of its committee; while his generous gift of one of the houses for retired actors at Maybury shows the largeness of his heart, and his earnest desire to benefit the profession with which the early struggles of his life were so pleasantly connected.

The great painter, like his father before him, was, throughout life, a conscientious and devout adherent of the Roman Catholic re-

ligion, the last rites and consolations of which he received upon his death-bed; but he never allowed his religious views to interfere with the dictates of his broad, loving, and generous heart, which overflowed with kindness to all who were in any way brought into contact with him, quite irrespective of creed, caste, or country.

Clarkson Stanfield was twice married, and has left a widow and a numerous family to lament the loss of the best of husbands and fathers. His eldest surviving son, Mr. George Clarkson Stanfield, inherits not merely his father's honoured name, but much of his genius as a landscape painter. His sea-pieces, river scenery, and picturesque architecture, both Continental and English, rank deservedly high, and he has been for many years a constant exhibitor at the Academy.

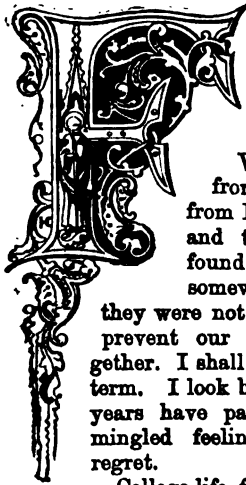
It only remains to add that the accompanying portrait is copied, by permission, from a photograph, taken in 1859, by Messrs. Maull, of Piccadilly.

E. WALFORD.

"BRIGHT COLLEGE DAYS."

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.



RED ELIOT was the first Undergraduate whose acquaintance I made in my Freshman's Term at College.

We both came direct from public schools—he from Harrow, I from Eton; and though I afterwards found that our tastes were somewhat dissimilar, yet they were not so antagonistic as to prevent our getting on well together. I shall never forget that first term. I look back to it now, though years have passed and gone, with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret.

College life, from all accounts I had heard, was the jolliest existence possible; but I found, before I had been there long, that it was not altogether so bright a picture as it had been painted by those school-fellows who, like me, were just "going up" to the University.

I made friends with Eliot thus: it happened that at one of the small colleges at Camford a new Scholarship had just been founded. With a schoolboy's ambition, I hoped to be the lucky candidate in securing the tempting prize of "ninety pounds per annum, tenable for three years;" so, in order to compete for "The Warwick Scholarship," I went up to the University some few days earlier than the rest of the freshmen. I had read hard during the summer with an old tutor, who was far more sanguine than I was that success would attend my labours. I arrived at Camford on the 2nd of October,—yes—I remember the day well;—it was a Thursday; I had left my father's house in Somersetshire early in the morning, and after a long day's travelling reached college at dusk.

Rooms had been assigned to me within college, which I esteemed no small privilege.

My first night in college was dull enough. Soon after my arrival, my "Gyp" unpacked my luggage containing what worldly goods I had brought with me; but during the whole process, kept eyeing me askance, taking fur-

tive glances, as I supposed, at my apparent greenness.

After he had arranged my belongings in a most perfect state of confusion, I sat down beside a cheerful fire to go over some hard pieces of translation that I thought were likely to be set in the coming examination, which was to commence on the morrow. At last, tired out by my long journey, and the novelty of my situation, I retired to the tender embraces of Morpheus somewhat earlier than I did at home, in order to be fresh for the hard work of the next day.

On waking in the morning, the sun was shining brightly into my room, and a clear cloudless sky seemed to portend one of those lovely autumnal days, which are peculiar to the flat and dismal country around Camford. It was just one of those mornings that in after-times I used so often to enjoy. Having had my solitary breakfast, I went into the college hall where the examination was to be held, with a light step, and a heart full of confidence.

On entering, I found the examination had already begun. After taking the seat assigned to me, I gave just one moment, before I settled to my paper, to have a glance at the fine old hall, and at my competitors around me.

There were some eight or nine of us. My place was at the end of the hall, near the door. At the extremity of the table, just opposite to me, sat a curly-headed fellow, with a merry face, and a pair of fine black eyes, which seemed to make friends almost without an introduction.

As soon as he received his paper, his merry face settled into a somewhat stern expression as if he meant business, and after a second or so, he dashed at his work, like a man well up in his subject.

I do not know how it was, but I seemed to think that that fellow was to be feared as the successful rival for the "ninety pounds."

I had no time to waste, so I set to work on the piece of Greek prose that was set for translation, and thought no more of my opposite neighbour. The three hours were quickly over, the clock struck twelve, and the papers were given up. After an hour's rest, the examination was resumed till four, when our work for that day was done.

As I was leaving the hall, my new tutor

came up to me, and spoke a few words about the subjects we had been doing. While he was still speaking, the man who had sat opposite me approached us.

My tutor seemed a kind-hearted fellow of the old-school, tall, thin, and scrupulously neat in his dress, and appeared to be a fair specimen of a college don; he afterwards proved a good sort of fellow on the whole, —affable when pleased, “growly” when matters did not go exactly to his liking.

“Eliot,” said he, as my opposite neighbour neared us, “let me introduce you to Mr. Arthur Beverley,” looking towards me as he spoke. “I think, if I remember rightly, you are both on the same staircase.”

We both bowed, and mutually looked at each other for an instant.

When “Old Soapy” left us (the nick-name, as I afterwards learnt, our respected tutor bore at College), Eliot broke the ice by saying, “How have you done to-day in the examination?”

“Fairly,” I replied, “not over well. I hope you’ve had good luck in your papers?”

“Yes,” he said, “I did well enough; they were my best subjects. To-morrow is the day that will floor me: I’m rather a ‘duffer’ at mathematics, I fear.”

“Indeed,” I replied, “you’ll not be worse off than I shall—I know little or nothing of the subjects set, and I am afraid they go far higher than I have ever read.”

“Well, we shall see to-morrow,” said he; “‘sufficient unto the day,’—I daresay you know the adage.”

We had both been walking in the direction of our rooms; and as mine were on the ground-floor, on reaching the staircase I invited him in.

“Thank you,” he replied, “I am going out for a couple of miles’ walk to get the dust out of my brain. Six hours’ examination are no joke, especially as there are two more days of it. What say you, will you join me?”

“With pleasure.”

So having doffed our caps and gowns, we started.

Eliot knew a little of Camford, as he had been staying up reading with a “coach” during the summer vacation.

I soon found that he was rather a superior man, well informed, and had evidently read much, for he seemed well up in all topics I broached.

“Are you a Rugby man?” I inquired, after we had been out some twenty minutes, and had discussed the merits of the flat country around us.

“No, Harrow. And you?”

“Eton.”

“You are a rowing-man, then. Many of your men coming up?”

“A few” I replied; “but they won’t show up till Tuesday. We shan’t be dull, though; this scholarship business will keep us going till then.”

“Thank Heaven, when it’s over!” rejoined Eliot. “By-the-bye, did you notice that red-haired fellow in gig-lamps, who sat at the end of our table? They say he’s going to win. So he ought, as far as that goes, for he appears forty at least. Fletcher (otherwise ‘Soapy’) tells me he’s an Edinburgh man, and rather a mathematical swell.”

“Hope he won’t, by Jove!” I replied. “I trust the luck will be with you or me.”

“With me! no, not with me, I fear; but we shall see.”

I don’t know how it was, but I was struck with the tone of Eliot’s voice, as he said, “We shall see”—and the words seemed to ring in my ears for some seconds. Well, after a couple of miles or so, on a straight, uninteresting road, we turned back to “Alma Mater,” and reached there just in time for “hall.”

The next day passed. I did better, both in the morning and afternoon papers, than I had expected; but Eliot, opposite me, in spite of his assertion that he knew little or nothing of the subjects, wrote fast, and seemed to be doing well.

Then came Sunday, which gave us a rest. Eliot breakfasted with me after chapel, and we began to be friends. I liked him much: he was full of fun, and we discussed some of my old schoolfellows, our mutual friends; thus we passed the greater part of the day together.

On Monday the examination ended. In the evening, Eliot and I compared notes on our three days’ work. I found that I had done more on the whole than he, but some of the questions he had answered better, and more fully.

The following day the rest of the men began to come into residence. I soon came across old schoolfellows, and till the end of the week saw little of my new acquaintance.

Saturday morning was an anxious one: the list of men for “the scholarship” was to come out at twelve o’clock.

I was, I confess, rather desponding, though I felt confident that I had beaten Eliot; yet of what the rest of the men had done, I knew nothing, and feared much that red-haired Scotchman.

How slowly the hours passed till twelve! I was up early, and breakfasted; at last the great St. Mary’s clock chimed the long-looked-for hour.

I walked rapidly down to the “screens,”

and was passed, as I went along, by the college porter, carrying a paste-pot and a sheet of paper.

A knot of men were collected around the screens,—the list was pasted up,—and what was my delight, when I read at the head of the list,—

ELIOT
BEVERLEY } Equal.

Where was the Scotchman? Nowhere—fifth!

Eliot came up and shook me by the hand, and we exchanged mutual congratulations.

"I am glad, old fellow," said he, "that we are bracketed together—next to myself, I don't know why, I hoped you'd get it."

"But how about the coin?" squeaked a little diminutive man, in a very tattered gown, and a cap that was evidently not very "fresh."

"Why, sir!" answered Thomas, the porter, "they will give each of the gentlemen ninety pounds."

"Then 'Soapy' will have to shut off some of his big feeds," said a fat pompous Undergraduate in a rather seedy pea-jacket.

"No, he won't," replied a voice; "the college is rich enough. They can easily afford a couple of hundred."

And so it was—as we afterwards learnt from Fletcher: we were each to receive the full amount.

Eliot took my arm, and went to my rooms to have a quiet talk over our late success, the other men looking at us, as we went along, with envious eyes.

"Lucky devils," muttered one, whom I had noticed sucking his pen continuously during the late examination and had come out last.

From that day, Eliot and myself were "chums;" our acquaintance ripened into friendship, and we were constantly together, till the day we both stood before the Vice-Chancellor as B.A.'s of the University of Camford.

CHAPTER II.

My first term passed quickly enough, and I went home as soon as the vacation began, right glad to return to my father's quiet country village, after the excitement of my first insight into college life.

I was no small hero at home. My success in obtaining "the Warwick" had much pleased my people, and was particularly gratifying to my father, who, I think, entertained secret doubts of my being the lucky competitor. He was too much a man of the world not to know that, although a boy may distinguish himself at a school where the

highest standard of work is required, and as head boy carry everything before him, yet when he comes into the broader field of University competition, he is likely to find himself very far behind in "the ruck," where men, either from better opportunities, or from greater talents and abilities, may surpass him, and carry off those honours and distinctions which seemed so easy to obtain, since his school successes were against rivals perhaps his inferiors in ability and acquirements: this he feared (I conjecture, though he never so expressed himself) would be my fate, and my success gave him more than ordinary pleasure; moreover, Fletcher had written him a private letter, relating that Eliot and myself had so far out-distanced all the other men in the late examination, and were so equal, that it had been decided to reward both, and to make no distinction between us.

Of course it was a most pleasant Christmas vacation. I had much to relate to my younger sisters, of the mysteries of college life, of the delights of a great Wine, or the fun of a large Breakfast.

I was the hero for the time, and at the County Ball, which took place shortly after my arrival, I found no lack of pretty partners who were as anxious as my sisters to hear tales of my doings up at Camford.

During the ball-week, our house was full of company, who had come to enjoy the best ball of the Christmas season. Amongst others, a little blue-eyed cousin, a native of "the Land o' Burns," took especial delight in listening to the history of my adventures, and on the night of the ball, teased me more than usual with her numerous inquiries; and during more than one waltz, which I had the pleasure of dancing with her, she gave me plenty of opportunities of satisfying her curiosity.

My only regret in that much enjoyed vacation was that Eliot, the partner of my late success, was not present to share it with me. My mother had kindly asked him to come and stay the ball-week with us, but he declined, on the ground that he was hard at work, reading.

When I left Camford, Eliot had told me that he intended going home a day or so after me; but what was my surprise some week after my return home to receive a letter from him, telling me of his intention of staying up the whole vacation in order to read with two men who were freshmen like himself. In my reply to his letter, I naturally inquired the reason for this his sudden freak of industry. I knew he was not over rich, but why on earth he should start as a "coach" so early in his college life I could not imagine. His reply

was vague; and in after-time he carefully avoided all mention of his home and his family, and always immediately changed the conversation as soon as I touched upon the subject, as a matter on which he desired silence, and I was far too courteous to press him, as my solicitude could only be prompted by idle curiosity.

What with hunting, shooting, and a few neighbouring balls, the vacation passed merrily enough—for me, a great deal too quickly; and early in February I found myself once again within my old college walls.

I was glad, I confess, to come back to all the fun of college, with its varied amusements and pleasures, and to the companionship of men my equals in age, and to the charm of their society.

Eliot was as delighted to see me as I to see him, and the night of my arrival was passed in my own snug rooms, where, over a friendly pipe, I related the fun I had been having "down."

Eliot, I found, had been hard at work the whole vacation with his pupils, besides reading steadily his own degree subjects, and had got through on his own account a vast amount of thorough good reading.

I own I felt a little jealous of him for having stole this march upon me; but, as he quietly remarked, I could have stayed up with him, had I chosen, and have given up the pleasures of home, and of dancing with pretty blue-eyed cousins.

I made up my mind that I would recover the ground I had lost, and would soon be level with him again. But how vain are good intentions!—the seductions of rowing, wines, and breakfasts, interfered sadly with my stern resolutions of the many hours' work I set myself daily, but to which I hardly ever attained, each day finding me one, two, or three hours short of the time I had allotted myself for reading. "St. Philip's" was not on the whole a very hard-reading college, though we did boast of turning out the Senior Wrangler now and then; yet, though Eliot and myself were scholars, the "reading set" were not quite suited to our tastes, so we did not trouble them over much with our society. The majority of the men thought, I fear, more of placing the boat high on the river, than of seeing themselves well up in the Tripos.

As an Eton man, and an old oar, I soon made the acquaintance of the "first boat" men, and had the distinguished honour, at the commencement of the term, of being tried for the "first boat;" but my time had not yet come, the proud position of being one of "the eight" was not to be yet.

I acknowledge I was somewhat nettled on

the eventful day I was tried for "bow" in the "first boat," when the captain informed me of many faults in my style of rowing.

"You are far too short in the stroke, sir," said he; "you've got that miserable 'Eton jerk,' which we hate here at St. Philip's; it's all very well at St. Benedict's, where there's nothing but Eton men; but it won't do,—you are too long in the air, and too short in the water, you don't recover quick enough," and so on, pointing out as faults, what I had always looked upon as perfections of style and finish; but (though it took some months to eradicate my previous notions) I afterwards looked with pride and pleasure upon our men, as they pulled through the water with a long easy stroke, that told, as the oars dipped gracefully in perfect time, and I learnt hereafter that though St. Benedict's was magnificent to look at, St. Philip's could "bump" them in the race.

Eliot had never touched an oar till he came up to the University, except, as he said, at the sea-side; and the only time I ever thought him "a duffer" was when, rowing for the first time in the freshmen's boat, he went through the most frightful contortions of body, in his endeavours to "keep time" or to "feather."

He did not take so kindly to "the most manly of exercises" as I, a rowing man, could have wished; for he (at least, in his first two terms) was always praising the superiority of football, cricket, or athletics.

But there was stuff in that gaunt, wiry frame, that was yet to be immortalised as one of the greatest oars of our college. Nevertheless, in spite of his continual grumblings, that it was a "great grind," and so on, yet with that perseverance (to which he owed his every success) he went down to "the railway bridge" in the "freshmen's tub" three or four times a week, and improved, though slowly, yet it must be owned that his rowing was execrably bad at the best.

One day, towards the middle of the term, I was standing in "the quad" after hall, when Simpson, the captain of the boat-club came up to me.

"Beverley," said he, "of course you'll go in for the athletics?"

"It depends when they are," I replied.

"Why, they are this day three weeks," rejoined our captain. "It's up on the screens."

"I haven't seen it."

I walked down to the screens, and there I found, sure enough, that "The St. Philip's Athletic Sports" were to come off on the day Simpson had stated.

"Holloa, Beverley!" sounded old Eliot's merry voice behind me; "making up your

mind, old fellow, what you are going to win, eh?"

"Going to win! I don't know about that," I replied, reading the list; "I'm game for 'The Mile,' though, and for 'Throwing the Cricket Ball,'—that's about all I can do anything like winning."

"You 'a miler'?" he answered, quickly; "why that's my line of country. I didn't know you were a running swell. How long does it take you?"

"Oh! under the five minutes."

"You'll do, then," said he. "I shall have a turn against you, old fellow. Going into training?"

"Suppose I must, if I am to do anything; but I don't much like dropping my pipe for three mortal weeks, and living on short commons; but I suppose it must be done. What do you intend to distinguish your noble self in?"

"Don't hardly know yet. Let's have a look," said he, running his eye down the list of sports. "I shall have a shot at 'the Hurdles,' 'the Quarter of a Mile,' 'Throwing the Hammer,' and 'The Mile'; I think that's enough for my first appearance on the stage."

"What do you say to going up to 'Jenner's ground' to-morrow, just for a quiet mile?" I inquired.

"Not too fast, old fellow," was the reply; "I haven't had a run for months. I don't mind just once round, if you're game."

"All right, then; we'll meet there at four to-morrow."

"Done."

The next day we found each other on "Jenner's ground," as had been arranged. "Jenner's ground" was, in those days, and is now, a large circular piece of land, on the outskirts of Camford, enclosed for University men to play cricket matches; but during the Lent Term was used as a training-ground for the different college athletic sports, which at most colleges were generally held there.

Eliot was the first to appear in flannels ready for action. We started together, just for a quiet quarter of a mile spurt. I soon perceived that it was not the first time my friend had "toed the scratch," and however great a "duffer" he might be in a boat, he was no mean competitor on his legs.

We ran the "Quarter," without either of us greatly distressing ourselves; but I found that though we were both out of training, I had hard work to keep up with his pace. From that day till the eventful morning of the sports we had frequent spurts together, he improving daily in his speed and style.

I was never much of a hand at jumping, and could never manage those miserable

"hurdles" with anything like a chance of beating; but Eliot cleared them easily, and his winning was deemed certain by the rest of the men: though the opinions of the knowing ones as to the winner of "the Mile," and the "Quarter of a Mile," were more varied, some favouring a little wiry Cornishman, Tregan, some Eliot, others having a favourable idea of my humble powers.

Eliot stuck as close to his training as I did, though of a night we indulged in a mutual grumble at being deprived of our friendly pipes.

About a week after our commencing training, an event occurred which tested the courage of my friend, and showed what a manly fellow he was.

It was a bright day towards the end of February—one of those sunny, yet cold, mornings that occasionally appear to brighten up the dull marshy flats of Camfordshire. About two o'clock, Eliot came bursting into my rooms, with a—

"I say, old fellow, you must be sick of reading, such a jolly day as this; come out just for one turn, it will do you no end of good. I can't read, and I don't believe you can while the sun is so lovely, it reminds a fellow of summer. Come along."

I was nothing loth; in fact, rather glad of an excuse for a stretch, after some four hours' uninterrupted work.

"What say you," said he, "for us to take a couple of canoes up to Oldchester?"

"I don't mind," I answered; "but I am not particularly fond of risking a ducking in those miserable cockle-shells."

"Oh, nonsense! it's not the first time by a good many that you've sat one. You're all right."

"I can sit them fast enough, as far as that goes," I replied; "but a ducking would be sure to give us cold, and ruin our chance for the sports."

"There, don't be a 'Cassandra,' old fellow; we shall have a good couple of hours on the river, and get to 'Jenner's' by four o'clock, in plenty of time to run a dozen miles before 'hall,' if you wish it."

So off we started towards "Lamb's Green," to a spot known as "Man Friday's Island," where the canoes were stationed. Eliot picked out a somewhat light canoe, and I a heavier one.

Canoes, in the eyes of most rowing men, are perfect abortions of boat-craft; they are about five feet long, and barely wide enough for a man to sit; the position while in them is anything but comfortable; there is no seat, only a small cushion, your legs are stretched straight out at the bottom of the canoe, with

your back resting against a backboard; there is nothing in the world to preserve your balance, except by sitting perfectly steady and keeping your back tight against the board. You get along by means of a paddle with a rounded blade at both ends, which is put rapidly in the water, first one side of the canoe, then on the other. Great speed can be attained in one of these cranky contrivances, but they are always dangerous, especially till you have got into the knack of working the paddle. They are far inferior, both in the way of amusement and of exercise, to what are termed at Camford "funnies," and known at Oxbridge as "skiffs," in which the sculls form a perfect balance. Both canoes and funnies are covered over at both ends with a tight waterproof canvass.

Eliot was rather expert at canoe work, having learned the art in the vacation. As far as I was concerned I was all right, as I had constantly been in them at school.

We started for Oldchester merry enough, though the stream was running strongly against us, and the river very full, but, as Eliot remarked, "it would be all the better for us coming back."

Oldchester is some couple of miles from Camford, and in the summer, the way there by the river is excessively pretty; but it was now too cold and too early in the spring to be very enjoyable, and had it not been for the bright sun, it would have been a cheerless trip.

At last we reached Oldchester, with its flour-mill, beneath which the river flows, barring our further progress; the mill-pond was very rough, the water boiling and seething like "Hecate's cauldron;" but by cautiously keeping at the tail of the stream we turned our canoes safely round in the direction of home.

We had passed several men in tubs, funnies, and canoes, on our way up, the fineness of the day having lured them out, as it had done us.

We were coming back at a splendid pace, thanks to the rapidity of the stream, hardly using our paddles except for the purpose of steering.

We had arrived within some half a mile of "Man Friday's Island," Eliot being some hundred yards in front of me, owing to my taking the corners rather widely and cautiously. We had just got to a bend of the river, which is succeeded by a very sharp corner, almost a right angle, round the promontory thus formed; the water was spinning at a great pace.

Some minutes before we arrived thus far, I had noticed a man in a canoe ahead of Eliot,

and was inwardly hoping that he should catch him up and pass him.

Eliot had got to the corner, and was preparing to round it, when a sudden shrill scream resounding through the adjacent woods disturbed the silence which till then had been broken only by the bubbling of the stream, startled me, and I saw for an instant two arms thrown up wildly in the air, and then disappear, the height of the promontory above the water's level preventing me from seeing more.

My first thought was for Eliot, but I could still see him safe. Good God! it must be the man ahead upset. I called out at the top of my voice,—

"Row on, Eliot! there's a man over ahead."

I worked my paddle as fast as I possibly could, but I was still some sixty yards from the corner.

I confess I was intensely excited, as the top of the promontory entirely hid the level of the water from my view.

Eliot was now out of sight, and I was just rounding the neck of land, when a loud splash broke on my ear. I strained every nerve; but was obliged to use great caution, as the stream was so rapid.

At last I got round, when I saw Eliot swimming after a man struggling in the water; but he was still some ten yards from him. "Good God!" I thought, "will he reach him before he goes down?"

Every stroke of my paddle brought me nearer to Eliot and to the drowning man.

"Eliot," I called out, "dive below him; for God's sake, don't let him get hold of you!"

But before I had finished speaking, the waters had closed over the dying man—he was gone, I feared, for ever.

I was now close up to Eliot. I could restrain myself no longer; so, standing up for a second in my canoe, which rolled away from me as I rose, I made a desperate spring to where the poor fellow had sunk. When I came to the surface, neither Eliot nor the drowning man could I see.

"Good God!" it flashed across my brain, "they will both be lost! How can I save them?" In another instant a head appeared—it was Eliot's; he was some few yards below me. One hand held, by the hair, at arm's length, a motionless and apparently lifeless form. A few strokes brought me to them.

"Get to the bank," gasped Eliot.

I seized the tufts of grass with one hand, and with the other relieved him of the weight of the body. He was soon on the bank, and our united efforts quickly got the drowning man out of the water. We unbuttoned his shirt-collar, and took off his necktie; I then saw in an instant that no time was to be lost.

"Lift him on my back," said I,—"I'm fresher than you,—and run on to the island and send help. Get a bed warmed."

Off dashed Eliot, as fast as he could run; but his late exertions, and the coldness of the water, had rendered him weak. I ran as fast as my load would permit towards the island.

Eliot had thrown the apparently lifeless man upon my back, so that I held him with his arms over my shoulders, his feet knocking against my heels at each step. There was not more than half a mile to go, and I had not got more than half way, when some men came running to aid me from the island. With their help we got the poor fellow to the hut, and in a short time, thanks to the kind assistance of a medical student, who had just come in from a row, and the aid of the doctor whom Eliot had sent for, the half-drowned man showed signs of resuscitation, and he subsequently came-to, and was soon sufficiently well to be carried to his college.

As soon as we saw that he was out of danger, Eliot and I went back to our college to get off our wet clothes. The coldness of the water, and waiting about attending on the poor fellow, had chilled me through and through, but after drinking a little brandy we were both all right again.

As soon as I had changed my clothes, I went up to Eliot's rooms to ask him how it had all happened.

"Why, the duffer spurted round that sharp corner," he replied, "just as I was rounding it; the swiftness of the current ran his canoe into the opposite bank, and, of course, upset him in a moment: before I could get up to him the stream carried him down. I could do nothing till I was fairly round the corner, when I took a 'header' after him, but had some yards to swim before I could reach him. I heard your splash as you came in after us, and I then felt we should get him; he sank twice before I neared him, and as I was clutching at him, down he went for the last time. I dived and got hold of him, but he clung to me at the bottom. I hit out and got away, and came up for breath, and then went down at him again; this time he was quiet enough, and, thanks to your aid, got him safely to land. I thought, though, it was all up when I hit him down at the bottom; but, thank God! he's all right now. Let's go and see how the poor devil is."

So away we went to St. Margaret's (the colour of the ribbon on his straw hat had told us his college); when we arrived, we found him in bed, quite sensible, and rapidly recovering, but still looking very pale and exhausted. We stayed with him some time; he thanked us ten thousand times, and in after

years, when we knew him more intimately, we had no cause to regret the risk we ran in getting a ducking and of saving the life of our great friend, Shirley Michell.

THE HEROINE OF DAUPHINÉ.



PHILLIS DE LA TOUR DU PIN, surnamed "L'Héroïne du Dauphiné," and in her family called Madlle. de la Charce, was born in 1669 at Nyons, where a magnificent house is still shown as that which the Seigneurs de la Charce inhabited. Her branch of this ancient race were Protestants, descending from the great Marquis de la Charce, of whom Henri IV. made a brother-in-arms and a trusted friend. But towards the year 1685 they returned to the Roman Catholic faith, and have since remained steady adherents of the Church of Rome. To this conversion is traditionally ascribed the whole romance of Madlle. de la Tour du Pin's adventurous life. The orphan heir to one of the most glorious names in France, Raymond, Comte de Béranger, had been brought up by the Marquis de la Charce with his own children, and had looked upon Phillis as his destined bride. The desertion of the Protestant faith by the family of his betrothed forced young Raymond to choose between honour and love. He chose honour. The lovers were separated when Phillis was not eighteen, but their attachment proved beyond the power of circumstance. When the severity of the measures taken against the Protestants, and the fatal revocation of the *Edit de Nantes* (1685) had driven the Huguenots to despair, the Comte de Béranger was one of those who placed themselves at the head of the insurgents. In the south of France the Protestants were numerous and determined, and not only did the Alps of

Dauphiné seem to them so many fastnesses offered by Nature, but the near neighbourhood of the Duke of Savoy tempted them to a foreign alliance against their own sovereign. They concluded this alliance, and the Piedmontese troops were soon marching upon the frontier, and preparing to wrest one of her fairest provinces from France.

The Marquis de la Charce died at this moment, recommending his wife and family to his second daughter, Phillis; instead of, as usual, the children to their mother. His youthful son, the Vicomte de la Charce, was attached to the staff of the *Maréchal de Catinat*, who was at Grenoble at the head of a small *corps d'armée* charged to defend the province. Like all those who approached Phillis, her father judged her capable of any heroic effort. Her education had been rather a masculine one, though one by no means extraordinary among the ladies of her class in the seventeenth century in France.

She was a perfect horsewoman, an intrepid huntress, "cunning of fence," and the best shot for twenty leagues round. Besides this, she knew every mountain pass in the country. This was the cause of her superiority as a military commander, for the Protestants resolved to try a guerilla campaign, and her strategy proved too much for the invading force. Having assembled all the gentry of the province, and having under her orders about two thousand men, she rushed forward to Gap, where the Duke of Savoy had already crossed the frontier. Gap was taken and in flames, but the enemy had evacuated it. Madlle. de la Tour du Pin immediately cut her little army in two, established one half in Gap, and with the other boldly set out to pursue the Piedmontese. They were overtaken by her, and in this conjuncture her tactics were those of a consummate general. She masked her forces till she saw the Savoyards engaged in a formidable hill pass, then, with the cry of "*En avant, mes amis, et vive le Roi!*" she bore down upon them, and so effectually defeated them that they retreated into Savoy as best they might. They were cut to pieces, and Dauphiné was delivered. Count Caprara strove to avenge this defeat, and attacked Phillis, but Catinat had sent her reinforcements, and she beat Caprara like his master. When the Duke of Savoy returned to his own country he could only speak of his successful enemy with rapturous praise.

"If," he was wont to say, "there were one such woman in my dominions, I would marry her; and had I ten wives, she should be my eleventh, were his Holiness to excommunicate me! What a mother of heroes she would make."

When the invasion was defeated, Madlle. de la Charce retired to Montmaur, an estate of her family, and laid down her arms. But the Protestants now rose on all sides, and a rebellion in the interior of the country was imminent. The population, headed by the *noblesse*, called upon Phillis to command them, declaring that under her orders they were certain of victory, but this she steadfastly refused. Raymond de Béranger was one of the Huguenot chiefs, and against him she could not fight. She had taken up arms to save her country and her lover; hoping, by repelling the foreigner, to prevent M. de Béranger from recrossing the frontier and giving himself up to the vengeance of Louis XIV. But in vain, the rebels were besieged in Nyons, and the leaders tried, condemned, and executed.

There is a popular tradition which says that Phillis saw her lover the day before his execution, and gave him her word that she would see him die. He is said to have implored this of her as a last proof of affection. The scaffold was erected on the great place at Nyons, opposite the *Hôtel de la Tour du Pin*, and the legend is that on the fatal morning the *widowed maiden* stood at the window and let Raymond's dying gaze fix itself upon her till his head fell under the axe.

Phillis died in 1703; a woman of gentle, retiring demeanour, universally beloved, and to her death enjoyed a pension the King had granted her, "*comme à un brave officier.*" Her portrait and arms were hung up at St. Denis by the side of those of Jeanne d'Arc, but she never could be induced to talk of her exploits. When her sister Marguerite, styled Madlle. d'Aleynac (who wrote her biography), tried to question her, she only replied, "I acted on the impulse of my heart, and I know little more than you do of the events you wish me to recount. We drove the enemy out of the land; God's grace enabled us to beat him everywhere; that is all I can say." Poor Phillis! she knew too well that what to others seemed heroic had been inspired by a passionate but most natural feeling.

Her townsmen raised a monument to her at Nyons, where she lies buried, and she is known in French history as the "heroine of Dauphiné."

THE MISOGYNIST'S FATE.

STRONG is the spell that Learning weaves
To draw us to the classic leaves,
Where Homer sings of stubborn Troy,
Or of the gods' ambrosial joy;
Where dull Euripides invokes
Curses on women; cracks his jokes,

And prates with philosophic mind
Of heavenly dealings with mankind.
But stronger still the tie of love
Woven by mystic hands above,
That makes the student leave his books,
Rave of bright eyes and furtive looks,
While golden tresses in his dreams
Flit o'er his face with sunny beams.
Yes! let the prosy book-worm bore
With eager mind through classic lore,
Forget the world and all its joys,
And scorn gay mirth's enlivening noise,
Yet ever toiling never find
The noblest prize—a happy mind.
For him no bright-eyed maiden's prayer
Is borne by angels through the air,
No loving heart with fond regret
Thinks of the time when first they met,
No fairy hands with tender skill,
Banish each pain, assuage each ill.
For him no anxious wife shall wait
To greet him at the garden-gate,
No prattling cherubs round his knee
Shall cluster in their childish glee;
But, as he scorned Love's mystic art,
And deemed inconsistent each fond heart,
Unloved, unhonoured, and unsung
By maiden heart, by maiden tongue,
Ne'er shall he joy to read his name
Emblazoned on the scroll of Fame.

B. W.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE hotel was astir betimes. At seven o'clock the bustle of departure commenced, and increased to an alarming pitch until the last cab, carrying the Impresario and conductor, with Mike on the box, drove off to the railway-station. The basso-medico-cook was the first to come down to breakfast. He had undertaken to call the others, and before doing so fortified himself against all emergencies by making a hearty meal, undisturbed by any intruders. This done, he proceeded to fulfil his promise, and to pull the more sleepy of his companions out of bed. His patient, the baritone, he helped to dress, as well as to drink a cup of chocolate which had been clandestinely brought into the room by Mike, whose admiration of the "jodel" was unbounded. The basso-medico-cook declared chocolate contrary to his *régime*, and likely to necessitate another course of brown paper and mustard poultices.

One by one the tourists assembled at the breakfast-table, all more or less sleepy. Alfonso was the only talker of the party. He was as cheerful as though early rising was his great delight, and a treat of unusual occurrence. Amina's mother did not altogether appreciate his good humour, but was, nevertheless, obliged to laugh outright at some of his jokes, all more or less of a practical nature, and certainly not admitting of repetition. It

was perhaps for this reason that she made an observation, the only one she had ventured for some days, to the effect that there was a time for all things, and that now they should all be eating their breakfasts instead of talking and playing the fool—a remark to which Graziani replied by offering the good old lady another chop and half-a-dozen eggs.

Lucrezia made her appearance when the others had nearly finished breakfast. She evidently did not approve of being disturbed at such an hour; not that she was decidedly out of humour, but in that frame of mind when apparently the slightest accident would have made her so. At such a moment, it is desirable for the enterprising Impresario (if he be travelling with the party) to keep out of the way. His presence might have an irritating influence upon his *prima donna*, he being looked upon as the sole cause of all the inconveniences and annoyances. It is for his benefit alone that all the trouble is incurred: he it is who arranges the departure of the train at such an unreasonable hour; he is also to blame if the waiters are not prompt in their attention; and it is his fault, and none other's, if the eggs are boiled too hard. Yes, my dear friend, for your own peace of mind and the tranquillity of everybody concerned, it is better you should avoid meeting Lucrezia under such circumstances. Leave her alone, and she will eat her breakfast quietly, and be herself again in due time.

Mario was, of course, the last to appear. As usual, he had given himself so many minutes to dress, so many to take a cup of tea, and had timed the distance from the hotel to the railway-station with the greatest nicety. He came into the room for his cup of tea in that delightfully *nonchalant* manner so peculiarly his own, when everybody else was ready to start, and sat down to table with his watch before him, determined not to be hurried. The party moved off in due order, and finally all reached the railway-station. Here they were joined by the manager of the Theatre Royal and his body of retainers, consisting of choristers, musicians, scene-painters, one or two trusty box-keepers, and his private secretary—the latter a very remarkable person and well deserving special notice.

The private secretary was of the gentler sex. Why theatrical managers generally employ female secretaries as they do, is a question which I have not been able to answer to my own satisfaction. The one in this instance was middle-aged, or rather, as Voltaire says, "*Une dame d'un certain âge, dont il n'y a rien de plus incertain.*" From her appearance she might in her youth have been some theatrical property or pantomime trick, which

the manager had made serviceable when no longer useful upon the stage. Her occupation during the day (at least, I believe she was never known to do anything else) was to count the checks and receipts of the night before. With what patience she used to tell up these metal counters and pile them into so many little hillocks along the manager's table! At night she wandered about the house, as gaoler of the private boxes, the keys of which used to hang in a tremendous bunch from her waist, and rattle fearfully. She was an important personage, that private secretary, on an opera night, when she had it in her power to pass you on to the stage to have a look at the Italians—at least, so thought, I dare say, many a young theatre-going Hibernian, who fostered a hopeless passion for the *prima donna* of his choice. The secretary, Mrs. Byrne, and the lady in the refreshment-room, Mrs. Barry, the widow of an old stager who the wicked wits used to say was dead and "*buried*," and whose portrait in his coffin was worn in a reversible brooch by his disconsolate relict, were the guardian angels of the Theatre Royal at the time I speak of.

At the railway-station the secretary seemed as if she missed her daily checks, or rather the counting them; for she had brought them with her. They were in a tin box, which the "guardian angel" watched most carefully. It might have contained so many gold coins, such was the attention with which she looked after it.

There was a great crowd and terrible confusion at the railway. The *prima donna's* prodigious trunks of the usual continental dimensions, the cases containing the theatrical dresses, numerous stage properties and choice bits of scenery not to be found in Cork, and which seemed to be ashamed to be seen by daylight, to say nothing of the double-basses and other trifles, were the cause of a vast amount of growling by the porters.

A compartment, or rather a whole carriage, was secured for our tourists, who had provided themselves with draughtboards, chessmen, a pack of cards, and books, to pass the time away. The last bell was rung, every one took his place, the train moved slowly out of the station.

As Mario sat opposite to the Impresario in the railway carriage, he looked like the portrait of a Spaniard by Velasquez—perhaps a handsomer Spaniard than Velasquez ever painted or imagined. He was carelessly dressed, although very characteristically so. A slouch hat, loose neckerchief, frilled shirt, a shooting-jacket, and trousers to match, formed his costume. The only trace of co-

quetry in his attire were the high-heeled boots, the wearing of which seemed to have become a positive necessity to him.

On or off the stage, Mario is the *beau idéal* of a romantic tenor, although in private life I never knew any singer of eminence so little mindful of his vocal powers. You might be with him for weeks together, and never suspect him of any remarkable proficiency in the art. He will converse with you, and talk well, about politics, painting (in which he is an adept), history—in short, on any subject but music, of which he has good knowledge, being also a first-rate authority on musical antiquarian lore.

He has spent large sums in collecting books, ancient and modern, connected with the art, books that he has not only collected, but studied. His library and collection of musical relics are very valuable and complete.

"It is strange," said the Impresario, addressing Mario, "that no memoir has been written of you."

"You are very kind," replied Mario, "but fortunately for me, the moment has not yet come when it is necessary a memoir should be written, if it ever will be required to know anything of so humble an individual as myself."

"Memoirs are often written during the lifetime of the subject, I believe," said the Impresario; "and I am sure the details of your career would be very interesting to a great many."

"My life has been devoid of any stirring incidents to make it so," replied Mario. "It is told in a few words: I was born in 1810," he continued, "on the 18th October, at Cagliari, in Sardinia. My father was the Marchese di Candia. I was sent to the Military Academy, and served in the army seven years. I was aide-de-camp to my father at Nice, where he had been appointed Governor. At that time the Duchesse de Berri made her expedition to the south of France, and I visited her on board the steamer in which she was concealed. My father being ordered to Genoa, where he also filled the post of Governor, I followed him thither, still in the same capacity. When at Genoa, I was suspected of associating with those who were politically opposed to the Government, and was in consequence deputed to carry despatches to Sardinia. This being evidently a pretext to get rid of me, I protested, and was anxious to appeal to the king, Carlo Alberto, against what I considered an indignity put upon me. However, the Marchese Paolucci showed me the General Order, and the note affixed to it, according to which, if the lieutenant objected to the duty, he was to consider himself at the disposal of the General

in command—which, in fact, was equivalent to my being placed under arrest. In spite of the advice of my good friend the Marquis, I sent in my papers to the authorities, and decided to embark for Spain. It being some time before the preparations for my departure could be made, I had to conceal myself in Genoa, which, thanks to the assistance of a young lady to whom I was much attached, I successfully accomplished for a month. At the expiration of that time, I took passage on board a boat bound for Marseilles, intending to proceed thence to Spain. On arriving at Marseilles, and making myself known to the authorities, I was received with the greatest hospitality, and strongly advised not to continue my journey as I intended, but to make my way to Paris; which advice I followed. I remained in Paris but a short time, and was persuaded to join a party going to London.

"Being well acquainted with Admiral Fielding's family, through them I was introduced to the Duke of Wellington. Still anxious to visit Spain, I asked the Duke to give me some facility for so doing. He assured me it was a country in which I should make no progress—that the more energy I displayed, the more enemies I should make; and that the only thing I could hope for there with any certainty, was a *coup de fusil*. He concluded his advice by telling me, '*Amusez vous, et je ferai quelque chose pour vous plus tard.*' This counsel I followed to such good purpose that time passed away, and with it all my money, until at last I found myself without any means of support. I then resolved to go to America, and secured a cabin on board a sailing-vessel, starting from the Thames, having, with some difficulty, managed to scrape together forty pounds to pay the passage. A week before the ship was to sail, I fell ill—I had to abandon the idea of going to America, and, what was worse, to forfeit the forty pounds. During this illness, I experienced the *profondeur* of English hospitality, and was treated like a brother by those with whom I had the good luck to have become acquainted. I was urged to go to Paris to consult the doctors, and was taken there by one of my English friends in his travelling-carriage.

"In Paris I improved in health, and made the acquaintance of the Marquis Aguado, then the director of the two theatres: the Opera and the Théâtre des Italiens. I was also intimate with the Prince Belgiojoso, with whom I used to sing duets *en amateur*. My financial circumstances, however, became so serious, that I made them known to the Prince, who insisted upon my turning my vocal abilities to account. This was at first very obnoxious

to me. I had looked forward to a very different career from that of an artist, which I then thought unmanly and unsuited to my tastes. But the Prince would not listen to my objections, assuring me that were it not for family considerations, he would, in spite of his social position, go himself upon the stage.

"He spoke to the Marquis Aguado on my behalf, and obtained for me an engagement for three years. For the first year, which was to be passed in study, I received, 14,000 francs, for the second 32,000, and for the third 45,000 francs.

"For the first six months, I was placed under the tuition of Meyerbeer, whom I daily visited. No composer that ever lived took such pains with his work as Meyerbeer—and of this I had frequent opportunities of judging while studying with him.

"I made my first appearance in Paris on December 1, 1838, in 'Robert le Diable,' at the Grand Opera. I sang there two years and a-half, and played in the 'Comte Ory,' 'Le Drapier,' and other operas. In 1840, Aguado made me sing at the Italiens, where I appeared in 'L'Elisire d'Amore.' I really forget whether it was in 1839 or 1840 that I came out at Her Majesty's, in 'Lucrezia Borgia,' with Giulia Grisi; but it was about that time. I was not considered a success at any rate; and, in fact, my career did not begin until 1842, when I sang in Dublin with Tamburini, Grisi, and Lablache, and with Benedict as conductor. After that I returned to Paris, and sang the 'Rubini Repertoire,' in which I was most fortunate. Since then my life has passed but too quickly away in going from Paris to London every season, and meeting always with the greatest kindness everywhere. In the winter of 1842, I went for the first time to Russia, and in 1854 to America. London and Paris, however, have been the two cities of which I shall always have the most pleasant recollections, unless it be Dublin, where I first received the greatest encouragement. Strange to say, I have never sung in Italy."

"A most interesting account," said Benedict, who had been listening attentively to the story.

Mario proceeded quietly to re-light his cigar, which had gone out in the progress of the narrative.

"I can remember the time of your first visit to London," said Benedict to Mario, "when the handsome young Italian nobleman, with his exquisite tenor voice, was the idol of all the London salons. It was shortly after the production of my first English opera, the 'Gipsy's Warning.'"

"When was that given?" asked the Impresario.

"When Van Amburgh's lions were roaring at Drury Lane," said Benedict; "the most attractive afterpiece, as Bunn used to say, that a composer could ever wish for."

"How did you become acquainted with the famous poet?" asked the Impresario.

"Thereby hangs a tale," replied Benedict; "and it would take up too much of your time, perhaps, to listen to it."

"Oh! let us hear it," said Mario.

"I left my home and my position in Naples owing to Malibran, and to follow that erratic star. The last time she sang at St. Carlo, in 1834, she said, '*Au revoir à Londres*; and mind, you must come.' She declared that my talent was wasted in Naples, and that she owed me reparation for all the trouble she had caused me, alluding to the following circumstance:—she had achieved an immense success in '*Norma*,' and one very distinguished French lady, La Marquise Lagrange, living in a splendid hotel in the Riviera di Chiaja, and my great patroness, expressed a desire to make Malibran's acquaintance. On communicating this wish to the eminent *prima donna*, she exclaimed in her usually impulsive way, 'I will dine with her the day after tomorrow!' forgetting she was to sing '*Semiramide*' that evening. Of course the dinner which had been arranged could not come off, and was postponed for a week. On the day fixed for the feast—the dinner hour being six o'clock—when I arrived the guests were assembled, the only one not present being Malibran herself. Time passed: the hostess became impatient, and after waiting a full hour we sat down to table without the guest for whom the entertainment was really given. I was looked upon as the cause of the disappointment. I explained my innocence, and assured every one that illness alone could have prevented Malibran from coming; on saying which I was answered by a gentleman just arrived from the Teatro del Fondo, who declared he had seen Malibran a quarter of an hour before in a private box. This shut me up completely, and I took my departure with a firm resolution to lecture my talented friend for her heedless conduct. It was nearly eleven o'clock when I saw her at her hotel, just returned from the theatre, in the greatest spirits.

"What have you done?" I exclaimed. "How could you behave so foolishly?"

"Done!" she replied. "I went to see Madame Duprez' *début* in Ricci's '*Colonello*;' dressed her myself, and made the public applaud her."

"And Madame Lagrange?" said I.

"What of her?" asked Malibran.

"And the twice-postponed dinner! And your promise to be exact!"

"Can it be? Is it possible?" she said, clasping her hands. "It was surely tomorrow that the dinner was to be!"

"Immediately recollecting that she had made a mistake, she insisted upon going to see the Marchioness. I observed that every one would be in bed; but she would not be pacified, and made ready to start. It was past twelve o'clock when we arrived at the Hotel Lagrange, which was closed for the night. After ringing some time, the sleepy porter made his appearance, saying that all had retired to rest, and that no one could be admitted. Nothing daunted, Malibran made me wait in the courtyard while she rushed up, in spite of all remonstrances, into the private apartments of the Marchioness. There awakening her by kissing her hand, and kneeling at her bedside, she implored forgiveness, and to such effect, that the supposed neglect was forthwith pardoned, and the two *grandes dames du monde et de l'art* became from that hour inseparable companions. This was one of the many instances where, by her impulsive nature, Malibran brought her very best friends into difficulties, and one of the few where she was able and willing to extricate them from their disagreeable position.

"I received a letter," continued Benedict, "in the spring of 1835, telling me that my name was announced in De Beriot's concert on June 22nd of that year in London. Malibran wrote as well to my wife, saying that no excuse would be taken, and that I must come. Accordingly I started, and reached London on June 15, 1835. On the very evening of my arrival, I had to accompany her at a private concert. On June 22nd, the day of my London *début*, Grisi and Malibran for the first time sang together in the duet from Menadante's opera '*Idronico*.' The success of that concert in Her Majesty's Theatre was unparalleled, and of course the duet between the two rivals in the prime of youth and beauty created an immense sensation. A great desire having been expressed for a second performance of the duet, Malibran and De Beriot asked me whether I would give a concert during July. Feeling that I was quite unknown in London, I hesitated, when Malibran asked me if I would be contented with a profit of eighty pounds, without any risk, which she would take upon herself. I at length yielded to her arguments, although very reluctantly, fearing that she would be a heavy loser by this generous arrangement. At Malibran's request Grisi consented to repeat the duet. The concert was given on 15th July, 1835,

and the profits exceeded 300%. This was the commencement of my annual concerts. I was of course overjoyed at the result; but my surprise was increased when, on arriving in Paris a month afterwards, Troupenas, my publisher and Malibran's great friend, informed me that he had 5000 francs at my disposal, Malibran having given him her share of the concert to hand to me. On the evening after the concert in London, she invited me to a large party at Eagle Lodge, Brompton, where she introduced me to her enterprising Impresario, Alfred Bunn, and where it was agreed that the next opera for Drury Lane, after Balfé's 'Maid of Artois,' was to be composed by me and her husband, De Beriot. Her untimely death in 1836 prevented this plan being carried out, but Alfred Bunn considered himself bound by his promise to Malibran, and produced my 'Gipsy's Warning' in 1838."

"During the time you have been in this country," said the Impresario to Benedict, "do you think any great change is observable in the social position of musical professors?"

"A most decided improvement has taken place in that respect," replied Benedict. "It was formerly the custom not to listen to a single note at any of the fashionable *réunions*, and owing to the noise of conversation and of people moving about—there being no seats provided—the singers and instrumental performers could with difficulty hear themselves. Lablache once told me that a Mr. Gosikow, a performer on the Jew's harp, playing at one of the fashionable private concerts, produced the greatest sensation; a lady standing close to him, exclaiming, 'There is a man who plays on an instrument which cannot be heard.' A breathless silence followed; and while Grisi, Caradori Allen, Rubini, and Lablache had been singing in dumb show, Herr Gosikow, the performer on the inaudible instrument, carried away all the honours. The crowd was so great at the fashionable *soirées* of those days, that the guests used to sit on the pianoforte. To prevent this being done, or for other reasons, on one occasion the artists found themselves encircled, and isolated from the rest of the company by a silken cord. Malibran was of the concert party and greatly offended by what she supposed was an insult to herself and *confrères*. Asking for a pair of scissors, in the presence of all assembled she cut the silken cord, and removed the offending barrier. My complete ignorance of English custom during the first year of my stay in London led to endless mistakes. Thus I was shocked at the abbreviation of *Miss*, used when addressing a lady, and always corrected the supposed error by directing all my letters to *Mistress* So

and So. Nor would I, in my extreme modesty, ever take wine when invited to do so at table, but always refused, much, I dare say, to the surprise of those who paid me the compliment. To show my dignity as an artist, when a card with '*At home*' upon it was left at my lodgings, I complained to my wife of the want of the civility of the proud ladies of this kingdom, who, apparently neglecting the conventional form of 'requesting the pleasure of my company,' put a slight upon me, and treated me like a servant. In fashionable circles, artists of any distinction are now received with the greatest courtesy, and their performances listened to with attention, it being no longer *à la mode* to ignore a taste for music. There were, however, at the time of my first visit to England some distinguished amateurs, who loved music for its own sake, and encouraged the art and artists when and wherever they could do so. Amongst those whom I remember with the greatest gratitude were the Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Falmouth, the late Duke of Cambridge, Sir Andrew Barnard, and others, who, in their social position, gave the art encouragement and a great impetus to its advancement in their particular sphere of life."

"You have told us," said the Impresario, addressing Mario, "the lowest sum you received in your professional career. Would it be an indiscreet question to ask what is the average income of a *primo tenore*, according to your experience?"

"Taking one year with another," replied Mario, "I should say I have made about — a year since the Aguado engagement. London," he continued, calculating, "—, concerts —, *tournées*, —; then the winter engagement in Paris or Russia —; yes, about —."

Two or three hours had now elapsed since leaving Dublin, and anxiety was evinced by the party generally as to where they would lunch or dine. No satisfactory information could be obtained on the subject, until the cook-medico-basso, who had taken a carriage for himself and his patient, the baritone, in answer to inquiry, passed word that, in his capacity of purveyor to the party, he had foreseen the necessity for refreshment on the road, and brought an ample store of provisions. He ratified his statement by holding forth a roast fowl and a mysterious paper bag out of the window. This prudence met with great approbation, particularly from Amina's mamma, who twirled her thumbs and smiled happily, declaring the basso to be the most good-natured fellow in the world. She had had a better view of the fowl and the mysterious bag, as they were held out of the window, than the rest of the party.

All fear of starvation being thus removed, various games were commenced among the travellers. Gennaro set up his railway chess-board, and challenged Alfonso to a trial of skill, in which neither exhibited any very great prowess, although both were serious enough over the contest. Lucrezia looked on at the chess-board for a short time, but then went off into a doze, which lasted until it was disturbed by the fowl and mysterious bag, which Polonini thrust in at the window by means of a stick. The fowl was forthwith divided among the three ladies and Gennaro, who brought from the recesses of a handsome travelling-bag all the requirements of a dining-table as far as regarded knife, fork, spoon, salt-box, and a drinking-cup.

The mysterious bag was opened, and found to contain the remains of what had once been a well-looking pigeon pasty, but was now an indescribable mass of jelly and pie-crust.

A request was passed to Polonini for some wine, whereupon the provident caterer handed out a bottle of claret, of which Amina's mamma took charge, and distributed in cups to the others. The luncheon, notwithstanding the primitive mode in which it had been served, passed off well, and put everybody into good humour. "Mamma" declared she had enjoyed it immensely, and, in fact, could not be persuaded to leave her chicken bones, which she took up a second time, having had a very good share of the pigeon pie between whiles. At length everything was consumed, and nothing left of what the basso had provided, except the greasy bag and the empty claret bottle. These were handed back to him in token of how his provisions had been appreciated.

Eating being over, chess was resumed, and lasted until the players were tired out, and took to smoking instead.

A PASTORAL.

I.

WHERE soft grey hills in summer sheen
All purple-stained, and streaked with gold,
All vermeil dashed, and tender green,
Their image in the lake behold.

II.

Where 'midst fair pastures browse the sheep,
Where bird and butterfly disport,
Where 'mongst the brambles roses creep,
And life seems but a summer thought.

III.

Where by its dam the lambkin plays,
Or crops the herb, or light frisks by,
Reminding of those olden days
When shepherds ranged in Arcady.

IV.

Where far away the eagle soars,
Scared by the shepherd from the flocks,
Where babbling streamlet idly pours
Over the moss-enamelled rocks.

V.

O Phyllis, come! the wild thyme sweet
Shall offer incense at thy shrine,
The warbling birds thy presence greet,
And deeper homage yet be mine.

VI.

The skies are bright, and blossoms rare
Flora in loving frolic flings,
Since Zephyr stirs the balmy air
With the soft waving of his wings.

VII.

And far and near their silvery mirth
Wakes up the hills and vales from sleep,
And o'er the beauty-laden earth
A fresher sense of joy doth creep.

VIII.

O Phyllis, come! Earth's rapturous voice
Calls thee to revel in her bliss;
Nature but breathes one word, "Rejoice!"
And Zephyr hails thee with a kiss.

IX.

Ah! what is sweeter in this life
Than a fair breezy day in June,
When rippling brooks in mimic strife
Purl lazily a sleepy tune.

X.

Whilst reeds in gentle music bend,
And call on Syrinx as they sigh,
In notes as sweet as Pan might send
From reed-pipes in the days gone by.

XI.

O Phyllis, come! Each wind-waved leaf
Can its own love-lorn tale relate;
The pine trees bow in faithful grief,
And mourn o'er Pithys' hapless fate.

XII.

And wood and mountain, wind and stream
Of many an old-world legend tell,
When mortals lived in golden dream,
And gods did on Olympus dwell.

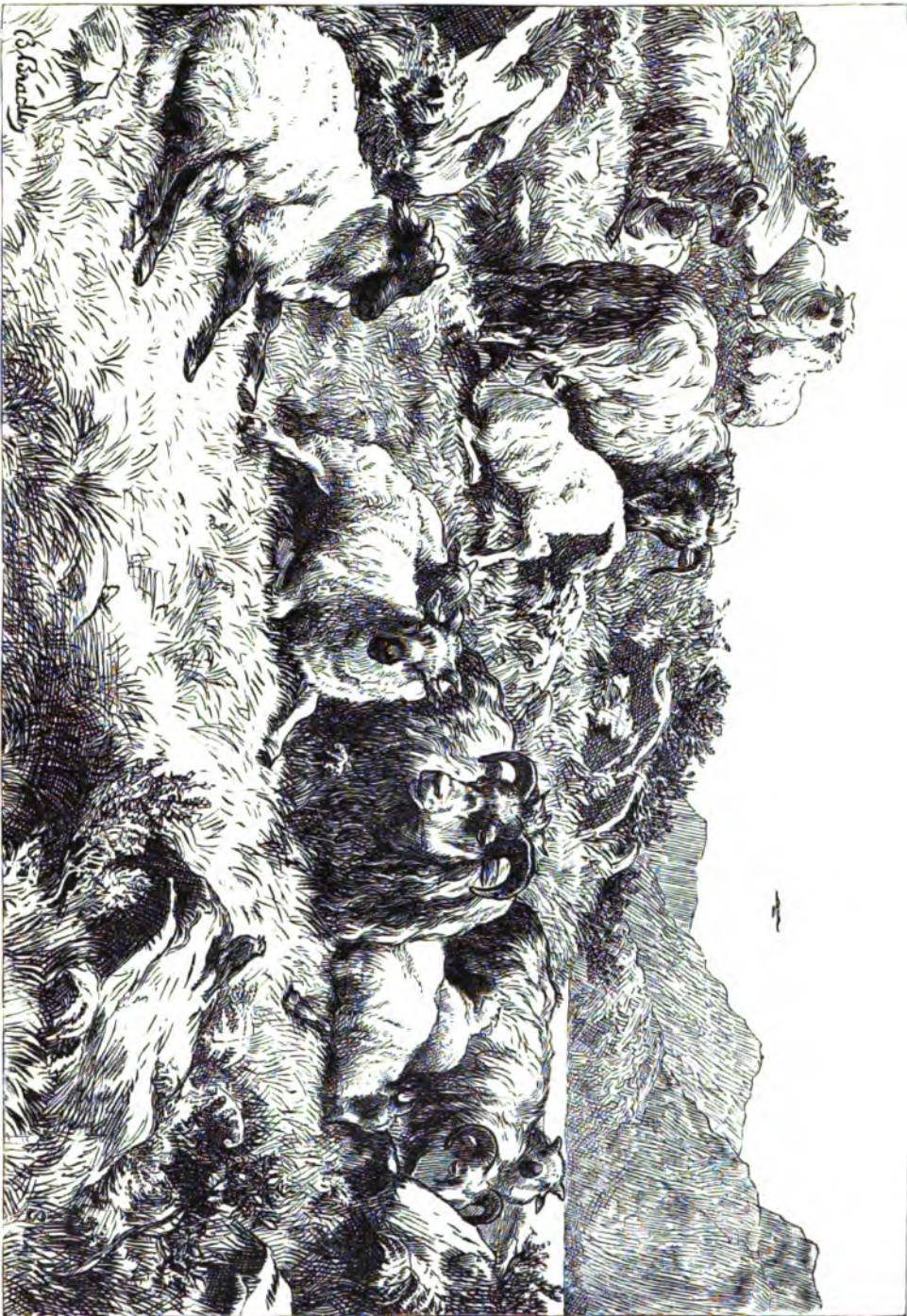
XIII.

Whilst over hill, through dale, through grove,
Shall Echo, with immortal tongue,
Wail how Narcissus scorned her love,
And o'er the flood enamoured hung.

XIV.

O Phyllis, come! Sweet mistress, hear!
Thy presence makes the earth divine,
Take from my heart its love-born fear,
Lest Echo's mournful fate be mine.

JULIA GODDARD.



HIGHLAND SHEEP.—BY BASIL BRADLEY.

WHAT TOM MAXWELL DID.

"WHO was that young fellow who seemed to be rather *eprie* with your rector's pretty daughter?" said I to my friend Marcus Jermyn, as I tore off my white tie, flung my dress boots into a corner, and prepared to settle myself down comfortably to a pipe and a chat in his cozy smoking-room, after a dinner party which he had given to some of the village magnates.

"What! Tom Maxfield, d'you mean?—the youngster who sat opposite to you?"

"Yes," said I; "there was something about his appearance I rather liked. Who is he?"

"He's a deuced plucky fellow, I can tell you," said Jermyn. "Why, did you never hear what Tom Maxwell did last winter?—it was in all the papers."

"Not I," said I. "I was in New York, you know, and missed a good deal of English news."

"Well, look here, old fellow; just get into that shooting-jacket, and brew yourself what you like, and I'll tell you the story. You know, in old times I was rather fond of a yarn."

Jermyn and I had been at Oxford together some ten or twelve years before, and had kept up the friendship which we formed there. Since I had last seen him he had succeeded to his father's property at Coxton, a pretty village on the east coast, and had settled down, very comfortably, to the ordinary routine of a country gentleman's life. I had been roaming all over the world, partly on business and partly on pleasure, and having a few weeks before returned from a lengthened tour in the United States, I had run against Jermyn in the Strand, and he had then made me promise to spend a few days with him at Christmas. Consequently, I found myself at the end of Christmas week, in his comfortable country-house; and what with two or three dinner parties, a carpet dance, and a servants' ball, had had rather a jolly time of it. I was to leave the next day for London, and Jermyn had given a dinner party in my honour, to some of his most intimate neighbours. They having departed, Mrs. Jermyn had given Marcus leave of absence at my particular request, and we had determined to pass a pleasant hour or two in talking over old times, and comparing notes as to how the world had treated us both since we were a couple of thoughtless undergraduates.

"What will you drink, Fred?" said Jermyn. "Brandy? Try the whiskey. It's rather a special good thing—a present from old McBride, whom you'll remember. However, just as you

like, only fill up and begin. Well," continued he, "you'd like to hear what Tom Maxwell did; but first you ought to know something about him. He's a pupil of old Sawyer, the vicar of Middleham, a village about a mile from here. Sawyer, who has a good deal in that ancient brain of his, but very little in his pocket, adds to the some hundred and fifty per annum, which he draws from Middleham tithe-payers, by taking a pupil or two; and a confounded nuisance they have been on one or two occasions, I can tell you. Talk of poachers, why that young scamp, Edwin Milborough, a son of Lord Milborough, played the dickens with my pheasants a couple of years ago, and finished off by shooting at my keeper. Luckily, it was a long shot, and it didn't hurt him, but Sawyer had the good sense to see that that sort of thing wouldn't do, and so the Honourable Edwin was sent home, much to the delight of the neighbourhood. Since then the pupils have been pretty fair, and I think young Maxwell is one of the best. He came to Sawyer about eighteen months since, and, as he is a very quiet, reading youngster, and never gets into mischief, he's rather a favourite among the matrons of the neighbourhood, and also, since the event I am going to tell you of, among the girls. I should mention that there is no society whatever in Middleham, so that Coxton sees as much as it does of Sawyer's pupils, and in fact they are tame about the place, and have the run of all the houses. At the time Maxwell came to Sawyer, he had but one other pupil, a tall young fellow called Denton, most abominably conceited, and no favourite with us. I don't know what Denton did, except dawdle about and gossip, for he had as genuine a liking for scandal as any old woman in the place. Somehow or other he gave us all a general impression that the new pupil, Maxwell, was a regular milksop, fresh from his mother's apron-string, and up to none of the ordinary pursuits of other youths. Seeing the samples we had already had, this was good news for us elders, but of course such a character did him no good among the young ladies, and they used to pity one another when Maxwell fell to their lot at a dinner party or dance. He certainly had very little to say for himself, and was uncommonly shy, and was therefore a great contrast to Denton, who would have thought nothing of strolling up to her Majesty at a *levée*, and advising her to let Buckingham Palace. In this way it got to be considered that Maxwell was a muff; and as he did nothing particular to remove this impression, it clung to him until the incident took place of which I am going to tell you.

"But your pipe's out, my dear fellow; try one of my cigars—they are fairish, I believe.

"Well, things went on very quietly until last January. Denton had taken to patronising Maxwell before people, and often hinted that, but for him, that unfortunate youth would be always getting into scrapes, and he took much credit to himself for taking the trouble to look after so young and inexperienced a lad. It was on the 20th of January, that these two young fellows had been dining with us, and it being a fearful night, we had persuaded them both to stay all night, a thing they were often in the habit of doing, and which, we knew well, would give old Sawyer no anxiety. The wind had been blowing pretty stiff all day from the north, and towards evening it had veered round to the east, and came on to blow a regular gale. We had, some of us, been down to the beach in the afternoon, and the fishermen had assured us that it was going to be a very dirty night. The sea was already white with foam, and was dashing and hissing angrily against the cliffs, and every now and then a fierce little shower of rain passed quickly by, bound inland, at racing speed. As we walked home the sun set, and the night came on very quickly, and the rain then became incessant and poured in torrents. The sound of the wind and rain, and the distant roaring of the sea, made us uncommonly glad to get under a good roof, where we knew we should find warmth and comfort. During dinner, in the intervals of talk, we could hear the rain beat against the windows with such a force that I really thought they would be driven in, and many a time, I can tell you, did one or the other of us say: 'What will the poor fellows at sea do to-night?' and look grave, as we thought of the too-likely possibility of some unfortunate vessel being off the coast. We all went to bed in very good time, that night, and were uncommonly glad to listen to the storm, through the medium of two or three thicknesses of stout blankets. I had been asleep for about two hours when Mary awoke me and said she had heard the front door-bell ring. I guessed at once what it was. I had given directions to the fishermen to send up to the Hall, whenever there was a ship on shore, and I felt certain that this was a message of that import. Accordingly, I slipped on my dressing-gown and went down to the door, and without opening it, asked who was there?

"'Tom Purvis,' was the answer.

"'What is it, Tom?' I said.

"'There's a ship on the Black Steel, sir.'

"'God help them, then,' was my first ejaculation. 'I'll be down directly, Tom,' I said, and went up-stairs to dress. Before

doing so, however, I thought that these two lads might possibly like the excitement of the scene; and so I went into the double-bedded room where they were sleeping. Upon hearing my errand, Denton said that he had a cold, and that he had seen wrecks before, and that he thought he wouldn't come; but young Maxwell immediately began to dress, saying, that he didn't think he could sleep comfortably, knowing that probably some unfortunate sailors were perishing so near to us.

"'Will they be able to do anything for them, do you think?' he asked me.

"'I fear not,' said I. 'The life-boat won't have a chance in such a sea as there must be, and I fear she may have struck too far off to be reached by a rocket. But be quick with your things, and we'll go down and see.'

"In five minutes we were both down at the hall-door, well wrapped up in pilot-coats and mufflers; and good need we had of them, I can tell you, for the moment we opened the door the wind and rain rushed in with such force as to nearly blind us, and it required all our united strength to shut it again. Having at last, however, done so, we turned round, and faced the tempest. It was, in truth, a fearful night, and we could scarcely make any way against the wind, which blew certainly far stronger than I had ever known it do before. We linked our arms together and managed at last to get down to the beach. The night was so dark that we could see nothing from the fishermen's cottages.

"'Where is she?' said I to an old man who stood at one of the doors.

"'She's on the south of the Steel, sir,' said he. 'They're trying to reach her with a rocket from the jetty-end.'

"This jetty was formed on wooden piles, and ran a short way out to sea. It was only used by the fishing-boats in certain states of the tide, to land their cargoes, and was a black, slimy, tumble-down affair at best. As we were making our way down the cliff, a matter of no little difficulty, we saw a stream of fire shoot in a curved direction, and knew that they had fired a rocket. Getting on to the beach, we made the best of our way through the fishing-boats, anchors, buoys, &c., and at last got on to the small, frail jetty, which seemed to stir and tremble with the force of the gigantic waves, which threw themselves furiously against it. Hurrying to the end, we found a tolerably large group of fishermen surrounding the two coastguardsmen who had charge of the rocket apparatus.

"'Do you make anything of her, Harvey?' said I to one of the coastguard, who lived in the village, and who was a great ally of mine in fishing and boating expeditions.

"Well, sir," said he, "I think she'll be a big French lugger that was knocking about, off and on, this afternoon. I said, when I see'd her, I wouldn't give much chance for her getting into harbour. It's so fearful dark, sir, that we can scarcely make her out a bit; but I fancy I picked out three masts, such as them great ugly French colliers have. We've missed her twice with the rockets—they both fell to leeward of her, but we'll allow enough for this one, sir."

"As he spoke, they got ready to fire another rocket, and this time, as far as they could guess, it went right over the unfortunate vessel. We had now begun to get our eyes accustomed to the darkness, and fancied that we could make out a black, shapeless mass, about fifty or eighty yards before us. We could hear the cries of the poor fellows on board clearly enough, and the crushing grinding sound of the vessel on the rocks; and by the latter sound we knew that, unless something was quickly done, they would all perish.

"Just then, to the great delight of us all, some one on board fixed a lantern in the rigging, and by its light we could see that the coastguard had been right in their conjectures, and that it was one of those large unwieldy luggers which trade between our northern coal-ports and France. We could also see that there was a group of people clustered amidships, who were evidently engaged in some operation, and directly afterwards the tightening of the rocket-line showed us that it was being hauled in from the ship. A stronger line having been attached to it, a board, with clear directions in French, as to the management of the apparatus, was sent off, and then the cradle slid away on its errand of mercy. All this time the wind had continued to blow so hard that we had great difficulty in keeping our feet, added to which every now and then a wave broke over the jetty and deluged us with water. We were, however, too much interested in the fate of the French crew to think much of our personal inconveniences. At last, after what seemed to us an immense time, we could just make out that a man was getting carefully over the side of the ship, and pulling the rope, he came towards us into the darkness, and in a few minutes we were able to haul up upon the jetty a miserable, half-drowned Frenchman, who very soon had the neck of a bottle of better cognac than he had ever before tasted thrust into his mouth.

"Off went the cradle again, and back it returned with the same result, until we soon had quite a little French colony, shivering and shaking, on the jetty beside us. There

only remained now the captain to be brought off, and, to our very great consternation, we made out from one of the crew, that he had announced his determination to stick by his ship, and wait until morning, when, he imagined, the sea would go down. His reason for this was an idea he had got into his foolish head, that upon his leaving his deck he lost all claim to his vessel, which at once became the property of perfidious Albion, and as this unsightly old lugger was his sole means of subsistence he determined not to give her up.

"It was a marvel to all the experienced sailors on the jetty that she should have held together so long as she had done, and she was expected to break up every minute. What was to be done then for this foolish old Frenchman? Was he to be allowed to perish with her, or could anything be done to compel him to save his life?

"We did not know what to do, and began to think that he must be left to his fate, when one of the fishermen was heard to say to another:

"If some fellow, now, had the pluck to go off and fetch him! If it wasn't for the wife and bairns, I'd go."

"And what would be the good of that," said another, "when you can't jabber a word of his confounded lingo?"

"There was a pause; and then, to my consternation, I heard a quiet voice at my elbow say:

"That'll be the only plan. I understand French, and will go off to him and explain the matter."

"You, Maxwell?" I said. "Stuff and nonsense, my dear fellow! I won't allow it for a moment!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Jermyn, but I intend to go. The last time they practised down here I went off for fun, and there's really no more danger now. It's only the darkness and the rain and noise that make it appear a rather perilous undertaking."

"No, I'll be hanged if you shall go!" said I. "Good gracious me! are you to risk your life because a confounded, thick-headed old French skipper chooses to be an obstinate old mule? Besides, you shan't do it, Maxwell, I tell you."

"His only reply was the taking off his watch, which he quietly handed to me.

"The wet will injure it," said he.

"Now, Maxwell, do be reasonable," said I. "For goodness' sake don't do this foolish thing. It's all very well being Quixotic, and all that sort of thing, but there's a limit to that, and this is beyond it. Come, let's go home; we can do no good here."

"But I had mistaken my man and my

power over him. He took me aside and spoke so seriously and sensibly, that I had no argument with which to confute his, and at last was compelled to give in, protesting all the while against it.

"I give you my word, Fred, that I was never so miserable in my life before. Here was a boy who was virtually, if not actually, in my charge, going into the most fearful danger, and I was powerless to stop him. If anything happened to this boy what was I to say to his parents, and what would they say to me?"

"However, the thing was evidently unavoidable, and I bestirred myself to see that all that was possible to secure his safety should be done. By this time it became known among the men on the pier that the lad had volunteered for the duty, which, no doubt, any one of them would have done, but for their ignorance of French. Some of them were very much against it, and at one time there seemed a chance of it being prevented; but Maxwell said a few words to them and they gave him a cheer, and set about getting him into the cradle. This was soon done, and with another ringing British cheer, the young fellow went off on his perilous expedition.

"We could just make out that he had reached the vessel, and then a very long time went by without any sign whatever. The excitement in all our minds, and in mine especially, was painful in the extreme. The coastguardsmen, old experienced men-of-war's men, and the fishermen, were all in a state of wonder that the vessel had held together so long, and we all expected that every minute would be her last. At length, after what seemed at least an hour, but which, I fancy, could have really only been about ten minutes, we saw a man get over the side of the vessel, and soon the ugly cause of all our anxiety,—a fat, pudgy, elderly Frenchman—was hauled on to the jetty; and if he did get a little roughly handled and shaken in getting him clear of the ropes, why I don't think he was much to be pitied. I need not say that the cradle was sent off again as quickly as possible, and we saw, to our great delight, that young Maxwell was getting into it. We began to haul with a will, but all of a sudden the vessel seemed to collapse and go completely to pieces. A great cry arose from all on the jetty, when, to our infinite delight, we heard Maxwell's voice close to us. He had just reached the jetty, when the rope gave way, from the vessel breaking up; but he clung tightly to it, and in a moment he was pulled up among us, and was almost devoured by the delighted fishermen, who crowded

round him to shake hands and ply him with brandy.

"It was undoubtedly one of the narrowest escapes that was ever heard of. If he had been a couple of feet further off when the rope gave way, nothing could have saved him, for the waves would have dashed him against the jetty and killed him, but he fell just clear of the sea, and we had him up before one of the large waves could come.

"I need not say that Master Maxwell was the hero of the neighbourhood for some time to come. But, bless you! instead of giving himself airs about it, as Denton would have done, and putting himself in the way of being complimented, nothing seemed to worry him more than hearing it talked about; and I have often known that the story was being told, although I could not hear it, from the way Maxwell used to fidget about, and his unhappy expression of countenance. He's nearly as shy as ever, although he's been considerably petted by all the girls about ever since."

"He should have that new decoration—the Albert Cross, I think it's called," said I.

"Ah! I wish it had been instituted then," said Jermyn; "no one could have better deserved it. We got him the Humane Society's medal, but I don't know what he has done with it. No one has ever seen it since he received it. And now," said Jermyn, yawning, "I must be off; I'm not used to this sort of thing now, and feel rather demoralised already from the society of such a rolling-stone as you are, old fellow. Good night!"

I left Coxton the next day, but thought the story of "What Tom Maxwell did" worth record; so here it is. W. E. WILCOX.

"A VOICE FROM THE RANKS."

ONE of the most momentous questions now before the public is that touching the difficulty of obtaining recruits for the British army.

It has been said "that Lord Palmerston found England the first power in Europe, and left her the third." Without altogether submitting to such judgment, it must be evident to every thoughtful and unprejudiced mind, that in matters military England is behind the time. We hear a great deal about "army reduction," "army reclothing," "army reformation," and those behind the scenes of military life, hear a good deal of "army recruiting," which, after all, is by far the most important subject for consideration, and upon which the interests of England as a prosperous commercial nation, as the owner of enormous Colonial possessions, and as the leading Pro-

testant power, must depend to a very great extent.

England requires an adequate force both at home and abroad; and this she will never have, until some great and sweeping changes are made in the system of recruiting, in the social position of the private, and in inducement offered to intelligent, responsible men to enlist, men whose pride as well as interests it would be to keep up the prestige won in the days of Oliver Cromwell.

We have but to refer to the pages of European history to find that few nations can boast annals more marked by success in arms than our own. It is well to refresh one's memory, now and then, with such reading, and go over facts which must arouse a feeling of pride in every English heart; nor until lately has a damp been thrown over this feeling. But the giant strides which science has made in supplementing the art of war, has reduced the distance which hitherto existed between England and other nations. It probably never entered the mind of even the great Duke himself to conceive the rapid development of the almost entirely new system of war tactics which has perfected during the past few years.

Colossal armies, supplied with ingeniously contrived and terribly effective weapons of destruction, have hurled death with blows, as ponderous and mighty as those of the fabled thunderbolts of Jove. The German campaign of last year has given startling proof of the incredibly short space of time in which modern armies can terminate a campaign, and turn the tide of power. The world saw an empire far exceeding Great Britain in extent overcome in the space of a few weeks. Marvellous results these, and sufficiently impressive to set men pondering on the contingencies which await their country in future wars.

Portentous events are rapidly developing themselves on the Continent, as well as elsewhere, and glimpses of a perturbed future are visible through the present vista of peace. These things need inspire us with little dread, did we but feel the same security in our army's numerical efficiency as of yore. But the times have changed. Instead of having a choice of stalwart men to fill the ranks, and the option of rejecting men below a certain standard of physical fitness, it is found that men, neither large nor small, are forthcoming in sufficient numbers to keep up even the ordinary peace footing of our army. The question which naturally arises out of this state of things is a very pertinent one, viz., "What has caused it?" The public journals have been filled with letters purporting to reveal the answer to this query, and a Royal

Commission has been employed in unravelling this knotty skein of military difficulty. Its labour has been brought to a creditable if not a successful close; and the recommendations embodied in a report have been laid before the public. The suggestions, which consist primarily of a prospective pecuniary increase, and an amelioration of some of the many hardships of a soldier's career, have, with but few and unimportant exceptions, been ignored, while the Government has chosen to substitute in their stead certain measures of its own. On the question of an increase of pay, the Government has acted with a great deal of sense. The tenure of a soldier's life is so insecure, has so many chances to one against its being a long one, that he cannot afford to serve an apprenticeship to qualify for a prospective reward.

The contingencies of war, climate, and other hazards, are too well known, as associated with soldiering, to be disregarded by the public in an estimate of this kind. These considerations, therefore, endorse the views of the Government in assigning a present increase of two pence per diem to the pay of the soldier on joining as a recruit. But it lacks this essential element of attraction; the two pence is not to be added to the soldier's pension on discharge. A judicious blending of pecuniary advantages, present and prospective, would have made the scheme more complete, and have done something towards abating, if not eradicating, the growing dislike of the public to the choice of the army as a profession. It is ill-timed illiberality to deny the soldier at the close of his military career, the pay of which he was in receipt while serving; and thus to disconnect his pay and pension.

During the time of his servitude he is housed, has bedding, fuel and light, free of expense, and he is rationed at an immoderately low figure, considering the present high rate of provisions. Is it amiss, then, to ask, does a shilling a day (many receive only eight pence or ten pence per diem), in any way compensate him for the loss of such advantages on discharge; or does he then require less to sustain life than before? If not, how palpable the injustice of providing him with the means of living comfortable during a term of twenty years, and then withdrawing them, notwithstanding that increasing years, and, too frequently, an impaired constitution, make such all the more needful.

Prior to the year 1848, this disparity between the pension of the soldier, and his pay and comforts while serving, was not so appreciable; nor did it really exist. Then he had only two meals a day; viz., breakfast con-

sisting of brown bread and coffee, and dinner of boiled meat, soup, potatoes, and a small allowance of bread. Unless he purchased a supper out of his scanty daily pittance of threepence or fourpence, he had nothing further in the shape of food until breakfast hour the following morning. The quality and quantity of his rations were much below what they are at the present day; in fact, on one occasion, the front square in Chatham Barracks was literally strewn with loaves of brown bread, thrown there by the exasperated soldiers, who could get no redress on having complained of its very inferior quality, and therefore so acted.

In a garrison town, such as Portsmouth, for instance, the troops were at this time overworked, as regarded their duties. It was usual for a soldier to be on guard alternate days, when he had to carry his ration of raw meat, bread, coffee, and sugar, in his knapsack, and cook it in the guard-room. This system was pregnant with inconvenience to the men whose turn it was to be off duty, inasmuch as, soldier like, they gave their allowance of meat, or nearly so, to their comrades on duty, and had well-nigh to fast themselves. The allowance of fuel and light for the soldier was then not so liberal as now; and in winter it not unfrequently happened that he had to make up deficiencies out of his scanty pay. He was also over-drilled. Before and after breakfast, after dinner, and very often, for some trifling fault, at a late hour in the evening, he was at drill; and his intermediate time, until bed-time, was almost fully occupied in cleaning his dress and accoutrements for the morrow's parades.

Now-a-days, the soldier is almost wholly relieved from these vexatious privations and inconveniences; has three good meals daily, and, comparatively, has greater comforts in almost every respect. It will readily be seen, then, that his pay and pension in those days were not so disproportionable as at present, and this circumstance ought to have had due weight in fixing the rate of pension in connection with the projected army reform; which oversight has inflicted a real grievance upon our soldiers.

In connection with this subject, it may be urged, and with apparent fairness, that on discharge the soldier is not in a state, from age or ill health, to incapacitate him from obtaining suitable employment in civil life. But is a man at the age of forty years, or upwards, and who has imbibed a decided taste for military pursuits, in a position to compete successfully with younger men, who have not on their side the disadvantage of having been soldiers, a circumstance, which, in itself, is

too often a fatal barrier to obtaining employment? All these circumstances considered, it would only be justice to the soldier to improve his pension even beyond the maximum, instead of placing it below the minimum of his pay.

There is another point in connection with army reform which has not yet been dwelt upon. It is this. Not under any circumstances does the country officially provide for the soldier's family in the event of his being killed in battle; but this obvious duty is left to the nation to perform out of its private charities. It may be urged that to do so would be burdening the country with enormous expenses; or that if the soldier has a claim on the country his family has not. Still, permission to marry having been granted a soldier, it surely behoves Government to care in a measure for his family. And this in India is not overlooked. There a soldier's wife and children receive a monthly allowance, and are borne on the muster rolls and pay abstracts of their corps. Nor have the families of soldiers on home service been overlooked in this respect. By a recent circular, provision is made for such when the husband is sent away on detached duty. This is a step in the right direction, and has, no doubt, been productive of much good, in making the deserving soldier feel that those dear to him are not wholly forgotten by the Government during his enforced absence. But it is when the "bread-winner" has been taken from the family that something ought to be done for its support.

Nor is he without a precedent, drawn from the manufacturing departments of the War Office and the Admiralty, on which to base this expectation. In these services, the widows of those artisans or labourers who are killed while in the execution of their duty, receive a pension or gratuity according to the nature and merits of the case; and even the widows of men who die from natural causes after having completed a certain servitude, have a gratuity awarded them. And these awards are made notwithstanding that the men, when alive, received the full marketable rate of wages of their craft. In opposition to these, it may be urged that for one fatal accident to a mechanic or labourer, ten or even twenty soldiers are killed in war, or die from the baneful effects of foreign climes. But this does not lessen the force of the argument in favour of the soldier receiving equal consideration, as regards provision for his family, with the artisan in the Civil Service. Granted the disproportion of deaths in the two cases is great, yet when it is considered that only a certain proportion of soldiers can or do marry, and that there is no limit the number of

civil artisans who may marry if they choose, it will be seen that this apparent disproportion is sensibly and relatively diminished. If it be deemed objectionable to provide officially for the soldier's family at his death, by the award of a gratuity or pension, why is it not equally objectionable when applied to the case of the families of civil artisans? Would it not be popularising the army to extend some such boon to a married soldier of a certain servitude, say, after twelve years; and with respect to pensioners, to award, under similar circumstances, their widows a full quarter's pension. It is to be hoped that some active member of parliament will take this matter into his serious consideration, with a view to procure so just a boon for the defenders of our country.

Another real grievance is this: viz., that the soldier is made to feel, while in the army, and also after leaving it, that his social status is fixed by the Government at a very low standard indeed. Clerkships in the Civil Service have been awarded to educated, pensioned, or retired non-commissioned officers; some of whom have had to qualify by passing an examinative test before the Civil Service Commissioners. Yet these appointments are hedged about by restrictions of a nature to debar those holding them from rising in their profession beyond a certain limit. Their social status is fixed—has been so from the moment of their first entry into the army, and no exertion, no amount of persevering intelligence, or aptitude for duties on their part, can or does help them to rise beyond such in the official scale, and as a consequence in the social scale either, for the latter is gauged by the former. Yet the projected measures of army reform have for their avowed object that of obtaining a better class of men for the ranks, educated men from the middle class of society. And this expectation is based upon—what? Twopence a day increase of pay, and other minor advantages, with the chance perhaps of rising to the proud position of a non-commissioned officer, and of eventually filling the appointment of a pensioned clerkship in the Civil Service, on a very low salary, and an equally low standing in the service. A splendid career this for an ambitious youth; an attractive bait for men of education, and of a respectable position in society, to swallow with eager avidity. Is it reasonable to expect that heads of families, or friends, would calmly and deliberately advise their sons or relations to embark in a military career with such prospects before them? Yet this is exactly what the present scheme of army reform is expected to do. But is it not absurd to suppose it will so result—that it will attract men of educa-

tion, who, although educated perhaps in a middle class or even national school, can yet exercise as sound judgment in matters pertaining to their personal interests, as can young men with a college training, who are supposed to look beyond the career of a common soldier for a profession. Such measures will no doubt attract a certain proportion of the lowest class of society, but no sensible person can expect a better class of men for our army until better terms are offered them. Raise the social status of the soldier by holding out to him the prospect of a commission, if he can qualify by passing a certain educational test, and exhibit a proficiency in the details of drill and discipline; bestow clerkships in the Civil Service on properly qualified military candidates on terms of equality with civilians; treat the soldier generally with the same respect and consideration you would bestow on any honest, persevering, and intelligent man in the nation; and then, but not till then, will men of a better stamp enter the ranks of the army to risk life, limb, health, and reputation; and not till then will the discontent arising out of army grievances cease, and the country feel safe in having again a numerically efficient army to rely upon in any hour of need.

EL TORO NEGRO.

SOME years ago, it fell to my evil fortune to spend ten weary days in the ancient city of Panama. They were the ten dullest days of my existence. It was what they called fine weather, that is, there was no rain, but the damp heat that hung equally within doors and without was more intolerable than anything I have felt before or since in any part of the world. It was necessary each morning to scrape the mildew from my coat before my toilet could be considered as completed, and it had been previously necessary to scrape the mildew from off my spirits before that toilet could be begun. One operation was performed with a blunt razor and a clothes-brush, the other with two cocktails of New Orleans pattern. I was living in the greasiest, most extortionate, most comfortless, and most uncivil of hotels, whose chambermaids were bare-footed Spanish mulatto boys, into whose heads instruction could be imparted only through the medium of candlesticks, and where the cooks were capable of but two dishes—namely, beefsteak soddened in garlic, and eggs congealed into plaster of paris. The first day's ramble had exhausted the tumble-down, decaying, unwholesome little town. I had promenaded the ramparts defending a port which had no anchorage, and

within shot of which no bigger craft than a canoe might venture; I had heard mass in the cathedral of the Plaza; I had compared the squalid architecture of the seventeen ruinous old churches growing, like outrageous fungi, wherever the soil was darkest and rottenest; I had bought things in the wonderful shops where you may ask for tracts or tobacco, silk or seidlitz, with an equal uncertainty of getting both or neither in exchange for the medley of half crowns, dimes, francs, and reals which you proffer; I had ridden out along the one road which leads anywhere and nowhere, and admonished by an impassable ditch that I had arrived at the end thereof, had returned to languid pyramids upon a paralytic table; I had made a fishing expedition to Toboga and the Isle of Pearls, where I was not sunstricken and had no other success to mention; I had read the last month's *New York Herald* to desperation; I had consumed a sufficient quantity of ice to wreck a Peruvian gunboat and to treble my hotel bill; I had done everything but sleep, which the entomology of the isthmus declined to hear of; and, after all, here were two more days to be killed, and the cobwebs were hourly settling more dustily over my soul, as I lay one morning in an embrasure of the fortification, looking out desperately over the sweltering bay and across the hissing sands, into the malarious jungle beyond. I was striking a fusee upon a ridiculous old cannon of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, which, as the sentry afterwards confided to me, had been loaded for four years and would certainly burst if made acquainted with ignition, when to me there appeared the most lying nigger in the world urging me to the purchase of specimens of the fauna and flora of the land. He told me—lie the first—that certain enormous orchids in his collection, resembling yellow hammers nestling in rhododendrons, came from a city that he called *Panama Viejo*; he told me—lie the second—that old Panama was but three miles distant; and he told me—lie the third and the biggest—that it was an extensive ruined city of the greatest interest to travelers of energy and scientific attainments, such as the illustrious *caballero* whom he had the honour of addressing. In asking whether the ruins were Indian or Spanish I took him beyond his depth, it seems; they might have been pre-Adamite for all he knew to the contrary, but they were *bonito* and *hermoso* and *magnifico*, and so forth; and whenever the tide ebbed—tides in the bay of Panama are independent of almanacks—which it might do tomorrow, I could ride over along the beach, taking, for a consideration of silver currency, him the speaker as a guide to discover—who

knows?—perhaps the golden city of Manoa. Now before the knave had finished his rignamole, I had made up my mind to go; and so, amusing him with references as to the morrow, I expanded my umbrella and resolutely set forth.

It was a weary walk round the half moon of the bay. Where there was sand it was ankle deep, and where there was rock it was rough and slippery. And when I had got round the headland in about two hours, and was at least five miles from my starting point, there was no more sign of Panama Viejo than when I had set out. It was not until I had doubled another and more arduous promontory that I became aware of a ghostly green and grey tower looming in the distant solitude, and inviting (or perhaps forbidding) me to extend my ramble some three miles further. There were a few negroes' huts along the shore, and I had a miniature excitement in the performance of one truculent man of colour with whom, in consideration of his purveying water, I had shared my brandy and tobacco, and who subsequently pursued me over the sand brandishing a club in one hand, and a cutlass in the other, which onset I awaited, doubtfully enough, with my back against a rock and my umbrella in the first position, but who proved after all to be actuated by the most friendly motives—the club turning out to be a sugar cane, and the cutlass reducing itself to portable lengths of sweetmeat of which I found the nutritive value before my day's work was over. There was also a little stream making its way out of a fresh-water lagoon, and thrown over it a single arched bridge, the first probably ever built by Europeans in either of the Americas. But the bridge was impassable from the thickness of the brushwood, and the rivulet had to be forded to gain admission to the tower. This was some sixty feet high, and was fairly choked with rank parasitical growth. It had once communicated with some extensive outworks, of which barely the traces were remaining, and these not to be discovered without research. It had been probably of greater use as a watch-tower and pharos than for any other purpose, and I dare say many a weary eye has, from its summit, swept the southern horizon for the great galleon from Lima which, thanks to Captain Drake and Amyas Leigh, would never send her treasure home to the vaults of Castille and Arragon. I suppose that it was hereabouts that Salvation Yeo and William Penberthy of Marazion wandered drearily with the little maid who was afterwards Ayacanora, daughter of the Sun God; but I do not at all believe that Mr. Oxenham, or Captain Drake either, ever saw

the gleam of the Pacific waters from the eastern shore, for, climb as high as I might, I could not even make out the course of the Chagres river. And altogether, although the British or American public had thoughtfully inscribed their interesting autographs upon the interior, there was really nothing whatever to look at, and it had been a tedious and toilsome journey on a fool's errand. By the time that I had arrived at this conclusion, the sun was making for the Galapagos faster than was pleasant, and so, packing up my moralising for another opportunity, I turned to make the best of my way back to my inn.

Now my path, though long and difficult, was at least unmistakeable. I had but to go straight along the shore, with the sea on my left-hand, and the jungle on my right, until I found myself in the town. This was the way by which I had come, and on which I pursued my return faithfully for at least an hour. And then I was tempted into indiscretion. The jungle was but a narrow belt, lying between the rocks and the savannahs, as the natives term the smooth soft rolling plains which form the country. This belt varies in width from ten yards to a hundred, but, broad or narrow, it is equally impassable throughout, excepting where at intervals cattle have gradually forced their way through the weakest point, and opened narrow tracks, permitting difficult communication. Happening upon such a track, where the rocks were peculiarly perverse, I bethought myself unluckily of the luxuries of a green sward for walking purposes, as well as of the great saving in distance to be effected by an avoidance of the sinuosities of the shore. I had a toy compass on my watch chain, with which I had taken the bearings of the town from the tower; and so, fortified with a knowledge of my course, I turned my back upon the sea, and boldly entered the savannah. I was literally enchanted by the change; anything to equal the rich beauty of that landscape I could not previously have imagined. Talk of green Erin! her brightest tints are lustreless beside such emerald sheen; her most productive valleys are but barren Sahara when compared with the bounteous soil which I was treading. Every tint of verdure gleamed upon the trees, and on the patches of graceful shrubs, breaking up the undulating pasture as in an English lawn, while every hue of the rainbow sparkled from the flowers, laughing in the faint land breeze, and flashed from the gorgeous wings that fluttered from bough to blossom. But beyond all this there was here a charm which no mere variety of colour can furnish, in the smooth velvet carpet of grass, resembling nothing in the world but

the unwrought fibres of malachite which a touch will stain, sleeping unchangeably beneath. My fresh start was a merry one, as I reflected complacently upon all the big rocks I had cut off, and the sand I had ingeniously disappointed,

But it was not to be all plain sailing. Presently a cactus fence interposed, too large to leap, too yielding to climb over, and, having a deep ditch in the middle, impossible to force one's way through. By the time its flank was turned I was not very confident of the necessary angle whereby my course was to be amended. In a second fence I found a breach, through which, after some delay, I scrambled, leaving fragments of umbrella to mark my passage. Here about sunset I struck a beaten path, which turned to the left towards the sea, and which I reluctantly resolved to follow as the safest if the most toilsome road. Leaving the savannah, it seemed to enter the jungle at one of its thickest points, and going in obliquely, carried me for half-an-hour through the tangled brushwood, up to my knees in mud, and with every remaining ray of light intercepted by the overhanging branches which I had to stoop low to avoid. Then, with the noise of the surf beating in my ears, and within pistol-shot of the sea, it came to an abrupt and unaccountable termination. Here I completed the wreck of my umbrella and scratched my face like a chess-board before I would admit the necessity of turning back, and when I again reached the open it was quite dark, and although a providential match showed the face of the compass, it was impossible to follow its doubtful directions which sent me up against another cactus, the biggest, I should imagine, that the country can afford. I was, in fact, lost; and before nine o'clock was miserably sleepy, having climbed scores of hills, and forded dozens of ditches, which work, added to the sand and stone business of the morning, made me long to lie down in the pleasant warm night air and sleep comfortably until morning, in which case, I need hardly say, the readers of *ONCE A WEEK* would have been spared this tale. However, I stumbled on somehow until I saw a light which was no fire fly, and stood outside a long low farmhouse, or rather herdsman's hut, the noise of the voices within falling on my ears in most delightful music. With a light knock and a pleasant *Dios y paz*, I passed cheerily in, determined to ask lodging for the night. Four figures started as I did so. In a long lofty room, with a few miserably daubed prints of saints embellishing the mud walls, sat, at a rickety table in the centre, and over a villainous pack of Spanish cards, three very dirty negroes. Beyond these, and between them

and the large fireplace, hung one of the grass hammocks of the country, in which lay sleeping two little dusky children, rocked by a young and pretty quadroon woman crooning some savage lullaby. My entrance seemed to create extraordinary commotion, and it was many minutes before I could make the girl, who was the most intelligent of the party, understand my adventure. The men, after listening stupidly, whispered eagerly together, leaving their companion to sustain the entire conversation. I think that my praise of her children's beauty, and they were as pretty as any white ones I ever saw, won the mother's heart, for I am unwilling to believe too much in the five franc-piece which I slipped into one little hand that opened in infant dreaming; but she utterly refused to hear of my sleeping there while there were horses to be had at no great distance, for the use of which the señor would doubtless be willing to pay a few dollars. But upon her ordering the men to bring in two of these horses, they all roughly refused, saying that it was too late for any more work, and that the señor could very well sleep on a bench there until morning. Meanwhile the game of cards dragged noisily on, the players occasionally wandering about the room on pretended search for *aguardiente*, which they knew the house did not contain. There was an old pair of horse pistols hanging over the fireplace, from which I could not easily take my eyes, and which seemed an object of attention to the others also. Turning to light a cigarito at the wood embers, I carelessly took one of them down from its pin, and a look told me that it was unloaded and probably useless. Turning it over contemptuously, I asked the eldest and most insolent of the negroes,—

"Is this old-fashioned tool your property, my friend? It is a poor thing to trust to now-a-days, when they make weapons this fashion," and I drew a small breech-loading six-shooter from my waistcoat pocket, and looked steadily round at each. "Why, before you could prime your blunderbuss I could shoot you and five others, and load again for half-a-dozen more before your friends had time to ask where you had gone to. Do you mean to look for those horses you were told about? My hand is unsteady from want of sleep, and I might pull my trigger in mistake."

"For the sake of the blessed St. James, put down that accursed pistol, señor," put in the nigger, sulkily. "There is nothing the señor can want which will not be done so far as may be. They did not wish to send the señor out so late, and the night so dark, but if he desired it, why——"

The door opened, and a fourth man entered. This new-comer was about fifty years old, of medium height, a mulatto, strong and muscular as a prize-fighter; indeed, he was rather like a member of the P. R., although I have never met with one of the fraternity equally good-looking. He was evidently and naturally surprised at my presence and attitude, but saluted me courteously, bidding me welcome with an air that proclaimed him the master of the establishment. The woman rose gladly to meet him, and, after a short whisper from her, turning upon the younger men he seemed to reprove them, as I might judge from his tone and their deprecating gestures, for he spoke a *patois* or *argot*, which left but few words intelligible, and then addressed me, who had been looking on with no small interest, apologetically,—

"Catarina tells me, señor, that the lads have been but rude in my absence. They do not often see strangers out here, and have not learned good behaviour in these savannahs. José, bring in two horses; the señor Ingleso and I will ride into the town. A very bad place to lose one's road, señor, but we will find it again for you in an hour. Come, along Juan—Pedro—what do you stand staring at? Out and help José, and don't be long about it."

The man seemed to comprehend the situation, and to fall into my wishes so rapidly that I was almost bewildered. In less than ten minutes, during which he had spoken of the season, the cattle, the pearl fishery, and such common-place local subjects, I had bade farewell to Catarina, and was standing outside the door by the head of a little white horse of Mexican type, which had been hastily arrayed in bitless bridle of twisted thong knotted round the nose, and saddle of boards and raw hide, of the pattern of Henry V.'s in Westminster Abbey. With some strategy I kept my equivocal entertainers in front while mounting, and with my guide to lead the way rode off into the darkness amid their sullen "*Buenas noches, señor.*" There was little opportunity for conversation. It was but by straining my eyes to the utmost that I could make out the tail of the leading horse, and in the soft gullies which we crossed, girth deep in mud and water, there seemed more than once a possibility of disappearing altogether. Ears as well as eyes had to be strained here, and I hung upon every savage oath by which the mulatto urged his jaded brute forward, treasuring it eagerly for application when it came to my turn to plunge into the slough. As my feeble pony swayed from side to side in awkward lunges through the mire, the imprecations and the umbrellas

falling upon him simultaneously, I had leisure to contemplate the chances of suffocation under his staggering carcass among the slimy weeds and rotten timber, and with no ray of light to assist in my extrication. However, we pulled through them all, though with toil and misgivings wonderful. My coloured friend did his work like a man, and in little more than an hour we were on the hard road, barely four miles from town. Here we made a pause to breathe the cattle, when he surprised me by saying:

"*Gracias a Dios!* we are well over that business, señor. The road is plain enough now, and in one hour you may walk into Panama."

"But, my friend, you were to take me thither. I hardly know the road even, and it is not pleasant to be alone in the dark. You will be none the worse for supper and a flask of *aguardiente* at the hotel."

I fear that I was somewhat dishonest in proffering this temptation. The liquor might certainly be had, but I knew too well that after 8 p.m. no food was procurable for love or money at my wretched hostelry. But the bait was unsuccessful, for the only reply I could elicit was:

"Thanks, señor; I will take you as far as the bridge if you desire it, but you must excuse me if I have no wish to enter the town. I have no friends there, and desire to be home early."

Now the bridge was immediately outside the negro quarter, and the way thence to the Aspinwall House lay through the heart of this most objectionable locality. I hardly felt reassured.

"Pardon, *amigo*, but why stay at the bridge? If you dislike the inn it is no more than I do; but at least come as far as the first *posada*. It will not detain you many minutes."

"Well then, señor, to the Plaza Santa Anna, no further." And beyond this I could obtain no concession; so we jogged slowly on. Once, about halfway, we met some dusky creature on horseback, who stopped to exchange greetings, which I vigilantly noted, with a hand in my faithful waistcoat-pocket. Arrived at the Plaza, we entered a deep archway, from whence led a grand old dilapidated staircase, and up this my guide, having thrown his substitute for a bridle on the neck of his nag, stepped lightly in search of a candle, by whose light our covenanted transfer of dollars was to be effected. It was given him by an old woman, who, as I imagined, spoke chidingly to him, but her rebuke was laughed away, and already my purse was in my hand (we were both on foot

now), and I was rooting out the stipulated silver, when—

"Hush!" and the candle was blown out and set gently down as the measured tramp of troops echoed over the rough pavement. "For the love of the blessed Virgin, silence!" and my arm was gripped to pain. A patrol wheeled out of the shadow of the church, and moved heavily past us. The fingers on my arm tightened into rigidity. At that instant my unlucky horse, pony, mule, or whatnot, whom it had been most difficult to urge to locomotion hitherto, acquiring sudden impatience, struck the stones of the courtyard with his iron hoof, raising a ringing echo through the silent street.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Advance and speak to him," was muttered hoarsely in my ear, and hardly knowing what I was about to do, I moved forward. I could just make out, in the middle of the road, and peering inquiringly about him, a young New Grenadian officer with his sword unsheathed, and at the head of about thirty soldiers of the line. I thought that I recognised him, and determined on my action instantly.

"Ah! Señor Bermudez, ravi de vous voir; vous êtes arrivé à la bonheur! It is so comfoundedly dark I can't see where I am going. And you don't know what vesuvians are on the Isthmus. I have been endeavouring to coax a light for my cigarito out of damp vestas for the last quarter. By the way," after accepting the instantly proffered accommodation, "this is rather late duty, is it not? I fancied that you would be found lamenting my absence from pool instead of rambling about the town with no better company than your men to talk to. Nothing wrong, I hope, since morning?"

"Señor, you are English, and we do not bore you with our little domestic troubles. But the province is disturbed, and there has been a noted chief of the insurgents in the neighbourhood this week. Parbleu!"—the dainty little *commandante* piqued himself upon his French—"we soldiers have not all holiday time of it. To-morrow, señor, I will take my revenge at the table; but for to-night—Forward there!—march! There is something else to be done. *Addio, amigo! vaya usted con Dios.* They told me that you had been out all the afternoon, but I did not know that you had been on horseback. You English are perfect centaurs. *Mañana.*" And he was gone, hurrying after his command before I could reply.

I was experiencing a disagreeable sensation of having compromised myself foolishly, and determining to get rid of my dangerous acquaintance without delay, had got so far as

to tender the sum agreed upon for his services, when he, who had not spoken while the tramp of the retiring soldiery was audible, put aside the silver with respectful but decided rejection.

"Nay, señor, no money from you. My life was in your hands a minute since, and you saved it. Even we who are not white," and drawing himself proudly up he seemed to incline his head half deprecatingly, "can feel gratitude to our protectors, and serve them without reward. Go, señor, I am no fitting company for an English *caballero*, but neither Catarina nor myself shall forget you in our prayers. And there may come a day in Panama when you shall find friends less powerful than *El Toro Negro*! *Addio, señor*. God and all the holy saints protect you."

But that he escaped, I knew. There had been a package left at the hotel by a negro boy long before I was awake next morning, consigned to *el señor Ingleso*, who had purchased it the day before, and this package, folded compactly, was a Darien hammock of fine grass, worth perhaps forty dollars, for it was beautifully plaited, and as strong as steel, and enclosing—what token of identity do you suppose? A single vesuvian, which I must have dropped when drawing my revolver. I remembered then having admired the cradle of her children, and that Catarina had told me that such quality was but for common use, but that José's brothers, who lived near Darien, made hammocks such as I myself might sleep in. As I have done many a night since then.

I found out from the innocent *commandante* the whole history of *El Toro Negro*, of whom he had actually been in pursuit when we encountered him in the Plaza. Formerly a matador of repute about Bogota and Caracas, it was said that an Ecuadorian lady of station had fallen in love with him at Quito, and that he had acquired such powerful enemies by carrying her off from the city as to make himself virtually outlawed for the last five years. He had during that period lived mainly on the Isthmus, well behaved socially, but politically most obnoxious to the government, as the leading spirit among the disaffected negroes of the province, with whom, from a reminiscence of his old calling, from his great strength and his presumed ferocity, he had gained the forbidding *sobriquet* by which he had introduced himself to me. In the last attempted revolution a price had been put upon his head, and it was supposed that he had fled to Costa Rica or Honduras. He had, however, been recognised in the cathedral at the feast of the Ascension, and great efforts were being made for his apprehension,

his presence being interpreted as the signal for another rising.

"And it is scarcely prudent for you to be out so late, *amigo*," added the friendly little officer. "If *El Toro* or any of his gang had had the good fortune to fall in with your watch or purse, you would have been a wiser and a poorer man when I met you in the Plaza."

It was two years later when I again touched New Grenadian soil. The morning on which I landed will not be readily forgotten upon the Isthmus. Far down the bay we had gathered rumours of riot and insurrection; of barricades in the streets, and houses swept down by cannon; of murder, robbery, and sacrilege; of the Aspinwall railway torn up, the company's offices plundered, and their officials massacred; of the United States frigate *Pau-puk-kee-wis* seized by the rebels, and engaged at that moment in throwing shells into the citadel; and of ten thousand impossible and contradictory romances enacted within the last twelve hours. I need hardly say that the stars and stripes floated as unconcernedly as usual as we passed Uncle Sam's batteries, that the railway station was found in perfect *status quo* on our arrival, and that the effects of no cannonade were at all visible, there being no cannon to employ excepting of the effete description I have referred to before. But the pier and the streets were crowded with an eager, excited populace, who had certainly some more than ordinary tale to tell if one could but command coherence from them. Contrary to all precedent, there was no omnibus to take us to the hotel, and once arrived there the confusion was but worse confounded. The cafés, the larger entrance-hall, the dining-rooms, the ladies' saloon, the piazza, and indeed the street itself were thronged by a noisy gesticulating crowd of all nations, jabbering all languages, and not one in twenty having a clear idea of what he was talking about. Even the cocktail of the country was neglected, and amid the universal Babel I had twice helped myself to sangarees, which never found their way into my bill, before deciding upon going on to Aspinwall by way of ascertaining what was the matter at Panama. As I worked my way through the crowd with this intention, my eye caught the familiar uniform of my old acquaintance, Bermudez Casas, who remembered me instantly, and warmly welcomed me.

"Although I wish," he added, "that you had come at any less busy time. We have real work on our shoulders now, and last night has not finished it. *Madre de Dios*, how those fellows yelled when they found them-

selves in the trap! It was a grand stroke, and worthy of the Cid Campeador. Come up to the barracks for your *cerveza*, and see the bodies."

And as we went, he recounted the exploit of which Castilian chivalry might have been proud. The dissaffected chiefs had been corrupting the troops; and desertions were becoming numerous, when the commanding officer determined upon one bold stroke to end the anxiety of the garrison. Seeking out the rebel leader, he proffered friendship and fraternity, and proposed to deliver up the citadel and its arsenal on a given night, when any officer who might decline to join the movement was to be slain; and the two arch conspirators were to make themselves joint masters of the province, leaving one to govern there while the others marched upon Bogota. Two hundred chosen men were to be admitted into the citadel at midnight, then and there to arm themselves, and, after overpowering or incorporating the garrison, to proclaim the new government at daybreak. It was a tempting snare, and succeeded perfectly. At midnight the two hundred devoted conspirators, who had been lurking about the town in little knots since sunset, moved stealthily through the open gates and past the conniving sentries. There was a pause, and some indecision as they reached the centre of the yard. The Governor was to have met them here and himself taken the command. As they halted irresolute, the great iron gates swung-to with a clash, there was a hungry ring of steel and blast of trumpet, and in an instant the night was ablaze with torch-light, and the trapped insurgents glared, like the caged beasts they were, upon the wall of bayonets and pitiless faces that hemmed them in a hollow square. There was short time for repentance; it was a sickening butchery, "a murder grim and great." Resistance was impossible, and unthought of. Those whom the musketry spared fell by the bayonet; and in half-an-hour there was but a motionless pile of carrion to bear witness to the genius of the gallant soldier of the Republic. When we came up, the corpses had been separated, and laid roughly in rows waiting for interment. Some few were watched by friends, women for the most part, who had obtained permission to enter; but the number of those who dared to incur suspicion by avowing their relationship was but small; and the population seemed well content to avoid the scene of the slaughter. And there, motionless and tearless, with an infant sleeping on her breast, and two elder children waiting at her knees, insensible to them and to everything else around her, I saw Catarina for the second and last time. And in the dead man

at whose head she sat, pierced by a score of bullets, and gashed by a dozen sword-bayonets, his face mutilated beyond all recognition, and his gay poncho stiffened and blackened with blood, but still showing the grand muscular development which had always distinguished him, and had gained for him the only name by which I had ever heard of him, I knew the husband for whom she had given up friends, station and kindred—El Toro Negro!

"Yes, this is the scoundrel we were looking after that night, two years ago," said Casas, contemptuously indicating the corpse with his foot. "He was the ringleader of them all, and his ugly head is worth fifty ounces. We may have some rest now that he is gone. Parbleu! he did fight though. Wrenched a musket from a man of my company before we gave the word, and made the only wounds the affair cost us. What does that silly woman mean sitting there? Does she expect him to awake, I wonder?"

I pressed him back, and touched her gently. "Catarina, it is I—your friend, the Englishman." But she never moved nor spoke. My fine-franc piece hung round the neck of one of the children, so that I had certainly not been forgotten. But she never raised her head, and seemed as insensible as her dead husband at her feet. She did not even resist when I took the two children away, and made such efforts as I was at the moment capable of to comfort them in their scarce-understood sorrow. I had brought them through the gates, and supplied them with some cakes and lemonade, when one of them with a cry recognised Pedro, the youngest of the three negroes I had seen at the hut, and sprang from me into his arms. Pedro told me that Catarina was wealthy. Her father had died at Guayaquil some months before leaving to her the bulk of his property, which they were to have claimed after the insurrection was over. He returned with me to the barrack, and seemed devoted to the wretched widow still motionless there. Bermudez mentioned that permission had been given for the removal of the bodies, and he promised, on the faith of a *caballero*, to protect poor Catarina while she remained within the shelter of his influence. Presently came a mule-cart, and she passively followed the stiff, disfigured corpse, as loyal in that last dread journey to the grave as in the wild flight from Quito seven years before. She never noticed me once; and I was glad enough to take the cars to the other side in the morning, having been able to do absolutely nothing for her, unless my interview with our Consul on her behalf was of any future service. I have been travelling about a good deal since, and have never heard if she is alive. G. S.

LEGEND OF LYNTON.

Men may come, and men may go,
But I flow on for ever.

So sings the poet, and so experience teaches each one of us, none more forcibly than the antiquarian, who sees the fairest works of man's wisdom and skill crumble and pass away beneath the hand of time.

Out upon time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before.
Out upon time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the Past for the Future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which
must be.

What we have seen our sons shall see;—
Remnants of things that have passed away—
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay!

Hundreds of years have gone by since Lynton Castle served as a landmark to the navigators of the Bristol Channel—years which have swept away the very remembrance of the grim tower, and yet, in this bright Maytide of 1867, the fair scene lies before us virtually unchanged; the blue waters still rustle and chafe against the many-hued rocks, the same purple outline marks the Glamorganshire hills, and carries the mind away to the days of Celt and Norman, of Druid bard and Telgeth-Teg. Ships with their white sails waving in the wind still float onwards, happily now without fear of the false lights of Dunraven or the pirates of Ogmores. Nature is the same, but Dunraven's old towers are crumbling; Ogmores is a ruin; and of Lynton nothing remains, save the weird tale which accounts for the desolation reigning in the Valley of Rocks.

Far different was the valley on a May morning long ago, when standing upon the watch-tower of the Castle the widowed Lady of Lynton looked forth frowningly, as the sweet, solemn sounds of praise swelled upwards from the chapel of St. John, which, bowered with green trees and gardens, looked the very abode of peace and love.

Gossip spoke truth when it asserted that the Lady of Lynton had scant sympathy with priestly ceremonies. Save on the occasion of a festival, she rarely bent head or knee beneath the holy roof. Slandrous tongues were not slow in assigning a reason for this aversion, and whispered a tale of early troth betrayed for a richer suitor; of a revengeful lover, who took by force what he had vainly sought in love; and of an angry husband, who, refusing to hear of his wife's innocence, fought the betrayer, and falling wounded unto death, died cursing the woman whose weakness had

worked his destruction. They told, too, that the lover fled to the Holy Land, and there, while attempting to expiate his sins, fell into the power of Satan, and became the avenging agent of the curse pronounced by the man he had wronged and slain. The lady shut herself up in the lonely Castle, where, in due time, she bore twins, and where she stood upon the May-day when our story begins.

Nothing could be fairer than the prospect that the lady gazed upon: above, a cloudless blue sky; below, the equally blue channel, sparkling and dancing in the sunlight; richly coloured rocks, peeping out of a white veil of mist, which hung across the opening to the valley of the Waters' Meet. Warm, still, and solemn lay land and ocean, nothing near showing the activity of life, save a heavily-laden merchantman, which was moving up channel, watched by greedy eyes from either shore,—eyes which brightened as the fair promise of calm weather became overcast, and the horizon grew murky with clouds. An hour later, and the waves were shaking their white crests in defiance at the tempest, which thundering through the chasms below the rock, wrangled and fought with the weather-beaten tower, to the portal of which, when the storm was at its wildest, came a monk. Travel stained and weary, he begged shelter and food; but neither monk nor beggar were ever relieved at the Castle, so the porter bade him begone. Then, finding begging availed nothing, the monk changed his tone, and demanded admittance in a manner so peremptory that the lady herself came to the encounter.

The monk threw back his cowl, when by the open portal he saw the pale face of the mistress, a face which flushed red as the setting sun when his eyes met hers.

"I like him not," she said, drawing back; "bid him begone." And returning to her chamber, she knelt by the closed lattice, listening and watching eagerly for the monk's departure.

"Your lady is foolhardy," he replied, with a loud laugh. "Ten years ago she might have dared me—ten years ago she did dare me; it is my turn now. The church is near, and if I so wished, food and rest were mine; but I need neither. Tell the Lady of Lynton, that *all she calls hers is, and shall be, mine until the day when a dead woman and child shall stand and beckon in yonder church porch!*"

Then gathering round him his dark garment the monk strode down the hill and disappeared in the mist and gathering darkness. Years went on; the Lady of Lynton was laid in the vault beside her lord, and her son reigned in her stead, ruling with a rod of iron; and seeming to be possessed with a very demon

of gain, he laid acre unto acre, until he coveted even the lands belonging to the chapel of St. John, and under the pretence of rebuilding, pulled it down, constituting himself warden of the holy vessels, &c., while the timid monks fled to a neighbouring monastery. There was no expression of grief among his retainers or dependents when it was known that the miser lord was dying; and he shut himself into his strong room, among his bags of gold, as if he thought he could carry them to the land whence none returneth; and there, in the midst of his ill-acquired wealth, waiting for death, there came to him the Black Monk, who, passing page and porter, made his way to the chamber. No one else was admitted; but yells resounding through the Castle drove the frightened retainers to the furthest chamber, where, with closed windows and doors, they crept together and whispered terrible stories of the cruelty and sin wrought by the master they had served but too faithfully for their own peace.

When the night was over, and sunlight again lifted up their sinking hearts, they went in a body to the baron's room. The monk was gone, and the baron lay there a fearfully disfigured corpse, half buried in heaps of gold, which seemed to have been heated until it actually burnt him to death.

His son did not tarry in the Castle, which, when the circumstances of the Black Monk's visit were known, became of evil notoriety, but went forth with the king to Palestine. Knowing nothing of the evil spirit permitted to haunt his family, the young baron had no misgivings about the friendship demonstrated for him by an acquaintance he made, so much so that the baron and the Black Monk became constant companions. Alas! oftener comrades in evil than in good.

King Richard liked the gallant young soldier, who also won his way among the fair dames who followed the camp of the monarch even to distant lands; and the baron, nothing loth, drank deeply of the cup which he sipped under the monk's guidance. Headlong was his downward course—honour, good name, even royal favour were forgotten. Lapped in debauchery, all that was pure and of good report grew stale and tasteless to him.

Richard returned to England; but not so the baron, who made some excuse that he might stay behind amongst the companions of his sin. At last, more in kindness than displeasure, the king despatched a royal order commanding his return. But too late; when the baron reached home the Lion-heart had ceased to beat, and John, urged on by the queen-mother, was making the whole land a scene of confusion and trouble.

With John, the Lord of Lynton became a prime favourite, and no doubt would have remained so had they not both fallen in love with the Lady of Lee. The king, following the example of a love-sick monarch in olden days, despatched the dame's husband to the Border Country, under the pretence of keeping the Scotch in check; but the dame, loving the baron better than the king, set off at once for North Devon, where her home lay adjacent to the Castle of Lynton; nor did she go without making sure that her favoured lover would follow. So it needed but small persuasion from the never-absent monk to induce the baron to defy the royal command and set off for his long-deserted home. Accordingly, the eve of St. John found him standing upon the same tower where, years before, stood the grandmother to whom he owed so little. It was a soft, warm evening, and from the newly-restored chapel came the vesper hymn. Long lost hopes, sullied and trampled upon, began to rise. Conscience awoke, and the voice long silent spoke out, at first feebly, then clearer, until, by God's grace, it filled his heart, and showed him the life of death he had been leading. Sweat-drops stood out upon the repentant sinner's forehead, and burning tears burst from his eyes, which wandering from spot to spot recalled the visionary forms of mother and infant sister long dead—a mother, too, whose life had ebbed away in ceaseless prayer for her prodigal. Thus the Black Monk found my lord, and mocking, said:

"What! weeping, my Lord of Lynton? Faith, we must send for my Lady of Lee to kiss the drops away!"

There was a devilish sneer in the monk's speech, but the baron resented it not; turning to the stairs he went to the room where the morning meal was spread, and where, taking up a tankard, he drank a deep draught: then, pulling his hat over his eyes, he left the table, heedless of the wondering whispers that crept round among his retainers.

"He is love sick," said the monk. "And my lady lies at Lee Abbey, and the pathway is easily trod."

But along no pathway, and to no lady love went the young baron; his face was turned westwards, and beyond the drawbridge he stood, listening to the voices of prayer. Here, too, came the monk, whispering:

"The hours fly, and love is easier lost than won. My lady has not lain down save to dream of you since she fled the court. A laggard in love is——"

"Peace, monk!" interrupted the baron. "You weary me with your counsel."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the monk. "The

sword saith to the armourer I need thee not; but what if the sword say to the arm that wields it the like?"

The baron's eyes flashed. "By St. George, I'll put an end to this! You've outstayed your welcome, sir monk!"



The Valley of Rocks.—(See page 706.)

"Fool!" hissed the other, bending his dark face to the baron's ear. "Thou art mine—all thine are mine! Come," he added softly, "the journey and drink have gone to thy brain, and I like not to clash words."

As the baron listened his cheek grew paler, and a strange trembling seized his limbs, for in the porch of the chapel a misty shadow developed itself, and the figures of a woman and a child became distinctly visible.

Slowly the woman raised her shadowy arm and beckoned. A cry broke from the baron's lips, and he sprang forward, but the monk's arms were round him.

"Remember Mira!—remember thy plighted love!" yelled the Black Monk.

"Mother! mother!" cried the baron, struggling; "I come! Christ forgive my sins!" And breaking from the monk's grasp, he was caught in the phantom arms, and a cloud hid them from sight.

Then there echoed through the valley a

shock of thunder, the earth shook and trembled, darkness fell upon all; and when the cloud passed away, not a vestige of church or castle remained. The smiling valley had become a wilderness—chaos sat triumphant where Paradise had smiled; and the only living being in the desolate waste was the gaunt figure of the avenger—the Black Monk, who, looking round, cursed the ground; then climbing to the top of the rock upon which the Castle once stood, he plunged into the dark abyss below.

Whether the Lady of Lee took warning, and turned over a new leaf, or whether being off with an old love she consoled herself with a new, legendary lore sayeth not. The Valley of Rocks remains, however, a scene of desolation, and the castle rock frowns over the Channel. Since that time Lee Abbey has passed from hand to hand, and a story, sad and wild enough, has been enacted there in later days.

I. D. FENTON.

"BRIGHT COLLEGE DAYS."

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.



HE ill effects of this adventure were soon apparent upon Eliot, much to my annoyance, as it was most important for his success in the coming sports that he should be thoroughly up to the mark, and it was not more than a week to these long-looked-for athletics.

Eliot was very far from well; he was suffering from a slight fever and cold, brought on by his long immersion in the water. I watched him anxiously, for I had set my heart upon his doing something rather out of the common. I, on the other hand, after a couple of days, was all right again, and none the worse for the wetting.

The Saturday before the sports at last came, —the eventful day was to be on the Monday; Sunday intervening for quiet rest and repose.

On the Saturday, we both ran together at Jenner's for the last time in practice. I was far from satisfied with Eliot; I found that I could beat him easily for "The Mile," and I inwardly feared that some man — some wretched dark outsider — would step in and defeat us both; but I was far too cautious to let my friend know my fears; so on the Saturday I purposely ran "dark," letting him win, though I knew that a spurt still remained in me, and if Eliot was not better on the day of the races, I could be his master if I chose. He himself was in high feather, and felt confident that the great event of the sports, the "One Mile Race," would certainly fall to him.

I could not help smiling as we sat in the evening together, when he quietly observed:

"Beverley, old fellow! I fear you have but a poor chance for 'The Mile'; the race will lie between Simpson, Tregan, and myself. I think I can beat them both if I have luck."

"I only hope you will, old fellow!" I replied. "Next to myself, I hope you'll win; though don't make any mistake, Simpson will be nowhere, though the world thinks so much of him, and Tregan is in for too many things to win. He'll be tired out long before 'The

Mile' comes on. I may seem egotistical, and I should not say this to any man but to yourself, Eliot, but I think, judging from the time 'The Mile' has been done in, that your humble servant will come in third, if not second."

"I don't think you will," he answered. "Look to-day—you were nowhere!"

"Quite true," I replied, inwardly knowing that I had held the race in my hand, and could have won if I'd chosen.

Sunday came and passed; at last Monday arrived. The rest during Sunday had done Eliot a world of good; he seemed quite another man, and had lost that pallor which had been hanging over his face ever since the drowning adventure, and had regained his usual healthy colour.

We walked up to the ground together, where were assembled all the members of St. Philip's College—the dons being in great force. Fletcher was particularly bland and chatty; as we entered the pavilion and dressing-rooms he was standing talking to a knot of men around the door.

"Beverley," said he, as I passed him, "going to win much to-day, eh?"

"Don't know, sir," I replied. "Not much, I fear; I am only in for 'Throwing the Cricket-ball' and 'The Mile.'"

"You in for 'The Mile'!" said he, as if somewhat surprised. "I hear Simpson and Eliot are the two favourites, and the contest lies between these two, though I hope you may win, upon my word I do. Eliot," continued "Old Soapy," turning to my friend, "if Beverley wins 'The Mile,' you can't, that's certain; but perhaps something else is reserved for you."

"My chances of winning are poor, sir," he replied; "though I intend to have a try for 'The Hammer,' 'The Quarter of a Mile,' 'The Hurdles,' and 'The Mile.'"

"I suppose, then, 'The Quarter' will be yours; I hope the others also," said he, as he walked away.

Eliot was a strong, well-built man, especially about the shoulders. He had had some practice in "Throwing the Hammer," though he was nothing like favourite; yet I had a great idea that he would do much better than was expected.

The first thing on the list of sports was

"The Long Jump." While this was going on Eliot and myself were dressing ready for the work that was cut out for us.

"The Long Jump" passed off without much excitement, a tall Canadian freshman named Lefrère winning.

"Throwing the Cricket-ball" came next. It was a fine day, and not much wind, so some ten men had entered. This was the first thing either Eliot or I were down for. When my turn came, which was fifth, I had the good fortune to throw some four yards farther than the rest; so I was first, and I managed to keep so till eight men had had their final throw. When the last man's turn came, he beat me by a yard. My next throw I was first again, surpassing the utmost distance I had ever reached in practice. My competitor was no use at all, not reaching so far as his first throw; so I remained victor.

Old Eliot was much pleased, as he, a cricketer, had always laughed at my supposed throwing powers, and had no idea that I should win.

"Throwing the Hammer" came next.

"Now, Eliot, old fellow," said I, "follow in my wake and 'pot the field'!"

There were a good many men in for this; some threw wildly, much to the danger of the spectators' heads, others neatly and well. When Eliot's turn came I confess I felt proud of the fellow; his tall, wiry frame standing conspicuously amongst his rivals, he looked the *beau idéal* of an athlete, especially as he raised the heavy hammer, the muscles of his body standing out in perfect cords, and showed to great effect the results of his training.

He balanced the hammer for an instant in the air, and then away it flew, with a grace and ease that was far superior to the clumsy style of some of his predecessors, and alighted some four feet ahead of his competitors.

"That'll do, old man," said I; "they won't top that, I know. 'The Hammer' is yours as safe as ninepence!" And so it seemed it would be, as no other man came near him. I felt perfectly satisfied with my friend's success.

"One more throw, Eliot, to see how far you can pitch," said the umpire.

Eliot hurled the heavy mass again, but not quite so far as his former throw, yet farther than the rest of the men.

There was a slight bustle amongst a knot of fellows standing close by me, and a long, lanky Scotchman pushed to the front, to where the umpire was standing. It was no other than the red-haired Mackenzie, whom all the world thought safe for the "Warwick Scholarship" in our first term.

"Oompire," said he, or rather drawled, in broad Scotch, "Caan I enter noow?"

"Well, yes, I suppose you can," the umpire replied, after a minute's consideration. "Though you're rather late; that is, if you pay the entrance-money."

"I dinna moind that," said he, "if I can have a chuck."

"He won't do much with his coat on," observed a man beside me. "But let him have a go, though."

And "have a go" he did, with a vengeance—just as he was, merely throwing aside his coat; he seized the "hammer" and threw with a clumsy, peculiar hurl.

Away it flew, and as it reached mid-air the heavy weapon seemed to have a fresh impetus, and fell some three feet further than Eliot's longest throw.

"I dinna knoo," muttered Mackenzie, "but I think that'll do."

Eliot's face changed colour for a moment. "Confound that fellow," growled he to me, between his teeth, as he prepared to beat his late-coming rival.

He threw wildly, alighting some couple of feet behind his former good one. Again he tried, but with as ill success. This next was his last and final throw; he must either beat the Scotchman or he himself was beaten.

Nerving himself to his utmost strength, he threw with great care and skill; but alas! the "hammer" fell some foot behind the Scotchman, though some half a foot further than he had thrown before.

"Now, Mackenzie," said the umpire, "you've won. Let's see the farthest you can go,—you've only had one shot."

With his clumsy style, again flew the "hammer" from his hands, and, by Jove! still farther than before by a foot.

"Well thrown, sir," shouted the applauding crowd around him. "Well thrown, indeed, sir."

"This is rather bad luck, old fellow," I remarked to Eliot. "Never mind, though, it isn't much; 'The Hurdles' and 'The Quarter' are yours yet, say nothing of 'The Mile.' Cheer up, old man!—never mind!"

"Never mind!" said he. "By Jove! I don't mind being licked by a fellow like that. Why he'd beat Hercules himself. I never mind being licked by a 'first-rater' like him."

"The Half-mile Race" came next. We neither of us being in for it, quietly rested ourselves for after-events. Then came "The Hurdle Race." There were six flights of hurdles, all placed at equal distances, but rather too closely, as I thought. I stationed myself by the last hurdle, waiting to see, as I hoped, Eliot come in first.

Seven men started. They got off well together. Eliot showed to the front at the first hurdle, then over the second like a deer. "Eliot! Eliot!" shouted the excited mass of undergraduates—"Eliot wins!"

Third—fourth—fifth hurdle was cleared. "Now, Eliot!" I shouted, at the top of my voice. Tregan, the little Cornishman, was next, and was clearing the fifth hurdle as Eliot sprang for the sixth and last.

The ground was a little soft, and as my friend sprang for his last jump, he seemed to me to slip slightly. As he was topping the summit of the hurdle his foot caught on the highest ledge; the next moment he was rolling heavily on the ground. It was but the work of an instant. Springing to his feet, he dashed in to win. But it was all over—Tregan, clearing his last hurdle in splendid style, was at the goal as Eliot was rising from the ground, and my unlucky friend came in third.

"Confound my luck again!" said he to me, as we walked towards the dressing-rooms. "That roll has taken it out of me. Did you ever see anything so unfortunate? I thought I was well over that last hurdle. I suppose I did not put quite enough powder in!"

I was very vexed at his defeat. He seemed so certain of victory at the start, leading so splendidly, and being well away from the rest of the men, till he came to grief.

Two minor things came next on the card, then "The Quarter of a Mile."

"Now, old fellow," said I to my chum, as he trotted out to the scratch, "we shall do the beggars this time, certain."

"I shall do all I know, I can tell you, Beverley. I must regain my lost laurels. This and 'The Mile' will cover 'The Hammer' and 'The Hurdles.' I wish those fellows would look sharp—it's very cold, by Jove!"

I now noticed, for the first time, that Eliot looked a little pale, and his eye seemed excited and nervous.

"Keep steady, old fellow," I said. "Be careful, and mind you get the lead at the beginning and keep it till the finish."

In a few seconds they started. Eliot I saw was anxious, and did not get off quite so briskly as I should have liked, but a few strides brought him to the front. The pace was fast. A tall, well-made fellow, named Bevan, was close up to Eliot—hardly a yard behind him.

Half round the circle (for they had but once to run) Eliot spurted, doing his utmost speed. As he passed me within an hundred yards of the winning-post, I looked for a moment at him anxiously; he seemed slightly distressed. My eye fell back on the next man, Bevan,

who was pressing him closely; he was fresher, and though going as fast as Eliot, appeared to be doing it easily.

Fifty yards from home Bevan makes a rush—is level with Eliot! "Eliot!" "Bevan!" "Eliot!" "Bevan!" yelled the men around. It was a splendid race, but Eliot was done ere he could reach the post, and Bevan, to my bitter disappointment, came in a winner by some five or six yards.

"I'll win 'The Mile,' by Jove!" said my unfortunate companion, as he lay reclining in the dressing-room after this last race. "By Jove! I will, if it kills me. Look here, Beverley; you *must* make the running for me—tire the other men out by pace—and I will put on my spurt at the last two hundred yards!"

"All right, old fellow," I answered; "I'll do what I can; but, mind you, the race will really be between us two."

"Not it," said he, somewhat peevishly. "You've no chance against Tregan. I can lick him in a mile, though the beggar has done me out of 'The Hurdles.'"

"All right—we shall see," I replied, at the same time inwardly pardoning him for his want of courtesy, out of consideration for his late defeats.

"The Mile" was the great event of the day, and was to be the *finale* to the sports.

Some ten or twelve men started. Before we came up to the scratch, I had watched Eliot closely. The last race had evidently told upon him; but he had knit himself together, and looked, as he stood ready for the word "off," as if he meant winning.

The word had hardly left the starter's mouth when we were away, well together. Some of the younger and less experienced hands went off almost at the top of their speed, heedless of the distance to be run, while I kept just in front of Eliot for the first quarter of a mile.

At the end of the half mile I was some ten or twelve yards in front of him. Two men only headed me; the rest had either fallen fairly behind or had not showed to the front at all.

Three-quarters of a mile done. We had only once more to go round the circle. A long streak of stragglers extended in our rear. Two men were still ahead of me. I put on my spurt, and in a few strides was leading. "Beverley!" "Beverley!" broke forth on all sides. I turned my head for an instant; Eliot had followed my example, and was rapidly gaining on me. There were but four hundred yards more to run.

Eliot's pace was now so fast, that he had passed, and left some half-dozen yards behind,

the two men who but an instant before were ahead of him.

Two hundred yards more and Eliot was alongside of me. We now raced neck and neck. Eliot was greatly distressed, though running most pluckily, while I felt perfectly fresh.

When within one hundred and fifty yards of the post, I spurted away from him a couple of yards—he tried in vain to overtake me.

"I must win!—I must win!" thought I. "But shall I?" it flashed across my brain.

There were but fifty yards more. "Shall I let him have it?"—it was the thought of a moment.

"No!—Yes!—No!"

We were within ten yards of the post. He was straining every nerve, but was still behind. Five yards more!

"Yes, he *shall* win!" I checked myself for an instant—it was but momentarily—he was level. The next, he was being hailed the winner of the great event of the sports.

Yes, I remember it well, though years have passed since then. It was the very night before the morning of our receiving our B.A. hoods. We were sitting together in my rooms smoking our cozy pipes, talking over our old and bright college days. Yes, it was three years and a half since we had been freshmen together.

Eliot was no longer the same man he was then; he seemed to have grown at least ten years older. His late hard degree examination had told upon him, and as the light of the lamp shone upon his dark handsome face, he looked wan and careworn. What strange events had passed in those three short years! Who would have thought that he was then—— But anon.

"Beverley," said he, "you remember our first athletics?—when I was licked in everything but 'The Mile.' I never could make out why, at the last moment, you seemed to drop. You were winning easy, and you suddenly seemed checked for an instant, as if you had strained a muscle, or something had gone wrong. How was it, old fellow?"

"Well," I replied, "you always thought that I was no go for 'The Mile,' though you remember the third man was nowhere—we both licked him by yards."

"Well, yes; but why did you not lick me?" he replied.

"Eliot, old fellow," I said, "you had been defeated in everything that day. I knew your great ambition was to win that 'Mile,' so I——"

"Beverley!—Beverley!" he answered quickly, "you don't mean to say you *let* me

win? Old fellow!—old fellow! it was very kind of you, but it was not right of you,—no, it was not right of you. I somehow suspected it was so, but my vanity forbade me to believe it."

As he spoke he rose quickly from his seat, and left the room without another word.

"Not going, old man?" I said, jumping up; but he was in the passage before I could reach the door, and ran up to his own rooms and "sported his oak" ere I could follow him.

The next morning he brought into my rooms the handsome silver tankard—the reward of that eventful "Mile," of which he was so proud.

"There, old fellow—it's yours," he said. "Take it; you won it, I did not."

"What's this?" said I, taking it up. "What's this?"

"ST. PHILIP'S ATHLETIC SPORTS,
14th March, 18..

ONE MILE RACE,

WON BY

ARTHUR BEVERLEY."

Yes, so it was. He had caused the former inscription to be carefully erased, and the above substituted in its place.

CHAPTER IV.

MY first year at college was passed and gone, ere I seemed to have been there half that time. When my first "May Term" ended, and the Long Vacation commenced, I returned home to my father's. The merry month of May had flown far too quickly. By dint of great perseverance, and steady practice, our college boat, during the races, had succeeded in obtaining the high position of second on the river, though neither Eliot nor myself had personally aided in its success; for we had not as yet attained to that high standard of rowing worthy of being first-boat men.

On the day of our departure from college, I parted with Eliot at the railway station, as both of us were going in opposite directions to our respective homes—he to Kent, I to Somersetshire.

The first few weeks of the vacation, I enjoyed amidst the beauties of the lovely scenery around my father's village. Most of the neighbouring families were away in London for the gaieties of the season. Having been brought up in the country, my tastes were naturally but little in harmony with the splendour and wealth of the metropolis; and it must be owned, that I enjoy far more, even now, a quiet day's fly-fishing than a morning in the park, or a night at the opera.

After a charming month or six weeks had passed in quiet rustic enjoyment, it happened,

that one day, while perusing a letter from Eliot, dated from his home in Kent, it suddenly struck me, that I should like to see the "Garden of England" and the counties that bordered on it; so I arranged to have a walking tour through some of the south-eastern counties, with a neighbouring friend, Rowland, who lived some four miles from my father, and was spending the vacation, like me, at home.

The Rowlands were rich, I may say rich "parvenus," and had bought a large neighbouring estate.

Mr. Rowland, senior, though always well off, had lately made a large fortune by a successful speculation, and had come into our part of the world to spend his quickly amassed riches. His son, Henry Rowland, was my senior by some year or so, a nice gentlemanly fellow on the whole, and a student of Christ Church, Oxford, where he was esteemed a brilliant classic.

Though somewhat indolent in his application to work, he had the good fortune to obtain his honours at college more by his brilliancy, than by the soundness of his scholarship; but he proved a good companion, take him for all in all.

I had written to Eliot before Rowland and I started, to tell him of our intended expedition, and he returned a kind answer, saying, if we were in his neighbourhood, his people would be glad to see us for a few days, though, he added, we must take things as we found them, and put up with the inconveniences of a very small house. This was the first information I had ever drawn from him about his home.

Rowland and I started. We had arranged to go to Rochester by train, and then walk through Kent and Sussex, and stay at the Eliots' place on our way.

We got on very well till we arrived at Canterbury, having had charming weather, and were enjoying the trip much; but I quickly found that my companion was by no means a good pedestrian, and was knocked up in no time; and complained of being tired, and so on, while I was fresh and not fatigued in the least; and, when we arrived at Canterbury, Rowland was completely done up.

"Beverley," said he, on the night of our arrival in the old cathedral town, as we were dining together at the "Old Bell" hotel, "the murder must out." I can't stand this incessant tramping any longer—I will tell you what I propose: Eliot's place, you say, is but some ten or twelve miles farther on. I vote you write a line to him by to-night's post, and tell him you will be at his to-morrow, or next day, if convenient; and I will go back

home, after a day or so's rest, for I am utterly done up. Another day's 'grind' like to-day's will have me laid up!"

"But, Rowland," I replied, "you were to go to Eliot's with me; he asked us both. Come, cheer up, old fellow! You'll be better after a good night's rest, and in the afternoon we'll ride, not walk, to Clearbrook, where Eliot lives, and we can then talk about returning home."

"No, you're very kind, Beverley," he answered; "but I don't feel up to it at all. I would rather get home; I have a presentiment that I am going to be ill, and I should not like to be laid up here for a month. No! my plans are best. You write after dinner."

I used every persuasion, but he remained firm; so I wrote to Eliot, as he had planned, telling him I should be with him in the afternoon of the next day, if it suited him, and apologising for Rowland on the ground of his being unwell.

The next morning, Rowland, though better, complained much of fatigue, so I had to explore the curious old town "solus."

When I came into lunch, after a stroll in the cathedral, whom should I find with Rowland, but Eliot; he had received my note, and had walked over from Clearbrook to take us back with him.

He tried in vain to induce my companion to accompany us; but it was no use; he had made up his mind to leave for home the following morning.

I had arranged to have a portmanteau waiting for me at Canterbury, so, having procured a pony-trap, Eliot and I started with my luggage for his house, leaving Rowland, with many regrets, to return to his home in the morning.

Eliot drove, as he knew the way. We were some couple of miles on the road, when he observed,—

"You'll have to put up with a small room, Beverley. I cannot boast of a house and servants like your father's. I am, as you know, a poor man; and my people live in a very quiet sort of way. I have always been very reluctant to tell you about my family matters; but as you are going to stay some week or more with us, you must now know all about it. My father," he continued, "is a poor country clergyman with nothing but a miserable stipend to live on. He is too poor to keep me at college out of his income; and I dare say you are wondering how I could afford to go to Harrow and then to Camford. Well! I am not a charity-boy, but I'm next door to it. The squire of my father's village, Sir John Hambleford, a childless widower, when I was quite a youngster, took a great fancy

to me, and persuaded my father to allow him to pay for my schooling, and then to send me to St. Philip's. He gives me a fair allowance, and with it and my scholarship I do well enough,—so well, indeed, that my scholarship money I manage to save, and it furnishes me with the means of keeping—” here he stopped short, and turned deadly pale, looking intently into my eyes with a long and steady gaze. “Well! well!” said he, regaining slightly his colour; “you shall know some day, old fellow, you shall know some day!” and immediately changed the conversation.

I was taken aback by this sudden ebullition of feeling, and was rather curious to know what it all meant. What had come to Eliot of late? Ever since those sports he seemed to me to be greatly changed. The whole of the May term, his hitherto merry face had looked as sober as a judge, and he had lost half the fun he used to have in his first two terms. I sometimes chaffed him with being in love, and often inquired the reason of his daily being so busily engaged in writing letters; but his cold replies to my impertinent questions, convinced me that I was on the wrong track. What could it be? Well!

We were now nearing the village where he lived.

It was an exceedingly pretty place near the sea; a fine old church stood in the centre of the village, and beside it a neat but very small rectory-house.

We pulled up in front of the little garden-gate, and after arranging with the ostler of the village inn to take the pony-trap back to Canterbury, we entered the house.

In a small but modestly furnished dining-room, scrupulously neat, but evidently that of a man of small means, were seated a grey-headed old clergyman, the very image of my friend Eliot; an old lady, who, though now rather aged, and somewhat infirm, still bore traces of youthful beauty; and two rather pretty girls—it was growing dark, so I could not see their faces so well as the faces of their father and mother, as they stood, on my entering, with their backs to the window.

“Father,” said Eliot, “Mr. Beverley.”

“Delighted, sir, to see you,” said he, rising, and shaking me heartily by the hand; “it is no small pleasure for me to make the acquaintance of a man who has shared with Fred such honours at the University, as the ‘Warwick scholarship.’”

“Wife,” said he, turning to Mrs. Eliot and speaking a little louder, “Mr. Beverley.”

I walked across to where the old lady was seated, and shook hands with her.

“Pardon my rising, Mr. Beverley,” said

she; “I am getting somewhat aged. Welcome to our little cottage. I have heard much of you from my boy, and have often longed to see you.”

“My sisters, Beverley,” said Eliot; “Emily and Rose, Mr. Beverley, my old college chum.”

Bowing towards them, I perceived that the eldest was a girl of no ordinary beauty; and the younger, though good looking, was not to be compared with her sister.

“We shall have tea directly, Mr. Beverley,” said Mrs. Eliot, after a few minutes. “Fred will show you your room. You must pardon our small house: a country parsonage in Kent is not so large as it might be; but we shall do all in our power to make you comfortable, and you have our most hearty welcome.”

When I came down, after washing off the dust, I found the room lighted up, the curtains drawn, and snug and cozy it looked, indeed.

Tea passed off merrily enough; the girls, a little shy at first, soon regained confidence, and began to catechise me about my doings at college.

I sang loudly their brother's praises, his steady, hard reading, and his successes in the sports, and at cricket.

They were immensely proud of him, though not more so than were both father and mother.

I never saw Eliot so shy and stupid in my life. As soon as we began to talk of Camford, he dropped into silence, and went off into a brown study, as if something other than college life occupied his thoughts; he had been fidgeting in his chair for some time, at last he suddenly broke forth—

“I tell you what it is, Beverley, if you come here telling such ‘crammers,’ about my doings at Camford, I’ll take you back to Canterbury, to-night, and there leave you. Now, if you girls believe one word that abominable fellow opposite has been telling you, you never deserve to hear the honest truth again. I’m a ‘duffer,’ and Beverley knows it; and his bright pictures of my imaginary doings are all rubbish.”

“Eliot,” I answered, “will you kindly allow me to tell my own version of my own story? I’ve adhered strictly to the truth—so be quiet.”

After tea, we had some music and singing. Emily sung with great taste and feeling, though her voice was not what would be termed fine, yet was possessed of a sweetness that made it most enchanting.

Her first song was far exceeded by the next, when some of her notes showed me that she was no ordinary singer.

Eliot the whole time sat, moody and quiet, by his mother's side. The evening fled far too quickly, and after prayers, the three ladies

retired, when Mr. Eliot, Eliot, and myself, adjourned to a tiny little room, (which I afterwards found was my friend's "den,") to have our quiet pipe.

Mr. Eliot, though now getting on in years, had been, and still was, a first-rate classic; his eyes brightened with delight, as we discussed the rival merits of Virgil and Horace, or the magnificent diction of Homer; and he surprised us by long and accurate quotations, that made me, a young man fresh from my books, blush. He was an old "Oxbridge" man, and seemed to be in the height of his glory in relating stories of his "bright college days." At last, about eleven o'clock, we retired to rest.

The next morning after breakfast, Eliot, his two sisters, and myself, set out along the sea shore, for a walk; while Mr. Eliot was engaged in writing his sermon for the following Sunday.

The day was lovely, a bright sun, not a breath of air stirring, and the sea without a ripple on it, as smooth as glass.

We amused ourselves strolling along the beach for some two or three hours.

Eliot was apparently more attached to his sister Emily than to Rose; at least I thought so, for he monopolised her the whole morning; and kept some little distance ahead of us, deeply engaged in conversation. At length they turned and rejoined us.

"I think we have gone almost far enough, Mr. Beverley," said Emily, as they came up to us. "We dine early here in this quiet place, and by the time we get back it will be one o'clock, or nearly so."

We soon reached home; the fresh sea-air had given me such an appetite that I did good justice to the plain but neatly served up dinner that awaited us.

In the afternoon I walked out with Eliot some half-dozen miles and back, to have a look at the surrounding country, and beautiful it was. After tea we had some more music, and Eliot sang some duets with his sister Rose. In this way the days and evenings passed most pleasantly at the little parsonage at Clearbrook.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER IX.

It was 4 p.m. when the party arrived in Cork. At half-past four they were all busily engaged at dinner. Many lamented the macaroni and delicacies of the great basso cook, who was not yet upon the free list of the Imperial Hotel kitchen, and, therefore, was unable to indulge his remarkable talents in the culinary art; but they managed, never-

theless, almost without exception, to find consolation in the more simple fare provided for them. The much-abused saddle of mutton and boiled fowls bore testimony to the philosophy with which the deprivation was endured. "*Que je déteste la cuisine anglaise!*" muttered the Frenchman, as he passed his plate to the carver for the third time, thereby proving what complete self-control he had attained, and how he could appear to enjoy that which he said was so thoroughly distasteful to him. For my own part, judging from the manner in which he devoured the mutton, I should never have suspected that he had any objection to *la cuisine anglaise*.

After a few hurried mouthfuls, the Impresario of the party left the table, and hastened to the theatre to see what preparations had been made for the performance which was to be given that evening. He was joined on the way by his partner, the Dublin manager. The preparations they found were not, indeed, very promising. The theatre itself was in a most dilapidated state. Round a large heap of bricks and mortar, in the middle of the stage, lay scattered in terrible confusion, the huge boxes and scenery which had been brought from Dublin. The double bass, rising majestically in the background, seemed to contemplate the disorder of its *compagnons de voyage* with stoical indifference. From the top of the bricks and mortar the proprietor of the theatre was to be seen in his shirt sleeves, shouting to a solitary labourer, who was employed in hammering at something in the pit.

The house itself (formerly, I believe, a handsome building,) had been almost entirely destroyed by fire, and, in consequence, for some time, altogether abandoned. The ruins and four walls were rented by the present lessee, and by his own exertions and the assistance of a few hard-working friends (represented by the labourer in the pit), the house was so far restored as to be just available for dramatic performances—that is to say, there was a stage and there were divisions in the house before the curtain, which to a certain extent corresponded to boxes, galleries, and pit; but it required a considerable stretch of good nature on the part of the audience as well as of the performers, to put up with the inconveniences of theatricals in such a place. The practical lessee, upon seeing our enterprising Impresario, ceased haranguing his friend in the pit, and descended from his elevated position. He apologised for appearing in working costume, and offered to show the new-comers over the building. They accordingly proceeded to make a survey.

The lessee had made but little preparation

to accommodate the "power of people" he said were to fill the theatre in the evening.

The arrangements for the artists behind the curtain were equally deficient. There were no dressing rooms fit to be entered; no windows mended since the fire; in short, everything was in strict keeping with the heap of bricks and mortar upon the stage, which afforded a very good criterion of the preparations the lessee had made for the Italian operas. At the instigation of the Impresario and remonstrance of the Dublin manager, several men were called in, who were set to clear the stage. By the aid of wheelbarrows and baskets, the bricks and mortar were removed. A glazier was sent for, to mend the windows in the dressing-room intended for the *prima donna*, while all the loiterers about the theatre were pressed into service, either as *impromptu* carpenters, scene-shifters, or in some other useful capacity.

In a short time the place assumed a cleanly and more encouraging appearance. The scenery was certainly not of the most delusive character, but it promised to answer the purpose. "*Lucrezia Borgia*," "*Don Pasquale*," and "*Norma*," were the operas to be given, and these did not require any great scenic display. Moreover, the practical lessee argued that the music and singers were the great attraction, and so long as Grisi and Mario sang in the operas announced, it did not signify what seats the public had to sit upon, or what scenery they had to look at,—they would be sure to come. And this argument proved correct; for our Impresario and the Dublin manager had barely succeeded in getting the stage into something like order, when the theatre began to fill with "the power of people" the lessee had predicted. Long before the hour of commencement, every seat was occupied, and the dingy-looking house crowded to overflowing by the most brilliant and well-dressed audience.

When the artists arrived from the hotel, they were not a little astonished at the nooks and corners in which they had to dress. There had been no rehearsal necessary. The band and chorus, having been selected from those of the Dublin company, were already acquainted with the operas; none of the performers, therefore, had had occasion to visit the theatre previously.

The dressing-room allotted to the tenor was a small recess on the first floor, the stairs to which had not been restored since the fire, but substituted by an ordinary ladder, to climb which gave Gennaro considerable trouble, and was, moreover, rather a dangerous undertaking, owing to his high heels. One of the proscenium private boxes had been covered in

and appropriated to the uses of the baritone and basso, Alfonso and Gubetta; and for Orsini, a sort of "loose box" had been extemporised at the back of the stage by means of some deal boards and strips of calico. The *prima donna* had, of course, the best accommodation,—a small room with a sheet over the entrance to do service for a door. There were but few objections to the *impromptu* dressing-rooms, all the party knowing and making allowances for the difficulties there had been to overcome in giving Italian operas in a half-burnt-down theatre. The chorus, I believe, dressed under the stage: they came and went up and down a trap-door mysteriously.

That subscenic region must have been a frosty place, for the conductor complained that as he sat in the orchestra, a bitterly cold wind cut his legs, while the heated atmosphere of the theatre made the upper part of his body uncomfortably warm.

The overture to "*Lucrezia Borgia*" at length commenced, and the moment came for the curtain to be raised. Before this could be done, Gennaro must be in his place upon the stage. But Gennaro, when wanted, was really *in statu(e) quo*. The ladder to his room had been inadvertently removed, and was now nowhere to be found.

There stood the handsome tenor in the opening in the wall of the stage, some ten or fifteen feet above the heads of his companions, utterly helpless, until some means could be contrived to remove him from his niche. The ladder was at last brought forth from between two side-scenes, where it had been misplaced, and Mario descended just in time to prevent the stage being kept waiting. He was received with acclamations by the audience, as also was Grisi when she appeared. Her *entrée* was a little less dignified than that of Gennaro, the duchess being drawn across the stage upon a hand-truck by a scene-shifter in his shirt sleeves. The truck was meant to represent a Venetian gondola; but there being no scenery to conceal this contrivance and the gondolier from public gaze, the effect was somewhat more ludicrous than illusive. The performances having been fairly started, in spite of all the many obstacles, it went on triumphantly. Grisi and Mario, in the zenith of their power, excited the audience to the greatest enthusiasm. They were recalled incessantly, yelled and whistled at after each act, according to the true Hibernian fashion, and cheered vociferously.

During the week, "*Norma*" and "*Don Pasquale*" were duly given as announced.

Norina, in the latter opera, had her temper sorely tried by the obtuseness of her waiting-maid, who was profoundly ignorant of any

foreign language, and the *prima donna* *leggiere* being almost equally unacquainted with the English tongue, a sad difficulty arose between them. Norina, just before going on the stage, wanted her gloves, and made signs to the maid, plain enough, it would have been supposed, to any one of the commonest intelligence.

The maid, however, failed altogether to understand her mistress, who then attempted to explain herself in a little broken English.

"Give me glass," she exclaimed. Whereupon the maid handed her a tumbler. That being rejected, she proffered a looking-glass. "My glass," reiterated the little lady frantically, holding up her hands; but it was of no use; the wooden-headed maid would not or could not comprehend that "*glass*" in this particular instance meant gloves, and Norina, in a flood of angry tears, had to appear before the public with uncovered hands.

She concealed her emotion admirably, and, in fact, evinced great talent for suddenly transforming her appearance from grave to gay. At the side-scenes, when vainly demanding "glass," her countenance was indicative of the most abject despair. The next moment she was saluting the audience most gracefully, radiant with the most fascinating smiles, and apparently in the enjoyment of a perfectly unruffled temper. At the termination of her aria, the gloves were produced by the wooden-headed maid, and the applause of a delighted public quickly effaced all recollections of the misunderstanding.

The last opera in Cork was "Norma," the principal part being, of course, played by our Diva. The Frenchman, as Pollio, made a very novel *coup de théâtre* in the trio scene. Being somewhat short-sighted, he always wore an eye-glass suspended from his neck, and concealed in the folds of his costume. On this occasion it was brought into full view, and made use of in the most unexpected manner. The famous "*Trema o Vil*" was, as every one knows, always a very remarkable display of energy on the part of Grisi. It completely electrified the Frenchman. As the Diva approached him menacingly, he receded, until at last he was prevented going farther back by the proscenium. Standing there, either terrified or excited by the marvellous reality of Norma's rage, in a moment of forgetfulness he stuck his glass in his eye, either from sheer nervousness, or to have a better look at the infuriated priestess. Now a Roman of old may have been as subject to weak sight, as well as any unfortunate individual of the present day; but to Pollio, whose handsome appearance is supposed to have been the cause of Norma's misfortune, no such imperfection

of vision had hitherto been attributed. The effect was strange, and might have been serious, had not the Diva possessed great self control. Adelgisa turned aside, and indulged in a quiet laugh all to herself. Not so Norma, who had to go on with the stage business.

I have seen Oroveso come on the stage wearing the spectacles he had used at the side-scenes to read his part. I have been myself "discovered" and exposed to the view of a crowded house; but I never knew any stage effect so comical, and so little expected, as that produced by Pollio's eye-glass.

A singular incident occurred in the same theatre during another performance of Norma, more recent than the one in question. Cruvelli was the *prima donna*. It was a matter of difficulty to find two children to represent Norma's offspring. At length the carpenter of the theatre volunteered his two little daughters to perform the important parts. Their mother accordingly brought them to the theatre. They were dressed, and instructed how to conduct themselves upon the stage. Before the commencement of the second act, they were placed upon the couch in Norma's dwelling,—a railway rug, I remember, doing service for the skins of wild animals on which Norma is supposed to recline. Their parents talked to them long and seriously, petted and threatened them, to ensure their proper behaviour. There they lay in fear and trembling as the curtain drew up. The number of people in the house, the glare of the gas lamps, the applause and shouting of the audience, alarmed them. The mother and father at the side-scenes enforced obedience to the commands already given by the most expressive gestures. The band played loudly, and Norma advanced to the footlights, giving vent to her feelings in a violent recitative. Dagger in hand she then rushed up to the couch. This proved too much for the children, already nearly frightened to death. They gave a shriek, tumbled off the couch, and toddled as fast as their little legs would carry them off the stage into their mother's arms. Cruvelli sat down for a few minutes on the railway-rug to recover herself from the convulsions of laughter which the crisis had caused her and the audience.

Our Diva had the children brought to her dressing-room, and ensured their good conduct by words of kindness and handfuls of sugar-plums, the latter a still more efficacious means. Had her follower taken the same precaution, the children would very likely have evinced more courage than they did on this occasion.

After the three operas in Cork we returned to Dublin, to give a last performance at the Theatre Royal, *en route* for Manchester. We reached Dublin about four p.m. on Saturday. At Morrisson's Mike received the Impresario with all honour.

"You've had good luck, sir?" said Mike, inquiringly, while unpacking the manager's portmanteau.

"Very good indeed, Mike," replied the Impresario.

"And so have we here, sir," continued Mike; "we've had a mighty big wedding in the house, sir."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Impresario.

"It was so, sir," said Mike, "and a pretty expensive one too, sir. The trousers cost 20,000*l*!"

"The trousers, Mike!" said the Impresario, amazed. "What trousers cost 20,000*l*.?"

"That's what puzzles me, sir," replied Mike. "I'd never have thought it, hadn't I read it with my own eyes in the papers."

The manager was puzzled too; but upon reflection thought he had solved the mystery.

"Are you sure it wasn't *trousseau*, Mike?" he asked.

"Faith then," said Mike, scratching his head, "whatever it was, it was written trousers, or something very like it."

The last night of "*Norma*" drew a tremendous house. The attraction of the opera was in a great measure, of course, attributable to the fact of Grisi and Mario being included in the cast. The opera itself, however, has become so familiar to the Dublin public as to be attractive upon its own merits, the music being identified with old associations.

"Do you remember the '*Barbiere*' we once had in Dublin, Donna Giulia?" said the Impresario at dessert, addressing the Diva.

"You mean the '*Barbiere*,' when that wonderful basso played '*Basilio*'?" replied Madame Grisi.

"Yes. I almost forget what occurred, although I know we had great fun about it," answered the Impresario, evidently with the intention of drawing out the lady.

"There was no one to play '*Basilio*,' and one of the company of the theatre undertook the part," replied the Donna Giulia.

"Oh, yes, that was it," said the manager, "and he didn't learn it."

"It's a long time ago," replied the lady. "I was the '*Rosina*,' Mario '*Almaviva*,' and Lablache '*Don Bartolo*;' Costa was conducting. Lablache had been very ill that evening, with an impediment in his breathing. We had to wait some time for him between

the acts. At the lesson-scene Don Basilio made his appearance, and evidently had forgotten every word he had to say. He began singing the most extraordinary nonsense ever heard. The first thing I could make out was '*sarsaparilla*,' after which he mentioned every medicine he could think of, to make up the recitative. He then talked of '*Puritani*,' '*La Sonnambula*,' and all the operas, replying to one of Lablache's questions by '*Così fan tutte*.' Lablache stared at first, not knowing what to make of Don Basilio; at last he burst out laughing, and the exertion completely cured his breathing."

"And how did the scene terminate?" asked the Impresario.

"By Lablache putting his arms round Basilio's neck and walking him off the stage," replied Donna Giulia. "The last word Basilio said, I remember, was '*specacuanha*.'"

"It was a most ludicrous affair," said the Impresario.

"It was, truly," replied Grisi; "had it occurred in a serious opera, I do not know what we should have done. I sat down from sheer exhaustion, and was hardly able to sing Rode's air afterwards. What has become of that famous Don Basilio?"

"He died some time ago very suddenly, at Brighton," replied the Impresario.

"I met him there," said Donna Giulia, "one day when Mario and I were walking on the pier, and his appearance recalled all the amusement he had afforded us. He really extricated himself from a difficult position very cleverly."

"He was a clever fellow, and came of a clever family," said the Impresario.

"That's a capital story," said Benedict, who was sipping his coffee at the other end of the table.

"What is a capital story?" asked the Impresario.

"That which I have just heard," replied Benedict, referring to a friend who had been dining with us, and who sat next to him.

"Let us hear it," said Donna Giulia, whose curiosity was excited.

"I was only telling Benedict," said the stranger, "of a circumstance that happened last week at the Castle levée. There was a very large attendance, and of course every one went in court suit."

"At the levée in question," continued the speaker, "a very tall and burly individual was seen struggling and pushing his way among the crowd. With great difficulty and much squeezing, he reached the door of the presence chamber, when a kind, good-natured friend whispered in his ear, '*Whiaht! don't*

look, you've got a hole in your stocking.' The communication had a horrible effect upon the unhappy courtier, whose legs were of a size in proportion to his bulky frame; stoop he durst not, turn round he could not, his only hope was the wall by which to conceal the accident he supposed had happened. Accordingly, he contrived to make his way to the wall, against which he turned his back, and in that position sidled down-stairs again and bribed a lackey to get him a car. On reaching home he amazed his family by telling them he had not been presented, and explained the reason. They examined the silken casing of his legs with care. There was no hole—the perfect symmetry of his handsome calves was unimpaired by any such disaster. He was the victim of a wicked hoax, and the court suit had been worn in vain."

Benedict enjoyed the story as much the second time of telling as he did the first. No one delights more thoroughly in a good joke than the accomplished and amiable maestro.

"We must be getting ready," he said; at which warning those who were still at table rose, and prepared to go to the theatre. Mario had already left the party, and was reading the *Times* in his own room. Donna Giulia went to call him, and after the Diva had tried her voice and sung a few scales, they started together in their carriage for the Theatre Royal.

"Norma" excited the enthusiasm it always did with such a Pollio and such a Diva. At the end of the evening there was a great demonstration, of which Donna Giulia was the distinguished object. Such cheering and shouting to wish her "God speed," and a quick return to Dublin! The crowd followed the carriage home, where the excitement was renewed, and the good wishes resounded through the staircases and corridors of Morrisson's Hotel. We had, comparatively speaking, a quiet supper, every one was very tired with the journey and exertions of the day, and we were not sorry when the time came to get some rest.

"We start to-morrow evening by the 7 o'clock boat," said Benedict.

"Would it not be better to dine at Salt Hill?" suggested the Impresario.

"Yes, that would be delightful," said one of the party.

"If all are agreeable, we will do so," continued the manager, "and I will send down and order dinner there at 5 o'clock."

This being arranged, good night was said, and the tourists retired.

Next day, having to cross the water, many of the party were in great anxiety as to the weather. It was the subject of conversation all

day. Don Alfonso declared he would give the zinc belt another chance. Fortini went to a doctor's shop to get some antidotes of his own concoction. Our friend the Swiss consulted his adviser the basso-medico-cook, as to the most prudent diet to be observed prior to a sea voyage, which Polonini declared was macaroni. Amina and her mother watched the smoke issuing from the chimneys of the houses opposite, and were horrified to see it ascending in a long straight line, there being really no wind to give it any other direction. This they argued was a bad sign, for if it was so calm on shore it would be windy out at sea. The ladies having apparently a vague notion that it must be always "*blowing* somewhere in the world."

During breakfast a note was brought to the Impresario by one of the waiters, who said the lady who had sent him was in the adjoining sitting-room. The manager obeyed the summons contained in the three-cornered billet, and followed the waiter.

Seated at a table near the window, in a green silk dress, with her bonnet and shawl on, was a pale looking lady, certainly past the early days of youth. The Impresario bowed, and on approaching the green silk dress, recognised the mysterious figure who was seen to get into the train at Euston Square, and who since that time had accompanied the party as silently and as constantly as its shadow. On every occasion when our *primo tenore* appeared, she had occupied a private box near the stage, or some prominent position in the theatre. And this not only during the present tour. She had heard every note he had sung in public for eight or nine years. Hers was indeed a strange infatuation. She was never known to speak to the object of her admiration except once, and that was when they met at a musical *soirée* in St. Petersburg. Even then nothing more than the usual formalities of an introduction passed between them. She was a lady of fortune, and sensible enough except on one topic. Her friends remonstrated with her, and did all in their power to induce her to give up the wandering life she led. Their persuasions were of no avail. She declared that she interfered with no one, and had a right to spend her money as she liked; and so far she had reason on her side, whatever doubts her singular proceedings might in that respect give rise to. Orpheus never exercised a more potent spell than did the voice of our tenor upon this fascinated woman. She followed her enchanter to America and back again, to Russia, England, and France, everywhere he sang; but if he retired to Italy for a short repose, then she gave up the pursuit, and

waited until he should appear in public again. Her strange career was terminated by a sad accident. It was her custom to dress in the middle of the day for the opera in the evening. When making preparation to attend the first performance of "Rigoletto" in Paris, her dress caught fire, and she was very severely burnt. Grisi went frequently to make inquiries, and left Mario's card upon her. This she tied with a white ribbon round her neck. The injuries she had received were fatal. After lingering a few days in great agony she expired, with the name of him whose voice she had loved with such infatuation clasped to her heart. The Paris papers gave a most romantic account of her life. One journal described a scene at her funeral, at which a rejected but devoted lover was said to have made himself remarkable by the wildest expressions of despair and grief. Whether such details were true, or merely intended for effect, I know not; at any rate, the short story I have told is no exaggeration. The lady had sent for the Impresario to inquire the destination of the tourists on leaving Dublin. The information was given with some reluctance on the part of the manager, who, however, knew from experience that if he declined complying with the request, the servants of the party would be bribed to tell. One of these, indeed, received large sums for the intelligence he had at different times given of the intended movements of the travellers. After a short conversation, the Impresario withdrew, leaving the lady in the green silk dress, in order to join Benedict, who had been waiting for him.

"That is a very extraordinary life to lead," said the manager, addressing the maestro.

"Whose life do you mean?" asked Benedict.

"I have had an interview with the lady who has been following us since we left London," replied the Impresario.

"Have you, indeed?" exclaimed Benedict. "And what did she say?"

"Nothing particular; all she wanted to know was where we are going to next week. She was very polite, and is evidently a well-educated woman."

"Did you tell her?" asked Benedict.

"I did so—rather unwillingly, but had I not, she would have paid my servant or Mario's to find out," replied the manager.

"Certainly she would, as she has often before," said Benedict. "Did she say whether she should continue to follow our footsteps?"

"No allusion was made to her intentions, nor was any one's name mentioned," replied the Impresario.

"She travels with her maid, I believe," said Benedict.

"Yes, and appears to be very well off. She has the suite of rooms adjoining this."

"She must spend a fortune in travelling and private boxes," remarked Benedict.

"She must, indeed," replied the Impresario. "During the last long concert tour," he continued, "she never missed one concert, and always contrived to get two places for herself and maid in the very front row, no matter how crowded the rooms were. The green silk dress I have just seen, reminded me of her appearing in the same attire on the railway stations. Whatever time we started, she was always there, and generally wore the same colour, not very appropriate for the cold weather and early hours we had to put up with during the last tour."

"Have you seen Donna Giulia? She was inquiring for you just now," said Benedict.

"No. What was it she wanted?" answered the Impresario.

"She is very anxious about her letters being properly addressed at Liverpool."

"I gave her the name of the hotel yesterday; she has, perhaps, mislaid it," said the manager.

"That is hardly likely," remarked the maestro.

"She would be very unhappy if by any chance the letters were delayed a day. The post was only an hour late yesterday, and before it arrived she had telegraphed home to know how the children were, and why they had not written," said the Impresario, finishing his breakfast, which had been interrupted by the three-cornered billet.

"It was always so. How she was ever persuaded to go to America and leave her family behind, even for so short a time, always astonishes me," said Benedict.

"Had the Atlantic cable then been in working order, she would have spent all the money she received from Hackett in sending messages with 'the reply paid for,'" rejoined the manager.

"Very likely. Have you sent down to order dinner at Salt Hill? If not, we might go there, and have a stroll at Kingstown afterwards," suggested Benedict.

This proposal being accepted by the Impresario, it was agreed they should go by the one o'clock train, and having given instructions to the servants of the party as to the hour of starting, packing up, &c., and having settled the hotel bill—a most important item in his undertaking—the manager sent to Benedict to say he was ready.

Donna Giulia obtained the information she required, and her mind was tranquillised by

the assurance that there would be no interruption in the correspondence from home, but that the daily budget of letters would be awaiting her arrival at Liverpool.

"I never come to the sea-side," said Benedict, as the train, dashing along the shore of Dublin Bay, brought them near their destination, "but I think of that concert we gave at Ryde, with Alboni."

"When you went to bathe, and took the key of the concert room in your pocket," replied his companion.

"And I thought I left the key in the bathing machine. What a state of mind we were all in! It was a morning concert, and as soon as I arrived at Ryde, I went to try the pianoforte. The people gave me the key of the room, which I inadvertently took away with me. Of course no one could unlock the door but myself; and when I came back to commence the concert, not thinking what I had done, I found the public and the rest of the party waiting to get into the room."

"What did you do,—force the door?" asked the manager.

"No. I rushed to the bathing-place, but had to return without the key. Some one in the mean time had got in at the window, so that the audience obtained admittance, and were already clamouring for the concert to commence. I afterwards discovered the key in the pocket of my surtout."

"A very primitive way of concert giving," remarked the manager, whose professional feelings were aroused by the story.

They alighted at Salt Hill and ordered dinner, as arranged. All the party met at Parry's hotel at five o'clock, and, after a somewhat solemn meal, went on board the steamer lying at the jetty in Kingstown. The anticipations of the voyage effectually prevented any hilarity on the part of the tourists.

A VISIT TO BISHOP PERCY'S SHRINE.

FROM my earliest boyhood I had ever a love for the old ballads of England, and had when ten years old been made supremely happy by receiving as a birthday present Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." Well do I recollect the pleasure with which I first perused the time-honoured ballads of Chevy Chase, Sir Cauline, and the Heir of Linne, in those delightful volumes. Years, indeed, have rolled away since then, bringing in their train, as they must to everyone, many trials and changes, yet still an old love for literature of this description has ever been mine, accompanying me amid my varied wanderings, and this had its origin from my

early study of the "Reliques of English Poetry."

In order to oblige an old friend, I had been taking his clerical duties at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, itself a spot replete with interest, from having been the abode of Cowper, and his friend John Newton; so, finding that Easton-Mauduit, so long the home of Percy, was within an easy distance, I set off in order to pay it a visit. It was a lovely day in "the leafy month of June," one which poets love to depict, when the heart bounds with gladness at seeing all nature gay, and a pleasant walk of five miles, chiefly through fields, brought me within sight of Easton-Mauduit. It is a village in the county of Northampton, quite in the heart of the country, retaining much of its simple character, as in days of yore, consisting of a few picturesque farm-houses, and cottages grouped together at irregular intervals, and has now a population of but two hundred and seven people. The living is in the gift of Christ Church, Oxford, and to it in 1753 was nominated a Student of the House, one Thomas Percy, M.A., hereafter to be not the least of the many distinguished ornaments of English literature.

The church where he ministered for above twenty years, guiding the rustic and the lowly born, stands close to the road-side; it consists of nave, with side aisles, and chancel, and has at the western end one of those graceful spires for which Northamptonshire is so famous, earning for it the title of the county of "Spires and Squires." Judiciously, and in a loving spirit, has the church been restored by the present Marquis of Northampton, whose stately seat, Castle Ashby, embowered amongst some of the finest trees in England, forms a conspicuous object from the quiet churchyard. And, a lesson to church restorers of the present day, every inscription has been transferred carefully, to the encaustic tiles now forming the pavement. In front of the chancel lie buried three of Percy's daughters, all of whom died young; and in the Yelverton chapel on the north side of the chancel, are many fine monuments of that family, which played a conspicuous part in English history, and upon which the earldom of Sussex was subsequently conferred;

And all around on scutcheon rich,
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
Their arms and feats are blazed.

Their old hall used to stand on the northern side of the churchyard, but it has long been razed to the ground, though its traces are clearly discernible, and the ancient family became extinct in the direct line by the death of the last Earl of Sussex in 1798, though some illegitimate descendants of the Yelver-

tons still live in Ireland, on whom has been conferred the modern Viscounty of Avonmore.

Within the altar rails, which are made of alabaster, a pious father of the Church finds a resting-place, Thomas Morton, Bishop of Durham, who died here in 1659, when filling the comparatively humble office of tutor in the family of Sir Henry Yelverton, having been ejected from his see by the Parliament. The residue of his property was but 100*l.*, after paying his funeral expenses, and erecting a monument to his memory in the church, and by him was given a portion of the communion plate still in use—a fact which is thus recorded in the register:—

The silver chalice and the cover (both of them gilt) which have the letters "T. M." engraved upon them, were the gift of the Right Rev. Thomas Morton, Bishop of Durham, who died in this parish 1659. The others were probably given about that time by Sr. Henry Yelverton, Bart., that true son and great ornament of the Church of England.

THOS. PERCY.

The vicarage, so long the retired home of Percy, and the birthplace of his children, stands on the south-west side of the churchyard, and here it was that the "Reliques" were compiled which have won for him so permanent a reputation in the field of literature. It is now not a very large house, but in his time it is described by Mr. Nares, his successor in the benefice, in 1782, and himself afterwards an eminent literary man, as a very neat cottage of stone, and thatched, commanding no prospect, but perfectly snug and pastoral. Here came the good vicar's friend Dr. Johnson, the great lexicographer, in 1764, on a visit to what was styled a dull parsonage, in a dull county, and declining, as it is said, the literature which his host provided, preferred to help Mrs. Percy to feed the ducks. In the garden a terrace is still shown as Dr. Johnson's walk, and in the little study no doubt Percy wrote the ballad, which Burns pronounced to be the finest in the language:

O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare:
Say can'st thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

It was addressed to his wife on her return from Court, where she had been acting as nurse to one of the royal children,—Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent, and father of her present gracious Majesty.

The "Reliques" were dedicated—in a preface, for which Percy is supposed to have been indebted to his friend Dr. Johnson—to the

most good humoured of ladies, Elizabeth, Duchess of Northumberland, the direct representative of the noble house of Percy. A north-country baronet, Sir Hugh Smithson, of Stanwick St. John, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, the handsomest man of his time, had been rejected by a lady; and the fact having been mentioned to the great heiress of the house of Percy, it is said that she expressed astonishment at any one refusing Sir Hugh. On hearing this, he made her an offer, which was attended with success, perhaps pity being akin to love, and he was subsequently created the first Duke of Northumberland of the present peerage.

Perhaps, however, the greatest object of interest to an antiquary is the old register, upon which Percy bestowed so much pains, and made numerous notes in a singularly beautiful and distinct hand. It seems to have also done duty as a kind of commonplace-book, and in it to have been recorded anything of an interesting nature connected with him and his parish. There are in his handwriting notes of his appointment to the living in 1753; his marriage at Desborough Church in 1759; his resignation of Easton-Maudit in 1782, on his appointment to the bishopric of Dromore; and if the character of any one may be judged from handwriting, he would seem to have been a man of great neatness and accuracy.

After a long residence of five-and-twenty years here, promotion came at last in the shape of the deanery of Carlisle in 1778, a reward which he had well earned by his invaluable services to literature; and a few years afterwards the bishopric of Dromore was conferred upon him, where he closed his long and useful life in 1811, at the age of eighty-three, and was buried in the transept of the cathedral there, in the same grave with Mrs. Percy, the "Nanny" of his muse. Doubts have been thrown upon his connection with the great ducal house of Northumberland, but in Percy it is the painstaking scholar and exemplary pastor that we admire; and no one can question his ability and industry, which won for him deserved success and advancement in his profession, and an enduring reputation wherever the English language is spoken.

P. J.

THE GOLDSMITH'S APPRENTICE.

A tale of St. Petersburg in 1796.

ST. PETERSBURG was in consternation; for the Czar had that morning degraded his favourite Cabinet Minister, and sentenced him to exile in the mines of Siberia. Count S—— had been the Emperor's most honest



(See page 724.)

adviser; and, with the exception of a few persons who detested him for his sincerity and his imperviousness to a bribe, was universally beloved by the people. His fall therefore came on them like a thunderbolt; the more so, as no assignable cause for his degradation, could be hazarded.

Even the Count himself was astounded. Accustomed as he had been to the wayward caprice of a despotic ruler, and knowing that

in the eyes of such, even the honestest action may be construed into a treasonable design, he still felt the consciousness that he had ever served his country faithfully, and to the best of his ability, and therefore felt that his degradation was as unjust, as his sentence was cruel. But it was not so much for himself that he grieved. He had been a widower many years, and of all his children none were left to him save one daughter, Katinka,

the flower of his old age. It was for her that he felt heart-broken. She was the cause that his tears flowed fast down his furrowed cheeks, and that his silvered head was bowed down to the ground.

"If I were quite alone in the world, it would matter little; there are not so many years in store for me," he muttered to himself.

"But, dear father," said a soft voice in his ear; "you are not alone, and will not be alone. See! there is even yet a bright spot among the dark clouds overhead;" and with these words, his daughter placed in his hand a royal mandate which empowered the exile to take with him his daughter and a servant into banishment.

"My child! what have you done? you sacrifice your young days among those bleak and barren steppes! No—no, it cannot be."

But we will draw a veil over the out-pourings of the father's and daughter's hearts. Suffice it only to say, that Katinka by her tears and entreaties at last wrung a reluctant consent from her father that she should accompany him into exile.

"But whom shall we take with us?" she asked presently, in a cheerful and confident voice.

"You may well ask, whom?" he answered sadly—"you will not find one among all my dependants who would follow in my service. No—no," he added, with a tinge of sarcasm, "they will prefer to quaff the tokay of my rival successor, to drinking the icy cold water of Jenisei."

With a confident step Katinka sped away on her errand, feeling sure that some one at least among the numerous dependants of the family, who owed fortune, fame, and maybe life to her father, would now be willing to show his gratitude by accompanying him in his dreary exile.

In a humble cottage on the outskirts of the city an old man was kneeling before an image of his patron saint. But his devotions were disturbed by a loud knocking at the door, which he arose from his bended knees to open. It was his only child—his son Feodore.

"Is it then true, my father, that our beloved master is sentenced to banishment; and that he is to set out to-morrow?" the young man inquired.

"Alas! my son—it is too true!"

"And will the city, the nobility, the townspeople, look on in silence while the benefactor of their country is cast out from home and hearth?" inquired the youth impetuously. "And what is to become of his daughter?" he resumed, not waiting for any answer, "and who is to accompany him into his banishment?"

Just then the door of the cottage opened, and Katinka herself stood before them.

"Good Nicholas!" she began, addressing the old man, "are none of my father's servants here?"

"None, noble lady!"

"Alas! then are we forsaken indeed! But to think that not one of those who used to kneel down before him, and call him their saviour, can be found ready and willing to offer him this last service!"

"What!" interrupted the old man, "do you mean, noble lady, to say, that they could follow him but will not?"

"Even so," was the sad reply.

"Then will I!" and he knelt down before the young girl, and respectfully kissed her hand. "Then will I, old as I be, with the help of my patron saint, St. Stephen, share evil and good with him. For twenty years have I lived under him in this cottage. Here I married, and hence I carried out my wife when struck down by fever. Yes! I will follow him!"

"Nay, good friend," replied Katinka, in a tone of gratitude; "you are too old—too infirm to undertake such a toilsome journey. I did not refer to you. No! your age and failing strength would prove a burden rather than a comfort to my father."

"True! lady, I forget that," interrupted the old man; "but I will go out myself and speak with the ungrateful hinds."

"It seems derogatory to my father's honour to have to ask twice," answered the lady, proudly. "Maybe, I yet may be able to find one, sufficiently miserable to consider it no further addition to his misery to follow my father, though it be into exile."

"Yes—surely you will find one," now cried Feodore, emerging from the corner of the room where he had been standing, unperceived by Katinka. "I will go! you do not remember me, lady, but he," pointing to his father, "will be my guarantee that I speak truly and from my heart."

"I not know you, Feodore!" exclaimed Katinka; "think you I can so readily forget him who saved my life from drowning when but a child? And you will accompany us?"

"Yes, lady, that will he," said Feodore's father, answering for him. "He will discharge his new duties as faithfully as he has his old ones."

"Then may God and all his saints bless you both!" exclaimed Katinka, as her tears fell fast down her cheeks. A hectic blush passed over the young man's face as he knelt down on one knee and fervently kissed the hem of the lady's dress.

"My son," said the old man, when the two

were once more alone; "you have said you will go with him, and you have said well and nobly."

"With him, father?" interrupted Feodore. "Did she not say 'with us'? Does not she then accompany the Count into exile?"

"Yes, truly! but it is a great sacrifice you have made; and yet my loss is ten times greater;" and the old man wept bitterly.

"Us! yes, she said 'us!'" continued Feodore, heedless of his father's tears.

Just then a man entered with a request that they should at once repair to the palace of the Count, a request which they immediately obeyed.

"My children," said the Count as they entered the apartment, "I have sent for you to learn from your own lips whether it is true what my daughter has just told me. For no one shall sacrifice himself for me against his own will. Let me then hear, good Nicholas, first from your lips, whether your son's determination to accompany me into exile meets with your sanction?"

"Yes, gracious master, the lad is but discharging his duty; and even though none are left to tend my dying bed, I bless him for it."

"And you, Feodore," resumed the Count, turning to the young man, "pause, reflect well. You are leaving life, a good position, wealth, an aged and beloved father, for a living death, a miserable existence—for slavery. Better stay with him! What, no! Then accept my thanks—my blessing—for your noble conduct. See, my friends, let us drink together, us three, a parting goblet," and with these words he filled a silver beaker with sparkling wine, and handed it to Nicholas.

"To the due fulfilment of your duties, my son," said the old man, turning towards Feodore, as he drained the goblet to the dregs.

Again the Count filled it, and handed it to Feodore; who, sinking on his knees and raising the cup aloft, said in solemn tones,—

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, I swear to be a true and faithful servant to you and your daughter."

"Then to-morrow at day-break I rob you of your dearest treasure on earth, old friend," said the Count, much moved at the affecting scene. "Till then, farewell! I have much to arrange."

When father and son had once more returned to their humble dwelling, Feodore, who had been wrapt in deep thought, suddenly exclaimed,—

"You are witness, father, that I consented to follow them before she said 'us,' did I not?"

"Doubtless; but why this question? it was not the daughter, surely, you would follow?"

"Enough, enough! you are witness that I pressed the thorn to my bosom before I perceived that there was a rose budding on its stem. Alas, father, I love her!"

"You dream, Feodore," replied his father, amazed; "remember, though in Siberia, she will still be a countess, and you but a goldsmith's apprentice. Beware, lest you change her father's blessing into a curse; yours she can never be."

"Mine!" answered Feodore, amazed; "how can you think I ever presumed so far? To live for her, to die for her, will be my highest happiness."

A strange and awful occurrence took place that night in St. Petersburg. When the sun arose the next morning, its rays shone on the Emperor Paul's murdered body. Of course, in the tumult that ensued but little heed was given to the fulfilment or revocation of the late Czar's commands. There was a new master to please now; even Count S— forgot his own sorrows in the whirl of excitement. That very day he was summoned to appear at court: he obeyed, and to his surprise, instead of finding that his sentence of banishment was to be carried into effect, the Emperor bade him draw near, and graciously offered his hand to kiss. The Count's colourless lips trembled as they touched it, for it seemed just as if a bloodstain were upon it.

"You will remain in my service, Count?" asked Alexander, courteously.

"Gracious sire, I trust you will pardon me. Yesterday I was an old man; but the last night has added many years to my age. With one foot already in the grave, my only wish is to seek for peace. I would fain, with your royal permission, retire to my country estate, there to await the hour which cannot be far distant."

"Your wish is granted. But is there nought else I can do? you have but to ask."

"If I might venture to ask a boon," replied the Count, "I would beg your Majesty to sanction the union of my daughter with—Feodore Solkow, the—the goldsmith's apprentice."

The Emperor raised his eyes in astonishment, as he regarded the Count, who still remained kneeling.

"A strange request, Count. Reflect on the different conditions of the young people!"

"Pardon me, gracious sire," interrupted the Count; "though of humble origin, he is noble at heart, and deserves this, aye, and

more than this, from me. When all the world turned their backs on me, when the butterflies of fashion that had flitted in my salons, and had professed their willingness to go through fire and water to gain if it were but an approving word from my daughter's lips—when amongst all my dependants not one was willing to share their master's fate, this youth came forward; he gave up all for me. What I had thought to see accomplished on the banks of the Jenisei, I now pray your Majesty may be celebrated in this your royal city."

"Be it so!" answered the Emperor, waving his hand.

Next day Katinka and Feodore kneeled together at the altar of the Orthodox Church of Russia as man and wife.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. VII. AT MY UNCLE'S.

It pelted hard last night as I came off my beat. Rain does not matter much to you, Mr. Nomad; you have your umbrellas and macintoshes and cabs, and if the worst comes to the worst you can go home and change your toggery, and start fresh again. But to be caught in the rain means the very mischief for poor devils like me. It means walking with your rags sticking clammily to your sides; it means shivering in a room without fire; it means tossing about all night long; it means fever, and aches, and thirst, and rheumatism. So it takes a good deal to make me stir out in the wet; and last night, as my rounds were over, and my time is not of the slightest value to myself or anyone else, I resolved to wait under shelter till the storm cleared off. Down along the Strand there are a number of arched passages leading to courts and riverside alleys, and out-of-the-way corners. Experience has taught me that in these passages even ragged, out-at-elbow scarecrows are allowed to hang about without being molested by the police. If it was raining cats and dogs, and I took my stand under any private doorway or even under any decent public archway—there are few enough of them left now in London—I should be ordered to move on by the first policeman who caught sight of me. I don't look the sort of company to elbow well-dressed, respectable folk, and to speak the plain truth, you would button up your coat, sir, if you saw me standing close by your side. But down these Strand passages leading to nowhere in particular, your decent passers-by are not apt to take up their station; there are no well-to-do shops to be offended by a group of paupers standing in front of

their windows; a sort of flavour of Alsatia still hangs about them, and in rainy days they are a refuge for the destitute—where policemen cease from troubling and tramps are at rest.

Well, at one of these courts I took up my station, leaning against the wall, and huddling myself up in my half-soaked clothes as best I could. I got my pipe alight, and began to think on what I should have ordered for dinner, if I had only got my money on Saraband, as I told you the other night. Opposite me there was a narrow, swinging door, half-open, and above the door were the three brass balls, which are well-nigh the only sign still left in London. I saw at once it was a splendid position for a genteel pawnbroker's. If you ever go into the "kind uncle" business—and you might do a great deal worse—you should study your locality according to your class of customers. In a poor neighbourhood, where you lend money on blankets and fire-irons and shirts, choose the most conspicuous position you can find. The intelligent mechanic and the respectable workwoman don't much mind being seen coming in or out of your establishment, and like a place they can find without looking for. But, if you make advances on "plate, jewellery, or other articles of value," hide your talent under a napkin, or, to drop metaphor, hang out your balls down a dark passage. The less your office is visible from the street the better; gentlemen and ladies in want of temporary assistance have a prejudice against being seen, and if you want to succeed, whether you are a preacher, or actor, or a pawnbroker, you must study the prejudices of your public. Now Carruthers Court, where I was standing, is about the perfection for the latter class of trade. The shop which opens on the Strand looks like an ordinary jeweller's, and it is only the initiated in such matters who would ever fancy, from the way in which Mr. Simeon Solomons dresses his windows, that he does anything beyond selling watches, and chains, and trinkets. But the real business which pays for Solomon's villa down at Putney—he is known there as Silas Salmon, bullion dealer—and for Mrs. Solomon's silks and diamonds, is not the sale of second-hand watches or electro-plated Albert chains, but the pawnbroking trade, which is carried on in the office behind.

If you are an old hand, and have got over the sense of nervousness at demanding an advance on your watch, you cannot do better than walk straight into the front shop, and then and there ask for the sum you want upon any article you have to offer. There are inconveniences, however, about

this method. By the odd fatality which attends people who do not want to be seen, you are as likely as not to have the one relative, from whom you have expectations, come in to purchase a watch key, while you are waiting for your ticket. Besides, you run a great chance of being seen coming in or out, and knowing people will guess at once what your business was in that particular shop. But the customers whom Salmon, *né* Solomon, particularly affects all come through his back entrance. The court I am speaking of runs out at the back into Spinster Lane—a lane of whose very existence nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand who go through the Strand daily are utterly and altogether ignorant. You come down this lane, turn sharp round into Carruthers' Court, trip up the step, push open the swinging door, and find yourself in one of the half-dozen pens where borrowers take up their station, before a living soul, not bent on the same errand, is ever likely to catch a glimpse of you.

A great deal of harm is said about pawnbrokers, but I think with very little reason; of course, if you are going to ask my advice whether you had better have pecuniary relations with your uncle, I should say decidedly not. But then, the less you have to do with borrowing money from any body the better for you, and every body connected with you. If, however, you must borrow—and I suppose as long as the world lasts men will keep getting into debt, and difficulties, and botheration—you may do much worse than go to the sign of the Three Golden Balls. You have not to ask a score of times before you get your money; you are not told that money is scarce; you are not pestered for references or securities, you have nothing to do with stamped paper; you have not to badger and be badgered about the rate of discount; you have not to take half the amount in Bremen cigars, or British champagne, or Wardour Street old masters; you have not to bite your nails for hours about dingy offices in back courts; you are not obliged to be civil to scoundrels, whom you long to kick off their own horsehair stools; you are under no personal obligations to private friends, who are always reminding you of what they have done for you, and who, whether you repay them or not, pester you with advice you never expressed a wish for. Get your money, Mr. Nomad, from a pawnbroker, and whether you redeem your pledges or not, there is an end of the matter, and you hear no more about the transaction for good or bad. The only financial operations I have ever been engaged in on which I look back without regret, are those in which "uncles"

have been the capitalists. I wonder why pawnbrokers are called "uncles?" I suppose it is because they do exactly what uncles do not, lend you money when you want it.

I own, too, I have always had a sort of sympathy for pawnbrokers, because I have known, through their agency, amateur usurers, whom I hate with a personal hatred, brought to grief and tribulation. I daresay you have seen the stereotyped advertisements about a tradesman, who requires the loan of ten pounds for a fortnight, in order to complete a valuable contract, and who is ready to pay 15*l.* for the accommodation, depositing securities immediately convertible into cash for five times the amount. It looks a real good thing at first sight; and if you are a greedy old miser, male or female, you catch at the chance at once, and answer the advertisement. An appointment is made at a respectable tavern, and your intending borrower, when asked about his security, produces at once some thirty or forty pounds worth of pawn-tickets of various dates. You are quite knowing enough to be aware that pawnbrokers never lend much more than half the saleable value upon any article; and therefore you feel if the worst comes to the worst your loan is perfectly safe, together with a very high premium for the advance. You find your customer so simple and confiding it would be a positive shame not to take advantage of his simplicity. He agrees to pay 20*l.* instead of 15*l.* for the accommodation; pledges himself to return the whole amount, advance and interest, and commission, and bonus in ten days at latest; hands you an agreement authorising you in case of default to sell off the property pledged at once, and pocket the surplus, whatever it may be; thanks you with tears in his eyes; promises to remember you in his prayers; and departs with your ten pounds in his pocket. The days pass and you hear no news of your creditor; you go to the pawnbrokers to get possession of your property when the ten days have expired, paying the sums advanced upon the tickets with back arrears, and at an outlay of perhaps fifty pounds get a lot of pinchbeck chains, and paste jewels, and gilt watches, not worth twenty pounds in all. You have been regularly swindled not only of the original ten pounds, but of some thirty more; and yet you have no possible redress. You go to an attorney, and he, running you up a bill all the time, goes and sees the pawnbroker, and reports that the entries are all duly made, testifying that such and such sums were advanced on certain days on the articles in question, as per ticket produced. If double their value, as you assert, was advanced upon the articles, it is no fault of his. Probably, so you are told, the

mistake was due to the carelessness of a shopman, who has since gone to America; but at any rate nobody compelled you to buy the tickets. If they had turned out more than you expected, you would have pocketed the difference; as they have turned out less you must bear the loss. It is an old trick, and a stupid trick, if you like, but somehow it never fails; and I don't profess to think much worse of anybody who lets in a usurer who has no call to go into money-lending.

Well, I was thinking about all this, and wondering if the rain would ever stop, when I heard a cab stop at the entrance in Spinster Lane. I paid little attention; my thoughts had gone wool-gathering far away. But then my ear was caught by another sound—which as long as there is life left in this broken down old body will never fail, I fancy, to rouse me from any day dream—the pitter patter of little feet, the rustle of a silk dress, the music of a woman's voice, soft, and low, and clear. I looked up and saw before me the lady I had seen sitting all alone at Epsom in an open barouche, who had given me the one dainty delicacy I had tasted for years. I never forget a face I have seen, but at first I could not recall where I had last looked upon that fair pale face with the sweet smile playing so sadly round the coral lips. She was dressed for the opera, and under her heavy cloak I could catch a glimpse of her full white shoulders gleaming against the low white satin dress. She said something, I could not catch what, to the cabman, and then came tripping down the court. She was paler than before, and under her sparkling eyes there were pale rings of black, and her hands kept twitching nervously, and her voice trembled as she spoke.

I was not born yesterday, and I could guess pretty well what it all meant. Ladies of high social position and unblemished character don't sit quite alone on Epsom Downs, and don't know their way so well to Simeon Solomon's. There always have been foolish virgins, and I suppose there always will be, and as far as I can see, even in the present day the lamps are not always kept burning. Well, poor things, they get hardly used enough in this world to make me hope some excuse is made for them in the next. The Bohemian life, whatever poets may write, never suits women. They are, one and all, conservatives at heart; they care about their homes and their furniture, they like to chat with their neighbours, to be taken about and have children and husbands, and houses which they can show to all the world. The recklessness, the independence, the ups and downs of your true devil-may-care existence, have no charms for women, at

least not for women with fair faces and soft smiles. I have known hundreds of women who gambled, I never knew one yet, who was a fine player, who could bear losing well. I know, as well as if I had seen it, how this poor child had counted over the trinkets she is going to part with now; how she had tried them on one by one; how she had put them to her lips, and then packed them lovingly away. It takes a good deal to make a girl, like her, part with her jewellery and gewgaws and finery, and I should say myself there is only one thing a young and pretty woman of her class cares more for than her trinkets, and that is her lover, or rather the man she loves.

Quickly and daintily she tripped along, holding up her dress carefully to keep it from the slush that lies ankle deep on rainy nights in Carruthers' Court, and very timidly she shoved open the swinging door with her little kid-gloved hand, and passing by me, scarcely noticing my presence, disappeared in the dark, half-lit boxes. I always keep an old signet ring hidden under my rags, partly as a something to rely on if the worst comes to the worst, still more because it is the only token I preserve of days that are gone for ever. It has been deposited with scores of uncles, and has been redeemed as many times from bondage before the hour of sale arrived. I happened to have it by me then; I had been thinking of negotiating a loan upon it, and so when I saw the girl enter I resolved to follow her, and see how she fared. I slunk into the box next to that in which I heard the rustle of silk, and found her there, as I expected, leaning forward across the counter, with an array of rings, bracelets, necklaces, a child's mug, two silver spoons, and a spade-guinea laid out before her. A young man with oiled hair and hooked nose, and a glass brilliant stuck in the front of a very dirty shirt, was pretending to examine the jewels, all the time that he was ogling the lady. Somehow, with the instinct of his class, he knew what she was at once, and called her "my dear," which he would never have done had he guessed her to be a lady born and bred. I could see her wince, poor child, but she was far too anxious about her object to risk it by resenting impertinence, and she only smiled with one of those forced women's smiles which always make my eyes feel moist, and begged him not to talk nonsense, as she was pressed for time. "Fifty pounds, miss!" I heard him say, "I could not do half the amount." And he made a pretence to sweep the trinkets back. I know something about jewels myself, and I had caught the twinkle in the shopman's eye, as he looked at the diamond rings, and I could tell he did not really mean to

decline business. So when his head was turned, while he was speaking to an old Irish woman who had come to pledge her husband's tools, I leant across and whispered to the girl, who was crying:

"Say good night, and pretend to go, and you will get the money."

She started, looked at me half-suspiciously, half-gratefully; and then with the quickness of women who have been hunted up and down this cruel world, she dried her eyes at once, and said, with an odd short laugh,

"Good night, sir, I must go to somebody who is more gallant to ladies than you are."

The man changed his tone at once.

"Don't be in such a hurry, my dear. We always like to oblige ladies at our establishment, and if you only stop for a moment we'll see what we can do for you."

Well, to cut a long story short, the man higgled and bartered, but the girl stood firm; and at last forty pounds in gold and notes were passed over the counter. The girl clutched eagerly at the money, almost forgot to take the ticket which the shopman, with an ugly leer of his squinting eyes, filled up at his own suggestion to "Miss Smith, St. John's Wood," and hurried away, beckoning me to follow her. When we got outside, she looked hard at me again. Just at that moment we could hear the great clock at Westminster striking eight. The girl started, and said to me hurriedly,

"I don't know who or what you are, but I know I have seen you before, and I want you to do me a kindness. Go at once to Whitecross Street prison, ask for a Mr. Charles Vivian, and tell him from Fanny, that she has got the money, and will let him have it the first thing in the morning."

She tried to squeeze five shillings into my hand; but it was so long since a pretty woman had spoken to me kindly that I could not take money from her. Poor girl, if she once begins paying the debts of gentlemen in difficulties, she will need every penny she can borrow, or beg, or steal.

MY OWN MINIATURE.

AND was I ever such an elf,
Regardless of ambition, pelf,
Much more the meaner sins,
And all the diplomatic wiles
That earn in life's poor game those smiles
The best finesse wins?

And was I ever pink and white,
Like daisy opening to the light
In budding April time?
I, whom an unrelenting sun
So long ago burned fiery dun
In hateful Indian clime?

Surely I never wore a frill
With many a curious pleated quill, .
Like paper round a flower!
A little Philip Sidney sure,
A boyish saint so meek and pure,
Heedless of Pride and Power.

And had I ever hair to flow
To every breeze that chose to blow?
Behold this ivory ball!
Time's cannoned off it many a day;
I've had my rubs in Life's rough play,
Yet seldom won at all.

"Bald as a coot"—such is the phrase
They use in these degenerate days
To mock at reverend age.
Ha! little hair is left, you see,
Time pats our heads so heavily
Before we're fully sage.

'Twas in the days of Wellington
I donned that suit called "Skeleton":
I see it once again.
Like little Tommy in the book,
I'm reading gallant Captain Cook
Beside the rolling main.

Yes! so the painter drew the child
Who longed to tempt the surges wild
And seek fresh golden lands.
Since then by cruel breakers crossed
I have been wrecked and tempest tossed,
And run on countless sands.

All I've discovered is but that
The world is round and I am flat,
And Hope a coloured bubble;
Love a mere mirage of the heart,
And thinking but a painful art
To magnify Life's trouble:

That men are moths; Ambition fire
That scorches fools who would draw nigher,
Striving to win a name:
I have been singed (I know) myself,
Yet seeking Honour and not Pelf,—
These scars are from the flame!

I learned some secrets—that the True
And Good were stable, though there blew
Care's Tiger winds by dozens—
That work's a remedy for care,
Better than any change of air;
That Want and Sloth are cousins.

Ha! what a giddy race I've run,
Since shone upon me childhood's sun;
And what a reel unwound!
Who would have thought that rosy face
Would ever fix in such grimace
And be in leather bound?

No smooth pure ivory my brow;
It's ploughed and trenched and wrinkled now,
And whitened with Grief's dredger.
These lines are drawn for the account
That swells the terrible amount
In Time's remorseless ledger.

WALTER THORNBURY.

NIGHTINGALES.

THE nightingales are still in song. But it is in the middle of April that their earliest notes are heard—the sounds of which are so remarkable, and so distinct from those of all other birds on account of their loud resonance and brilliancy.

The first burst of song generally occurs in the stillness of a mild and calm morning—when the winds of March are lulled—when an April sun fills the lanes and woods with a new warmth and pleasantness; and when the stillness is so complete that the slight snapping sound of bursting buds may be distinctly heard, as the young spring leaves assert their expanding power. On such a morning the loiterer, in a favourable locality, may suddenly hear a startling burst of melody, so loud, so sweet, so luscious in its superb and thrilling richness, that the effect is never to be forgotten.

A picture rises before me as I write,—a most accurate reminiscence of the precise turn of a certain lane, with primroses on its banks, and above, the feathery branches of an over-hanging larch,—forming the principal features of the spot where I first heard the song of the nightingale. I could still trace the graceful shape of the very spray upon which the delicately formed, silver breasted bird was sitting, when he suddenly gave forth that glorious gush of exquisite sound which so astonished me. I had never heard such sounds issue from the throat of bird before, and the effect was the more impressive and startling as occurring, not in the morning, but in the almost darkness of the deepening twilight, just as the moon was rising, and all other birds had long been silent. The song, however, notwithstanding the general belief, is more commonly heard in the morning, though it is much more remarkable in the silence of the night; and hence has arisen the popular fallacy that this bird sings *only* in the night. And, as a natural consequence, this belief has led to the popular name “nightingale,” derived from the Germanic-Saxon “*nachtegal*,” which literally means the night singer, from *nacht*, night, and *galan*, a singer.

But the beauty of the nightingale's song does not require the silence and impressiveness of night to set it off; and in this respect Shakespeare is not altogether right as a naturalist when he makes *Portia* say:—


The nightingale, if *she* should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren,—

the simple fact being that the superiority of the song of the nightingale to that of all

other birds is beyond cavil or dispute. The thrush, the fauvette, the sweet-songed robin, even the aspiring lark, are but as a band of secondary choristers, compared to the glorious soloist, the great *primo tenore* of the woods, who flings out his chest C's with a power and splendour that neither Tamberlick nor Mongini ever approached. Buffon, who was a poet among the more prosaic naturalists, declares that the entire songs of other birds are but as a single couplet of that of the nightingale; and then goes out of his way to assert that a man cannot be properly constituted who is incapable of being profoundly impressed by this unrivalled melody. Another enthusiastic Frenchman, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, tells us, in his *Confessions*, that he felt a most enthralling and inexpressible pleasure in the notes of the nightingale, and was always most profoundly moved while listening.

The potent influence of this bird-melody has, indeed, been felt in all ages. The Greeks called the nightingale *Aëdon*, that is, “the singer,” the singer *par excellence*—above all other birds; and also *Philomela*, that is, lover of melody.

The song of birds, especially before the refinements of civilisation shut up so large a proportion of our best educated men within the solid walls of our luxurious houses, into which the wild music of the woods can never penetrate, made an impression upon the feelings of our race which in our present sophisticated state we can scarcely appreciate. The singing of birds was then evidently considered the very type of the idea and power of singing; and the Chinese, in those ingenious and most interesting characters which still form their only method of writing, express the act of human singing by means of written characters. The first

figure  represents a widely open mouth,

and crude as may be the mode of expressing it, it is anatomically correct. The straight line across the upper part of the opening expressing the fixed character of the upper jaw, the semicircle below represents the moveable inferior jaw, lowered in the act of opening the mouth. Here, then, we have a sign representing an open mouth, the lines of which are theoretically correct. But it might, if standing alone, merely represent the act of energetic speaking, and therefore another image was required to denote the kind of sound emitted; for this purpose a few well planned lines were made to represent a bird—a member of the only class of creatures that in their natural state possess the capacity of emitting a series of sounds symmetrically

arranged in the form of regular melodic phrases, and delighting in the exercise of that power—in the possession of which, the nightingale may be said to be the representative bird. Its song consists of at least twenty-four distinct notes, without counting those innumerable trills, cadences, and extraneous bursts which form the climaxes to the various notes, or the links of connexion between them. The distinct notes of the series are very various in character. The first I ever heard was the one which connoisseurs technically term the "jugg." It is formed of a series of staccato tones, slightly rising above each other in pitch by such minute gradations as no instrument could imitate. These tones have somewhat the sound of jugg-jugg-jugg-jugg repeated from ten to twenty times, and sometimes many more, according to the spirit and strength of the individual bird, and they are terminated by a brilliant trill, culminating in a rapid burst of bravura sound that, heard for the first time, is perfectly electrifying. Another note is known as the "rattle," a performance which the finest and best sustained shake of a *prima donna* could never approach in trenchant brilliancy. Then, for contrast, there is the note known as the "bubble," soft as the sweetest sound of rippling water, but far richer and more musical, and which, like all the other notes, has its appropriate climax—generally a trill, followed by a final burst; but sometimes by a passage of fine drawn sounds, so exquisitely attenuated and so high in pitch, that the very finest hair-drawn notes in alt, extracted from the first string of the violin by the bow of a Joachim, are left whole octaves below it.

These notes, and indeed most of those of the nightingale's song, seem given forth in joy and exultation; but there is one, which is of an entirely opposite character. It is known as the "döne," and consists of a series of wailing sounds, each rising by about a semitone, which, heard in the night-time, especially with its climax, which might be the breaking forth of the wail into a frantic burst of passionate grief, may, in former ages, have given rise to various forms of superstition. It is, undoubtedly, this special note that originally led the way to the popular estimate of the nightingale's song, as being of a deeply plaintive and even melancholy character—an estimate which most of the innumerable poets, who have described the nightingale and his song, have accepted at once, without investigation. This popular view leads me to attempt a new explanation of the Latin name of the night-singer, which, I imagine, may have been founded on the popular belief that its song at night was typical of a funeral

wail. *Luscinia** was the name by which Roman naturalists distinguished the nightingale. The name may originally have been *lugecinia*, as we know that, in the gradual refinement of the language, the *g* was sometimes exchanged for *c*, as, for instance, in the names Gaius and Cassius, which eventually became Caius and Cassius. Supposing my whimsical hypothesis to have some foundation, we get the verb *lugere* (to wail) and *cinis* (a grave), which, being combined into a proper name, would express the idea of the wailer or weeper at the grave. This is, however, a mere fancy, suggested by the popular error, which assigns a general character of deep melancholy to the nightingale's song. It is, however, supported by a derivation put forward by the Romans themselves, as reported by Pliny, who says, in explanation of *luscinia*, "*quod lugens canat*,"—which sings wailing. Varro, on the other hand, offers an explanation which supposes that the song of the nightingale takes place just before day-break, making him, like the cock, the herald of the light. With this view he utterly ignores the verb *lugere*, and adopts the substantive *lux*, light, making the name to express "which sings before the light;" both Pliny and Varro deriving *cinis* from the verb *cano*, I sing.

There is yet another popular fallacy very generally adopted by poets, who, as eulogists of sentiment and not science, necessarily work better upon a picturesque legend than a hard fact. The fallacy here alluded to is the one which supposes the *hen* nightingale to be the musician; and we get from poets of all epochs exclamations concerning *her* plaintive note, and how *she* pours forth her soft nocturnal wail. This popular error may have arisen from the association of the supposed wail with that connected with funerals, which was uttered only by women, the nature of man being supposed superior to such external signs of grief.

Still another popular fallacy, connected with the perversion of the natural history of the nightingale, is the fable of a thorn pressing against the breast of the female, while sitting upon her eggs—the pain of which was supposed to cause her plaintive lamentations: and upon which extraordinary supposition, we have from our poets such exclamations as "When Philomel forsakes the thorn," &c. This legend of the thorn may possibly have arisen from the superficial investigations of some poetical naturalist, who, wishing to ascertain the cause of the lament, and finding a thorn projecting into the nest, immediately

*The French *rossignol* is probably a corruption of *luscinia*, or its diminutive *luscinola*.

cried "*Eureka!*" and proclaimed the elucidation of one of the mysteries of nature; which explanation, being of a kind precisely fitted for acceptance by a superstitious and, as yet, ignorant race, would be greedily accepted. Such thorns may, indeed, often have been found projecting into nests—a circumstance which may be otherwise explained than supposing it to be an instrument of torture, mysteriously introduced in order to elicit the mournful music supposed to be poured forth by the suffering mother. The simple explanation is this, that the nest of the nightingale is constructed near the ground, among the branches of the spiny blackthorn or hawthorn; and it occasionally happens that a most convenient and well protected place is found, which, however, has the inconvenience of a tough little thorny branch, which, from its intrusive position, has to be built into the nest; which, though it causes but little inconvenience either to the mother or the young when they are hatched, forms a capital peg upon which to hang a pretty fable. So much for the song of the hen nightingale, and her wail and the fabulous thorn; after which it is scarcely necessary to assert that, as in the case of all other singing birds, it is the male that is the songster; though some instances are on record in which the female bird has possessed to some extent the power of song; just as among our barn-door fowls, a *hen* is occasionally heard to utter an imperfect *crow*, though no one on that account would think of asserting that it is the hen and not the cock that crows at day-break.

Nightingales first appear in this country in the beginning of April, the male birds appearing ten days before the females, and being in full song before the hens arrive. M. Gerbe affirms that the nocturnal song is only continued till the arrival of the female, probably wishing to infer that, as the emigration flight is assumed to take place in the night, the night song is a signal to the females, to guide them to the ground taken up by their future mates—as in the nocturnal meetings of Hero and Leander, when the light in the tower of Sestos guided the course of Leander as he swam across the Hellespont. M. Gerbe's notion is a very pretty theory, but inasmuch as the nocturnal song of the nightingale is heard more or less frequently till the end of the singing season, the theory of the special purpose alluded to cannot be maintained. That it may, in some cases, influence the direction of the flight of the females is, however, probable, as the notes are so powerful that their sound, as Barrington asserts, fill a square mile, while the notes of highest pitch are heard still further. Both Kircher and Barrington have endeavoured to furnish

a scientific musical notation of the nightingale's song, but their attempts are certainly not successful, though exceedingly ingenious. The great surgeon, John Hunter, who left nothing uninvestigated within the widest range then known to his professional pursuits, accounted for the extraordinary power of the nightingale's song by the size and strength of the muscles of the throat, which he found to be much more extensively developed than in any other singing bird; and this unusual development of the organs of the throat may account for the traditions of talking nightingales. Pliny asserts, for instance, that Drusus and Britannicus, the sons of Claudius, had nightingales that could speak both Greek and Latin; and that these birds might have been taught by ingenious Greek trainers, to utter a few phrases with tolerable distinctness is exceedingly probable, as such traditions have always some foundation; but, when the enthusiastic old naturalist of the Trajanean era goes on to tell us that the birds in question carried on debates "in right good rhetorical form," we are compelled to doubt the assertions of our venerable authority, whose superstitions on this subject one is, nevertheless, inclined to treat with the greatest leniency, partly on account of his evident enthusiasm and entire belief in what he states, but more especially on account of his delightful and accurate description of the nightingale's song, as he, no doubt, had often heard it himself in the woods about his beautiful villa at Como—the Como which, then as now, was esteemed one of the fairest spots of northern Italy. Among other fabulous anecdotes related by the good old Roman naturalist is that concerning the great singer, Stesichorus, who was said to be indebted for the highest beauties of his art to the fact that a nightingale had perched upon his lips when a child as he slept, and that he had unconsciously drunk in the melodious strains then poured forth, by the recollection of which he afterwards became famous. As regards talking nightingales, Pliny's assertion is not unsupported; for we find Gessner, the modern Theocritus, the modern master of Idyllic poetry, and at the same time an experienced naturalist, describing two caged nightingales belonging to an innkeeper at Ratisbon, who, in the silence of the night, talked with each other, repeating phrases which they had heard during the day. Even Buffon, while ridiculing the credulity of Pliny, and mistrusting to some extent the statement of Gessner, says that when reared from the nest they may be taught to talk. The prices paid in Rome for caged nightingales appears to have been really fabulous—Agrippina, the wife of the Emperor Claudius, having paid, as Pliny tells

us, an enormous sum for a white nightingale, while an ordinary bird of extremely perfect song would sell for as much as a robust and well-trained slave.

It is not wonderful that fables should have arisen concerning the nightingale, for there are still mysteries connected with his appearance and departure which the most searching investigations of modern science have not yet explained. He comes among us very suddenly about the 14th or 15th of April—punctual, almost to the day; his plumage, so fresh, so unruffled, in every way so perfect, that a long flight over hundreds of leagues of land and sea appears highly improbable. It has been noticed, too, that when captured immediately after his first appearance, he has a slight pleasant odour of earth, freshly dug, or after a summer shower. One might thence imagine that, like some of our most beautiful moths, he has just emerged from a deeply buried chrysalis; added to which, his extraordinary fearlessness of man for the first few days after his advent, which renders his capture so easy, might lead the fanciful to picture him to themselves as a newly-formed creature, as yet unaware that man was a natural enemy.

So bold is he on his first arrival that, if a portion of earth be freshly raked over, or turned with a spade, by one of those bird-catchers who each season make a trade of capturing nightingales, these birds will immediately approach the place to seek for insects, ere the hunter is scarcely out of sight; and if, close to the new-turned earth, a "clasp net" have been baited with the irresistible attraction of a meal-worm, the capture of the unsuspecting victim is certain. Last season I was much annoyed by seeing one of these bird-catchers leaving the woods round Pinner with seventy male nightingales so captured, just at the time that every copse in the neighbourhood was beginning to resound with their enchanting music.

In order to account for the smell of fresh earth about the plumage, and the perfectly unruffled state of the flight feathers, it has been conjectured that this interesting bird hibernates by burying itself in the ground, but there are many unanswerable arguments against this theory. For instance, it is known that in the south-eastern islands of the Mediterranean sea, in Asia Minor, and the north of Africa, the nightingale is found throughout the winter, so that he does not hibernate at all in the generally accepted meaning of that term.

Another nightingale mystery is the capricious character of his distribution during his summer appearance in northern and western Europe. It might be imagined that coming

from warmer climates, he would seek the mildest portion of our island, and that Devonshire and Cornwall would be his most favourite localities. But such is not the case. In the eastern portion of England he locates himself as far north as Durham;—while in many of the midland counties his presence is unknown. To account for this seeming discrepancy it has been conjectured that, coming over from the Continent at the narrowest part of the Channel, he directs his course according to the situation of districts abounding in wood and water, where alone the usual food he requires is to be found in sufficient quantity; so that a bare range of down-like hills—or a country in which small water-courses are rare—may at once stop his progress in such a direction. That he travels to us from the south-east is the more probable conjecture, as in the south of France he appears ten days earlier than with us; and in southern Italy even in the middle of March. This seems to prove that the tide of emigration follows the first expansion of the spring leaves, and the simultaneous appearance of many kinds of insects which form his food. Aristotle and Pliny both notice that his first notes are heard at the moment that the first spring leaves appear, and add that he then sings ten days and nights without intermission. This is true only to a certain extent, for he continues in song during the whole of May, and the greater part of June; but it is only at first that we hear the proud and passionate burst of the love-song, that has inspired the poets. It is in the days preceding the pairing time, and those of the season of "courtship," that he puts forth his greatest brilliancy and his loudest vocal powers—the melodies of his "married life" being of a calmer character, though still far above any other music of the woods.

On their first arrival, contests take place for favourite localities, and the strongest and most courageous prevail. As the same individual birds and their offspring return to the same places each successive season, these combats often take place between the male parent and the strongest young male bird of the first brood,—in fact, shocking as it may seem, between father and son, and the young prodigal often succeeds in beating off his parent, who has to put up with the second-best position, though perhaps still triumphing in song over his stalwart son, from his new domain, some thirty or forty yards from the old one.

The plumage of both sexes is very similar, a rich ferrugineous light-brown on the back, getting rather brighter at the tail, while the general tone of the under parts is a light silvery grey. The nest is a slight, but very picturesque

structure composed of small twigs in the outer part, and with substances of a somewhat softer texture in the interior, such as dry bents of grass, stray horse-hairs, or other suitable materials. The eggs are about the size of those of the hedge-sparrow, but rather longer, being more oval in form. Their colour is a rich greenish olive, rather darker and greener in tone than ordinary brown paper; and they have no spots or markings of any kind. The plumage of the young bird is brown, mottled all over with lightish ochreous spots more or less regularly distributed. In general appearance young nightingales so closely resemble young robins, while still in their nest feathers, that they are often mistaken for each other.

To conclude with a bathos, we are told by the Italian naturalist (quoting Petrarch), that a certain landowner in the north of Italy got up night after night, in the nightingale season, for the express purpose of destroying the nocturnal annoyances which disturbed his rest; and that not succeeding in extirpating the enemies of sleep in this manner, he proceeded to the extreme measure of cutting down the woods to a considerable distance round his house—which proved a more effectual defence against the intolerable nuisance. Still worse than this is the following:—The nightingale after the close of the breeding season, having been well supplied with an abundance of insect food during the summer, is in very fine condition during the month of September—in fact, very plump and fat; and his flesh having been tasted by connoisseurs at that season, and pronounced fully equal to that of the celebrated ortolan, thousands are captured in the south of France (the country of the troubadours) as table delicacies. As, however, many of the troubadours themselves, especially the one whose adventures have been set to music* by Signor Verdi, did not meet with much better treatment, we need not be surprised at the fate of a plump and delicious nightingale.

It is not generally known that there is a distinct species of nightingale, considerably larger than the ordinary kind, which though common on many parts of the Continent, has not as yet reached our shores; while in Austria and Gallicia, and parts of Pomerania, *Luscinia major*, the greater nightingale, is abundant. In general appearance, colour, and markings, this bird does not differ very materially from what we may term the English species—except by a slight tendency to mottling on the breast. The song is, however, more powerful, though not so various, and is almost exclusively given forth during the night—in which respect it is a truer

nightingale than the better known species. It would seem that with very little trouble this species might be made to add a new strain of melody to our woods.* The eggs of the *Luscinia major* are rather larger and of a darker colour than those of the smaller species. H. NOEL HUMPHREYS.

THE IRON SAFE.

"Our burgomaster needs a safe to keep
The charters and the archives of the city,
Like that I finished for the emperor,
When he went forth on his Italian wars,
To hold the rare insignia of the crown.
Though I am old, and thrift hath made me rich,
Yet for the honour of our noble craft
I gave my word to undertake the work.
Hark, Kaspar, stout of heart, but weak of will,
I know that thou canst do it well as I,
And I would prove thee as I prove my locks;
A month I give thee—if 'tis deftly done,
She shall be thine, and thou shalt be my son."
Thus spake the master-smith of Nuremberg—
Hans Eisenfest—well-skilled to make and break
All save a promise to a customer.
But yesterday a fair Franconian knight,
Karl, son of Romadin von Hohenstein,
Had pressed her father for his Lottchen's hand;
And though he rode away with angry spur
To feel his grace trumped by a guildsman's pride,
He swore he would return with next new moon.
Kaspar, the journeyman, was dumb—a lad,
In days when towns and barons had their wars,
As strong as Vulcan, and as straight as Mars:
But better loved he sword-and-buckler play,
And shooting with the cross-bow at the butts,
And, less for liquor than good-fellowship,
The Golden Eagle, than his iron trade.
So Kaspar idled; but as time wore on,
Better than cross-bow, sword-and-buckler play,
Or Golden Eagle, golden Lottchen pleased,
The child who once had sat upon his knee,
When she would sit upon his knee no more.
And Hans loved Kaspar well, nor trusted all,
So when he pleaded, met with banter cold,
That locks of steel must win the looks of gold,
And he would give his daughter safe to keep,
Alone to him who could make treasure safe.
The weeks passed on, but Kaspar mutely wrought,
All day, save measured minutes, lost to sight,
For with the first morn of the Lenten fast
His term of grace should end. Shrovetide was come;
The folk was merry with the carnival,
And he and Lottchen kept the house alone;
It was the hour before the midnight chime
When Lottchen heard his voice, "Come, see the work!"

He led her down a stair to where beneath
The workshop lay a vault,—the work was there,—
A goodly press, with front of polished steel,
Without a chink, save where a cunning tongue
Gave entrance to the key. They scanned it well—
The lantern-light revealed nor fault nor flaw
In back or front; "but I will look within,"
Said Kaspar: "for the master never slurs
The hidden work, nor may one cheat his eye."

*The author of this paper is making arrangements for trying the experiment next season.

And then he stepped within and searched it o'er
With raised or lowered light, and shut the door,
Proving the hasps and springs; fond Lottchen
turned

The key in sport—too willing shot the bolt—
“Ah, I have limed my roving bird at last!”
Then struck with sudden fear, she would unlock,
But could not move the key; then trembling more
She passed a file as lever through the ring,—
The key broke in the wards. “Help, father, help!”
She shrieked, “or Kaspar dies—I’ve killed my love.”
But Kaspar murmured low, “Quick, Lottchen, run,
And seek thy father mid the carnival,
And bid him bring his tools and ope the door.
He only can.” She darted to the street
And wildly sought her father to and fro
Among the masks and mummers; when she looked
At Turk, or Greek, or bright-eyed Blackamoor,
Her gaze was paid with compound interest,
Or from the muzzle of some monstrous beast
Strange compliments came gruffly to her ears;
At last a Sultan caught her in his arms,
“Bismillah, thou art mine, and by this kiss,
The loveliest odalisque in my serai!”
Felled by the huge paw of a Polar Bear,
The Sultan loosed the maid.

“My Lottchen here,
Barefaced among the maskers!”

“Father, dear,
Come home this instant! Come, or Kaspar dies!”

Meanwhile to Kaspar in that airless shrine
Minutes were years; in vain he groped and peered.
“Mocked by the creature of my hand! poor fool!
The lock’s a miracle of workmanship,
The screws as fast as death; oh, horrible!
Thus at the threshold of my heaven to die!”
Then bent his brawny back against the door;
But weight and force could move it not a line.
And then his breath came hard, and on his brow
Cold damps broke out,—low burned the lamp, and
low,
Then fluttered into darkness. Now he plies
Flint, steel, and tinder. There’s a spark! a match!
The sulphur kindles into jets of blue,
But on the dead wick powerlessly expires,
And leaves the void infect with breath of hell.
And then he gasped and swooned.

“Say, dost thou live,
My Kaspar?” heard he true? then she is there,
Her father surely follows with his tools.
“He comes, my Kaspar; oh, that he were here!”
She had not seen that when she broke away,
That Sultan, by the sudden buffet stunned,
Had come to life, and gained the Polar Bear,
And in a moment barred his path with steel.
Then there was parry, thrust and counter-thrust,
Till the impatience of the veteran smith
Struck down his guard, and pinned him to the wall.
“Ho! lights, and help to lift a wounded man.
Yet not so fast—he groans—straight to my house!”

“My Lottchen, ’twill be over soon. I choke
In brimstone fumes. The foul fiend—”

“Kaspar, fie!
Thou art not wont to pray, but pray with me,
As I to Mary, thou to Mary’s son,
That help may come, or if not help, that I
May die with thee in prayer, and save thy soul.”
So she knelt down without, and he within;
But as he dropt on his right knee, he felt

The blunt impression of an implement
That lay upon the floor. “Oh! Heaven be praised,
A chisel!” he cried. Fear lent him sleight of hand,
Hope just enough of life to draw the screws,
Down dropt the lock, the door wide open flew,
And Lottchen caught him fainting in her arms.

What mean those lights and voices in the house?
The master meets them,—“Safe and sound, ’tis well,
Lottchen with Kaspar, tell your tale anon;
But here’s a mask who would not let me pass,
And much I fear I’ve pricked him in the lung.”
They laid that Sultan on a bed, and then—
Unmasked the Junker Karl von Hohenstein,
The same who swore to come with next new moon.
They sprinkled his wan face, then came the leech
And felt the pulse; the hurt man oped his eyes,
And sadly smiling, “I have kept my vow.
I swore I would return with the new moon;
I thought to win her by fair means or foul,
And in that thought I foully wronged the fair.
I was unworthy,—but the leech may go,
And fetch the priest, and when the priest is come,
He may perform two offices in one,—
Shrive my poor soul, and join their loving hands.”

Thus Lottchen came to keep her Kaspar’s keys,
But never trifled with his look again.
GEORGE CARELESS SWAYNE.

DINAN.

THERE are two ways of getting to Dinan.
You may either take the steamer from Guernsey to St. Malo, proceeding thence to your destination by river or road, or you may travel by diligence from Avranches, in Normandy. The former is the more direct, the latter the more interesting route. We sailed from Guernsey, and, misguided mortals that we were, instead of waiting for the steamer which plies between St. Peter’s Port and St. Malo, we entrusted ourselves to a small cutter which we found on the point of sailing for France. When we embarked the night was calm and clear, and our skipper assured us that our voyage would be rapid and pleasant. So it was for two or three hours, but then a gale sprang up right a-head, which drove us out of our course, and lengthened our voyage from nine to nineteen hours. Of the horrors of that passage we forbear to attempt any description, further than by saying that two courses only were open to us—either to remain on deck, with the sea dashing over the bulwarks, and a Polar night-wind blowing, or to descend into a horrible little hole, about ten feet square, termed a cabin, and there to toss about in an atmosphere resembling that of the worst casual ward in a London work-house. After a weary, dreary, stormy, and rainy voyage, we crawled ashore at St. Malo, and were glad to obtain the rest we needed at the Hôtel de France. Next morning we hired a conveyance to Dinan, and drove through a pleasant, well-wooded country,

halting here and there at a house where a bunch of mistletoe, hung over the door, indicated that cider might be had to quench our driver's thirsty soul. The approach to Dinan from this direction is very picturesque. The road winds up to a lofty plateau, from whence you see the town, with its innumerable spires and towers on the other side of a deep gorge, through which flows the river Rance. A granite viaduct of great height carries the road over this ravine. Having crossed it, you are speedily involved in the labyrinth of narrow and tortuous streets for which Dinan is famous.

Houses which have seen the Middle Ages confront you on every hand; deep arcades project over the pavement, and carved oak portals lead to antique-looking shops. In many places, even here, the hideous nineteenth-century shop-window, full of show-cards and cheap nastiness, has taken the place of the picturesque casement, in which the old dealer disdained to expose his wares to the glaring eyes of day; but there are few towns where these unhappy innovations have made so little progress as at Dinan. Unfortunately this is also the case with more desirable improvements, for the drainage of the town is detestable, and the inns are said to be the reverse of comfortable. We were fortunate enough to find our way to a private lodging-house in the Rue St. Malo, kept by an English lady, where every comfort was provided, and the fare was such as to satisfy the most fastidious.

The walks round Dinan are almost innumerable, and not one is devoid of interest. The country is intersected in every direction with lanes, which, being sunk six feet or more below the level of the adjacent fields, and

bordered by high hedges, form watercourses in winter, and delectable mud-bogs all the rest of the year. To save you from floundering about in these, a foot-path is almost invariably provided on the higher ground, running parallel with the lane, but outside the hedge.

To appreciate the intricacy of the network formed by these lanes, you should try to make your way by them to the village of St. Esprit, about a mile and a half from Dinan. If you succeed, by the light of nature, in going direct to your destination, you need not despair of finding the "other end of



An Old Street, Dinan.

nowhere," of which Mr. Kingsley has told us so much in his "Water-babies." At St. Esprit there is an interesting old cross, erected by the English somewhere about 1358. While we were sketching this cross a cottage door opened close to us, and a cow walked into the house, threading its way among children and chairs. When the animal reached the further end of the room it gravely turned to the left, and passed through another door into a sort of parlour, where it was tethered. This was obviously its usual residence, and, looking at the matter apart from sanitary considerations, it does not appear altogether unjust that the "jintleman (or lady) who pays the rint" should occupy the best room in the house.

On our way to St. Esprit we called at the Hospice des Aliénés, an extensive lunatic asylum, managed by a religious order. One of the brothers, who was employed in gardening, very obligingly conducted us through the establishment. We were much struck with the perfect cleanliness and cheerfulness of the buildings. Numbers of the inmates were polishing the waxed floors, by means of large

flat pieces of wood attached to their feet. They skated over the slippery boards with great rapidity, and seemed to relish the exercise. Many of the patients were walking in the extensive grounds surrounding the asylum, and we were informed that several of the pauper lunatics were employed in the works connected with a magnificent church, then in process of erection close to the asylum. There were 600 patients in the establishment at the time of our visit. Rich and poor are both admitted. The former pay rather heavily, and each of them has a room to himself. The paupers are herded together, and are supported by the parishes to which they belong.

One of the lions of Dinan is the village of Lehon, where there is an interesting abbey, of considerable antiquity. The cloisters are now roofless, and covered in places with ivy and vines. The window-frames are dropping out, and here and there are the remains of looms, which the Revolutionists brought in to supply the place of the monks they kicked out. The sole tenants of the building appeared to be two old women, one of whom was engaged in "roping" a large heap of onions, in a corner of the cloisters. She spoke with "visible emotion" of the decay of the edifice; but whether her tears were the physical result of her employment, or the outburst of a noble and tender nature, must ever remain a mystery.

Passing into the roofless church of the abbey, we were pounced upon by an unusually persistent specimen of the genus, guide. Finding it impossible to shake him off, we had to listen to his chatter, with calm resignation. This church, it appears, was the burial place of the De Beaumanoirs, and here was buried the Breton leader in that "Battle of the Thirty," so renowned in the ballads of the country:—

Till the stroke of noon from the dawn of day,
They fought, nor giving nor gaining way,
From the stroke of noon till the fall of night,
Against the Saxons they held the fight.

The Castle of Lehon, the seat of the De Beaumanoirs, is situated on a wooded height overlooking the village. The road winds up between the trees, until it lands you among the ruins of the ancient pile. At the time of our visit, a flourishing crop of turnips was growing in the courtyard, where knights have pranced, and men-at-arms have paraded. By walking round the top of the massive walls, you can gain some idea of the ancient size of the fortress, but in doing so be careful to look to your feet, or you may very speedily find yourself at the bottom of one of the many round towers, which, like deep wells, occur on every angle and side of the building.

When you have completed the circuit of the walls, you may admire at your leisure, the panorama of winding river, rocky cliffs, and wooded plain spread out before you.

Dinan is a great place for donkeys. Nearly opposite to the English boarding-house is an establishment, where these interesting animals are let out for hire. Women of seedy aspect accompany the parties who set off on donkey back, with the view of goading the dejected quadrupeds into something like a trot. The drivers accomplish this object by uttering a series of unearthly howls, which seem to answer the desired end, as well as the cudgel does elsewhere. Whether the Dinan method is more humane than the English may be matter of doubt, for if the effect upon the asinine ears resembles that produced upon the human tympanum, the torture must be considerable. A favourite excursion on donkey-back, is to the mineral springs, which are situate in a deep dell, running at right angles to the valley of the Rance. The scenery in the neighbourhood of the wells is very romantic, and the grounds have been laid out with some degree of care, but a tawdry ball-room disfigures the place. The waters have a high local reputation, and are nasty enough to be called medicinal.

The visitor to Dinan should not fail to see the Chateau of La Garaye, rendered famous not only by the poetry of Mrs. Norton, but also by the philanthropy of the last owner, who devoted himself to works of charity, turned his chateau into a hospital, and spent the whole of his time in attending to the sick. The road to the chateau lies through picturesque forests, in which you meet with camps of charcoal burners and sabot-makers. We passed a hut where a family were engaged in the latter employment; father, mother, and children, were all hard at work, and the division of labour among them would have delighted a political economist. One sawed out the rough block from which the wooden shoe was to be shaped, another scooped out the hole for the foot, a third carved the outside into the required form, and the finishing polish was given to the whole by the remaining member of the family. At another point we came upon a party of washerwomen on their knees by the banks of a little stream, hammering clothes with their wooden instruments in a way strongly suggestive of broken shirt-buttons and ragged shirt-collars. A long avenue leads to the chateau.

Little remains of it now but the façade towards the garden. Thirty-five years ago, we were told, the first and second floors were standing; but the depredations of the neighbouring farmers yearly diminish the pile, and

in half a century more scarcely one stone will remain upon another.

One of the most interesting buildings in

Dinan is the castle, once the residence of Anne of Brittany, by whose successive marriages with Charles VIII. and Louis XII., the



Market Place, Dinan.

Duchy of Brittany was annexed to the Crown of France. Though erected above 500 years ago, the castle is in perfect preservation, and is now used as a prison. There are two stories below ground. In the upper of these is the hall of judgment, in which the duchess used to try her prisoners; and below this again are the dungeons in which the unfortunate wretches were confined. These noisome dens are now the abode of hundreds of bats. As our guide entered the door of one of the cells, the bats flew down from the vaulted roof in such numbers as to extinguish the lighted candle he carried, leaving us in total darkness, amid the whirring of numberless wings, until a light could be procured.

There is a good deal of handloom weaving in Dinan. We found one old man, upon whom we called, weaving flax in a loom which might have been constructed before the flood, so cumbrous and unscientific was the machinery. He told us that he worked altogether to order, his customers bringing their

own flax, and that his average earnings were a franc a day!

The day after our arrival in Dinan a fair was held in the market-place, which afforded us an excellent opportunity of inspecting the marvellous costumes of the country-folk. The variety of head-dresses worn by the women is really amazing. We sat down behind the crowd to sketch one or two of the quaint structures carried by the people near us, but soon found that our occupation was exciting an unpleasant amount of observation, and after hastily finishing our sketch, took refuge in a caravan of moving wax figures, where, for an exceedingly small sum, we had the gratification of viewing an image of our gracious Queen, who was represented as rolling her eyes with much energy at her neighbour, the Emperor of China.

Space would fail us to record all the points of interest to be found in this quaint town; but to anyone who has two or three weeks to spare, and wants to leave this busy world behind him, we would say, "Go to Dinan."

"BRIGHT COLLEGE DAYS."

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.



HAD been at the Eliots' nearly a week, and began to think that I had encroached long enough on the hospitality of this charming and truly kind family; so I said to Eliot, as we were strolling one morning in their little picturesque garden,—

"I am sorry to have to leave you all, old fellow; but I fear I must return home to-morrow. I have been here—can it be possible!—nearly a week."

"Not a bit of it," he replied; "you are not going yet.

You need not scruple about encroaching on kindness, or any nonsense of that sort; besides, I have particular reasons for your staying a day or two longer at least,—that is, old fellow, if you like to, and you are comfortable."

"I never was more jolly in my life," I replied. "I shall be sorry to go, but you know the adage about 'wearing out one's welcome.' You are very kind, but I must really, though reluctantly, go."

"Come indoors, then, you troublesome fellow," said he, dragging me by the arm. "I don't mean you to leave, nevertheless; so make up your mind to another week's confinement here."

When we reached the dining-room, where Mrs. Eliot and Emily were at work,—

"Mrs. Eliot," I began, before my friend had time to open fire, "I really fear I have already trespassed too long on your kindness: I must, though reluctantly, return home to-morrow."

"To-morrow, Mr. Beverley!" she replied; "why to-morrow? why in such a hurry to leave us? No, you can't go yet; we shall all miss you so. Don't fear that you are troubling us. I never enjoyed anyone's company so much as I have done yours."

Emily had laid down her needle-work, as soon as I began speaking of my intended departure, and I noticed that she had become a shade paler; as soon as her mother ceased speaking, she looked up quickly into my face, and said, "No, Mr. Beverley, you must not go

yet—please don't go to-morrow." She laid such a stress on this last word, and spoke so earnestly, that I was quite startled. Why should she, above all people, I thought, desire me to stay. But I was soon to learn the cause of her anxiety for me to remain. I then judged her wrongly: it was from a very far different motive from what I had imagined.

"Really, Mrs. Eliot," I replied, "you are too kind; I fear I am causing you a great deal of trouble. I think I had better leave, though I would much rather stay, to tell the truth." As I spoke this last sentence, I purposely looked towards Emily, who caught up her work, blushing like a summer rose.

"Then why leave?" continued her mother. "No, you must stay a few days longer, at all events." So, after a little hesitation, I consented. The next day, as I was smoking a quiet pipe on the beach, Eliot came to me and said,—

"Beverley, old fellow, I want to have a chat with you on a rather difficult matter, and I need your advice how I'm to act."

"Advice, eh!" I replied. "I am your humble servant—go ahead! In for a row?—going to punch some one's head, and want me to stand by and see it done properly? Go on."

"No, no, old fellow," he answered; "it is a far more serious matter. Come, let's walk on a little way."

"Well," I began, after we had gone a short distance in silence, "let me hear all about it."

"I hardly know how to begin," he replied.

"I—I—I—don't believe, as a general rule, in taking—*men*—into one's confidence, for they only laugh, and make fun of one, and it does no good; but I have known you, Beverley, too long, and I respect you too much, not to feel confident that you won't treat what I'm about to tell you, as a trivial matter."

"Well, to the point, man," I said. "I can give you no advice as yet."

"I am now going to take you, Beverley," he continued,—"*to take you, Beverley*"—he hesitated and looked at me straight in the face, as if he doubted whether he could trust me, and then said in a low voice, "*to see—to see—my wife!*"

"Your what?" I said, dropping his arm,

and stopping right in front of him—"your wife?"

"Yes, my wife."

"Good God! Eliot, are you mad?—you married! Absurd!—you're joking—you mean your intended wife, or your——"

"No, Beverley, I am married; and have been so for the last four months."

"Do your people know of it?" I asked. I was so utterly thunderstruck, that for an instant I hardly knew what I said.

"No," he replied, "they are all as ignorant as you were a moment ago. You look, Beverley, as if you thought me mad; but I am as sane as you are. Yes, it is quite true—I am married—and I am not ashamed of it either, though you'll say I have married beneath me, and degraded myself and family. But come, let's walk on; we've five more miles to do, and I will tell you all about it as we go."

He then related to me, of which the following is a brief outline:—

"I must tell you," he began, "that a man named John Davis, a fisherman, some three years before I went to college, and while I was still at Harrow, saved me from drowning. In those days, he lived in a small cottage at Clearbrook. I had often been out fishing with him before; and it so happened one rather rough morning, during the holidays, while on the beach by myself, I saw Davis just going out, so I foolishly went with him. We had been out some time, but had little sport: though only roughish when we started, it soon after came on to blow, the wind growing stronger and stronger. At last Davis said to me, 'I tell you what it is, young gentleman,—we'd better pull home, or else we shall have dirty work getting her in.' So we turned the boat round for the shore. When we had arrived within three hundred yards of the beach, the sea rolling roughly around us, we came upon a small boat which had broken away from its moorings. Davis perceiving it, was anxious to secure it, so giving him my oar, I went to the bows, to be ready to lay hold of her, as soon as he had rowed up close enough. When we got along side, I made a grasp at the rope that was hanging over the side of the boat that had broken loose—at that instant ours gave a lurch—the next, I was struggling in the water. I'm a good swimmer, but the waves were too strong for me. I called to Davis, as soon as I could collect myself, to row up to me, but though he used every exertion, he could not get close enough to reach me. Seeing my imminent danger, he shouted to the men watching us from the shore to row out and help, and then jumped in at me—and succeeded in half supporting me, till a boat reached us, and came

to the rescue. Had he not jumped in, I must inevitably have been drowned.

"From that day, I was constantly in Davis's company, either fishing or rowing about. It so happened, after a successful catch, that I went one day with him up to his cottage: on reaching the door, there came out to meet him a young woman, who seemed in my boyish eyes to be much older than she really was, though in truth she was then hardly sixteen; a very pretty fair-haired girl. To make a long story short, Beverley, I soon fell passionately in love, and found constant excuses daily to go down to the cottage; and this girl is no other than my wife. Last Easter vacation I persuaded her to marry me. We are now not far from her father's cottage.

"About a year after my first seeing her," Eliot continued, "Davis removed some eight miles farther up the coast to this place, Broad Beach, where he has lived ever since, and Fanny with him."

"But, Eliot," I interrupted, "does her father know of this marriage?"

"Her father—Davis?" he replied. "Yes, he does now, but he did not till it was all over. When he discovered the state of affairs, he was furious, as you may imagine; but when he saw it was irretrievable, he became reconciled, on my faithfully promising not to take his daughter away from him."

"Though I call Davis a fisherman, he is not, Beverley, as you may imagine, a rough blackguard: he is an old man-of-war's man, of fair education, and is quite independent, besides having a small pension from Government."

We had by this time arrived at Broad Beach.

"That's the cottage," said Eliot, pointing to a pretty little villa, about the size of his father's parsonage at Clearbrook. "Not so bad, is it?"

I recovered a little as the picture began to assume a brighter aspect than at first. It might not be so bad after all. "But Eliot must be mad, no doubt of it," thought I to myself.

We had reached the garden gate, and as we were entering, the door flew open, and out bounded a little sylph-like creature, who stopped short on catching sight of me.

"Who's this, Fred?" she said hurriedly to Eliot.

"Don't fear, dearest," said he; "it's only Beverley."

She looked at me, slightly reassured, but still crimson. The meanwhile I stood gazing, hardly knowing what to do, or what to make of it, so novel was my situation.

"Come in, Mr. Beverley," she said, address-

ing me in a tone that showed she had not got over her distrust.

"Father's at home, Fred," she continued, turning to Eliot.

We entered the little cottage: it seemed rather poorly furnished, but scrupulously clean and neat. By the table sat an old man, with a dark weather-beaten face, who rose on our entering.

"Mr. Beverley, of whom you've heard before," said Eliot, introducing me.

"Delighted to see any friend of my daughter's husband, sir," said the old man.

I had now an opportunity of judging more closely of Eliot's wife. She was very small, with light flaxen hair, and blue eyes, and looked quite a child, though Eliot had told me she was now over twenty. She would have been perfectly lovely, had it not been for a slight scar on the right side of her upper lip, which I found on a closer inspection to be a—hare-lip! excepting this, she was very pretty. She was dressed with great neatness; though she wore but a cotton gown, yet she looked (in spite of my inward struggle for the contrary) every inch a well-born lady.

Between Davis and his daughter, there was not the slightest resemblance: he was old, grey-headed, and had been, judging from his grisly beard, very dark when young; but neither father nor daughter had, as far as I could tell, a single feature in common.

After I had been there a few minutes, the old man said,—

"You live with our boy, Fred, at college, don't you, sir?"

"Yes," I answered, "I do. I am one of his oldest friends there."

"I suppose, then, you've been told the state of matters here?" said he, pointing to the husband and wife talking at the window.

"Never would have allowed it, if I'd had a voice in it," he continued, without giving me time to answer his question—"never would. But he's a brave boy, sir—he's a brave boy—and a good man, sir,—yes, he is—and perhaps it's all for the best. Pray God it may be!—pray God it may!"

During the hour and more I stayed there, I found an opportunity for a few seconds' conversation with Mrs. Eliot, and when I addressed her as such, her eyes brightened, and she looked up tenderly at her husband, as if proud indeed of him. I found, when conversing with her, that she was by no means wanting in the polish and refinement of a lady, and possessed an elegance of expression which surprised me. Naturally enough, the greater part of my visit was spent with the old father alone, while husband and wife were talking together on the shore close to the cot-

tage. The old man was very communicative, but only on the one object that was so dear to him—his daughter. "I am proud of that girl, Mr. Beverley,—yes, very proud of her," said he, as we stood watching them from the cottage gate. "I've often heard of you, sir," he continued, turning to me. "Fred has often told us about you, so you seem like an old friend, though I never saw you before; my only wish now is to see Fanny introduced to his family, if that could only be; then I should die happy, for I am getting an old man. There's no cause to be ashamed of her: she's as good, nay, better than he is, though you mayn't think it; and she's been well brought up, as well as Canterbury could do for her. I sent her to the best school there, and she's been well taught; you should hear her play, sir! Why it's beautiful! I've bought her a piano, though I daresay you wonder how an old salt like me could afford it—but I did. You see, sir, I've always been a saving man, even when I was quite a youngster. Instead of spending what I earned, like other fellows, I used to put it by; and after I married, I sent it home to my wife—poor thing!—as long as she lived,—and she, a careful body, laid it out at the banker's yonder. So that, when she were gone, there was a good hundred or two, saved up. Besides, you see, it don't cost much to live here; so I could afford to educate Fanny tidily like; so, with Fred's help, and he does a good deal, putting it all together, we get on well enough."

Now it flashed across me, now I understood, why Eliot had stayed up that first Christmas vacation to coach "duffers" for their "little go" at ten pounds a head; now the cause was plain to me of his reticence at college concerning his name, and his family affairs; now I knew why he had stopped so suddenly short, and talked mysteriously in the pony-trap on our way to Clearbrook; now I understood his daily correspondence at college, his thoughtful mien at home, his quiet and subdued manner, and the close economy of his last two terms. "It was to keep your wife at Broad Beach, Eliot, that you made those sacrifices. You gave up so much, that you might send a little more to her,"—all this and more passed through my brain; but I was awoken from my reverie by the old man's voice beside me calling me back to the passing present, and banishing the recollection of the past.

"Fred will tell you all about her, Mr. Beverley, if you don't know already; but I dare say you know as much as they do themselves, though I can tell you more—aye, much more—but here they come," said he, breaking off as Eliot and his wife neared us.

"Beverley," said he, as he came up to us, "I fear I've kept you too long—we must be off. There, I must go, dearest," said he; "I'll be back to-morrow. It won't be long—good-bye! Come along, Beverley—there, don't cry, Fanny, don't cry—I shall be here to-morrow." Thus tearing himself away, we walked quickly back towards Clearbrook.

For the first mile or two, I was so engrossed with my own thoughts, that I hardly heeded the observations Eliot addressed to me; at last, waking up to a consciousness of where I was,—

"Eliot," I began, "are you really married to that girl yonder?"

"Upon my honour, as a man, Beverley, I am. We were married quietly at St. Asaph's Church, Ramsgate. I had been living there in lodgings for more than three weeks, ostensibly to read with Stuart, one of the men I had 'coached' at Christmas. It was on Saturday, the third of last April. Davis had to go to London, to receive his pension—and Fanny went as far as Canterbury to see him safely off; there I met her, and after a great deal of persuasion I induced her to return with me to Ramsgate, and we were married. You can see the register, if you doubt me, Beverley."

I subsequently obtained a copy of the certificate, so my fears and suspicions were unfounded. But to return:—

"Don't any of your people know of this Eliot?" I asked.

"None," he replied, "excepting only Emily. She and yourself are the only two persons in the world, save Fanny's father, who know of it."

"Emily!" I answered. "What made you tell her, rather than your mother, or Rose, to whom you seem so attached?"

"No, Beverley," said he; "my mother is too infirm; and as to Rose, though I love both sisters equally, I confide in the younger. She possesses greater judgment, and more tact in a matter of this kind; and, besides, only a little time before, she had made me a confidant of her love."

"Her love!" I said rather hurriedly. "When did she tell you—before I came to Clearbrook?"

"Why, yes," replied Eliot, raising his eyebrows; "why not?"

But I continued, without heeding his remark: "What did Emily say when you told her?" though in my heart I felt, for a moment, little interest in Eliot's story. I had been deceived, then—yes. I must have been; her solicitude that I should stay longer was solely on her brother's account, and all her anxiety merely that I should be informed of

this marriage. "Well," I said, collecting myself, "what did she say?"

"She was surprised and angry," replied Eliot; "but after a little coaxing, she consented to keep it secret till I gave her permission to tell. As soon as you came here to stay, she advised me to inform you, and to take your advice. She is very anxious to see Fanny, whom she has not yet seen."

"Then she must, and so must your father and mother," I answered. "You are doing a great injustice to your wife, as well as to yourself; your people must know of it, and directly too. I shall inform them, whether you like it or not. But what on earth made you such a fool as to marry this penniless woman, knowing as you do that you are dependant on Squire Hambleford for your college bills?"

Perhaps this was unkind of me. Whatever I might have thought, I should have had the good taste, to say the least of it, to keep it to myself; but I was nettled at what Eliot had just told me. My vanity had been wounded, and I could barely control myself. The cruelty of my words cut him to the quick, almost before they had left my mouth.

"By God, I'm not!" said he, fiercely, his face scarlet with passion. "Don't taunt me, Beverley, with being a pauper—I won't stand it. I'm poor, but I'm proud, and I'm not utterly dependant. I've got the 'Warwick,' to back me."

"What's ninety pounds a year to keep you at college, and a wife at home?" I retorted; but remembering that I was asked for advice, and that it was my duty to smooth the difficulties caused by his folly, not increase them, I added, in a quieter tone, "Come, Eliot, you must admit that you've done very wrong to marry this girl, however much you may have loved her. You should have had the moral courage to wait till you had got your degree, at least."

"What, two years!" he ejaculated, "why, it's an age."

"Eliot, don't talk like a fool—we are both of us but boys—what right had you to marry without the slightest prospect of being able to keep a wife? What right had you to take that poor confiding child yonder," said I, pointing towards Broad Beach, "from a comfortable home, where she is happy, the idol of her father, and the solace of his old age, to share with you your poverty? Oh Eliot, you have erred! yes, you have erred greatly; but why, above all, did you make a secret of it? You know not how you have wronged your wife! Your marriage, Eliot, must be known, and acknowledged by your people. Let us see how it can best, and most speedily, be done. Now, listen to me. I am cool and collected now,

though I confess your late disclosures had somewhat unnerved me;—listen to my advice, and follow it;—your people must be told, your wife must be brought to Clearbrook, and be introduced to them, and Squire Hambleford must be informed also. "If you leave it to me and to your sister Emily, it shall be arranged as well as so difficult a matter can be,—be quiet a moment," I continued, as he was about to interrupt me. "I'll manage the Squire myself, though I fear he'll drop your allowance; but if the worst comes to the worst, you've a friend to look to in me, Eliot; my father is rich, and I've a good allowance."

"No, old fellow," he replied, quickly, "I'm not going to be your pensioner, though I shall be ever grateful to you for your kind offer. No, no!"

"We shall see about that; but tell your sister," I continued, "as soon as we get home that you have informed me, as I wish to talk it over with her as soon as possible."

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER X.

It was a splendid night; but we appeared to be the victims of some impending sacrifice, as we wended our way along the pier towards the place where we were to embark. Many would probably have enjoyed the prospect of a sail, or rather a steam across the channel by moonlight; but I do not think any of our party appreciated the luxury, and all, I am quite sure, would willingly have foregone the pleasure had it been possible to reach Holyhead without crossing the water. The voyage was, however, very delightful—the sea as smooth as glass—very different from that we had experienced on a former occasion. The Diva paced the deck for a short time, but was at last induced to place herself in the care of the stewardess, in the event of accidents. Mario smoked innumerable cigars, and entered into conversation with the captain, who was unusually communicative. He showed Gennaro the engine-room, and explained the various improvements that had lately been made in its vast machinery. A green silk dress was seen promenading the deck, but soon disappeared, and was altogether lost sight of until it came to light again in the Liverpool Theatre Royal.

"*Oh bella notte!*" said Polonini, who was lying on the flat of his back, gazing at the stars.

"A fine night, but I would rather be on *terra firma*," replied the Swiss, who seemed to have a conviction that something unpleasant was always sure to happen at sea. He was

not very wrong as far as he individually was concerned, for there's no doubt the water invariably made him very ill.

"*Est-ce qu'il y a du danger?*" asked Amina of the Impresario, who was leaning over the side of the vessel, watching the fast fading lights of Howth and Kingstown.

Amina was assured there was nothing to fear, and seemed greatly relieved by the comforting intelligence.

Notwithstanding the smoothness of the sea, the voyage had a certain levelling influence upon the tourists, who were remarkably silent and reserved as the boat was brought up alongside the pier at Holyhead.

We continued the route to Chester, where it had been arranged to break the journey. Benedict, however, left us, or, rather we left him, to go on to Liverpool.

After a short rest at Chester, we set out again early next day, and arrived at Birkenhead Ferry.

"A gentleman nearly drowned here this morning, sir," said a railway porter to the Impresario, whom he knew.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the latter.

"I think he belongs to your party," continued the porter.

On further inquiry it was learned that Benedict had fallen into the water between the landing stage and the steamer, having missed his footing and slipped off the plank communicating between the two. We were told he was saved by a miracle, for, had the tide been flowing, he must have been lost. As it was, they hooked him out, and he had crossed over to Liverpool just before us. We hastened to the Adelphi Hotel, and were glad to find our *maestro*, although looking very unhappy and remarkably uncomfortable in a suit of the landlord's clothes, many times too big for him, not much the worse for the dangerous ducking he had met with. It was, indeed, a most extraordinary escape.

"*Poveretto*," said Donna Giulia, "*che terribile disgrazia*." Benedict, notwithstanding the accident, as soon as his luggage arrived—we had brought it with us—dressed and went to rehearsal at the Theatre Royal. Italian Opera does not always meet with great encouragement in Liverpool.

The most distinguished artists, if not very popular, fail to draw receipts sufficient to pay the expense of their engagement. I have seen a magnificent performance of Verdi's "*Macbeth*" given to a nearly empty house—the worthy manager, nevertheless, enjoying the performance from his private box—biting, or apparently eating, his pocket-handkerchief, in indignation at the apathy of his fellow-

townsmen in matters connected with the lyrical art. The same opera, with the same cast, having drawn immense crowds the week before in Dublin, made the apathy of the Liverpool public all the more unaccountable. But we had no reason to complain of any such indifference on the present occasion. The names of our party had, as usual, an irresistible attraction, and the result of the week's operas was most cheering. The success was well deserved, for no expense had been spared to make the performance complete. Band and chorus had been brought down from London—new dresses made, scenery painted, and everything done as well as it could be, even in the metropolis itself. But the *ensemble* would have had no attraction at all without the great names of the Diva and her companions.

After the week at Liverpool, a series of the same operas was given in Manchester, with which the operatic tour terminated. The engagements of many of the artists came to an end with these performances. The costumiers and their big boxes were sent home; and our party, considerably reduced in number, commenced a concert tour the Monday after the last opera in Manchester.

Among the changes we lost our *maestro*, Benedict, whose place was filled by one already known to all of us, as the "Sultan." Our sorrow at parting with Benedict was somewhat mitigated by the appearance of Hatton, who was warmly received by his old friends. The day he arrived he was made to sit down to the piano, and sing to Donna Giulia "The Little Fat Man," and play Mario a fugue.

"I have some words here for a song I am going to write for you," said the Sultan to Mario, taking out of his pocket-book a sheet of note-paper, which he handed to our Orpheus after the "bit of Bach."

"Read them to me," said Mario; whereupon Hatton read the words of "Good-bye, sweetheart."

"Good-a-bye, sweetheart," repeated Mario, with that pleasant foreign accent which made his singing of the subsequently well-known song so dreadfully interesting to his fair admirers.

"*Vi piacciono le parole?*" said the Sultan, in answer to which Mario declared he thought the verses charming.

We were all standing round the pianoforte. After a short prelude, Hatton asked us to listen to the way in which he proposed setting the poetry, and played the song through from memory.

"'I could-a-not—leave thee—thee,' è molto difficile quel *thee*," said Mario, singing the refrain. "'I could-a-not leave thee—though'

—ancora quel *though*, I said, 'Good-a-bye, sweetheart, good-a-bye.'"

"That's a hit," said the Impresario, who had been listening attentively to Hatton. "Let us hear it again."

The request being complied with, the music was liked better the second than the first time.

Mario studied the words carefully until he had completely mastered the difficulties of *th*, and learnt the verses off by heart.

"Will you sing it?" asked the Sultan.

"Certainly I will, if you do not think my English will be laughed at," replied the modest tenor.

It was then decided that the ballad should be included in the programmes of the concerts to be given during the projected tour. The success it met with is known to every one. The difference in the reading of this song by Mario and Sims Reeves is remarkable—both equally effective. The one sings it with a *suaviter in modo* that might reasonably be supposed would break a fair damsel's heart at such a parting—the other, with a *fortiter in re* as soul-stirring and vigorous as any sweetheart could possibly desire.

Donna Giulia agreed with the Impresario as to the probable success of the song.

I never knew Grisi wrong in this respect. She has an instinctive power of foretelling the impression a new singer or new music will make upon the public. Her judgment is rarely at fault. Her opinion of Alboni, after hearing the great contralto sing only a few notes of recitative *sotto voce* was confirmed by the enthusiasm of the audience at the opening of Covent Garden in 1847.

She often predicted the success of Arditi and his music, long before that clever musician arrived in this country.

The new tour began in the south of England, and we had to leave Manchester (which none of us much regretted) for Cheltenham, where the first concert was to take place. We started by the Saturday night mail train, after the opera, intending to remain the next day at Birmingham, as being nearer our ultimate destination.

Our night journey was not without excitement. The opera was over soon enough to enable us to have supper at the hotel before leaving. The principal dish, macaroni & la Mario, as it had been christened, met with the full approval of our Sultan, who, in his old place as vice-president, distributed the delicious compound with all solemnity.

It was Benedict's last day with us, and a very tender leave-taking took place at table. In due time we went to the railway and secured two carriages for our exclusive

use—not a matter of difficulty, there being but few other passengers to interfere with us. The Sultan, who had undertaken the part of *cavalier servente* to the Diva, was laden with shawls, furs, and *petits paquets*, which he deposited on the seats of the carriage their owner was to occupy. We proceeded to take our places, and make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the disadvantages inseparable from night travelling. Hatton took possession of the seat opposite Donna Giulia. The other places were occupied respectively by Mario, the Impresario, and another traveller. We were all more or less fatigued, and soon after the journey had commenced, fell asleep. We must have been about an hour on the road when we awoke in great confusion—the Sultan embracing the *prima donna*, Mario's cigar knocked out of his mouth, the Impresario and other passengers bunting their heads violently together, the lamp extinguished. The train had come to a sudden stop.

"*Siamo tutti morti!*"—"Good heavens, what's the matter?" exclaimed the Diva and Hatton together.

Something serious had happened, but we knew not what.

The engine was screaming loudly—the guards and engineers shouting to each other.

"Let us out!" cried the Sultan. But there was no one to obey the imperious command. Not any information could be obtained as to the cause of the catastrophe, or what was going on.

"I shall get out," said Hatton.

"How will you do it?" asked the Impresario. "The door's locked."

"I'll get through the window." Whereupon the original Little Fat Man, putting his throat into execution, squeezed himself out of the carriage.

"Don't leave us here, Hatton," said the Impresario to Hatton, who by this time was walking on the line.

"I'll go and get a key," he replied. But Donna Giulia thought that what Hatton could manage, she might do; and accordingly performed the same feat of getting through the window. Those who were left in the carriage had the satisfaction of seeing the two who had escaped, scramble on all-fours up the steep embankment—the Sultan hindmost, gallantly assisting the lady in her ascent, to the best of his ability.

"Where are we, and what's happened?" said the manager to a guard who came to the carriage door.

"Nothing much, sir. It might have been very serious, but we stopped the train just in time. We run into some coal trucks."

Mario, satisfied as to the safety of Donna Giulia, and being more comfortable inside the carriage than on the embankment, lighted a cigar and resigned himself to circumstances.

We were delayed an hour and a half when the guard returned to us, and persuaded the Diva and her *cavalier servente* to resume their seats. This being done, the train began to move slowly along, and continued at such a snail-pace, that it seemed as if the engine shared our alarm, and was afraid to go at its usual speed. In time we reached Crewe, where the ladies of the party proposed we should remain, instead of going on to Birmingham. The railway officials were on the alert. It was known that there had been a mishap, and the arrival of the train was awaited with anxiety. One of the engine-drivers had been severely injured, and was promptly attended to by a medical man, who, notwithstanding the late hour, quickly came to his assistance. Rooms were taken at the station hotel, which we completely filled; and, having seen all the rest provided for, Hatton and the Impresario consulted "Bradshaw" to decide how we were to proceed on our broken journey next day.

"We must get away early to-morrow, or rather this morning," said the Sultan, taking up a bed-room candle; "let us go and sleep off the effects of that horrid shaking."

"Singular circumstance that the two conductors should have been nearly killed within the week," said the manager, as they were going upstairs.

"Very; I think I got the best off," said Hatton. "I wonder where our rooms are?"

"No. 22 and No. 6, the waiter told me," replied the manager. "What about our being called?"

"That must be put down on the slate," answered Hatton, turning round to go to the hall and write instructions for the next morning. "What time shall we say?"

"Eight o'clock is soon enough, I think," said the manager.

"No. 22 and No. 6—eight o'clock, all right," and the two travellers then proceeded to explore the dark corridors of the hotel in search of their rooms. The house was not very large, and the apartments were soon found.

When the Impresario came down next morning he found Polonini, who was already at breakfast, in loud conversation with the waiter. The latter, to whom Italian was an unknown tongue, was trying to make the basso understand what he said by shouting at him.

"Dear me," said the manager, "what is all this noise about?"

"No noise, sir," replied the waiter, bowing and scraping; "the gentleman doesn't speak English, that's all, sir. What shall I get you for breakfast, sir?"

"What have you got?" asked the Impresario.

"Hanything you like to horder, sir," replied the officious waiter.

"I think I should like a chop," said the manager, musingly.

"No chops in the house I fear, sir; too soon for chops, sir. Heggs and bacon, sir, or halmost hanything helse you like."

"Then let me have a little fish."

"What fish, sir?" said the waiter, unhesitatingly.

"A sole fried, I think," replied the hungry manager.

"No sole in the house, sir. Heggs fried with bacon, if you please, sir."

There was evidently no alternative but to order the eggs and bacon, as suggested.

He was a wag in his way, that waiter. Finding that shouting made no progress with his foreign customers, he addressed some in broken English, as being nearer than his own dialect to what they were supposed to know of our language. Shortly the Diva, followed by Gennaro and the rest of the party, made their appearance in full force at table. The waiter received them with much pomp and ceremony, insisted on their ordering what they liked, and ended in making all take eggs and bacon.

"Good morning," said the Sultan, the last to come down.

"*Buon giorno*," replied Donna Giulia, for all the party.

"Come, Hatton, we shall be late for the train," said the manager. "Never knew you so late before."

"I overslept myself and relied on your calling me," replied the Sultan reproachfully.

The waiter addressed the last comer with all due respect, and after a similar conference to that which has been related above, ended in bringing Hatton a substantial supply of eggs and bacon.

"What is to be seen at Crewe?" asked Donna Giulia, addressing the Impresario.

"Not much, I think," he replied. "I believe the railway station is the chief attraction."

"Let us go and see if there are any shops; I want to buy something for the children."

This, indeed, was Donna Giulia's first thought upon arriving anywhere. I often wondered what became of all the dresses, toys and nicknacks that were sent home from every town we visited during the tour. Making purchases, and correspondence either by letter

or telegraph—very often both on the same day—seemed to be the only thought of the affectionate *prima donna*. If any cause prevented her receiving news from home, the effect of the delay was immediately apparent—she became silent and thoughtful; if, on the other hand, more letters than were expected arrived, her spirits were raised in consequence, and she was the life and soul of the party.

We soon reached Birmingham, where an early dinner was prepared for us; after which we continued the route to Cheltenham. The local concert-giver was in great alarm at the non-arrival of the party by the train he expected they would travel. He had sent often to the Plough Hotel, making anxious inquiries, and expressed himself greatly relieved when told we were all right, and ready for the evening's hard work. At the hour for the concert to commence, a Bath chair was wheeled into the hall of the hotel; Donna Giulia, amused at the novel (or rather ancient) mode of conveyance, took her seat in the hand-carriage, and was dragged into the artists' room adjoining the concert hall.

More than one chair was wanted, for some of the party were curious to try the vehicle, as was once the case in the city of Bath, where a sedan chair being brought for the *prima donna*, all the party insisted upon being carried to the concert in the same old fashion. They objected to being brought back in the same way, declaring the movement had a most unpleasant effect upon them, being more or less like a sea voyage.

The concert was crowded, which pleased the Impresario; the audience were enthusiastic, which pleased the performers; the performers exerted themselves to the utmost, which pleased the audience; the new ballad was a success, which pleased the Sultan—so that our visit to Cheltenham was, in whatever light considered, a most pleasing event to all concerned.

The concert tour, begun so pleasantly at Cheltenham, continued for six weeks, during which time the party visited almost every town of importance in the United Kingdom. They had been joined by a lady who performed on the harmonium. The tall chair which she carried about with her as part and parcel of her luggage, gave us many a hearty laugh. Without this chair it was impossible for her to exhibit her remarkable skill on the instrument of her choice. No other perch would suit the amiable performer. It had been made expressly for her in Paris, and was apparently the object of her greatest solicitude. The distress of mind she evinced one day, at a station where we had to change carriages, and

lost the chair, was heartrending. For safety's sake, the valuable bit of furniture had been placed on the top of the carriage in which we travelled. On alighting, the chair was forgotten until the train we had left moved on. Suddenly the lady seized Mario, who was waiting patiently for the next train to come up, by the arms.

"*Ma chaise!*" she screamed. "*Regardez ma chaise! Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! que ferai-je!*" There was the chair on the roof of the carriage, going off in the very opposite direction to which its owner intended. Nothing was to be done; the harmonium performer that evening had to be supported by music books and cushions.

The harmonium itself occasionally gave the lady trouble enough. It is a sort of musical treadmill, on which the performer has to work incessantly. The long dress she wore concealed to some extent the motion of her feet; but a close observer could easily detect their constant movement, and might wonder how such exertion, combined with that of playing on the two rows of keys, could be kept up so long and with such a smiling face as that which the lady always displayed. Sometimes a note would stick down, and keep on sounding through her performance. This gave her great annoyance, and she would look most imploringly for aid from her companions, one of whom would always run to her assistance, and put the recreant note into its proper position while she went on playing. This sticking propensity was catching, and after the harmonium had been out two or three weeks—it usually followed us about as well as the chair—it became such an epidemic among the notes, that it was found necessary for one of the party to sit beside the performer to put up the notes as she put them down—carrying on, in fact, a sort of double performance, the effect of which was lost upon the public. Had this not been done, most of the notes would have kept on sounding as long as the harmonium had any breath in its body—a double performance, which might or might not have been pleasing to the audience, but which would certainly have been sufficiently apparent. The first time the failing was observed was in the finale to one of the concerts, sung and played by the whole strength of the company, including the harmonium. The combination was most effective, but seriously jeopardised by the note F natural refusing to rise when struck. In the noise of the *ensemble* it was not much noticed; but when the soprano had to sing her solo in a key to which F natural had no relation, the obstinate note became unpleasantly prominent. A frown clouded the lady's usually beaming countenance—she

was in despair—the singers turned round, and at last one of them helped F natural into its place, and then all went smoothly again.

The daily routine of our touring life became at last monotonous. This will, perhaps, appear paradoxical, considering we were a large party, and visited new scenes every day. Nevertheless, it was so, or, at any rate, very nearly so. Not but what it was a pleasant monotony.

The society of artists is at all times delightful: their accomplishments afford a never-failing source of social enjoyment—their experience in the world makes them philosophers in spite of themselves. They wear no disguise in private life; warm and hearty in their friendships, none are so ready and willing to help each other as they. The jealousies that are said to exist among them are much exaggerated, and are found only in those whose mediocrity places them in a position inferior to that which conceit alone convinces them it is their right to occupy. These aspirants to a reputation beyond their reach are of course jealous of their more gifted brethren; and yet it is not natural gifts only that enable artists to become men of mark. Work—hard work, is indispensable in the struggle for distinction. Those who indulge in an overweening confidence of their own natural ability to ensure success are, of all people, the most likely to fail, and be most jealous of the rest.

An artist who loves his art is a young man all his life, though he live a hundred years. Art is a mistress faithful both in prosperity and adversity—a very solace and comfort in loneliness or misfortune. She encourages the ardour of the youth who woos her with the most fascinating allurements, rewarding his courtship with the sunniest and most lasting smiles.

The grey-haired painter, brush in hand, while realising his fancy's dream, knows but the maturity of experience—not that of age. And so it is with the poet, singer, musician, or any other sincere votary of the same enchantress. Cicero's well-known words in praise of literary studies are equally applicable to artistic pursuits:—"Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant; secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernociant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

Even a little knowledge of art is better than none at all. The amateur participates to a certain extent in the exquisite pleasure of the artist. Who would relinquish the most trifling proficiency he may have attained in either painting or music? What enjoyment can the accumulation of any amount of wealth

afford, compared with that of being able to express one's innermost thoughts on canvas or in melody? The prosy man of business, or merely "muscular Christian," may sneer at such rapture; but as age creeps on, and the more material joys of life lose their charm, those who have cultivated an intellectual source of happiness in early years will have less cause to regret the physical zest of youth than they who considered the pursuit of art as being beneath the dignity of their manhood. Nevertheless, amateurs—musical amateurs, especially—are, it must be confessed, more or less a trouble to their friends.

It must be borne in mind that I do not here speak of the power of artists or amateurs of imparting pleasures to others, but of the pleasure they themselves derive from a proficiency in art. It may also be said that these remarks apply to a liberal education generally. As regards the second objection, I believe it to be within the reach of all to cultivate their artistic tastes, whatever advantages of education they may have enjoyed or have been deprived of.

I would not have it supposed that by thus advocating the culture of art, I do so at the sacrifice of the more solid and more serious pursuits of life. All in their turn. The stern necessities of existence being provided for, I contend that the luxury of art as an accomplishment should be a most important consideration with all those who care to enjoy life with the greatest and most enduring relish.

The monotony of our tour consisted in having to go through the same course of travelling, packing and unpacking, eating and drinking, and concert-giving every day, until at last the changes became so regular and so much a matter of course, that we seemed to be moving in a constant circle. The excitement of the people we met at the different towns sometimes surprised us, forgetting, as we did, that they were not so accustomed as we were, to the performances we had now heard so often. During the third week, the music being left behind, Hatton's memory was put to the test, and proved itself equal to the emergency; for he accompanied the whole of the programme by heart—no easy task. An instance of the influence of habit occurred at the same concert. One of the artists, so certain of an encore, returned to the platform to sing his song again without being called upon to do so by the audience. For this encore the public was most certainly not to blame.

Many were the practical jokes played upon the amiable Polonini, who was too good-natured to allow them to ruffle his temper,

and too knowing always to give us the advantage of him. He was put down to be called at the most unreasonable hours, and directions given to "boots" to be sure and wake him, and keep waking him until he roused and dressed himself. It was done, but the cunning medico-cook-basso (whose occupations, except in his last capacity, had, unfortunately for us, ceased for some time) never grumbled nor said a word of the disturbance to which he had been exposed. A deep-laid scheme was put into execution for filling his room with all the boots and shoes that could be found, at three o'clock in the morning, in Radley's large Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool. The conspirators sat up all night to execute their plan. The boots were collected from outside every door, and most carefully and silently placed on Polonini's bed. He was sound asleep, or rather appeared to be so, for as soon as his friends had retired he quietly rang the bell and desired the night porter to remove the heap that had been piled upon his counterpane. Next morning the laugh was all against the night freebooters, who were thus frustrated in the result of their plans. Polonini was too much for them.

Once, and once only, he was caught in a trap. An anonymous letter was sent him requesting an assignation. Gallantry got the better of prudence, and the chivalrous basso obeyed the wishes of his unknown *innamorata*. It need hardly be told that his old tormentors were at the rendezvous. Having bribed a most strangely ugly female to represent the letter-writer, they watched from a distance the result of the interview. It was the well-known bridge scene in "Jack Brag" over again. There was no great harm done, and we had a hearty laugh for many a day about the *bella incognita*.

The tour terminated at Brighton.

The last concert took place at Brighton on Saturday afternoon. The previous evening we had been at Reading. As early as seven o'clock on the Saturday morning the Diva was ready and anxious to start. On every other occasion, when early rising was proposed, it had much annoyed her, although in truth, it must be said, she had never on that account set a bad example to the rest of the party by any want of energy to fulfil the public announcements of her name. There was a special reason for leaving Reading as soon as possible. Many inquiries were indeed made for a train immediately after the evening concert, but it was found that none would reach Brighton sooner than the seven a.m. Consequently by that we travelled.

The journey seemed hopelessly long and tedious, owing to the great desire to get to

Brighton, where, to the joy of Donna Giulia, her three little daughters were all waiting at the station in anxious expectation of our arrival. During the tour they had been staying at Brighton with their governess, whose principal occupation must have been to attend to the voluminous correspondence by post and telegraph that had been kept up with such activity during Donna Giulia's absence. What smiles and kisses were interchanged at that meeting after six weeks' separation! Grisi seemed inspired with new life, and to want nothing to complete her earthly happiness.

The concert that afternoon was the most brilliant of all that had been given, although at Reading, in the morning, the Impresario had been assured by the great *prima donna* she was in very bad voice. Any other manager would perhaps have been greatly alarmed at such a communication. Our hero, however, was—so to speak—weather-wise, and knew that huskiness in the morning was no indication of hoarseness during the day, but rather the reverse. This was invariably the case with the Diva. She would often tell the Impresario she did not think she should be able to sing in the evening. He usually succeeded in turning the conversation into another channel—talked of the last night's performance—of the children (always the best subject to expatiate upon), and after ten minutes' chat, the hoarseness would be forgotten, and all anxiety as to the possibility of singing passed away.

Grisi never failed to appear when she was announced, unless really prevented by serious indisposition;—no singer was ever so loyal in her allegiance to the public, although she took delight in frightening the Impresario now and then. It is an innocent amusement often indulged in by *prime donne*. When in Vienna a few years ago, I met one of the principal *artistes* of the Kärnthor Opera House, who told me she had sent word to the theatre that she should not sing that evening.

"Not sing!" I exclaimed. "But you are announced, and will not surely disappoint us?"

"No, I will not disappoint you," replied the fair tantalizer, "only let *Mein Herr Direktor* think so;—half an hour's '*bauchzucken*' will do him no harm."

And so it is. An unfortunate Impresario is sometimes made to suffer mortal agony from pure love of mischief on the part of his tormentors, who, after all, rarely do him serious injury willingly. On the contrary, artists often make great sacrifices to serve their managers. It is related of Tamberlik—a

prince of tenors—that he played "Ernani," in Dublin, with a blister on his back. The blister had been sent by the chemist in mistake for a strengthening-plaster which the doctor had prescribed. After the opera, Tamberlik went to his bed in the most intense pain—the true cause of which was not suspected. About three in the morning, unable to resist such suffering any longer, he rose and wandered about the hotel until he found the Impresario's room. He entered, and flinging himself down on the sofa, fainted away. The blister was removed, and the wound dressed.

Notwithstanding all he had undergone, and his weakened condition, the heroic tenor sang in "Lucia" the following evening, rather than allow the Impresario to lose money by a disappointment caused by the *prima donna* of the company.

The termination of our tour was celebrated by a dinner *en grand*, at the famous Old Ship Hotel, Brighton. Several friends from London were invited to join the party. Their presence seemed to mar our enjoyment, rather than otherwise, although it is perhaps inhospitable to say so.

To whatever cause it may be attributed, we were certainly more silent than usual; and it was not until after the eating was over, and we had formed ourselves into small coterie round the table, that the conversation became at all animated.

A creaking door once broke the ice for a time. It made a horrid noise, and one of the guests asked the Sultan what key it sounded.

"Oh! that's the door-key," he replied; which being the first attempt at wit, and easily translated moreover, was explained to everybody.

"That's not bad," remarked the Impresario; "but not so good as a repartee I heard a short time ago, very much to my disadvantage."

"What was that?" asked one of the visitors, who was evidently a retailer of witty sayings.

"I was what is commonly called 'chaffing' a young lady about her dress, and, thinking I had gone a little too far, attempted to apologise, by saying it was too bad to 'roast' her so much. To which she replied with *naïveté*, that she had no objection to being roasted by a slow fire."

"If that was really *impromptu*, it is one of the best repartees I ever heard," remarked Hatton.

could have been made even after twenty-four hours' reflection, which Voltaire, or some one, says is necessary to make a really good joke," replied the manager.

Many of the foreigners wanted to have the *bon mot* translated, but "roasted at a slow fire" was too purely English to allow of their curiosity being gratified, so they were thrown back upon the door-key, which was more intelligible in all languages.

Meanwhile one of the visitors related to Hatton, as a sort of "rider" to the two preceding witticisms, how Douglas Jerrold, on being asked to an evening party, and requested to come in good spirits, said he would come in "spirits of wine." Whether this really belongs to the great humourist, I cannot say; there's no doubt he gets credit for many good and bad jokes he never dreamt of, just as a criminal who is proved to have committed one murder, is at once said to be guilty of many more.

It was, perhaps, lucky that the polyglot character of the dinner-party prevented the possibility of conundrums being introduced with any chance of success—had it been otherwise, and had one of guests met with the slightest encouragement, the foregoing conversation might have led up to a series of questions and answers, that would in the end have worn out everybody.

All the party, except Grisi and Mario, who remained in Brighton, were to go to London by the last train.

The melancholy moment at length arrived when the touring party was really to be broken up.

The "happy family" that had been travelling together in such pleasant companionship for the past six weeks, was at last to be separated and dispersed all over the world. Some of the artists were engaged at St. Petersburg, some in Paris—two were to leave in the course of a few days for America.

Three or four cabs laden with luggage were waiting for the departing tourists. The ladies embraced affectionately; Mario presented the Sultan with a handsome snuff-box—*souvenir* of "Good bye, Sweetheart"—everybody declared they were sorry the tour was over, and after kind wishes on all sides, the cabs drove off, and the manager could finally congratulate himself that his long-laid plans had been brought to a successful termination. He was, indeed, fully justified in doing so, for it is not always that these undertakings finish so agreeably for all concerned, as did this particular Grisi and Mario engagement.

We will not follow the travellers to London, where the doings of the Enterprising Impresario would lead us, and consequently where this narrative would end.

(Concluded.)

THE SKYE FERRY-BOAT.

A Story of Second Sight.

WHEN Dr. Johnson left his pleasant Thrales and his innumerable cups of tea to journey northward to the Hebrides he made those regions, to a certain extent, classic ground. True, a tinge of romance already appertained to them through the hairbreadth escapes of Prince Charles Edward; but this was insufficient for the English mind of un-Jacobite tendencies, and the adventures of the Doctor and his faithful adherent, balanced, as it were, by their sober and steady character, the wild experiences of the royal Stuart.

And so henceforward the Hebrides held a tradition pleasant to the calm, well regulated English mind; and men loved to think of the great lexicographer, who did not care for scenery, travelling up through the picturesque Highlands and braving the dangers of the sea; for he and Boswell had a rough passage, which the latter did not take to as stoically as his revered chief, who laid himself down in the boat, and bore the transit from mainland to island with the equanimity possible only to a great philosopher. Skye since then is associated with other names than those of Macdonald and McLeod. Honours are divided; and as we think of the majestic Doctor being entertained at the old house at Kingsburgh, and sleeping in the same bed in which the unfortunate prince had slept, the never-to-be-forgotten name of Flora Macdonald links itself pleasantly, if somewhat incongruously, with that of Samuel Johnson, and the sun rises higher upon Skye.

In those days the inhabitants of the island were accounted a temperate race, despite the matutinal glass of whiskey that was their wont; and now-a-days the same may be said of them, despite the continued prevalence of the custom—a custom that finds its excuse in the moist, changeable atmosphere, and in the constant rains that seldom permit more than one day out of four to be dry, the others being varied by gentle showers that refresh the earth, or by floods that burst like waterspouts over field and fallow.

In fact there do not seem to have been any very great changes during the more than ninety years that have elapsed since Dr. Johnson set foot in the Hebrides. Progress has not been the ruling motive, as it has been farther south. There have been no great reform demonstrations amongst the natives; indeed I do not know whether the Hebrideans have any thoughts upon representation, or whether they may not consider it but a shadowy benefit to have a voice in the English government.

The Hebrideans, in 1773, were somewhat given to superstitions, as most Highlanders are. They had their legends, their banshees,

their second-sight experiences, in which it would be disloyalty to their Celtic origin to disbelieve so long as the fairy-flag is possessed



"The Ferry-boat looked like a spectre-bark against the glowing sunset." (See page 753).

by the owner of Dunvegan. Perchance when it has done its duty for the last time, and Titania shall reclaim her gift, then may the belief in fairies, charms, and omens vanish with it from the shores of Skye. But now the north wind blows athwart Loch Shant, and ruffles the waters of Snizort and Bracadale; and the lone shepherd, watching his flocks upon the heather-grown hillsides, fancies that spirits are crooning a wild lament over other days, or are bearing a message from other spirits pent up in blocks of northern ice to their freer brethren amongst the snow-capped mountains of Skye.

But the wind was not sighing now: it had brought fair weather with it out of the north, as in the times of Job; so perhaps the spirits were not so restless in their captivity as usual, and the clouds did not weep for them, though there were a few still floating in the evening

heavens. It was a glorious sunset; and the sun burst through the soft grey fleeces in floods of light, painting the nearer ones with gorgeous colours, and streaking the horizon with broad golden bars that were reflected in the smooth waters below, forming so brilliant a background that the bold coast was sent into darkness, and the ferry-boat seemed to glide like a dark spectre over a fairy sea of glass.

Two girls were watching the boat as it made its way towards the landing-place. They were dressed in the ordinary costume of the Skye peasants, and their scarlet plaids, which anywhere else might have seemed out of keeping in the summer weather, here blended harmoniously with the scene around. They were tall, fair-haired lasses, bearing a sufficient resemblance to one another to be sisters. But they were only sisters' children; and the

orphan Christy found a home at the house of her uncle, Farmer McCrume.

"What is the matter, Christy?" asked her cousin, as Christy suddenly rose to her full height, and shading her eyes with one hand, stretched out the other towards the boat that was slowly approaching.

"D'ye see that lassie with the plaid wrapped round her, looking this way?" asked Christy. "It's just my own face looking at me from the glass," and she shuddered.

"Nonsense, Christy, there's no plaided lassie on board; your eyes are strained looking for Donald."

(I give the conversation in my own vernacular.)

"No lassie, Jessie?" answered her cousin, her voice sinking almost to a whisper; "no lassie? I tell you there is one standing close by Donald; and it's myself, Jessie, myself! Oh! but there is trouble in store."

Jessie drew nearer to her cousin: she was not above the superstitions of the island; she had heard of numerous instances of second sight, and she well knew that it foreboded trouble, if not death.

"D'ye see her now, Christy?" she asked in a scarcely audible voice, as she hid her face on her cousin's shoulder.

"Not now," returned Christy, solemnly. "She's gone, and Donald sees us and is waving his hand. There's nothing wrong with him. Perhaps my eyes were dazed, dear. And there's some one by his side, a man with light hair, and yet the face was sorely like mine."

Jessie looked up half relieved.

"I told you it was but a fancy, Christy."

"Maybe," replied Christy, musingly. "I'll try to put it out of my head; but if there had been no one with Donald, I should have been tempted to say——"

"Hush! hush! Christy. Don't say it; don't think about it. See, they'll be ashore in a few minutes," and Jessie became absorbed in watching the boat land its passengers.

Donald McCrume was one of the first to step ashore, and, followed by the light-haired stranger, made his way to the spot where the two girls were standing.

After the greetings were over, Donald introduced his new friend as Mr. Evanson, a young gentleman from the south, whom he had met with at Glenelg, and who wanted to have a fortnight's shooting and fishing in Skye.

"I told him I was sure my father would give him a lodging," he continued, turning to Jessie, "for there are few inns convenient, and there's room and to spare at Glenoraigie."

"And a welcome for all," added Christy,

for Jessie was too bewildered to make any reply. She was occupied in wondering what could possibly have induced Donald to invite Mr. Evanson, what could have induced Mr. Evanson to accept her brother's invitation; for Mr. Evanson was a gentleman, and they were but farming people.

However, before many hours had passed away, she, and all in the old farm-house, felt as much at ease with the stranger, as if they had known him for years, and as if he were no more of a gentleman than the Skye-farmer, who ploughed his own fields, sowed his own barley, made his own candles, spun his own cloth, and, in fact, carried on multifarious household trades beneath his roof.

Perhaps the secret lay in Allan Evanson's being truly a gentleman; and recognising in the unpretending Skye farmer and his family, that inborn element of true nobility which alone places men on a level one with another;—that produces a sort of freemasonry, binding together the better part of mankind, and causing the high-born noble to appreciate one of nature's gentlemen in the lowest peasant. The only equality there can ever be upon earth, the equality of soul with soul, born of that innate self-respect which commands respect from those around to the man, as a man, and not as the mere creature of circumstances, whom the accident of birth, or the skill of his tailor, sends forth, to shine with equivocal lustre in the world. For "gentlemen," (I use the term technically,) like heroes, depend a good deal upon their surroundings, often reminding one of the quaint words of the old northern "songsmith:—"

I hung my garments
On the two wooden men,
Who stand on the wall.
Heroes they seemed to be
When they were clothed!
The unclad are despised.

Robin McCrume, the father of Donald, was a steady, industrious, intelligent man, who had given his son the best education in his power, though it was necessarily a limited one. And Donald, in common with his father, possessed a love for the poetic legends and ballads that fell to the share of his native island; which taste further softened and refined his nature, and caused him to appreciate the higher endowments of the young Oxonian, whom he had met with at Glenelg. There was a slight touch of envy mixed with the eagerness with which he listened to his conversation, as he noticed how eagerly Christy listened too, and how her eyes glistened, when, in return for an old Skye song, Allan would recite passages, or even whole poems, of Tennyson,—for Allan was a Tennyson-worshipper,

and knew page after page of his writings by heart. In fact a change had come over Christy; a cloud had gathered between her and Donald, and it seemed to him that the love he had been cherishing in his heart for so long, and which he had hitherto hoped was, in some measure, reciprocated, would have to remain for ever unspoken. Allan's fortnight expanded to a month, and still he lingered on. The time passed pleasantly; the shooting and fishing surpassed his expectations, the mountainous country, the silent lochs, the hill-sides dotted with sheep, the mossy pasture-lands, the sense of being in some degree separated from the great world, of being in a remote region, had a touch of Cathay about it, which, despite the depreciation of his favourite author, was not altogether distasteful to him. But then this Cathay was not ungenial to his tastes; and he had found a princess, who, somehow, appeared to have been planted in the wrong place, and yet whether she would have appeared as much of a princess any where else was doubtful. There was a natural grace and freshness about Christy that was lacking in the stereotyped girls he had been flirting with at the Commemoration. True, Christy was no prettier, and she was clad in homespun, whilst the others were attired in sweeping silks, and delicate laces, and soft floating gauzes, and yet they seemed but the dressed-up wooden images of the "Hávamál" in comparison with the unsophisticated Skye maiden.

But it had never entered into Allan's mind, to ask himself whether the princess would bear transplanting; he was at present in a state of unconscious appreciation of the pleasure of being listened to by an intelligent and admiring listener, and of seeing every emotion and expression of the poetry he quoted reflected in Christy's face. He was unaware that he had a rival, who was watching him with the keen eye of jealousy, and was quite at a loss to interpret the moodiness that was stealing over the young farmer, and making him a less cheerful companion than he had been at the commencement of their acquaintance.

Jessie, with a woman's instinct, read her brother's feelings aright, and she read Christy's heart also; and with a shudder recalled the evening of Allan Evanson's arrival, and her own terror at Christy's words. She tried not to think of it, but in vain; the ferry-boat looking like a spectre-bark against the glowing sunset, and her cousin's voice and look haunted her.

"And yet she said 'there's nothing wrong with him,'" murmured Jessie, to herself; "but ah! how could she tell where the blight was to fall? I wish we had never gone down to

the water's edge that evening." And then all the old stories of second sight that she had heard from childhood came crowding into her mind, and she watched and watched in her turn, and became almost as silent as Donald.

Allan was the only one who experienced no change; he was as gay and pleasant as ever, and told his stories and recited his favourite passages, whilst the island princess listened and lost her heart, thinking that she was only learning the sweet words of an English poet, and drinking deeper of the fountain of knowledge that had suddenly sprung up within her reach.

And so the days sped on until the last day that Allan should spend in Skye arrived; and then Christy woke up from her dream and knew the reality, and saw the hopelessness of the love to which she had been so blind. She did not deceive herself, she knew that Allan Evanson guessed not her secret, and that his feelings went no deeper than a mere passing interest; she felt (for her perceptions were sharpened and had made rapid strides during the last few weeks,) that the barrier placed by society between his class and hers had, all unknown to himself, protected him from any other sentiment than that of appreciation of an unexpectedly intelligent companion. For Allan Evanson was young, and full of the buoyancy of youth and happiness; the world was before him, it was too early for him to sit down and count costs, or to look very far beyond the present moment. He had formed no plans, he had no definite aims and objects in life. Had he been an older man, it might have been different; as it was, he simply regarded Christy as one of the most delightful and freshest girls he had met with, and with whom he had spent many a happy hour that in years to come he should always look back upon with pleasure.

He took leave of the family at Glencraigie with the warmest protestations of continued friendship, and the warmest thanks for their hospitality. He promised to send Christy a copy of Tennyson's poems, and went away, promising one day to see them all again. And as the ferry-boat bore him from the island, he waved his adieux with a merry smile and a cheerful heart, all unwitting of the weight of sorrow he was leaving behind.

And Christy after her waking up, fell again into a dream, and went about her work mechanically, yet with a steady determination that bore her through it, and half made Jessie believe that Tennyson and Allan Evanson were fading from her mind.

And Christy tried to drive away the memory of the past, to quench her love through pride,

through shame, but in vain; a revelation of light had been vouchsafed to her, and she could not forget it in the darkness that succeeded.

And none but Donald guessed the struggle that was going on; but he, from knowledge of his own heart, read hers quite clearly, and when her cheeks were dyed with a deeper hue, and her eyes sparkled with unwonted lustre, he gave credit to no bright flush of health as the cause, and mourned the day that he had met with Allan Evanson at Glenelg. He did not look upon him as a rival now, and as he gazed upon Christy he would have been content to have had him for one, if so she might have been spared the conflict that she was enduring.

He spoke no word of love to Christy, but he was very thoughtful for her, and anticipated unobtrusively her every wish, and a sort of sympathy sprang up between them; but Donald knew too well it was not love.

They had strolled down to the shore one calm still afternoon early in December. The day was wonderfully fine for the time of year, and the sun was setting in stately magnificence. The sky was cloudless, and the faint blue shaded into soft saffron, which lost itself in a rosy hue that deepened into crimson behind the purple hills. A few fishing boats moved slowly over the sea. Suddenly Christy grasped Donald's arm—

"The ferry-boat!"

"Where?" asked Donald, as his eye swept the expanse of waters, but could not perceive it.

"There! there!" said Christy, "it's making for the shore, and I'm on board, Donald—it's myself this time, it's myself; Jessie would believe me if she were here. Can't you see? There! there!" and she pointed to a blank space on the water.

"There is no boat, Christy," answered Donald, looking down anxiously at Christy, who was clinging to his arm for support. "There's no boat, Christy. Oh, Christy, my darling, you are ill." And Donald gently placed her on the ground, and kneeling beside her, raised her drooping head.

Slowly she opened her eyes, and once more looked in the direction to which she had pointed.

"It's gone now," she said, with a gasp; "but I saw it quite plainly, and I was on board in a long white dress, and I was smiling as I have not smiled for many a day. I looked so happy, Donald, quite happy. I am happy now, Donald," she continued, lifting up her head and looking at him. "You must not grieve for me. I've known it for a long time—ever since Jessie and I came down to

meet the boat that evening. It was the first warning, and now the time has come. And we shall be parted, but not for ever, we shall all meet again, Donald, in a land where there will be no more sorrow—no more sorrow and no more tears. I'm tired now, take me home," she added, faintly, "take me home."

And the strong man took her in his arms and carried her as though she were a little child, back to Glencraigie.

She rallied once, and took leave of them all, and then she lay quite passive, with her eyes closed, still clasping Donald's hand as though she could not let him leave her.

And he sat watching the life ebb away. Fainter and fainter came the breath, when suddenly she opened her eyes and gazed wistfully upon him, and her lips moved; he stooped down to catch the words that came so indistinctly:—

"Donald, keep my secret!" And the eyes looked wistfully into his.

"For ever and ever," answered Donald.

A smile stole over her features, her fingers loosed their hold, one gentle sigh, and death had gained another victory over the children of earth.

JULIA GODDARD.

A SERMON ON NATURAL HISTORY.

I AM writing this soon after I have entered my eighty-eighth year, and am glad to take this opportunity of recording the pleasure and instruction I have derived from the study of natural history. It has kept my body and mind employed, and contributed to much health and cheerfulness of spirits, even to old age; and I may add, in the words of Gilbert White, that it has been the means of introducing me to the acquaintance of many estimable and intelligent friends.

Here let me quote a passage I have lately met with on this subject of natural history, because it is perfectly in unison with my own feelings on this subject; and the study of it I have invariably been desirous of recommending, especially to the young.

Of all the scientific pursuits that can form the subject of man's study, that of natural history is, after astronomy, perhaps the most fascinating. Its class room is the fair field of nature. Its facts charm us by their authentic interest, and the pleasure derived from them; and its revelations not only contribute to our enjoyment, but, by exhibiting the perfection with which every creature has been constructed with reference to its way of life, lead our thoughts admirably upwards to the Creator. No pursuit forms a more healthy relaxation for the body, or a better training for the mind. It exercises memory, patience, judgment, and reason; it cultivates the habit of observation, and confers a taste for order and exactness. The frequent contemplation of the harmony, wisdom, and beneficence

therein displayed must produce an improving effect on the mind.

One of the most interesting facts which will present themselves to us as we pursue the study of natural history, is the perfect adaptation of every animal in its form, its colour even, its clothing, and its muscular formation, to its peculiar mode of life. Look at the wild goat, for instance, in yonder craggy and snow-clad mountains. What a profusion of hair keeps it warm! How admirably are its feet adapted to climb the rocky sides, or to descend its slippery slopes! If pursued, it can throw itself from a considerable height, and, in falling, alight on its strong horns, and feel no injury. Then again the camel. How admirably are its feet adapted to traverse vast sandy deserts, which no other quadruped could do! No water is to be found in these deserts; but the camel carries its own supply in a sort of tank in its stomach, by means of which it can travel several days without drinking. The camel, also, has its eyes protected from the glare of the sun, and from the dust of the desert, by being provided with overhanging eyebrows and thick eyelashes.

We may refer to the elephant, another very useful animal in hot countries, admirably formed for the work it is required to perform, and then turn to the silk-worm, which, unlike all its congeners, is a sort of domesticated insect, giving employment and profit to hundreds of thousands of human beings in some way or other. A kind Providence has so formed it, that it neither attempts to, nor can it, fly away. It thus performs the offices for which it was created by laying numerous eggs, which, when hatched, turn into grubs; and when these arrive at maturity, they spin their interesting and curious cocoons, the silk of which is manufactured in a great variety of ways.

Now from what has been said, it is clear that if the silk-worm fled away when arrived at maturity, as all the numerous tribes of moths and butterflies are known to do, no use would be derived from this insect. It remains, on the contrary, perfectly passive, fulfilling the purposes for which it was intended by a beneficent Providence, and thus giving employment to thousands upon thousands of persons in almost every part of the known world, not to mention the various beneficial uses to which the silk they make may be applied.

Let us look at another insect, equally wonderful and interesting. I refer to the bee. How cheerfully it leaves its hive at the first gleams of the morning sun in summer, when it pursues its flight to far distances, until some unexplained instinct makes it aware that

it is near those flowers from which honey and wax may be extracted! How busily it then employs itself! How eagerly it flies from one opened flower to another, till it not only fills its stomach with honey, but loads its little thighs with a substance which may be converted into wax, if some writers may be depended on! The bee then returns to the hive in one unerring line, but not guided, as Rogers poetically suggests in his "Pleasures of Memory"—

By the varied sweets which charmed her as she flew.

And then how wonderful is the cell which the bee forms in which to deposit her sweets! It is sexagonal, and is the only shape by which no space can possibly be lost, and has been the wonder and admiration of naturalists and philosophers in all ages. Who taught this little architect to construct so wonderful a cell? or to thicken the edges of it so that numbers of bees may pass over it without breaking its slight walls? Can we doubt for a moment that it was implanted in this insect by a Divine Instructor? and that He cares as much for a little insignificant fly as He does for the huge leviathan which rolls in the sea, or for the elephant which browses in the forest?

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season." The truth of this assertion by the Royal Psalmist I will endeavour to prove.

We had last winter several very heavy falls of snow, so that, as a friend observed to me, everything looked from his window like a huge twelfth-cake; in fact, nothing was to be seen but snow. How, then, were the birds to find food? They resorted, in fact, to woods, coppices, and hedge rows, and fed on the berries of various plants, some called "Hips and Haws," &c. We may suppose that these only lasted a certain time, and that as spring came on, in April or May, another heavy fall of snow covered the earth, when no Hips or Haws were to be had. This is by no means improbable. Where, then, are the birds to find food? They are nevertheless cared for. The berries of the mistletoe, ivy, and holly ripen only at that late season of the year, and thus afford nourishment to various birds. Some, as the titmice tribe, may seek in the interstices of walls, and in decayed trees, for spiders and other insects; while bullfinches and chaffinches commit destruction on the buds of gooseberries. Even the honest, fearless robin now enters the doors of houses and feeds on the crumbs he may find on their floors. It is pleasing to reflect that by these and other means food is supplied to the feathered tribes we see around us.

That curious animal, the anteater, is another instance of the adaptation of its form and peculiar instincts to its mode of life. It feeds on ants, the termites of South America. It has no teeth, but has what may be called a tubular snout, with a small opening at the end, capable of allowing a long slender tongue to be protruded and drawn in again. It is furnished with salivary glands of great size, covering all the fore part of the neck and upper part of the chest. The ducts of these convey the secretion to a bag. Here it becomes thicker, and it is then conveyed to the snout in order to lubricate the tongue, which is of considerable length and power. The fore paws of the anteater are of great strength, and we shall presently see the use of them.

In South America, where trees abound, the white ants, which chiefly subsist on decaying vegetable matter, exist in large communities and vast numbers. They make nests which resemble little castles. The anteater can break these walls with his strong claws; myriads of ants then rush out, when, by rapid movements of the slimed tongue, they are seized and swallowed in great numbers.

It is a curious fact that when the anteater was placed in the Zoological Gardens ants were provided for it; but the animal refused to feed on them. The reason was soon obvious. The ants of this country are not like the termites in South America, but a species which abound in what is called "formic acid," which is a pungent fluid. The termites, on the contrary, are fat and nutritious, and the anteaters would relish them as savoury morsels, while they rejected the English ants.

I have entered more fully into the formation of this extraordinary and interesting animal in order to show how perfectly it is adapted for the purposes for which it was no doubt created. If there were no ant destroyers in the woods of South America, ants would increase to such an extent as to render them perfectly untenable. We may therefore see the wise arrangement of Providence not only in supplying these animals with many functions, but creating them in a way best adapted to the work they were intended to perform.

But there is another animal equally extraordinary in its formation, and which has of late years been discovered in the Island of Madagascar, and for which, I believe, we are indebted to that good and persevering missionary, Mr. Ellis. My short description of it is partly taken from Professor Owen's, which will be found both interesting and instructive. Indeed when we find such men as Professor Owen devoting so much of his time and talents to the study of natural history, and urging both his hearers and readers to pursue

that study, as leading them to the knowledge of the power and goodness of the great Creator, we feel that his arguments are irresistible, and that no other advocate is needed.

The animal referred to is called the aye-aye in Madagascar. This animal is stated to sleep during the day, and to move about in the night in search of wood-boring larvæ. Its large eyes are so formed as to enable it to guide itself at night among the branches in search of its hidden food. The large ears serve to catch and appreciate any feeble vibration that might reach them from the recess of the hard timber through which a wood-boring larva might be tunneling its way by repeated scrapings of its hard mandible. How safe must it seem to be from the bills of birds or the jaws of beasts; but this is not the case. The aye-aye is furnished with strong front teeth, which, by their great size and shape, chisel structure, and deep implantation, are especially fitted to enable it to gnaw down to the spot where the grub is at work, and which the aye-aye finds out by means of a hook at the end of the middle of its hand or paw.

So great is the strength of the jaw of this animal that Mr. Ellis, the missionary, informed me that having procured a live specimen for transmission to England, he put it into a strong box of hard wood, but it made its escape in the course of the night.

We might enter more fully into a description of the formation of this very extraordinary animal, but enough has been said to show how admirably creative power adapts everything for the well-being of the creature He has made, and that nothing is made except for a good and wise purpose. We could mention the mole and its habits, the rein deer, or the various birds and their nests, and many other creatures, all showing a Divine power and infinite wisdom in their habits and mode of life; but I will conclude with mentioning the various calls and notes which many creatures are endued with to warn their young or congeners of danger. All these diversities of voices are significant, and understood even by a newly-hatched duckling or chicken. It is impossible not to admire this faculty bestowed upon animals by a kind and bountiful Providence.

EDWARD JESSE.

A SONG IN JUNE.

THE brook went rippling, rippling
Over the pebbles in June,
Through reeds and rushes it wound its way,
Humming a low, sweet tune.
The little forget-me-not listened,
And her blue eye beamed less bright,
And the startled lily oped wider
Her flowers of gleaming white.

O brook! O brook! now tell me
What thou to the flowers didst say:
But the brook, still rippling, rippling,
Went lazily on its way.

The wind went sighing, sighing
Through the tall trees in June,
And the chestnut blossoms shivered
As it sang its mournful tune.

The dove cooed ever more gently
As the whispering wind passed by,
And the linnet's note sounded softer,
And sadder the bitter cry.
O wind! O wind! now tell me
What thou to the birds didst say.
But the wind, still sighing, sighing,
Through the forest stole away.

My heart was beating, beating
Faster that day in June,
And a voice within it murmured
A dreamy dirge-like tune,—

"O heart! O heart! now tell me
What the voice to thee doth say?"
And my heart did sadly answer,—

"All things must pass away."

And the brook went rippling, rippling,
The wind sighed o'er the lee;
But the voice in my heart sounded sweeter
The longer it sang to me. JEAN BONCEUR.

THE WALKING POSTERS.

EDITED BY NEMO NOMAD.

NO. VIII. IN QUEER STREET.

DID you ever hear of Burdon's Hotel? You will not find it in the "Post Office Directory;" cabmen, unless they are very wide awake, and have plied much about West End barracks, hardly know it by name; and if you ask for it in the neighbourhood of its locality and do not wink at the same time, the inhabitants will set you down as a young man from the country, who may be come over with impunity. Yet Burdon's is frequented by the members of both services, gentlemen of rank, and scions of the aristocracy. In fact, this East End caravanserai resembles the most fashionable hotels in this, that guests are not admitted without a personal introduction. But in obedience to the *genius loci* of the city wherein Burdon's stands, these invitations must be written on stamped paper, and have affixed to them the signature of the worshipful the Sheriff of Middlesex. Well, I suppose you know now what Burdon's is. It is Her Majesty's prison for insolvent debtors; and if you have never been there professionally, it is quite worth your while to pay it a visit as an amateur. Who Burdon was, nobody has ever discovered. In what the joke consists of calling Whitecross Street prison Burdon's Hotel is a point on which I can give no explanation. I only know the joke is a hoary, reverent, time-honoured joke, and that young spendthrifts

on the occasion of their first appearance within the prison feel a sort of pride in dating their epistles from Burdon's. When they are old *habitués* of the place, when the gilt is rubbed off the gaol gingerbread, I fancy they don't think the joke so funny as it seemed to them at first. But happily there is always a succession of new neophytes into the mysteries of insolvency, and they keep alive its traditions and humours and ceremonies.

Well, as I told you the other day, the lady whom I met in Carruthers Court had begged me to go and deliver a message from her in Whitecross Street. Before I had time to think, she had jumped into the cab and was gone; and, indeed, for a time, the remembrance of the smile with which she thanked me when I refused the money she offered me, drove every other thought out of my head. You can't tell, sir, how pleasant a well-dressed, pretty woman's smile is, unless you have been deprived of such pleasures for as long a time as I have. Anyhow, it was only when I began to think what was my best way to go, that I remembered everything was not quite so simple as it seemed. In the first place, though nothing is easier than to get inside Burdon's when you are in debt, it is not so easy when you are not even in a position to contract debts. Nobody would ever think of locking me up; that, at any rate, is one advantage of my position; and, as I can look the part neither of creditor nor debtor, nor of a respectable acquaintance, nor even of a bailiff's tipstaff, my chance of being admitted within the prison was not a brilliant one. I had no money to bribe the porter with to let me in, and to say the truth, I did not much like the notion of getting in, even if I could do so. Burdon's and I had been intimately acquainted in bygone days; and there were old inmates of the place who might, I thought, still recognise me. I don't doubt old Major Morton is there now, or has been there lately, or is coming there shortly. He was quite an old man when I first saw his fat, ugly face; so old, that, for all practical purposes, he is never likely to get any older. I always believe myself, thinking over matters, that he is the accomplice of a bill-broking attorney, who locks him up or lets him out, just as he himself pleases. His function in life is to play the part of a disreputable Mentor to Telemachus in debt. Whether he ever did serve in the Peninsular campaign, whether he ever belonged to the army at all, whether he ever was a member of a West End club at all, are questions on which history can afford no information. The oldest man about town in my days knew little about Major Morton, except that he was always the comrade, companion, and

commissioner of young men in difficulties. If ever you saw a lad walking arm-in-arm with the major, you might be sure he was a pigeon, who had been half-plucked already, and was about to lose the few feathers still sticking to his wings. In order to be on speaking terms with this friend of youth, you must have lodged at Burdon's. Judging from my own experience, I should say, the first night in a debtor's prison was one of the few turning-points in a prodigal's career. Every now and then—not often, perhaps, but still sometimes—a young fool is brought to his senses by finding himself face to face with ruin, and lays his affairs in the hands of friends, and gets more or less whitewashed, and forswears sack and lives cleanly. But, if ever there was a chance of this *denouement*, the major was always there to suggest that things were not so bad as they seemed. When the prodigal was down upon his luck, and out of spirits, and hipped, and lonely, Mentor introduced himself with his rough, rollicking laugh, and his coarse, jolly, good humour, and his reckless evil talk. Impecuniosity, debt, and embarrassment were as natural or necessary to him as air is to birds or water to fishes. To tide over a difficulty was the whole end and object of his life, and, in his own opinion, of any man worth speaking of. As you listened to him, to his reminiscences of money-lenders, to his anecdotes of prison life, to his jokes about duns, and tailors, and governors, you felt that your own follies, whatever they might have been, were only such as flesh is inevitably heir to. Somehow, the man was such a frank, cheery, outspoken ruffian, that young fellows thought that there must be some good in him after all, and trusted him accordingly. He had the whole science of loans, renewals, mortgages, post-obits, and reversions at his fingers' ends. As soon as he had made out that you had anything left on which money could be raised, he always knew somebody, who, for a consideration, could accommodate his dear young friend. When he called you "old man," and told you with a big oath that "Jack Morton would see you through it," it was all up with your hopes of reformation. Once give him leave to see what he could do for you, and he never left you till he had seen you through every sixpence you possessed. Then, when you were ruined for good and all, when you had nothing left for him to sponge upon, he would tell you that he was too poor to look after paupers, and would set about hunting for other victims. I often see him still, swaggering up St. James' Street; and, if any wish of mine could make the gout gripe his old chalk-stoned fingers more sharply than it does, he would have a bad time of it

for many a day to come. Last time I saw him I could tell by the hunted, badgered, desperate look of the lad who was walking with him that the connection had nearly run out its time, and that the major would soon be back at Burdon's, looking out for another dear young friend to supply the void occasioned to his heart—and stomach—by the abrupt ending of his last friendship. I have reasons why I had sooner not meet the major at Burdon's, and I know it is one of his talents never to forget a face.

Then, too, I feel a moral conviction that General Adolphus Fitz Howard will be there also. He has, he used to boast, never missed more than six consecutive months since he came to years of discretion, or indiscretion, without paying a visit to Burdon's; and I believe for once, and once only, in his life he speaks the simple truth. I suppose if you were writing a young lady's novel you would describe the general as a free lance, who had fought in every land where there was honour to be won, or adventure to be found, or danger to be courted. You might tell how he had fought for Don Carlos in Spain; how he had served in the armies of Schamyl; how he had worn the Garibaldi red shirt; how he had charged the Austrian squadrons with Bem and Klapka; how he had ridden with Stuart in Maryland; how he had commanded Polish legions, and been generalissimo of the forces of the Bolivian Confederation in the heroic struggle against the Patagonian Republic. But if you were to speak the honest truth, you would say the gallant general had always taken pay under any government where there was the slightest opening for indulging in safe speculation. It is good fishing in troubled waters; and the general's chief military achievements have consisted in selling commissions, bartering decorations, making contracts for rifles, and extracting commissions from both purchaser and vendor. If needs must, he will fight, or, at any rate, go under fire; but he does it as seldom as he can, not so much because it is unsafe as because it is unprofitable. Not having a sixpence in the world, it is everything to him to get free quarters, horses and carriages, clothes to his back, and money in his pocket. All this he can get, with less mental or physical exertion, by acting as a sort of agent unattached for any revolutionary government, than he can otherwise; but as for adventure, or danger, or honour, he cares as little as he does for Sanscrit or Cherokee. While war lasts, somehow or other he always picks up a living; and being a man of simple tastes and frugal habits, he saves money, invests it well, sells his services, loyalty, and information in the best

market he can find, and does everything he can to get rich, consistently with a total absence of delicacy or scruples of any kind. He would be a wealthy man with a seat in Parliament, and a house in Park Lane, and a pew at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, if it were not for one fatal weakness.

Believing in nothing else, human or divine, he has an implicit faith in an infallible system, for winning at Roulette. He spends his time, proving upon paper that by his series of stakes you must win twice your original stake in every ten spins of the ball. The calculation always comes out right on paper, and invariably wrong in practice; and so it comes to pass that after each war the money this veteran soldier of liberty—as his admirers call him—has extracted from patriotic pockets, goes into the hands of gambling-house-keepers. Then, till another war comes on, the general runs into debt; and when his credit is exhausted goes to prison. There he amuses himself by inventing the most astounding fictions of his own powers, hair-breadth escapes, and marvellous adventures; wins fabulous sums—in figures—by his system, and lightens young Burdonians of their superfluous pocket-money by instruction in the game of whist. There has not been a war, as far as I have heard, for a year past, and long ere this the general must have been back at Burdon's.

There are only a couple of a score of figures I can picture to myself within those walls. Bless me, I can see them now, that score or so of oldest inhabitants, with their shabby finery, and unshaven faces, and dirty hands, and tumble-down gentility. I can hear their loud oaths, and their scandalous talk, and their low squabbles about petty sums, and their greedy struggles to cheat somebody out of something. I have no need to go within Burdon's to know that it is just what it always was; and I had sooner the old lot should not see me under circumstances where they could hardly fail to remember me.

Thinking on old recollections, I had got by this time up to the narrow gateway that leads from Whitecross Street into the prison. I had made up my mind not to go inside. A night more or less of anxiety would do this Mr. Vivian no particular harm; and the poor girl, whose message I had brought, had gone away happy; believing that the man she loved, knew she had done her best for him. If I was lucky, I might see some of the servants of the prison, and send in my message by them. If I was not, no mischief would be done by letting the news stand over till the morning. As it happened, luck favoured me. Standing at the door of a

tavern opposite the prison, I saw one of the under porters, who in my time could never refuse a glass of drink, and, who, if his face did not belie him, had gone on all these years yielding to temptation. So I pushed beside him into the bar, and asked him if he would mind drinking with an old acquaintance. The man stared at me, but people at Burdon's see so many odd things, that they never wonder at anything, and as I had laid my money down upon the counter, he saw no reason why he should decline; drinkers are not proud, and in St. Giles, just as much as in Belgravia, you can always get people to drink your liquor; no matter how disreputable you are outwardly or inwardly. When he had done drinking and had drawn a long breath, and wiped his hand across his mouth, I asked him, if he could, as a favour, take a message to Mr. Vivian "across the way." "I'd have done it with pleasure, governor," was his answer. "I forget your name now, but I know you were one of our regulars once; and Mr. Vivian is a free handed, civil spoken young gentleman enough; but you see it is impossible, because he's gone, and by the same token, he threw me half a sovereign as he drove away; and if you like we'll drink old times again, when a gentleman was a real gentleman."

"Gone! why who paid him out?"

"Oh, it's the old game, the major got leave of absence, to look after urgent private affairs, and Jabez, of Jabez Mendez & Co., came down with him in the evening; and I was sent out for stamps and brandy hot, and the debt was squared before the detainers came in; and by this time the major and Mr. Vivian are on their way to Paris, by the Boulogne boat. It was touch and go, I can tell you, for I saw the detectives down at the prison to-day, to have a look at him; and I fancy there was something beyond mere debt in the case. However, he is safe off now; and if we don't see him here again, I shall not be sorry for his sake. I always did like a gentleman; and I fancy your voice sounds as if you had once drunk something better than gin. Let's have another go, governor; give it a name yourself."

ON FORESTS AND TREES.

THE effect of extensive forests upon climate is very extraordinary, and probably has not been sufficiently noticed.

A fact to prove that such is the case may be here mentioned. On the borders of one of the great prairies in North America there was an extensive forest in which there was a large accumulation of snow, but which, from the

shade of the trees, was but little influenced by the sun of the summer, so that the cold in that locality was intense. A portion of this forest was set on fire by the Red Indians, and it was found that the wild buffaloes of the prairie assembled under the smoke arising from the burning trees, to relieve themselves from the annoyance of flies and other insects. The Indians soon found that this gave them an opportunity, with little trouble, of killing the buffaloes. The consequence was, that in process of time the whole of the extensive forest was destroyed. The snow being now melted as it fell, produced an extraordinary change in the climate of the prairie, the temperature becoming mild and genial. But there is another fact, and an extraordinary one, which takes place on the destruction of a forest. Let us suppose one of which the greatest part of the trees was composed of white birch, oak, or fir. Let us suppose these trees to be felled, and the ground left uncultivated for a short time; instead of the same trees again springing up as it might naturally be supposed they would, a very different species of trees takes their place. This happened on the estate of a friend of mine in Nova Scotia, and similar instances have been mentioned to me. Indeed, on trenching a piece of old turf, which probably had not been disturbed for very many years previously, a quantity of wild mignonette sprang up, (*Reseda luteola*), a plant unknown in the neighbourhood. I likewise saw a bank in Devonshire which had been trenched and planted with ash-trees, covered with the blue columbine, a plant not often seen in this country in its wild state. I might mention other instances of the same kind, showing how completely the earth is impregnated with seeds, only requiring light and air to enable them to vegetate and flourish. I have also known earth taken from a great depth when boring for water, and then covered with a hand-glass; in a little time plants have sprung up from this soil. Now, from what has been stated, it is clearly indicated that a forest of one kind is frequently succeeded by a spontaneous growth of trees of another kind. Indeed, in a forest in North America, a forest chiefly composed of fir-trees, was, when cleared of them, succeeded by one of oak and maple; and, on the contrary, an ash wood has been replaced, after being cleared, by one of fir-trees. These latter trees, however, are particularly adapted to prepare ground for the reception of oaks. Some few years ago, in making a plantation in one of the royal parks, the ground was found so hard and gravelly that it had to be picked up, and worked with what were called Scotch spades. It was out

of the question to plant oaks in such a soil, and therefore Scotch firs were substituted for them, and grew very well. After some time alternate rows of these firs were cut down, and oaks planted in their place. The roots of the firs had loosened the soil, and the resinous droppings from them had assisted it, so that the oaks did well, and are now a flourishing plantation.

In forming plantations of oaks in soil suitable for their growth, the following hint may be of use. Procure a sufficient number of acorns in a good acorn year, and if possible from the Sussex hedge-row oaks, for they produce the toughest timber in England. Sow the acorns broadcast over the land intended for a plantation, and plough them in slightly. This method will save the expense usually incurred in trenching preparatory to planting. When the acorns have produced plants four or five years old, and appear too thick in some places, some of them may be drawn to fill up vacancies, or to form other plantations. The late Lord Monteagle informed me that he had pursued this plan in Ireland, from acorns procured from Sussex oak trees.

In ship-building, treenails made from the acacia are used in pinning the decks of ships. These treenails are imported from America at a considerable expense. The late Mr. Cobbett sold acacia plants for this purpose, and called them locust plants. He grew them on his farm at Barnes, in Surrey, and no doubt realised a considerable profit by the statements he put forth of their utility.

Now it may not be generally known that the acacia or locust tree will flourish as well in this country as in America. All it requires is to have a light, sandy soil for its roots, which throw out numerous fibres and creep extensively in every direction just below the surface of the soil. In fact, they like one in which the roots can range freely; when this is the case, the growth of the tree is remarkably rapid. At the end of about seven or eight years the young trees may be cut down close to the earth, and if split into four parts, longitudinally, will make several treenails fit for the shipwright. If a turf is put on the stump of the tree cut down, it will only (generally) throw up one shoot, which in the same period will be ready to cut down.

The acacia, although a very tough, is yet a brittle wood if exposed to high winds. The young plants, therefore, should be placed pretty near to each other, something like poles in a hop-yard. Rabbits should be excluded, as they will attack the young plants.

A friend of mine used the wood of an acacia tree he had felled, to make what is called a

"Scotch cart," and it outlasted three of those carts made of ash, so tough and durable is the wood. J. E.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

"PRAISE me my dames' bright eyes,
Their depths, truth's gleaming well;
Unfold their splendour and their size,
Their mystic meanings tell!
This, minstrel, fain from thee I'd learn;
Brave guerdon for thy pains thou'lt earn!"

The minstrel touched his lyre,
Gazed upwards to the blue,
Till music magic fire
O'er chord and utterance threw:
Then chanted low this simple strain;
Echo laughed back his words again.

"Blue eyes!—soft April skies
With smiles and tears in turn—
Full soon hearts sadly-wise
Your treach'rous lustre learn:
Bright with past memories you shine;
I would not, dare not make you mine!"

"Black eyes!—as storm-waves rise,
And lightnings rend the main—
So flash your quick replies,
So falls your passion's rain;
Come wee, come weal, with future days,
Ne'er scath me with your dazzling blaze!"

"Brown eyes!—love's richest prize—
In you long summer hours
Sleep mirrored, trouble flies,
Peace woos your soothing powers!
Yours the best bliss men here may know,
Bend on me aye your soft, sweet glow!"

He ceased; applause rang round,
His glance sought one fair face;
Silent in love's deep swoon
She flung him looks of grace:
Her soft brown eyes with tear-drops starred—
The prince's daughter, Hildegard!

The months have onward fled,
A pageant threads the hall;
Ho! bugles, wake the dead;
Ho! flutes the living call.
Wish the sweet pair true bliss, long life,
The minstrel and his brown-eyed wife!
M. G. WATKINS.

RABBIT SHOOTING.

THERE is not an animal in Great Britain, which is at once so much abused and so largely tolerated as the rabbit. He is allowed by all to be the most mischievous creature that inhabits the island, not even excepting the rat and the mouse. The farmer and the landlord declaim against him with great unanimity—the farmer, because he eats down wheat, barley, and turnips; the landlord, because he injures young plantations, and

makes tenants querulous; but, for all that, with a tolerably wide experience, I never heard of but one man who set himself in earnest to put him down. The fact is, that the landlords, much as they may rail at the rabbit for his destructive habits, are for the most part in bondage to their keepers in all that comes within the province of the latter, and no one knows better than the keeper that "the gentlemen must have something to shoot at, when they go through the covers;" if there is any lack of sport on those momentous occasions, the master grumbles, and the guests are stingy. It is not surprising, therefore, that, in spite of all orders to the contrary, he should connive at the existence of the rabbit to the greatest extent compatible with the retaining of his situation. Various causes in the most favourable seasons may make it extremely difficult to keep up a large show of pheasants or hares on an estate, but there is no such difficulty in preserving rabbits; only refrain from persecuting them with the ferret in the summer months, (and many reasons make this self-restraint almost a necessity,) and they will preserve themselves. Moreover, even assuming the existence of all other conditions necessary for the preservation of the more honoured inhabitants of the wood, an unfavourable breeding time will thin *them* down without the aid of gunpowder. In such distressing circumstances the value of the rabbit is evident: for no one ever yet heard of weather which appreciably affected the increase of his family. He thrives in heat, and does not object to cold. He cares little for a continuance of wet—it may cause an apparently dropsical affection, fatal perhaps to one in fifty of the junior members of his race—and drought he rather likes than otherwise, for it is pleasant to him to frolic about without the fear of a wet jacket; there is plenty of dew morning and evening, and the succulent shoots of wheat and barley are always at hand to quench his thirst. He thrives while his neighbours periah; he is never at a loss, and hence it comes to pass that the keeper regards him as a valuable *pièce de résistance*, and, all orders notwithstanding, treats him with indulgence.

That the farmer should be in any degree an encourager of the rabbit, considering how much he suffers from his depredations, seems at first sight an audacious and incredible assertion; but that he does to a certain extent passively encourage him, or, which is the same thing, that, within certain limits, he connives at his existence, is evident from the fact, that the rabbit still survives when he might be exterminated on farms where

the tenant is left to deal with him at his own discretion. Of course if the landlord asserts the same exclusive power of life and death over these "vermin," as they are sometimes offensively called, which he asserts over the partridges, pheasants, and hares, on his estate, the farmer will claim and receive compensation for the injury which they have done to his crops; but if, on the other hand, he says to the tenant "I am sick of these constant complaints: I admit the harm which the brutes have done you, and will pay for it up to the present time; but for the future you are at liberty to deal with them yourself, shoot them, trap them, ferret them, net them, kill them anyhow and everyhow you please, only don't bother me," it is very interesting to the student of human inconsistency to observe the change which takes place in the complainant's attitude towards the offenders. They are no longer the *bêtes noires* of his existence, they are no more to him, what the cat is to the scullery maid, the cause of all woe. The possession of power mollifies, it does not aggravate, the wrath of a good man, and so our farmer assumes with it the virtue which becomes a monarch better than his crown. He spares where he might strike. He pays a certain tribute to consistency by killing "Sir Robert,"—the very giving of the nickname betrays a lurking affection—at stated times and seasons, with the proper solemnities, and assisted by congenial neighbours, whom he invites to finish the day at his hospitable board; but at other times his sense of justice is satisfied with just so many victims as will make a rabbit pie for home consumption, or pay for his dinner now and then at the market ordinary.

The reader, carefully distinguishing between the humanity of such conduct and an unworthy weakness, will find in it perhaps an illustration of the advantages of a constitutional government, which raises all by assigning to each his proper responsibility and place in the system, as opposed to absolutism, which confines all power to one individual, and makes the rest complaining and uncomfortable. But, whether or no he is led to such philosophical considerations, he will admit—and that is sufficient for the present purpose—that reason enough has been given for the abundant existence of rabbits notwithstanding the universal outcry raised against them.

And long may the British Rabbit flourish! say I, for there is no animal in the kingdom, without any exception, which furnishes so much amusement during all seasons of the year. Take, for instance, this month of June. The hour, we will say, is six o'clock in the evening; a light breeze is blowing, just

enough to freshen the atmosphere after the heat of the day, and to make the footsteps less audible. Flesh and blood, at least in the country, cannot be content with the inside of the house; and sauntering in the garden along gravel-walks and among tame flowers is dull and uninteresting. Take your gun then, and walk quietly along the nearest covert-side; if it skirt a field of corn so much the better, for you will be obliged, in all probability, to shoot your rabbit as he runs, which is more honourable than to take a sitting shot at him. The object is to get the rabbits out of the corn into the covert; and not only this, but to get them out of it in as leisurely a manner as possible. For this purpose a dog is too officious; and if you walk into the corn yourself, it is most likely that you will not be able to see your game as it crosses the narrow space between the feeding-ground and the bank. These things considered, I submit that the best person you can take with you as a beater is your wife, if you have one. She will be flattered by your desire for her society, and, if she can be persuaded to overcome the dread of firearms so natural to woman, you will find her a much more useful, as well as more agreeable assistant than the rough mechanical keeper. The general adoption of crinoline has greatly enhanced the value of a steady woman on such an occasion. It makes just the right sort of noise, and, if its wearer walks quietly, just the proper amount of it, to disturb the rabbit without overmuch terrifying him. Its gentle and continuous rustle makes him incline to the quiet of the wood; and keeps him, in the language of Scotland Yard, "moving on." Of course, if you have not a wife, or sister, or grown-up daughter, you must take him of the fustian jacket, or some other male companion; but whomsoever you take, let him or her walk abreast of you at a distance of about fifteen yards; or, if the evening be very still, a little in your rear, but never in front. Any one who understands the action of rabbits, their ways, and, as it may be termed, mode of thought, will easily, if he can shoot at all, pick up a dozen or so in a summer's evening, walking them up out of the corn as suggested, or, when that part of the beat has been gone over, taking snap-shots at them as they run across the sides of the wood.

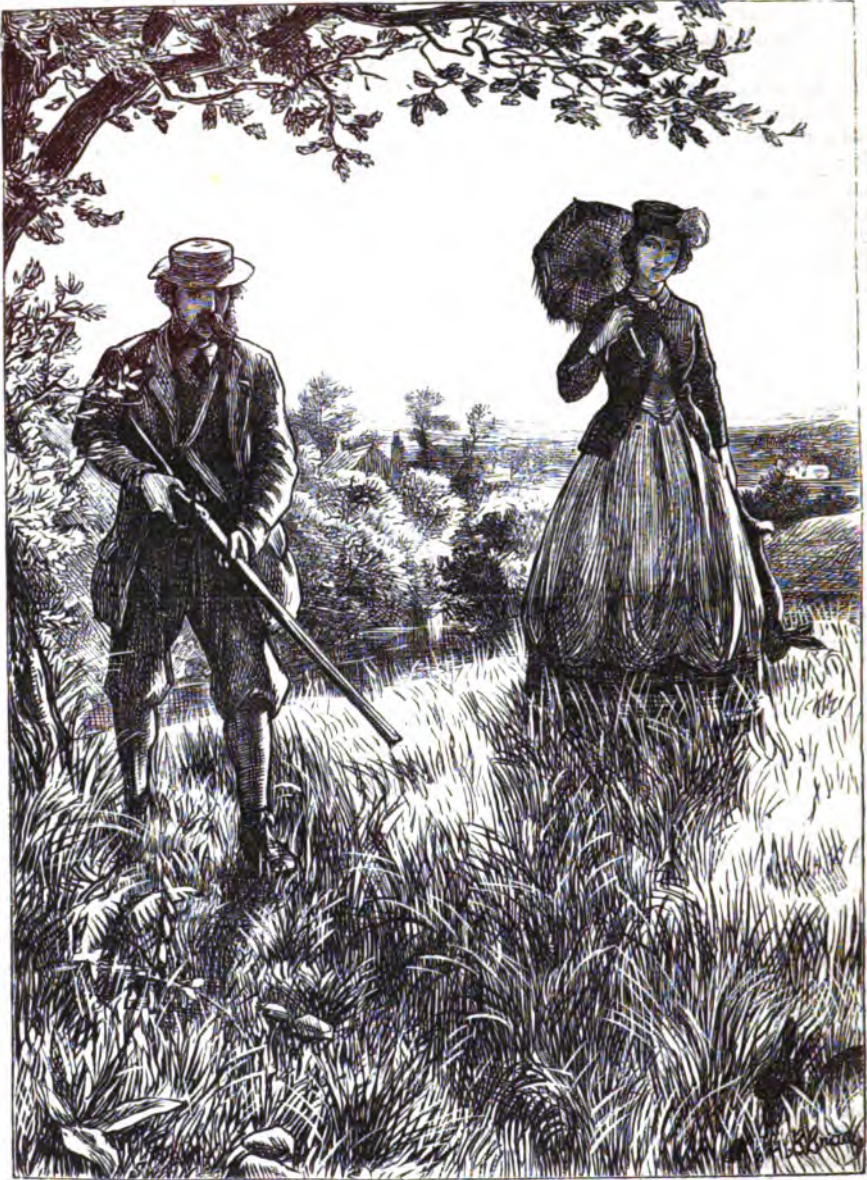
It is well for the sake of any youthful reader of this paper, who is conscious of inability to shoot the rabbit when running, to point out a plan by which, without incurring the reproach of being utterly unsportsmanlike, he may shoot him sitting. I premise that to take a sitting shot is, in general, esteemed a sneaking act, and that he who does it meets his

well deserved reward in the shape of a bruising recoil of the gun upon his shoulder; but "*maxima debetur pueris reverentia*," and if my young friend cannot as yet compass the death of a running rabbit, he must be led on to do so by practice at him sitting, in such sort as that the obtaining a shot at him at all shall be a reward due to a certain amount of cunning and smartness. The method then for him to adopt is this. He sees, we will say on an open grass field bordering a covert, some ten or twenty rabbits feeding, at no great distance from each other. If he walks up to them on the outside of the wood, and gets near enough to one of them to shoot him, his doing so will at once frighten the rest of the party away, and his chances with them are over for the evening. But if he creeps towards them inside the covert, as much like a North American Indian as his European formation and habits will allow, taking care not to advertise them of his approach by treading upon rotten sticks or otherwise making a disturbance, and then, when he gets opposite to them, suddenly shows himself on the top of the bank, it is most likely that the shock of his unexpected appearance, though it may make most of the party scuttle off at the top of their speed, will startle some three or four of them into an attempt to conceal themselves by "squatting." A rabbit adopting this attitude,—which by the way, is not a particularly graceful one—throws himself suddenly upon the ground, stretching himself out at full length so as to make as little show as possible. If three, we will say, do this, it is quite easy to walk up and kill at least two of them; for when the first is shot, as we will take it for granted that he will be, one at least of the survivors, whether from terror, or from the fond hope that he is not observed, and that his neighbour's death was an accident, will pretty surely remain to be disposed of in the same manner. Only let the operator beware of looking at his intended victim till he means to pull the trigger; for the rabbit is cunning enough to conclude, that when his eye and his enemy's meet, detection immediately follows, and then he will at once take himself off. To this may be added a caution, never, knowingly at least, to shoot a nursing doe. She is easily distinguishable by a staring coat, a rather crawling sort of motion, and a very anxious and at the same time greedy look. Let her alone in consideration of the unfortunates who must horribly perish by starvation, or by the teeth of their father, if she be slain.

It is not likely, however, that a boy will rest satisfied with the easy feat of taking sitting shots, even when it is prefaced by the excitement of stalking as above described. With the

laudable feeling that "nothing is done so long as aught remains to do," he will be eager to arrive at perfection in the use of his gun, and to shoot with equal certainty the moving and the stationary object. Here again the rabbit stands his friend, for his is the "*corpus vile*" upon which, by common consent, as being always in season, all experiments in gunnery are made. Let me therefore anticipate the flight of the hours, and suppose that the dear delightful time, the latter end of summer, has arrived. My young friend has not yet learned, as his elders have done, to admire the beauty of August, when the crops stand ripe for the harvestmen, and a great calm is upon the earth, but he will perhaps not resent my noting it before I walk with him into that same corn-field skirting the covert side, which has been already mentioned. The labourers are there with scythe or reaping-machine, and hidden from view, so are the rabbits. Let him by a judicious bribe of half-a-crown to the men persuade them to cut down first of all a strip of about thirty yards nearest the plantation, and then to turn to the parallel side of the field, and recommence their labour there, working gradually back towards the quarter at which they started. Until the area left be so small as to make the rabbits inside it fidgetty from the increasing noise of the scythes he need not expect much sport, for they will cling tenaciously to their shelter; or if a few of the more experienced do leave it, he cannot with any certainty anticipate their point of exit, so as to be at hand to get a shot at them. But when "the slow sad hours that bring us all things ill" have brought to them the alternative, so very sad to their race, of death by the scythe, sudden and terrible, or of quitting at the same time both hiding-place and food, let him place himself about thirty yards in front of the harvestmen, and he will have as good an opportunity of practising the running shot as he can possibly desire; for not only must the rabbits show themselves, but, as they will be obliged to cross the first mown swarths of corn, some interruptions of their headlong flight must perforce take place, which will make them easier marks for his inexperienced aim than if they were running upon open and unencumbered ground.

It is probable that there are few of our readers, though their lot may be cast in large and smoky cities, who will not feel an interest in country sports; but if any dweller in country places does not care for them, I can only say that he deserves to be where I am now, in the second-rate lodgings of a very obscure watering-place on the western coast. There is not a green leaf in sight, nor any animal except a



(See page 762.)

dissatisfied-looking bull-dog. The last perambulator has passed the windows, bearing its occupants to their midday siesta. The adult population has gone home to prepare for dinner or for luncheon. The tide is out, and

the sun is hot. There is nothing to look at but mud and stranded boats, and no sound falls on the ear but the monotonous "tum-tum" of the distant hurdy-gurdy.

EMERTUS.

END OF VOLUME THE THIRD, NEW SERIES.

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